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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Volume XXII: April — September, 1905

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TO

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Volume XXII: April — September, 1905

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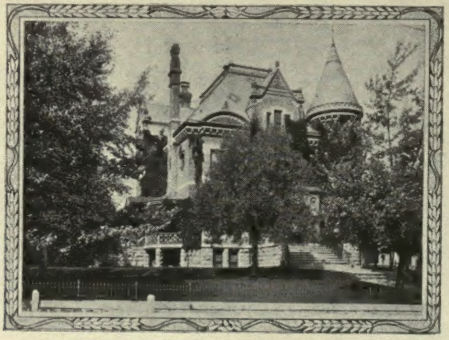
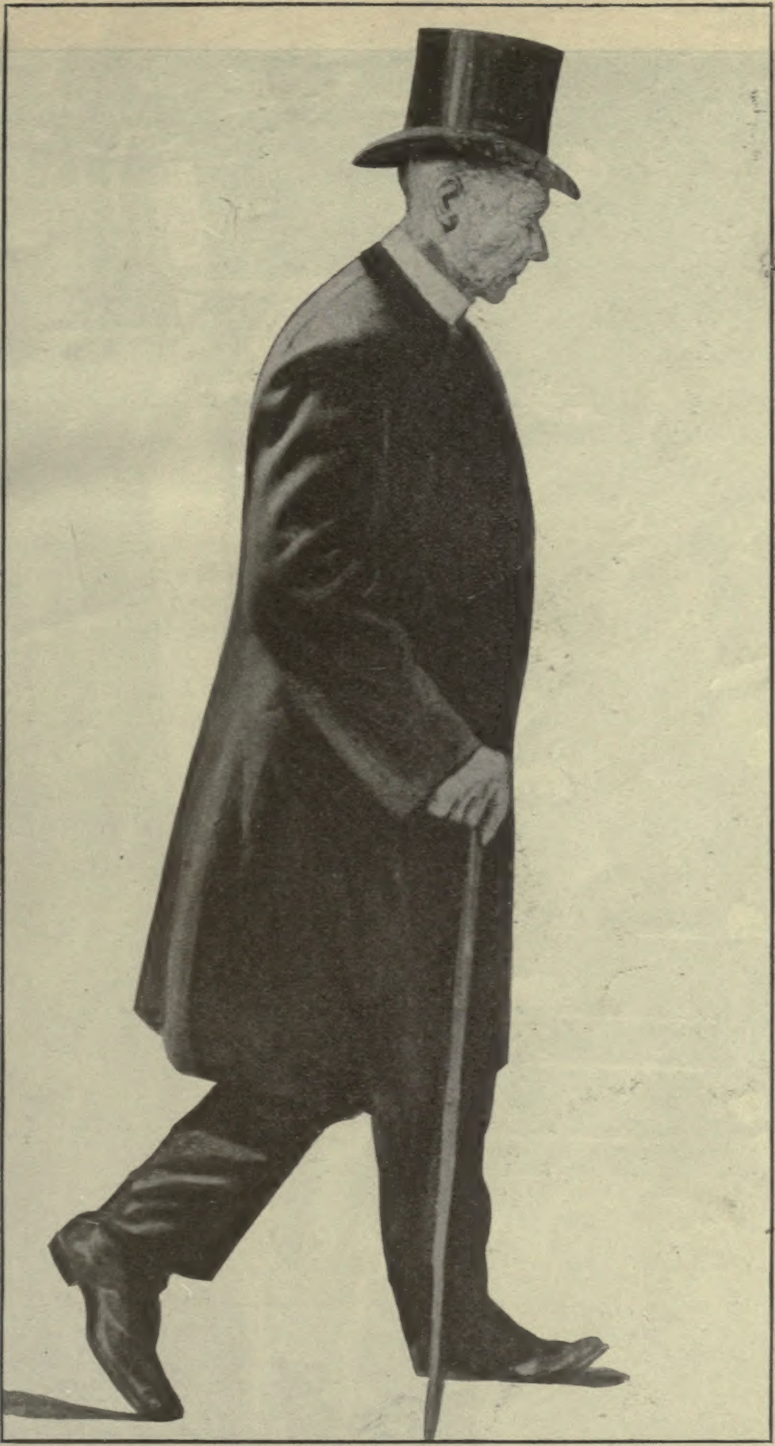
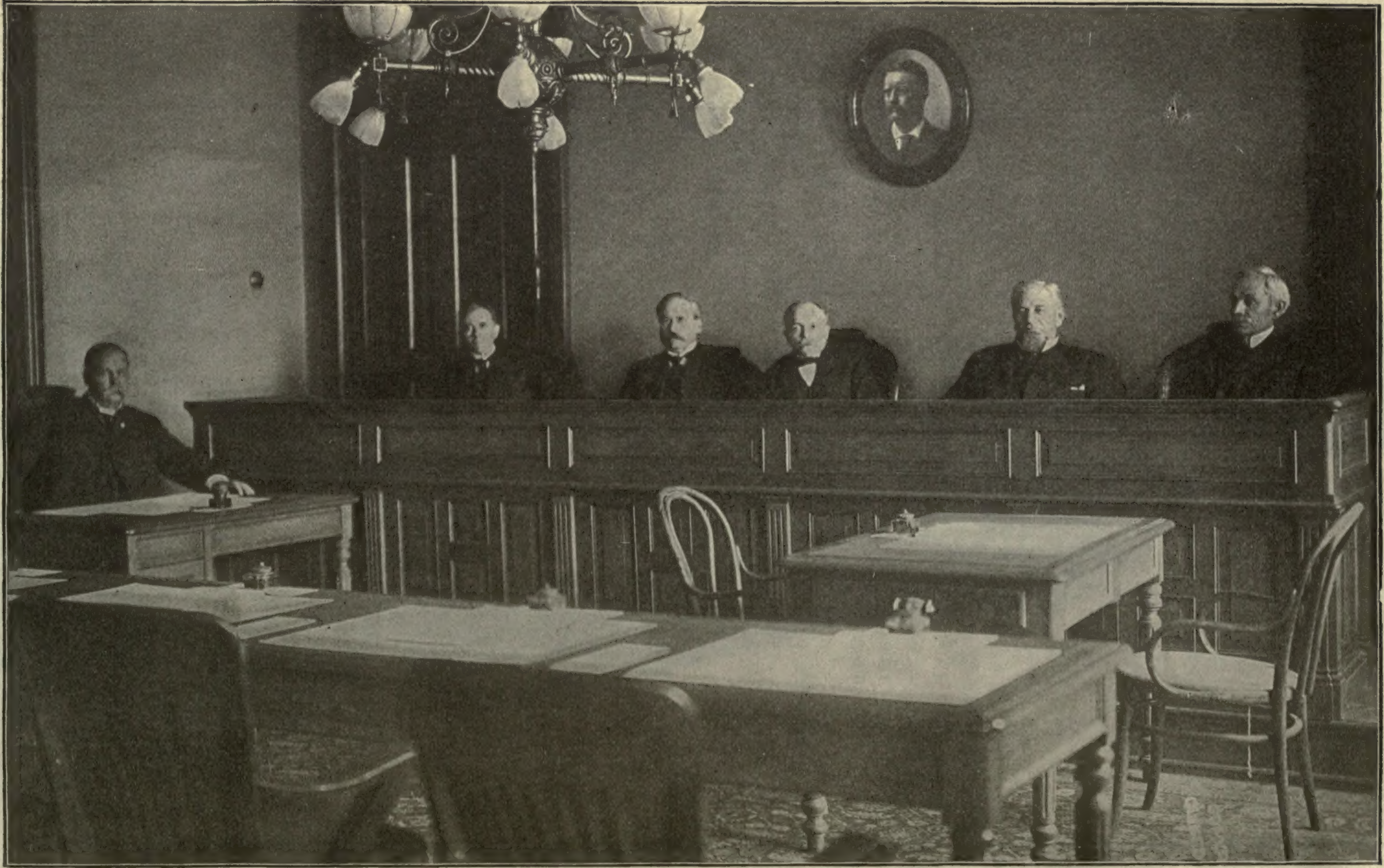




A SNAPSHOT OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER WALKING FROM HIS CARRIAGE INTO THE STANDARD OIL OFFICES AT 26 WALL STREET

Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate



THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION, PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLINEDINST AT WASHINGTON

The commissioners are Martin Knapp, chairman, of New York; Judson C. Clements, of Georgia; James D. Yeomans, of Iowa; Charles A. Prouty, of Vermont, and Joseph W. Fifer, of Illinois, with Edward A. Moseley as secretary

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

IT was indeed—and in deeds—an ideal inauguration. Theodore Roosevelt, radiant in the spirit of progressive and patriotic Americanism, with his head up, his arm firm, his voice clear, inaugurated an era of four years of confidence, good cheer and activity for the Nation. The fourth of March dawned with that spirit supreme among the throngs at Washington, and echoed wherever the stars and stripes are unfurled; and the stroke of twelve at midnight closed a day significant in the annals of our history. There were three years of deeds upon which to build this outburst of optimism, that the sovereign people had plainly decreed at the polls in November.

What a cheerful air of expectancy on the day previous! The throngs poured in like an avalanche—eating and sleeping were the last things that concerned them. Badges galore were worn by old and young. As the Germans say, the zeitgeist or spirit of the times was reflected in the inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt. The bridal couple were here—and older couples, too, were here for a second honeymoon. Everyone had the happy habit. Bands playing—soldiers marching—darkies dancing—cakewalks in the street—young and old cheering—red lights blazing—Washington aflame with decorations of stars and stripes in flag, bunting and electric device.

Long before daylight we were awakened in our room at the St. James by the band of Troop A, of New York, the president's escort, coming down the avenue, playing catchy ragtime. The kettle-drum gave the syncopation a fascinating accent, and nearer and nearer they came, when without an interlude the strains of "America" burst forth in victorious tones, and I think I never heard the national hymn played when it thrilled me so much, as in that hour before the purple dawn. It seemed like some supernatural symphony as the music died away in the distance, with the rat-ta-tat of that kettle-drum which served to emphasize the martial spirit of the occasion.

At sunrise the avenue was crowded, the ropes were stretched, and until ten o'clock the people good-naturedly waited for the appearance of their president. In the form of a letter V the mounted police came first—then Troop A, with their hussar caps and a touch of yellow. With the president in his carriage drawn by four horses were Senators John C. Spooner and Henry Cabot Lodge and Representative Dalzell. The president arose now and then, doffing his hat and bowing right and left with a smile that indicated his keen enjoyment. At his side rode the Rough Riders in picturesque garb, comrades of San Juan hill.

At the Capitol the president went direct to the "president's room" at the right of the senate chamber, and on the table which Lincoln used so much during the Civil war, he signed the last thirty-nine bills before the session was to close at twelve o'clock.

This room is one of the most handsomely decorated portions of the Capitol. It contains the portraits of Washington and members of the first cabinet —Hamilton, Knox, Osgood, Gallatin and Jefferson. As the president signed these bills he looked upon the only real portrait of Thomas Jefferson, as it shows him with fiery red hair. In the room is a bronze bust of McKinley, simply decorated with red carnations; and what sad memories were awakened as Theodore Roosevelt looked reverently upon the calm and placid face that graced this room four years ago. The president wore a flat seal ring of Lincoln's, presented to him by Secretary Hay; and as he looked upon it, sitting at Lincoln's table, one could almost see him consecrating himself anew to the great cause of humanity—so grandly represented by Lincoln—before taking his oath.

It was a long half-hour in the Marble room, where, brilliant in uniforms representing all nations, the diplomatic corps had assembled. The senate chamber and galleries were filled with distinguished guests, and the diplomatic corps and supreme court, senators and congressmen had taken their places when the president entered. The simple ceremony of swearing in Vice President Fairbanks and the new senators was soon over and the chaplain, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, had offered prayer, which concluded with the Lord's Prayer, in which all joined.

Now for the supreme moment! When the president and party left the senate chamber and marched to the stand on the steps of the Capitol, there were lowering clouds and biting winds. Hardly had Theodore Roosevelt raised his lips from the Bible as he concluded the oath, administered by Chief Justice Fuller, when the sun burst forth and an electric thrill seemed to pass over the great throng. As Theodore Roosevelt raised his head, a president by the people's mandate, cheer after cheer echoed on down the hill and avenue. The trim West Point cadets in front of the stand made a picturesque setting of the picture; the people pushed forward as the president began to speak against the gales, bareheaded, and vigorous in tone and action.

The parade from the Capitol was a scene to be remembered. There was gallant, one-armed General O. O. Howard, holding the reins of his horse in his teeth. There was General Fred Grant, the picture of his distinguished father. Native soldiers from Porto Rico, the Philippines and Hawaii. The gallant Ninth, then governors of fifteen states and their staffs resplendent. The president's stand was located on the exact spot where the Grand Parade of the Union armies in 1865 was reviewed. The avenue in front was called the "Court of History." Here was a large array of the heroic statues from the St. Louis Exposition. Near the president was the statue of Andrew Jackson in a silk tile, with his hand grasping his cane, and "Mad Anthony" Wayne with sword unsheathed. There were Lewis and Clark, Marbois (Napoleon's minister who sold us Louisiana)—pages of our history were flashed in these figures. On either side were stately pillars of bamboo sent from the Philippines, decorated with the palms of the tropics.

In the line of march no other one phase pleased the president more than the civic division. And this was especially creditable to General B. H. Warner, grand marshal of this division. I started in the morning as an aide to General Joseph Wheeler, with a blue sash, but was promoted to a place on General Warner's staff as adjutant-general within a few hours—so you see why I may be partial to civic-military service. The horse was a good one, and nothing happened, except that an automobile knocked horse and rider over on

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4, 1905

From Stereograph copyright 1905 by Underwood & Underwood, New York

the way to the parade—but that was an incident. To see the valiant civic division struggle with military orders was one of the serio-comic phases of the day. The gallant aides bounced about on the brochos like — but no matter; we were all doing honor to our chief. The neighbors from Oyster Bay were given a hearty ovation by the Roosevelt children as they recognized the marchers. The cowboys under Seth Bullock brought back memories of North Dakota; the miners from Scranton, with gleaming lights; the Tippecanoe Club; the trim young Roosevelt Club of Minneapolis; the large body of the New York Republican Club; the "Big Stick" brigade — were all glimpses of current history in a way.

General Chaffee and staff of West Pointers and cadets from Annapolis gave an idea of what the future soldiery of the country is to be. The splendid ovation given to General Wheeler, the Confederate chieftain, indicated a nation united. Senator Bacon of Georgia, in the reviewing stand, was good-naturedly twitted about the oppressed peoples as the Filipinos marched by. It was well toward sunset before the last brigade passed the reviewing stand.

There was a scamper to get ready for the inaugural ball at the Pension building. The Marine band was at its best. The large room was radiant with military braid from the staffs; the toilets of the ladies submerged the society columns. President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice President and Mrs. Fairbanks, the cabinet and family occupied the gallery and were given a hearty ovation by the guests on the floor. It was interesting to watch the hearty way in which the Roosevelt children joined in applauding "Papa and Mamma" as they started in the grand march. The popular "two-step" monopolized the dancing program, and as the great crowds began to depart every bit of floor space was preempted for dancing until the hour of twelve.

In the little groups that were clustered timidly about the eight great pillars were mothers and sisters who were not in complete "society array," but were happy and evidently "at home in their own house" for all that. Yes, society was there; but best of all, the plain people were there.

Sunday was a day for "getting away." Those who remained over thronged the Congressional Library and looked with keen delight upon our nation's treasure of literature and art. With Monday came another rush to Mt. Vernon.

The president began his work on March 6 bright and early, as if nothing had happened in the way of an inauguration. The senate convened in an aftermath, or extra session, to confirm the new appointments, including that of the new cabinet, in which no changes were made except the selection of George B. Cortelyou as postmaster-general.

By permission of the weather bureau the heavy rains set in immediately after inauguration day, and in those quieter hours I found the impulse for an optimistic retrospect. Programs and souvenirs are stowed away for curious eyes in years to come, the reviewing stands are dismantled, the flags and bunting have come down and the weather-vane at the White House seems to point out a very apt and pertinent phase — peculiarly Rooseveltian: — "Now for business!" And business it is.

❧

SITTING in his committee room, it was a pleasure to witness the appreciation of Senator Fairbanks as he handled the new gavel that had just been presented to him by Mr. Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews. This gavel was made by Mr. Edward P. Hatch, president of the well known company of Lord & Taylor, and it was cut out of a single piece of wood. The head of the gavel is the body of the branch and the handle another limb which grew at right angles. It was a singular growth, and something which Mr. Hatch says he had never seen before and does not expect to find again. What seemed to please the senator most was the expression of appreciation from a well known businessman and the fact that the gavel was cut from

WHITELAW REID, EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE AND AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES TO GREAT BRITAIN

a tree in Vermont, the native state of his father.

The old gavel used by the vice president or presiding officer of the senate is a round piece of ivory, on which there is no appearance of a handle. Two indentations have been worn in it by the thumb and finger of the users, proving that it has been in use for a long time, though there is no record as to when or

OPHIR HALL, WHITELAW REID'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE

whence it first came to the desk of the senate chamber. The United States senate has all these years been called to order by the gentle tap of a piece of ivory, while the house gavel has a handle and is of ample proportions, producing a sound like a sledge-hammer, in strong contrast to the gentle, thimble-like tap of the ivory, that reminds one of the way mother used to call her boisterous boys to order in the old days.

⁂

ON Wednesday, February 2, Senator William B. Allison reached and passed the longest period of service of any man in the United States senate, not only the longest total term, but the longest successive service. John Sherman served thirteen days less than thirty-two years, but Senator Allison has now served continuously for thirty-two years, and has four years more to serve. To see him hale and hearty in the thick of the fight on the floor of the senate, makes it difficult to believe that he is seventy-five years of age. If he reaches the allotted life span of Senator Morrill of Vermont, he will have served over a half-century in congress, having served eight years in the lower house. It is confidently predicted that he is going to round out his sixty years of service in the United States congress. Few men have held unimpaired health and vigor under the strain of administration of public affairs as has this representative from the Hawkeye state. His life work shows on many pages of important history. Not only has he been proven efficient in every test on public matters, but his kindly sympathy and help to many young congressmen on the floor of the house will not readily be forgotten, and many a man in public life has much for which to thank him. Long may he live, great, good, genial and lovable William B. Allison, who but for his own modesty could have been president of the United States. Senator Allison rather sought to serve his country in one continuous term of service in the representative chambers, where the value of his faithful work will long be remembered. The sparkle of his brown eyes, the careful, pains-taking work of days and nights in committees, in conference and on the floor, record an activity that is truly an inspiration to the young men of the nation.

⁂

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WYNNE walked out of the cabinet room and gave the news to the newspaper men. It was plain to see he knew just how to do it. This announcement was the consummation of a treaty with Great Britain which has been pending for a long time. Third Assistant Postmaster-General Shallenberger has just returned from Europe, and at a conference in the postmaster-general's room in the morning between Mr. Wynne and assistants Madden and Shallenberger everything was settled. At a cabinet meeting that same day the signatures of the president and Secretary Hay were added to the document, which went into effect at once.

In his neat little portfolio, the postmaster general brought out to the newspaper men this important document bearing on it the seals of the British Empire and of the United States, which make it effective. The paper was signed by Lord Stanley, who has a name long enough to serve four or five ordinary individuals. Postmaster-General Wynne served many years in the newspaper business, which accounts for the quick, concise way in which he imparts his news. In about three minutes the reporters were in possession of all the facts they needed for the story, and I noticed how each had the familiar roll of yellow paper in hand and made notes lengthwise instead of across the sheet, as the ordinary mortal writes; and out of those scrawls soon came a column of type. There was much to interest me in the half-hour I spent in the post-

LIBRARY AT OPHIR HALL, WHITELAW REID'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE AT WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

LUNCH ROOM IN THE NEW YORK CITY RESIDENCE OF WHITELAW REID

office department. In the center of the inner court was a great flag, perhaps sixty feet in length, and there were palms from the tropics lining the court; but, best of all, everything had been cleaned up, though tradition says that this is the first time such an event has taken place since this building was erected seventeen years ago.

The postmaster-general has four assistants. The first assistant is in charge of the presidential postoffices and has to do chiefly with congressmen and senators; the second assistant is in charge of the railway postal service, and the third assistant has charge of the second class mails. There is no fourth assistant at present, since Mr. Bristow sent in his resignation.

George B. Cortelyou succeeded Mr. Wynne as postmaster-general early in March, and appointed as his first assistant Frank H. Hitchcock. Mr. New of Indiana becomes head of the republican national committee and Mr. Wynne goes to London as consul-general.

⁂

AS I walked through the snow and slush, I thought that perhaps the National readers would like to take a glimpse into the Japanese embassy, so I turned my steps toward N street, where the Japanese minister has his headquarters in a modest house with two pillars in front, which give it an official appearance. In the reception room are many specimens of Japanese handicraft. There is a statue of Buddha under the mirror, and a beautiful screen in another part of the room with birds of golden plumage peering through the texture. The furniture is a semi-American adaptation, which makes the visitor feel quite at home and yet gives an indication of the character of the embassy. On the floor was a rug made from a great tiger skin,

STUDY AND LIBRARY IN THE NEW YORK CITY RESIDENCE OF WHITELAW REID

twelve feet long. The head was nearly twenty inches long, and his eyes seemed to catch mine as I sat on the divan. Perhaps the flattened state of that tiger represented the wishes of Japan in regard to the Russian bear when the war is closed. The decorations of the room were cherry blossoms, and the chairs were of cane and bamboo, black and brown intermingled.

Mr. Takahira is a small man, somewhat stooped-shouldered, very keen and much interested in all American affairs, but withal thoroughly and every inch Japanese.

The Russian and Japanese embassies are located not far apart, and in spite of the ravages of war between the two countries, Count Cassini and Mr. Takahira meet in the most friendly way at the various functions in Washington.

It would be interesting to know all the details of the work in each embassy, but the most important matters are never known to the public. All conditions affecting their country are closely watched by the representatives and all evidence is weighed in the diplomatic scales every morning to see what must be done; but the correspondence of an embassy is kept as secret as the grave, though we may well believe that some of it would startle the world should it be published in full as it is written and despatched under seals.

I was once told by a well known diplomat that diplomacy required straightforward, square, honest men, but they must be men who could keep their own counsel and be capable of conducting correspondence in such a way that it would never leak out. This same representative emphasized the fact that the legations in Washington are more or less branch business houses for the nations to which they belong, and the routine partakes more largely of a commercial character than do the embassies in any other country in the world. In fact, I have been told that many ambassadors sent to Washington are forewarned that it would be undesirable that they should become inoculated with the business or dollar mania of the United States.

Perhaps there is no more beneficial leaven introduced into the substance of our public life than that brought in by foreign ambassadors and ministers, who must at all hazards maintain the spirit of the countries they represent. We gain from them a knowledge of the best manner of treating the streams of immigration which are now flowing into this country as never before. When we stop to consider the millions and millions of foreigners who have come to America and have become loyal and prosperous citizens, the results astonish even the keenest students of sociology. The remaking of natives of half a dozen countries into American citizens is no small undertaking, and involves a constant succession of economic sacrifices on the part of those already engaged in our industries that is in the highest degree honorable to their unselfish humanity.

SENATOR BERRY OF ARKANSAS — A SNAPSHOT

YES, I was at the army and navy reception at the White House, and I can never recall it without a smile and also a blush. The event of February 16 was probably the most brilliant social function ever held in the White House. It was a beautiful Winter's night, clear and cold, and the brilliantly lighted mansion stood out from its snowy background like a picture of peace, plenty and good cheer. The steel blue of the sky, the rattle of the carriages, the swish of the silken robes of the ladies, the hum of the revolving doors as they were kept in constant movement, all had an exhilarating effect on the mind.

As I passed along the basement corridors, my eye was caught by the pictures of Harriet Lane Johnson, Mrs. Tyler and other past ladies of the White House, who seemed to be participating in the evening's gaiety. The procession of guests passed slowly up the stairs to the right, then on through the corridor, or main vestibule, in which the Marine band was giving selections from the martial airs of all nations. There was no floral display — the stars and stripes, the president's ensign and that of the army and navy were the only decorations. Then we passed through the state

SENATOR DILLINGHAM OF VERMONT — A SNAPSHOT dining room, moving slowly and chatting sociably, for all the guests seemed to come in groups who were well acquainted with each other. It is not necessary to say that there was no American there that night who was not proud of the beauty of our ladies.

In the frieze of the state dining room were the massive heads of caribou, elk and moose and ram's horns on each side —trophies of the hunt that indicate the taste of the president. The mahogany extension table had been drawn to one corner, so that the entire floor was left free for the passage of visitors, who stepped sedately around the corners of the mammoth rug. Over the mantel was a tapestry showing typical Indian scenes. Candles glowed on the sideboard and the brilliancy of the electric bulbs was shaded by a circlet of feathers, which also suggested the red man of early days.

At the entrance to the dining room stood the president and Mrs. Roosevelt beside Colonel Bromwell, who was attired in full regimentals. Here the procession changed from double into "Indian" or single file. Colonel Bromwell introduced the guests to the president. Just as I came directly in front of the president, and had my eyes fixed upon him, one of the ladies before me suddenly unfurled her train. I had been standing close to her and had no suspicion that she was wearing all this additional material, so that I was entirely unprepared for this abrupt contraction of floor space and did not see it. The next thing I knew, my two feet were upon that train, and to my startled ears there came a fearful sound of ripping and rending. In much haste and confusion

A TYPICAL GROUP OF VISITORS AT THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE — A DELEGATION FROM NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, HEADED BY GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE AND SENATOR DANIEL

I stepped off that train and onto another one—more ripping! Never in my life had I realized how much in the way two feet could be, but I inwardly blessed the good breeding of those two ladies, who never betrayed by so much as a single glance or movement that they knew what awful havoc was being wrought upon their trains. I knew that the president saw my plight, for I caught a twinkle in his eyes as he took my hand and spoke a few kindly words that made me forget even the "time of trains."

The executive suite stood in file along the oval blue room, with the ladies of the cabinet in front and others behind. The guests passed from there to the Tea Room. Here a rope was run along to prevent confusion, and a number of the guests were wafted into the cosy Tea Room so that they might have an opportunity for a chat. The tide of guests then flowed out into the notable East Room, of historic fame, where the symphony of greeting was mingled with pleasant conversation. The voices were musical and ranged over two octaves of the chromatic scale. This East Room was where Dolly Madison reigned, and it was here that Frances Folsom Cleveland and Nellie Grant were married. In this room I noticed the towering form of Vice President Fairbanks, holding a little levee of his own in one corner, and here I met Mr. Donovan, the athlete with whom the president spars every day, and who has a profound admiration for the chief executive as a boxer. Mr. Donovan was arrayed in the conventional black, but even in this dress his well developed muscles were apparent. He told me that he had a sore nose, as the president's exercises had been pretty vigorous that morning, and I began to understand how it was that in all the handshaking that devolves upon him Mr. Roosevelt never shows any sign of fatigue. Near Mr. Donovan was Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court. Then came Secretary Shaw, Secretary Morton and Secretary Wilson, all having a good time, as might be known by the buzz of conversation. Count Cassini was there in all the glory of his diplomatic regalia. Near him was the small but effective envoy from Japan, Count Takahira. There were military attaches from all the embassies in Washington, and a gathering of notables all over the room. I must not fail to mention Miss Alice Roosevelt, and the daughters of the members of the cabinet, who certainly added much to the brilliancy of the scene. I think I could write enough about the conversation I heard on that occasion—"behind the ropes," as Professor Donovan put it—to fill a book; and it would be interesting reading. In no other country except America could such a gathering have been possible.

THE SMALL SON OF SENOR DON GONZALO DE QUESADA, MINISTER FROM CUBA

The trim uniforms gave added color to the scene. General Adna Chaffee was there, gallant as any young cadet. Admiral Dewey was unable to be present owing to illness, but the navy was well represented, for there were lines of young middies and others—the future commanders. How gallant looked the young soldiers and sailors, the graduates of West Point or Annapolis, as they paid their addresses to the ladies. I was lost in admiration of the way in which they succeded in keeping their swords out of the way, it was in such contrast with my own sad experience. There certainly is a knack about it that cannot be easily acquired.

Many men were there who had been eye-witnesses of historic events. There was General Sickles, of Gettysburg fame; there were veterans of the Civil War and of the Indian frontier fights. There were soldiers who had seen service in the far East and the far West, and men who had passed through the campaign in Cuba. Veterans of both the Blue and the Gray were present and many Rough Riders, among them Major Lewellyn; in fact, there was hardly a page of war or naval history within the past half-century which was not represented that night by at least one eyewitness.

I passed out and heard the megaphones calling the carriages, but I easily found my own automobile. It could not be mistaken, and I noticed that a great many other guests, some of them distinguished persons, patronized this same conveyance, and that night the Washington street-cars were brilliant with gold-braided uniforms and the shimmering silk of ladies' dresses, as we all went home to "tell our folks about it."

Now haven't I told you?

MRS. J. F. DE ASSIS-BRASIL, THE WIFE OF THE MINISTER FROM BRAZIL, AND HER PRETTY BABE

THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF SENOR MARTIN GARCIA MEROU, THE MINISTER FROM ARGENTINE

ADMIRAL DEWEY has gone to Guantanamo, Cuba, the new naval station, where he is personally to supervise the naval maneuvers in the Caribbean Sea.

I had an interesting chat with Captain William Swift, who remarked on the difficulty of enlisting and holding the right men in the right place. Despite the marvelous advance in automatic mechanisms, human judgment and insight are just as much needed in the handling of the mammoth guns of today as in the old days of the "peep sight" and the blunderbuss. Some men can measure distance intuitively, while it seems that others never learn to exercise judgment in these matters, despite years of mechanical training. Though the "telescopic sight" in the modern gun shows on a dial what may be anticipated, and the act of aiming is made comparatively simple, yet quick calculation by the gunner seems to be as necessary as ever. Shooting at a moving target is, perhaps, the supreme test of efficiency in the navy, and in firing, the target is likely to move in one direction and the vessel in another, so that accuracy in aim must be made under all conditions. The real "sighting" of the gun is done from observations taken on deck and communicated to the gunners below. The men spend a large part of each day practicing every conceivable movement, and it is to these long hours of patient practice that we owe such victories as those of Manila and Santiago. The policy of the navy is not to show how many shots can be fired in a given time, but how many shots can be fired and strike where they are intended to hit. When it is realized how much science is required to manipulate one of the modern big guns, it will be admitted that all of this time and practice is well invested.

If there is any one fact to which the world is being rapidly educated, it is the belief in the unerring accuracy of aim of the "men behind the guns" aboard Uncle Sam's ships.

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WHAT a tribute it was when the people gathered in memory of the birthday of their friend and neighbor who has passed away. In that beautiful auditorium in Canton, which is, perhaps, not excelled in this country, the birthday of William McKinley was observed on January 31, 1905—a date of national significance. Eight hundred guests gathered about the tables and a large number of distinguished men were seated on the rostrum, the honored visitors of the evening. Judge Day of the United States supreme court, friend, neighbor and counselor of President McKinley, presided. The guests included Senator Fairbanks, General Black, Governor Herrick, General Fitzhugh Lee and other prominent men. In the balcony above was the G. A. R. band, in which President McKinley took so keen an interest. Above the band was a large canopy with a sky effect, on which stars were depicted in a field of blue. I reached the hall early, and as I sat in the dim light I thought how closely united was the spirit of the dead with the living, even upon this occasion.

Over the speaker's head was a life-size painting of McKinley, which has been purchased by the city. The auditorium is magnificent and complete and was built at a cost of $200,000 by the people of Canton. It occupies a whole square and is certainly a triumph in architecture. It speaks the character and spirit of the Canton people as nothing else could do. It is no wonder that the president loved his home town; and how he would have enjoyed this auditorium in his later years had he been spared!

Who does not remember the old fable of the Sun and the Wind, and how they disputed as to which could accomplish most. In the midst of the argument a a traveler passed by wearing a long cloak.

"Now," said the Sun, "here is an opportunity to show your strength. Let us see who will persuade this man to lay aside his cloak. Do you try first, and if you fail, then I will endeavor to get the cloak off."

Then the wind blustered and tore at that cloak, blowing from the back, the front, the sides, but all to no purpose. The man only hugged his cloak the tighter, wrapping it around him, determined not to part with it while the wind blew such chilling blasts. Rude Boreas withdrew from the contest and the Sun tried his power. He shone and shone, until that man was glad to take off the cloak and put it under a bush to await his return. He was warmed through and the cloak was no longer needed.

There are statesmen who remind me of that wind. They bluster and rave, they flap the cloak of public iniquity this way and that, and the moral cyclone only causes that cloak to be drawn the closer and held the tighter. But McKinley's method was to warm the man, so that the cloak was no longer needed, and it was laid aside of his own free will.

After the company assembled, the long array of tables with their snowy drapery and the rows of black-coated guests gave the auditorium a curious flag-like effect to the spectators in the gallery, but when Mrs. McKinley entered the right-hand box and everybody arose, in a moment the white lines were lost in the mass of standing men, and, as if by magic, on her entrance the whole room suddenly grew black. It seemed like a double tribute to the little lady in her mourning gown, who had come to do honor to the occasion. There was a moment of impressive silence, of reverence and respect, which showed how strongly the memory of William McKinley is cherished. Mrs. McKinley threw back her veil, and to me, as to many, that was the great event of the whole evening.

The beautiful tribute paid to the departed friend and neighbor by Justice Day was indeed inspiring, as were the stirring addresses of Vice President Fairbanks and Generals Black and Lee. The distinguished Virginian was given an ovation that showed how well the work of the dead president had been done—how greatly he had succeeded in fraternizing the people of the North and South.

As I looked at Mrs. McKinley sitting in the gallery of that great auditorium I could not but remember the many times I had met her with the late president, and then I recalled the last time I had seen her—three years after that terrible day at Buffalo—when, on a certain sunny Sunday in August I passed up Market street to the familiar lawn. As I crossed the turf, made famous by the campaign of '96, what a rush of sad memories came over me. The gray and white awnings threw a shadow over the veranda that accorded well with the sense of loss and sorrow that must ever be associated with this home. The click of the telegraph, that in the old days could be heard at almost any hour of the day or night, was hushed, and the library was absolutely still. There was only a marble bust in the corner that seemed ready to speak. The familiar rattan rocking-chair swung in the breeze on the piazza as I entered. Through the folding doors I passed to meet Mrs. McKinley in the room across the hall. She sat at her favorite window in her accustomed armchair, with the Bible on her lap and her spectacles lying upon the open page. Her face spoke of a resignation at once sad and sweet, and as I took her hand, with an emotion I could not overcome, I felt that I was paying the homage due to a queen—queen of American homes, for do we not owe to her and hers much that is brightest and best in our homes today? I doubt if any one man has had more influence on the prosperity and welfare of this country than William McKinley, an influence exerted at a critical time, when we were seriously involved both in moral and economic problems.

Mrs. McKinley has aged somewhat since that terrible blow; her hair is a little whiter, her gray eyes not quite so bright. Her expression is sad, and when she speaks there is a slight quiver of the lips, that indicates something of the great grief ever present with

SCENE IN THE CANTON AUDITORIUM ON THE OCCASION OF THE ANNUAL DINNER OF HIS NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS, TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM MC KINLEY

Photograph by Peck, Akron, Ohio

her; the sweet smile, that will be remembered so well by those who met her at the White House, no longer illuminates her face when she speaks.

She goes to drive nearly every day, and everywhere and by everyone is greeted, with a tender and sympathetic cordiality. Her general health is improving, and she is now able to take an interest in all the household matters connected with her home.

Mrs. McKinley is much attached to her younger relatives, and they often visit her. Her daily life is very simple, but she seldom spends an idle moment. After breakfast and her morning devotions, she usually takes up her crochet and has her correspondence and the daily papers read to her. About ten o'clock she goes for a drive, and is evidently alive to the progress being made in the different buildings in process of construction in and around Canton. On returning from her drive, she has a simple lunch and rests, and in the afternoon she takes another drive, usually either to the farm or to West Lawn cemetery.

As I passed out of the house, I noticed the old-fashioned petunias blooming in the great urns on either side of the path, and as they swayed in the August breeze, they seemed to bow in submission to the fleeting hopes and ambitions of that great campaign, so closely associated in the memories of his followers with the home and home life of President McKinley. That same Sunday I worshipped in the church which he had been accustomed to attend and with which he was connected, and here, too, his memory is kept green, for though the fourth pew was vacant, yet there was something in the service and in the bearing of the worshippers that told that the former occupant of that pew would never be forgotten.

The place is permeated with tender memories of the dead president.

On this birthday of 1905 I went in the early Winter dusk across the park to the cemetery. The sentry was pacing to and fro and at the tomb I found an elderly lady, a stranger who had come from Illinois to pay her respects to the memory of McKinley. Obliged to leave the town that night, she had come through the blinding snowstorm rather than lose this opportunity of visiting the grave of the president she honored.

The work on the mausoleum, which is to be situated on the brow of the hill, is soon to be begun. The site selected for the memorial is a half-mile west of the receiving vault where the body of the president now lies, and not far from the original McKinley lot in West Lawn cemetery. From this spot there is a beautiful view of the lake and general landscape of the surrounding country, which is so intimately connected with the life and memory of McKinley.

The immense sum needed for this work, which is to cost upward of half a million dollars, is made up largely of the mites contributed by the working people whom McKinley loved and served so well. There are also the pennies of the school children, to whom the life of the dead president will ever remain an inspiration as a true and noble type of American statesmanship.

Go where you will in America—North, South, East or West, and mention the name of McKinley, and you have at once expressed the country's ideal of human sympathy. Despite the friction between North and South, this president was as popular in one part of the land as in the other, and now, in the heyday of our prosperity, we are enjoying the fruits of the epoch opened for America through the self-sacrificing spirit and wholesome heart policy of William McKinley. His only purpose was the truest welfare of the people. His only passport to their favor was sympathy, sincerity and truth, while, "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," he served his brief term as their president and friend.

JOHN J. ESCH, JOINT AUTHOR OF THE ESCH-TOWNSEND RAILWAY RATE BILL

CONGRESS AND THE RAILROADS

By REPRESENTATIVE JOHN J. ESCH

JOINT AUTHOR OF THE ESCH-TOWNSEND RAILWAY RATE BILL

MODERN industrialism which results in piling up a vast fortune for an individual or set of individuals at the expense of the many is now the object of attack throughout the country. Public sentiment seems to crave for monthly, weekly and even daily installments of "frenzied finance," and makes itself felt in criminal prosecutions, investigations and the enactment of drastic laws. "To him that hath shall be given" is still good gospel, provided the giving be reasonable and does not result in taking "from him who hath not even that which he hath." In other words, in the yeasty state of the present agitation one thing is fixed: the people are demanding a "square deal."

Aggregated or individual fortunes of untold millions, ruthlessly acquired, selfishly hoarded, or wantonly expended account for this situation. There is no quarrel with wealth to amass itself in legitimate ways and in compliance with law and good morals. Wealth so accumulated is a boon to any people, but wealth wrung from the helpless or crushed competitor in defiance of law may be a curse. The so-called trust or combination doing business on a monopolistic basis, and hence having power to fix prices and regulate the supply, is a concrete example of the objects of modern attack and criticism.

A history of the growth of the oil, sugar, coal and other great trusts has clearly shown the close relations existing between them and the great common carriers of the country—the railroads. The Kansas oil, the Santa Fe, the beef trust and the anthracite coal investigations make clear the dependence of trust upon carrier and carrier upon trust. The grant of a cut or secret rate, or rebate, or discrimination for the transportation of its product gives the trust a monopoly, destroys competition and as a rule raises the price to the consumer. So great have these trusts grown that they have in some instances dictated terms to the carrier and secured contracts of carriage which were barely remunerative.

It was the knowledge of the fact that great trusts and combinations owed their very existence to the railroads and their phenomenal growth and power to the favors received from the railroads that led in large measure to the present widespread demand for state and federal control of railroad rates. Specific complaints for which legal remedies are now sought are discriminations as to commodities and communities and unreasonable terminal, switching, industrial and private car line charges.

Unjust or unreasonable discrimination, as between persons or corporations, granted them by railroads in the form of secret rates or rebates, have been largely abolished by the enactment of the Elkins law in 1903, which required all railroads doing an interstate business to file and publish all tariffs or rates and charges, and punished by a fine of not less than one thousand nor more than twenty thousand dollars any railroad or its officer or agent giving, offering or granting, or any person or corporation soliciting, accepting or receiving any rebate, concession or discrimination for the transportation of interstate commerce at less than the published tariffs.

President Roosevelt has declared in strong words that rebates must go. The leading railroad presidents of the country are apparently willing and even eager to go thus far with him, but balk at further legislation. When one realizes the millions of dollars annually lost to railroads by the willing or unwilling concession of rebates to powerful shippers or trusts, it no longer is cause for wonder that the railroads themselves should lead the crusade for a law behind which they could if they wished take refuge against unreasonable demands. That the Elkins act has not abolished rebates, that railroad managers still wilfully violate this very act which they desired to have enacted, that syndicated wealth still dominates the carrier, the recent disclosures before the Interstate Commrece Commission in the Sante Fe and private car line cases too clearly demonstrate.

It may be that rigorous prosecutions of a criminal nature brought to enforce existing law may have a salutary effect and lessen in large measure any violations of the rebate law which still exist. In this connection the managers of the carriers of the country, if sincere in their desire to end the rebate evil, and no doubt the large majority of them are, can do much by giving their hearty cooperation to the constituted authorities. However, even though this result be attained, unjust discriminations as to commodities and communities and the evil of terminal, industrial and private car lines would still remain.

It was to meet these evils, in part at least, that the house of representatives recently passed a bill which gave to the Interstate Commerce Commission the right, upon complaint and after full hearing, to order and declare what shall be a just and reasonable rate, practice, or regulation to be charged, imposed or followed in the future in place of that found to be unreasonable or unjustly discriminatory. The grant of any such power to any commission no matter how able or how constituted has met with the strenuous and concerted opposition of the leading railroad officials of the country. They contend that the control of rates is rank paternalism, leads to socialism and government ownership, revolution and the confiscation of private property.

As to paternalism we answer that, as to the highways within the state, control over them at common law is vested in the state, and the right to fix tolls is unquestioned. As to interstate highways, such as railroads, congress has been given power by the constitution to regulate commerce among the several states and the fixing of rates is a part of such regulation. If the fixing of rates is paternalism, then it is paternalistic to exercise through congress a power expressly granted by the constitution. Were railroads private corporations, this argument would have force, but railway managers, magnates and presidents seem constantly to forget the public character of the corporations they control. They forget that they could not lay a rod of track through private property without the exercise of eminent domain, a sovereign right granted by the state. They forget that through state and federal land grants, amounting to millions of acres and imperial in extent, the construction of many of our largest roads was rendered not only possible but profitable. They forget how the inhabitants of cities, townships, countries and even states have taxed themselves to pay the bonds voted by them by way of direct, immediate financial aid. Being the beneficiaries of such aids and privileges, it comes with poor grace on the part of these common carriers to resent action by the government looking to the regulation of rates on the ground of paternalism.

It is further contended that such regulation will lead to socialism and government ownership. Who is responsible for the present growth of socialism in the United States? What causes its growth, where does it most thrive? It is common knowledge that the congested centers of population with infusions of foreign blood, where monopolistic control of public utilities oppresses the people, have been and will continue to be congenial to its growth. It grows by what it feeds upon. Its food is furnished by the excesses of aggregated wealth. No other agency has done more to promote socialistic sentiment than have the public utility corporations themselves. I am opposed to socialism as well as to government ownership, and yet it is because both these are possible if the carriers of the country are left longer to their own devices that I favor some reasonable governmental control, to the end that the railroads may be saved from themselves. Stubborn, unreasonable and unwise resistance by the railroads to what the country considers moderate yet necessary legislation may cause the pendulum some day to swing too far the other way.

It is further contended that to give the Interstate Commerce Commission power over rates would lead to revolution and confiscation. When the original interstate commerce act was passed by congress in 1887, there was neither revolution nor confiscation of railroad property although the commission, supposing itself to have the power, upon complaint and after full hearing, fixed rates. During the decade from 1887 to 1897, the year in which the supreme court decided the commission had no such power, there was an era of good feeling between the railroads and the shippers, resulting in the prosperity of both. During this decade the vast majority of complaints were speedily and amicably adjusted without demoralization to the roads or bankruptcy of their property. Since 1890 no less than twenty-three states, following the enactment of the interstate commerce law, have established state commissions and endowed them with powers greater than those originally granted by the act of 1887 or those proposed to be granted by the bill which has just passed the house, and yet in not one of these states has revolution or confiscation resulted. All these dire predictions serve only to divert attention from the real objection to rate legislation, that is, that it would prevent taxing the traffic all it will bear. As freights are taxes, they are paid either by the producer or consumer, so that no household in all the land can escape payment. Shall this power to tax the very necessities of life be left wholly to those who are not obligated to the general public but are obligated to make dividends for their stockholders, and to make dividends oftentimes upon a capitalization highly watered? If railroads are the creatures of the people, through charters granted by them, ought not the people's interests to be taken into consideration when it comes to the fixing of rates? There must be some power somewhere over and above these corporations and independent of them to determine with absolute fairness their rights and those of the people they serve.

In these days when six or eight banking syndicates own three-fourths of the entire railroad mileage of this country, and in large measure control the balance, competition can no longer be depended upon as a regulator of rates. With unity of control and community of interest, a species of pooling already obtains and rates in consequence, notwithstanding great improvements in road-bed, rolling-stock and motive power and consequent reduction in cost of transportation have not only been maintained, but in many instances even raised.

With no power on the part of the government to regulate the classification of freight, in 1900 the railroads of the whole country made an upward revision of the rates by raising articles from one class to the next higher class, resulting in an increase of the rate. By this act alone the public was compelled to pay, in 1903, $155,000,000 more than it would have had to pay had the classification and rates of 1899, prior to the revision, remained in force.

It can readily be understood how, under the guise of classification, rebates and discrimination are possible. To prevent such discriminations as between commodities, power should be vested in an interstate commerce commission, appointed by the president and composed of men of experience, breadth, honor and ability. Such tenure of office and salary should be allowed as will attract the best talent and secure the best results. Before such a commission the delicate and complicated problem of rate discriminations as between communities and the important question of differentials can be brought with the confident hope that its findings will result in an improvement over present conditions, in an increase of stability of rates, and in an end of destructive rate wars. The evils of terminal, industrial and private car lines as at present conducted should be reached by this commission through authority specifically granted if necessary, so that no individuals or corporations distinct from the carrier can secure a disproportionate share of the rate, or levy tribute upon the public but escape punishment, on the ground that they are not common carriers.

No plan which makes the findings of such commission final without right of appeal either to existing federal courts or to a special legal tribunal will stand. The right of appeal is constitutional. A review of its findings must be provided for. With such review what fear can there be that this legislation will prove revolutionary or lead to confiscation?

This legislation is bound to come. The people demand that there shall be a strong, positive, unambiguous grant of power to the commission to declare "what shall be a just and reasonable rate, practice or regulation to be charged, imposed or followed in the future in place of that found to be unreasonable or unjustly discriminatory." Thousands of citizens, hundreds of commercial, manufacturing and civic bodies, and the legislatures of fifteen states have petitioned congress to grant the commission such power. This widespread feeling is not temporary, not artificially aroused, but is abiding and spontaneous. Better meet the situation in a fair and proper spirit than through factious opposition and specious delay give the radical or the extremist his opportunity.

John J. Esch

OLD GLORY

By J. A. EDGERTON

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

FROM islands asleep in the tropical deep,
  Past shores where the billows are beating,
O'er hill capped with green and fair valleys between,
  Speed on when the dawn smiles her greeting;
O'er broad, fertile plains where the god Plenty reigns,
  O'er mountains snow-crested and hoary,
Sweep westward, but know that wherever you go
  The sunrise illumines Old Glory.

Through Golden Gate flee to the isles of the sea,
  Its folds still are rippling before you;
Wherever you roam that fair emblem of home
  Lends light to the day that shines o'er you.
It gleams on the seas as a promise of peace,
  But flaps o'er the battlefield gory
At Liberty's call, a protection to all:
  The sun ever shines on Old Glory.

Wherever it waves, there the shackles of slaves
  Must crumble and vanish forever;
The country whose winds kiss its colors, it binds
  With ties that no foe can dissever.
Its blue and its stars tell of Liberty's wars,
  And all men are learning its story.
It floats 'round the world like a new hope unfurled:
  The sun never sets on Old Glory.

THE INSPIRATION OF ELIZABETH

By MABEL PERCY HASKELL

THE Honorable William Wells had made up his mind that he needed a wife. To arrive at this conclusion at the age of fifty-five was perhaps somewhat late, but the life of the Honorable William Wells had been so crowded full of thought and action that the idea of a wife could find no place in it, and not until now had it impressed itself upon his mind with any degree of force.

By this, one must not be led into the belief that the senator's heart had never been touched, for there had, indeed, been a very fierce love affair away back in his college days. It had burned itself out, however, and the years had softened it so beautifully that only a dim remembrance was left of something very sweet and very sad, but with no clear details of grief attached to it.

The Honorable William Wells was a great politician. At least that is what his townspeople said, and surely who, if not they, should be the ablest judges of his gifts. He had been very active indeed, politically and financially, and was now for withdrawing somewhat and taking more leisure, although he still desired to be considered a factor in town matters of moment.

He was very rich and very well connected. He lived in a good deal of state in a suite of rooms at the leading hotel of Randor, although he was the possessor of one of the most imposing estates in the town, situated on the main street and surrounded by superb gardens. He rented the place to some of his friends, who kept it up beautifully and invited him to dine with them once a week regularly.

He was, withal, very fine looking. In fact, he was called the handsomest man in Randor and people were very proud to point him out as a leading citizen—he was so ornamental that it spoke well for the place. Always faultlessly attired, with a fresh, rosy face, close-cropped hair and moustache, appropriately tinged with gray, he was indeed good to look upon. He carried himself with a great deal of distinction, and had a slightly haughty way of holding his head that was very impressive, although this was in no way a reflection of his character, since he was never haughty in manner, although invariably invested with the greatest dignity.

The fact that the senator frequently paid long visits to Washington gave him an added claim to admiration in the minds of the good citizens of Randor, for they felt sure that so great and grand a personage must needs be among the most honored of the land, who held converse in majestic halls of state, making history; though if truth be known these visits held no political intent, but were merely in the nature of pleasure trips, the senator preferring to take his recreation in this manner, finding the association at the capital much to his taste.

Being thus esteemed both as a great and an ornamental citizen, it is easy to understand the fact that all the unattached maidens of Randor of a variety of ages held always a vague hope stifling in their bosoms; a hope that scarcely ever became analyzed into words, but which existed steadily until stilled by marriage with some less lofty personage, or crushed by infirmity.

Thus when the Honorable William Wells frankly signified his intention of taking to himself a wife, and of setting up a menage in the stately Wells mansion, there ensued a state of affairs that could scarcely be called anything less than a panic.

The announcement had been made very quietly by the senator himself at a dinner of the Horticulture Society, and he had firmly expressed his intention of marrying within the year, if a bride to his taste should be found willing to share his lot.

The staid members of the Horticulture Society said very little in comment that night, other than to express their entire approval of the senator's views on the subject, supplemented by their ardent wish, gallantly tendered, that the fairest of brides might fall to his lot. But when they arrived home, in the bosom of their families, they let themselves go and gave vent to their astonishment, which was but a breath in comparison to the whirlwind of words that came as a response from the wives and sisters and daughters, and in every breast the stifled hope expanded suddenly and took to itself the complexion of possibility. Every unmarried woman and girl in Randor under sixty commenced preening and anticipating, for surely it would be someone in the town, the senator's loyalty to local sentiment being well known, and each eyed her neighbor jealously.

And what dreams were woven about the spreading Wells mansion; what vivid pictures drawn of grand dinners and grander balls, garden parties and afternoon teas; always with a fascinating background of fine carriages and numerous servants and a dazzling wardrobe.

As for the honorable gentleman himself, he gave no personal bent to his feelings, but let his fancies drift fondly toward an ideal that he had created out of his own brain. He would sit in his lonely but luxurious library after dinner and picture his future bride in the gray wreaths of his cigar smoke. This imaginary creature expressed herself in long lines of exceeding dignity and much repose of manner. She was very fair and gracious with a mind stored with knowledge and possessed of all the tact and savoir-vivre befitting a woman of the world. He vaguely pictured her in long, trailing, white gowns or glistening satins, presiding with splendid graciousness over his table and his perfectly appointed household.

It looked very much as if the senator was becoming perfectly satisfied with his dream ideal, for he made no effort to seek a mate from among the pulsating hearts of the eager villagers and there was beginning to be an air of intense impatience pervading Randor, for it had now been six weeks since the startling announcement had been made, and to none had he yet been other than graciously polite and of his habitual gallantry, which could never by any possible chance be mistaken for love-making.

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Little Elizabeth Parsons was a somewhat insignificant member of Randor society. She lived with her aunt, Mrs. Jane Bradford, in the little drab house just over the hill from the church, where the road broadens out to meet the old turnpike and beyond which are nothing but sweet-smelling meadows till one reaches the great dairy farm buildings beyond.

Elizabeth made her own little frocks and taught a Sunday school class of boys, which were the most distinguishing things that one could say about her, according to the average mind of Randor. She was very simple and retiring and utterly unobtrusive; had she suddenly slipped out of the village no one would have missed her, for not having attended school in Randor she had few if any friends among the young girls, and as for young men, she had never spoken with any of them.

She was eighteen years of age and rather pretty, though entirely unformed. She had gray eyes and golden-brown hair that waved back into a soft knot at the neck and was tied with a black ribbon. The fact that she made her own gowns was, perhaps, an excuse for her dowdiness, although she sometimes looked very dainty in her ruffled muslins of a Summer Sunday, seated among her rather unruly boys in the little white chapel, with its windows open to the scented breezes.

Elizabeth had often watched the senator as he occupied himself about the town. She always looked for him when he came into church, for she had an intense admiration for the way in which he carried himself—she always felt that a prince must needs walk and look like that. He was very much of a hero in her eyes, although she had never cherished any of the undefined feelings of hope in her heart that the others had: that would have been something quite too far beyond the pale of possibility—her imagination never dared to such heights as that.

When the senator's intentions were announced and frankly discussed by everyone in Randor, Elizabeth heard a great deal of what was said. The fact that so great and renowned a man was really to take to himself a wife filled her with ineffable awe. What a vast honor for somebody; but who, indeed, in all Randor was fitted to fill so exalted a position. It seemed almost past belief that anyone could really hope for so much, and the subject occupied her thoughts almost constantly, although she never expressed them to anyone, not even her aunt, who had learned the news from a neighbor and occasionally wondered who the fortunate mortal would be. Elizabeth waited eagerly, almost fearfully, to learn who might be the chosen one, and as the days went by without further developments, she grew almost impatient and watched the senator with growing interest.

❦

There was a meeting of the monthly sewing circle about six weeks after the now famous dinner, and there were ardent discussions on the great subject that certainly would have been very entertaining for the senator could he have been present. To Elizabeth they were bewildering.

She had been sitting very quietly in one corner, sewing diligently on a blue-and-white checked apron for the missionaries, and everything said had sunk deeply into her young mind. She was strongly impressed with the fact, repeated in so many different versions, that it was very unfortunate that the Honorable William Wells would not seek a bride when he really desired one, for surely he could not expect the modest young ladies of Randor to presume to make advances. She bent over her work with flushed cheeks and sewed vigorously.

Suddenly she laid down her work and looked up with startled eyes. She glanced about at the people with genuine fear that any might have been looking at her, but no notice whatever was taken of her; she was always so unobtrusive that she was rarely considered in any way, and Elizabeth was grateful, for she believed for a moment that the power of her thoughts must have made itself felt upon those about her.

She folded her work carefully and put it in her neat sewing-bag, and with a whispered word to the hostess of the afternoon slipped quietly out.

She had made up her mind. She felt exalted and walked with deliberate intent toward the village to fulfill the promptings of her thoughts. She knew that at exactly four o'clock the senator would punctiliously cross from the hotel to the postoffice. It lacked a quarter of four now, and she walked steadily on along the white road, powdering in the August sunshine and stretching away before her to lose itself in a hot haze and the cluster of distant buildings that formed the center of the town.

She was not laboring under any excitement, but she was very eager; still she found time to stop and watch a flight of yellow butterflies in the sun, like wind-blown petals of pale flowers. Her eyes followed them in delight, and one might almost have supposed that she had forgotten her mission, for she stopped also to gather a handful of early asters, that had burst forth their starry eyes under the Summer heat. She tucked the flowers into the belt of her lavender cambric frock and continued on her way, but always with eyes keenly alive to nature's beauties under the August sky.

Her little shoes got very dusty and she stooped down to inspect them ruefully; then she flecked them off with a handful of red-top and walked through a bed of clover by the wayside to finish the cleansing process.

When she reached the square, or common, as it was called, it lacked three minutes of the hour when it was the senator's custom to cross to the post-office. She looked over at the great, sprawling hotel that gave its long frontage to the road with endless windows, and it seemed to have acquired a new dignity since the facts of the senator's intentions had become known; indeed the hotel seemed almost to have acquired a personality, its long, sleepy windows appearing to have taken on an expression of pride and intelligence, and the spreading veranda seeming to smile at the girl who stood in the center of the common and looked across at it.

She smoothed down the folds of her lavender frock, gave her hat a touch to straighten it and sat down on an iron seat that nestled in the shadow of a spreading syringa bush, and waited the coming of the senator.

Exactly on the stroke of four he appeared in front of the hotel. Elizabeth saw him the moment he stepped in sight, and an expression of great satisfaction came into her eyes as she watched all his movements attentively. He paused in the center of the veranda and looked about him as if to see if any of his friends or acquaintances were there, for he always saluted everyone with becoming graciousness. The veranda was deserted in its blazing heat, and he walked briskly down the steps.

He was cool and fresh in white flannel and wore a Panama hat, about which incredible rumors were afloat in Randor, some even venturing so far as to assert that the senator had paid for the very excellent article the sum of one hundred dollars. His tan shoes shone with their perfection of polish and the color of his pale blue and white shirt could be seen quite plainly from the iron seat under the spreading syringa bush.

To Elizabeth the senator seemed at that moment to be the very embodiment of masculine elegance and beauty. As he stepped out of the dusty road into the common, he drew out his snowy cambric handkerchief and daintily flecked something from his sleeve. The motion was noted by Elizabeth with quick delight, and she experienced the same satisfaction that she had known so many times in church when he had made some motion with his hands or head.

As he approached with his easy, swinging gait, Elizabeth rose from the seat. There was a great deal of color in her young face and her eyes shone with unwonted brilliancy. She stood very straight and tall and was entirely composed; she looked unusually pretty and made a really charming picture against the green of the leaves.

Upon seeing her standing thus, the Honorable William Wells swept off his Panama hat and bowed with the utmost courtliness and with a smile of exceeding beauty. To Elizabeth he had never appeared so superb, although there was no more of flourish in his manner on this particular occasion than on any other; but he, and all he did, had become glorified because of the sentiment that hovered about him.

"May I speak with you a moment?" the girl said simply. There was a brave, fine note in her voice and she looked him frankly in the eyes.

"Yes indeed, my child," he responded in his mellowest tones, showing his fine white teeth as he smiled, and pausing with much deference of manner, as was invariably his custom when speaking with anyone.

The girl hesitated a moment, not from embarassment, but to choose her words with the utmost carefulness. The senator looked at her with a slight curiosity and waited.

"I wanted to say, Senator Wells, that I have heard that you wish to marry, and I wanted to say, also, that—I should like to be your wife, if you don't mind."

The senator's arms dropped to his sides with the shock of his amazement. For a moment he was completely nonplussed, and his astonishment was written on his face, and for once he lost the perfect command of his expression for which he was famous. For a moment the situation was tragic for the senator, but Elizabeth still looked him frankly in the eyes with the candor of the saints and never a faltering eyelash, which was the senator's salvation, for he regained his voice.

"Why, my child," he stammered, striving hard to get command of himself, "my dear child, I am quite overcome, I assure you, quite overcome, and I do not know what to say to you."

"Very well," she answered calmly, "I will wait until tomorrow; I will come here again and you can tell me then, when you are not so excited about it," and she smiled sweetly.

"No, no, child; not here. It is not fitting to make a rendezvous here. I will call upon you at your home tomorrow afternoon, and we will discuss the question calmly. Where do you live, my dear?" he asked suddenly, as if from inspiration.

"With my aunt, Mrs. Bradford, in the little drab house next the church; the one that has the deep garden place with so many bright flowers, and the hedge of lilacs at one side. I am Elizabeth Parsons, if you do not happen to know my name," she added.

"Ah, yes, child, I remember, to be sure—are you not General Parsons' little girl, who used to live over in Kilburn Center?"

"Yes," answered Elizabeth with beaming eyes; she had not dreamed that he had ever known her father or anything whatever about her beyond her name, possibly, and this intimate knowledge of something belonging to her life came as a delightful surprise.

"Ah," continued the senator, "I knew your father well; a great loss—his death—a great loss. I remember him well."

Elizabeth was grateful and thanked him modestly, then she bowed demurely and walked away, and the senator swept her a parting bow and looked after her for several seconds before resuming his way to the postoffice.

When Elizabeth told her aunt the next morning that Senator Wells was coming to call upon her, the old lady was quite flustrated by the news.

"What brings him, Elizabeth?" she asked with curiosity, but did not wait for an answer before going on to say: "I have not seen him for years—dear me, how time does fly; I haven't seen him since your father died, and that's going on eight years. He must be quite an old man now."

"No," said the girl, with the merest hint of protest in her voice. "He really isn't old, Aunt Jane; I think he is younger than you know; you will see this afternoon when he calls."

"What did you say he was coming for?" Mrs. Bradford asked again.

"I met him in the common yesterday, and he said he would call this afternoon to talk over something that I spoke to him about after I left the sewing circle."

The aunt did not notice that the niece's answer had given her no information, but went on to trace back the years to the exact time she had last seen the senator, assuring Elizabeth that she was really curious to see how he looked.

Elizabeth received her distinguished guest in the little parlor, which was very cool and dustless and ugly. It had a decorous set of black mohair cloth furniture and a marble-topped center table carefully arrayed with photograph albums and the family Bible, and there was, besides, a cornerpiece of shelves, known as a "whatnot," which was generously laden with selected pieces of coral, shells, some gilt-edged books and a tall, painted-glass vase filled with immortelles of various crude colorings.

But Elizabeth herself was as beautiful as a flower, and quite made up for the the shortcomings of the little parlor. She wore a white, sprigged muslin flounced fluffily and spreading about her in beautiful crispness. Her shining hair had its sunny waves bound about with a pink ribbon, and a rose from the garden was tucked artlessly into her belt. She looked altogether radiant and sweet, and glorious with innocent youth.

The senator looked at her with deep interest and noted quickly her gown and all the details. He was a man of unerring taste, and the perfection of the pretty Summer toilet was not lost upon him. Always gracious, today he was courtly to an amazing degree. He greeted Elizabeth, however, for all his grace, with the manner that one uses toward a child. He was quite composed and extraordinarily handsome.

He seated himself after his formal greeting and smiled blandly at the flounced beauty opposite him in the big, ugly black chair. He touched lightly upon various subjects — the weather, the distance Elizabeth lived from the center of the town, and the beauty of the garden surrounding the house. He assured her that he had noticed it many times in passing, but its true beauty was seen from the windows. It was truly quite the most beautiful garden in Randor, he said, and when she told him, with a charming showing of pride, that it was all of her own making and that she spent her time in working among the beautiful annuals and perennials, the senator gaily declared that she was far more eligible as a member of the Horticulture Society than he was. This suddenly reminded him of the dinner given by that august body, and of the momentous publication of his own intentions at the time, and these thoughts made him straighten his square shoulders quickly and look gravely over into the eyes of the flower-like girl, who was gazing at him with the utmost attention.

The senator's voice was very gentle when he spoke again:

"My dear child," he began gravely, "I beg you will forgive my astonishment of yesterday; my only excuse is that what you did me the honor to say to me was so entirely unexpected that I fear I showed my surprise in a manner that may have wounded your feelings."

"Oh, no," protested Elizabeth, softly.

"I wish to say," he continued in a steady voice, "that you paid me the greatest possible honor. Yours is the candor of the lilies, child, and your words carried the sweetness of utter innocence. Elizabeth, I am astonished that I could have been blind so long to your exquisite loveliness, and I have come to humbly ask you to accept my heart, and to do me the inestimable honor of becoming my wife."

He leaned over and took her little passive hand in his and drew her gently to his side. He slipped his arm about her and she leaned her golden head on his wonderful shoulder and sighed happily. When he kissed her a moment later on her flower-like lips her face was radiant, and when Aunt Jane entered in her prim, old-fashioned toilet, made with exquisite care, she was so astonished that she sank back helplessly upon the hair-cloth sofa and gazed at the smiling pair.

When she recovered from her amazement she gave them her blessing and afterward assured Elizabeth that she was quite correct in her statement as to the youthful appearance of the senator, for he had indeed astonished her with his youthful beauty. To say that Mrs. Jane Bradford was pleased at the turn of affairs is expressing it but mildly, but she never ceased to wonder over the matter, since Elizabeth had seen so little of the courtly senator, and was, withal, so quiet and unassuming a child. To this day no one but the Honorable William and his wife knows the true facts of the case.

As for Randor, it was, like Aunt Jane, struck dumb, and like her, also, it has never ceased to wonder over the matter, though it has never criticised the senator's choice, since it has to be acknowledged by everyone that it would be impossible to find a more beautiful, gracious, or utterly lovely mistress to preside over the splendors of the lordly Wells mansion that is now the show places of Randor and has the most famous gardens in the county.

"BOW TO THE PRETTIEST, KNEEL TO THE WITTIEST, AND KISS THE ONE THAT YOU LOVE BEST!"

By ELIZABETH ROLLIT BURNS

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

OH, "Forfeits" is the greatest fun!
My Grandpa said that everyone
Must play, because 'twas Christmas night—
I heard one cousin told to bite
About six inches from the poker!
I ran to see if it would choke her;
But no, sir; with the poker near
Her face she stooped, and bit my ear!

And I'd a lot of things to do;
To "bow before the prettiest." Who
Could that one be? I looked all 'round,
But no one prettier I found
Than my own Mother; so I bowed
Quite low to her, and said out loud,
"I think that you're the prettiest one."
And Father whispered, "Right, my son!"

Then to the wittiest, on one knee,
I had to kneel. What that might be,
I didn't know; but I'd heard tell
Of "Mother-wit," so thinks I, "Well,
I'll kneel to Mother." So I knelt,
Before her; and she said she felt
Quiet complimented. Father smiled
And whispered: "Good for you, my child!"

Then, let me see—oh, yes, the rest
Was, "Kiss the one that you love best!"
Of course I didn't have to think
About who that was. Quick as wink,
I kissed my Mother. "Oh, I do
Love you the best," I shouted. Whew!
How they all laughed! I don't see why.
But Father whispered, "So do I!"

THE WITCH-CROW AND BARNEY BYLOW

A MODERN FAIRY TALE FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR
MALTA, OHIO

(Publication of this story was begun in January)

VIII

THE two partners clattered down the stairs next morning, Mickey in the lead. Barely had they reached the open air, when a stalwart policeman collared the Irish boy and made a grab for his companion. But the nimble Barney eluded the officer's grasp and went ducking and dancing into the middle of the street. There he stopped, wheeled half around and looked back at his unfortunate chum.

"Come back here," the policeman called; "I want you, too."

Barney hesitated, his dread of arrest and imprisonment contending with his respect for a representative of the law and his sense of loyalty to his "pard."

'Come back here," the officer repeated sternly, firmly holding the squirming Mickey by the collar. "If you don't, it'll be the worse for you when I do get you. Come on."

"Don't you do it, Barney!" Mickey yelled. Tote de mail—take a sneak. You can't help me: I's pinched fer keeps. Pull y'r freight, I say! Get out o' town an' light fer home; de jig's up."

Still Barney hesitated; he felt it would be traitorous to desert his friend in time of trouble. The policeman made a move toward him, almost dragging the resisting Irish boy.

"Scoot! Mickey screamed frantically. "Skedaddle, Barney! Doesn't you hear me—hasn't you got a mite o' gumption? Dey'll jug us bofe. But maybe if you's out, you can find a way to get me out. Look sharp! Make a run fer it!"

The officer was close upon the country boy and reaching a great paw for him. Reluctantly Barney acted upon Mickey's advice. One swift glance of friendship and pity and he turned and sped away up the water-front.

"Here!" the policeman bawled lustily. "Come back here, you young scalawag!"

But Barney kept on.

"Goodbye, Barney!" Mickey cried, his brave young voice quavering. Barney could not reply for the lump in his throat, but he waved his hand, and continued his flight without looking back.

An hour later, when he was many blocks from the scene of the distressing misadventure, he stopped, heaved a deep sigh, and stood gazing vacantly into a shop window, seeing nothing.

"I must find some way of getting Mickey out of this scrape," he mused dejectedly, digging his hands deep into his pockets. "I got him into it. No, I didn't, either; old White Feather got us both into it. The mean old thing!" his anger rising at thought of the Witch-Crow and her doings. "If I ever meet her again I'll stone her to death!"

"Haw, haw, haw! Haw, haw, haw!"

"Why — why, that sounds like her laughing now," the boy muttered, starting and staring all around.

No bird of any kind was in sight, but the stooped figure of a little old woman in black was just disappearing around a neighboring street corner.

"I wonder if that is White Feather," the lad whispered to himself; "it must be—I'm sure I heard her laugh."

And immediately he set out in pursuit of the familiar figure he had glimpsed. But on turning the corner he discovered nothing, nobody; not a soul was in sight in the direction in which the little old woman had apparently gone.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," Barney muttered peevishly. "I guess I must be going crazy. I thought I heard the Witch Crow laugh, and I thought I saw her hobble around the corner, but it seems I didn't hear nor see anybody."

For a full minute he stood there, perplexed and wondering, absent-mindedly digging his small fists into his pockets.

Presently he brought forth in his left hand a creased and soiled card, and having smoothed it out in his palm he read:

Miss Lillian Brainard,
1492 E. Columbus Road

Barney started.

"I'll go to her," he murmured under his breath. "She's the young lady that had the pretty ponies, and she said if I ever needed help to come to her. Well, if a fellow ever needed help, I need it now. I'll go to her right away. But I wonder where Columbus road is. I'm afraid to ask a policeman; I'll inquire at the drug store I just passed."

He acted upon his resolution, and learned that Columbus road ran east and west some eight squares north of where he was, and that the number he sought was several miles from the business portion of the city—far out in a new and fashionable residence district.

The druggist volunteered the information:

"It's a driving road; no car-line on it. You've got a hot walk before you."

"Uh-huh," Barney answered with an apathetic nod, and he turned and left the place, forgetting to thank the man for his kindness.

He found the street he sought, and trudged off eastward. Fifteen minutes walk brought him to a long bridge spanning the river. He crossed this and kept on. Little by little, he left the hurly-burly behind; more and more the aspect of the shifting scene changed. The city fell away; the country appeared on all sides; but still the broad ribbon of asphalt, hot and glaring in the Summer sunshine, stretched on endlessly.

"I ought to be nearly there," the boy grumbled, pausing to take a deep breath and mop the perspiration from his flushed face. "Surely I am nearly there. But this doesn't look much like a new and fashionable residence place—nothing but old orchards, and weed-grown fields, and tumble-down fences and barns." And he accorded the surroundings a sweeping glance of contempt.

"Well, I might as well move on," he muttered; "she lives out on this road somewhere, I reckon. Several miles! Well, I think — what's that?" The boy started back in affright as a large black bird flew across the road just in front of him, brushing his face with its wings.

"Caw, caw, caw! Haw, haw, haw!" it screamed hoarsely, flapping leisurely toward a tall dead tree in the adjoining field. There it alighted and unconcernedly began to plume itself. It was the white-feather crow.

Barney was hungry and heart-sore, and as a result was easily angered. This latest bit of impudence on the part of the Witch-Crow, as the lad viewed the matter, added insult to injury. So now he yelled frantically, shaking his fist in impotent rage:

"Never mind, old White Feather, never mind! I'll get even with you! You hateful old thing! O, I wish I had a gun! I'd follow you and shoot you if it took me all day. But my turn'll come. Never you mind!"

The crow went on pluming itself, giving no heed to the boy's intemperate speech. Perhaps it did not hear him, for the tree upon which it had perched stood at quite a distance from the highway.

"Oh, you can't fool me, old White Feather!" Barney blustered. "You can pretend you don't hear me—or pretend it isn't you; but I know; I saw the white stripe down your back. You won't answer, won't you? I'll see about that!"

Forgetting for the moment the urgency

of the mission upon which he had set out, the angry boy began to search from one side of the road to the other for gravel or bits of stone. He meant to climb the fence, draw near the tree upon which the insolent crow sat, and compel it to take flight. And so intent upon this new purpose was he, that he did not hear an approaching automobile speeding toward the city—that he gave no heed to the repeated sound of a shrill whistle, till the machine was almost upon him.

The single occupant of the vehicle was a young man. He swerved the auto sharply to the right, barely missing the urchin and almost ditching the machine in a deep gutter at the roadside, skillfully regained the center of the asphalt roadway, and brought the car to a standstill fifty yards beyond the place of meeting. But in the maneuver he was somewhat shaken up, his temper was ruffled, and his coat hanging over the back of the seat fell to the ground.

"Look here, youngster!" he cried sharply, turning and looking over his shoulder and panting with vexation and excitement. "I came near running over you. Why didn't you get out of the road? I whistled three times. If you want to dream you'd better go over there in the field and lie down under a tree."

"I wasn't dreaming," Barney answered indignantly, but shuddering at thought of the danger he had escaped. "I was just hunting for stones."

"Hunting for stones?" the young man said smiling. "What in the world did you want of stones?"

"To throw at that mean old crow over there," with a jerk of his thumb indicating the bird. "I meant to go over there and scare her away."

"O, that's it," laughed the young man.

"Yes, sir."

"And what has the crow done to you?"

Barney made no reply.

"Stolen your eggs?" the young man suggested.

Barney shook his head.

"Carried off your young chickens?"

Another negative shake of the boy's head.

"What then?"

No response from Barney.

"Well," the young man said petulantly, "if you won't tell, you won't. But I've fooled away enough time, and must be going. Want to ride?"

"I'm not going toward the city."

"Oh, you're not."

"No sir. I'm going out to see Miss Lillian Brainard."

"The deuce you are!" the young man exclaimed, his brows elevated.

"Yes sir, I am," Barney said sturdily. "Do you know where she lives?"

"Well, I should say!" the young man chuckled. "But what do you want to see her for?"

"I don't want to be saucy," Barney said hesitatingly, "but—"

"But what?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business what I want to see Miss Brainard for."

The young man threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"That's cool," he shouted gleefully, slapping his thigh, "and it's true, too. You don't know that it's any of my business, but I know it is. I'm her affianced husband — perhaps, and I'm jealous of you—maybe." And again he roared with laughter.

Barney was nettled by the young man's hilarity. "I hope she's not going to marry you," he muttered in a fierce undertone.

"What's that you say?" the young man inquired quickly.

"I said I hoped she wouldn't marry you."

"Why?" with amused interest.

"Because you're not good enough for her — that's why," Barney answered boldly.

The young man instantly sobered.

"You're right—that's a fact," he said earnestly. "But how did you know it—how did you find it out? Come here and tell me."

Barney slowly approached the automobile and told the young man of his meeting with Miss Brainard and of her promise to help him.

"I bet you're telling the truth; that sounds just like some of her doings," the young man said solemnly, when Barney had concluded his recital. "She is too good for me,—or any other man, and no one knows it better than I do. But I must be going. Tramp out and see her; the house is about a half-mile beyond the turn of the road yonder. And say a good word for me," smiling. "Hello! Where's my coat? Why, yonder it is, at the side of the gutter. Bring it to me, please."

Barney obediently went to fetch the garment indicated, and the young man gave his attention to the machine. When the boy had restored the coat to its owner the latter remarked:

"I presume I didn't lose anything out of the pockets; I'll see, though. Here's my pocketbook, all right. Wonder if everything's in it."

Immediately Barney turned pale and began to tremble. He knew that if there had been money in the pocketbook it was gone and he scented danger. The young man opened the case of red morocco, and gave a sudden start.

"Why—why—" he began. Then he stopped short and looked the lad full in the face.

"What's—what's the matter?" Barney asked in a husky whisper, his dry lips hardly able to frame the words.

"My money's gone," the young man announced gravely, sadly.

Barney could make no reply, and the young man reached out and took him by the arm.

"Where is it—where's the money that was in this pocketbook?" he asked coldly.

"I don't know anything about it," Barney stammered.

"Yes, you do," the young man said severely. "Don't you lie to me!"

"I don't know anything about it, I tell you," Barney insisted, wriggling to get free. "I don't know that there was any money in the pocketbook."

"Well, there was, and you took it out," giving the boy a shake. "Shove it over; give it to me."

"I haven't got it," Barney pleaded truthfully. Let me go; you're hurting me."

"O, yes, I'll let you go!" the young man sneered. "You fork over that money, you young thief, or I'll take you back to town and hand you over to the police."

Barney was hungry, weak and miserable, and now he burst into tears.

"No use in sniffling," the young man said brutally. "You took the money—nearly eighty dollars, all in bills—while my back was turned. I believe you snatched my coat off the seat when I was passing you. That's it—that's what you were in the middle of the road for. But hand it over; and I'll turn you loose."

"I tell you I haven't got your money, indeed, indeed I haven't!" Barney sobbed.

"You're a lying little thief!" the young man cried angrily. "And you've been lying to me all the time about Miss Brainard. I'll see if you haven't the money." And he roughly went through the lad's pockets. Then, not finding what he sought and expected to find, of course, he was more angry than before, and he began to shake and curse the boy, and demand to know what he had done with the money.

Thoroughly frightened, Barney could only weep and struggle to get free. So the young man dragged him into the automobile and set out for the city, wrathful and recklessly running his machine at the highest speed.

And flapping in pursuit came the Witch-Crow, cawing delightedly:

"Haw, haw, haw! Bawrney Bylaw! Broke the law, law, law! Bed of straw, straw, straw! Bawrney Bylaw!"

IX

An hour later Barney was shoved into a cell at the city prison. The iron door clanged behind him, and there he stood in the middle of the floor, trying to pierce the gloom of the dusky interior.

"Well, hullee gee!" came an exclamation from a dark corner.

"Mickey!" Barney cried in mingled surprise and delight groping his way toward the dark corner whence the voice came.

"Yes, it's me—Mickey," the Irish lad returned, rising to a sitting posture and swinging his legs from the couch upon which he had been lying. "An' it's you, is it, Barney?"

"Yes," the latter replied, weakly dropping down beside his friend.

"Well, you's a bird, you is!" the Irish boy flared contemptuously.

"Why?" Barney inquired innocently.

"W'y!" Mickey snarled. "'Cause you is—dat's w'y. Lettin' de cops gobble you in, after you had de start you had. You's a bird, Barney, sure t'ing!"

"But the police didn't catch me," Barney answered.

"Naw?" Mickey questioned. "Come off! How'd you get here, den?"

Barney entered into a full explanation, and at the conclusion of the recital Mickey said with a gasp:

"Hullee! Barney, you is hoodooed fer sure—an' fer keeps! An' you's hoodooed me; an' we's bofe in hock. An' how we's goin' to get out is more dan I knows. A Witch-Crow! Hullee!"

"Haw, haw, haw!"

Both lads glanced quickly toward the grated window whence the sound came.

There sat the white-feather crow peering through the bars at them and chuckling and fluffing its feathers.

"You mean old witch—you!" Barney cried in a tempest of instant anger, dashing to the window and impotently shaking the grating.

The bird dropped from the stone ledge and flew away, cawing delightedly:

"Haw, haw, haw! Saw, saw, saw! Bawrney Bylaw!"

Mickey joined his companion in distress at the window, and both stood and watched the crow's flight over the housetops—then stared at each other in dumb silence.

"Well, wouldn't dat jar you!" Mickey jerked out at last. "I t'ought all de time you was nutty—was out o' y'r head—dat dere wasn't no Witch-Crow. I jest pr'tended to b'lieve w'at you said, jest to humor you. But I saw it, an' I heard it—heard it talk! An' it laughed an' said, 'Saw, saw, saw!' jest as plain as anybody could say it. Wonder w'at it meant, Barney?"

Barney thoughtfully but dejectedly shook his head.

"W'y, looky here!" Mickey exclaimed, picking up an object from the window-sill.

It was a small, bright steel saw, and the two boys looked at it and at each other in blank amazement.

"It's a saw," Mickey whispered hoarsely, after an ineffectual attempt to speak aloud.

Barney nodded gravely.

"An' dat crow—'r Witch-Crow, 'r w'atever 'r it is—put it dere."

Again Barney nodded.

"W'ere do you s'pose she got it?"

Barney shook his head.

"Well, anyhow, she meant us to use it to get out o' here wid," Mickey declared.

"Eh?" Barney cried quickly, brightening visibly. "Is—is that what—what it's for?"

"W'y, course it is, numbskull!" Mickey exclaimed scornfully. "W'at did you s'pose it was fer—to trim our corns wid?"

"No," Barney said slowly and apathetically—but grinning in spite of himself.

"Well, didn't you hear de ol' Witch-Crow sayin,' 'Saw, saw, saw?'"

"I did—that's so," Barney admitted, again brightening. "But what can we saw, Mickey? We can't saw these iron bars—of course we can't."

"Course we can," Mickey returned sturdily. "Dey's soft iron an' de saw's hard steel; it'll go troo 'em like—like anyt'ing. We'll saw off one end of 'em and bend 'em out of de way. Den we can crawl troo de winder an' drop onto de roof below—'tain't more'n ten foot of a drop—an' skedaddle down de fire-escape. Ain't dat a scheme—say? W'en night comes we'll get out o' here. Ain't dat so—hey?"

And the Irish lad joyfully slapped his companion on the shoulder, to arouse him from his apathy.

"I—don't—believe—I'll—do—it," Barney announced deliberately, carefully weighing each word.

"W'y?" Mickey ejaculated in unbounded surprise.

"I don't think it would be right," Barney explained.

"Stuff!" sneered his "pard."

"I don't."

"W'y?"

"Because—because if—well, I don't know why it would be wrong," Barney stammered lamely, "but I think it would be. When a fellow breaks out of jail, everybody thinks him guilty of whatever he was put in for; and I don't want people to think me guilty of—of stealing. Then, they'd catch us again, maybe, and they'd keep us in prison longer than ever."

"Dat ain't no joke!" Mickey said with truth and unction. "But w'at's we goin' to do, den? De judge'll send us up fer somethin'; an' we hain't been doin' nothin'."

Barney had no solution for the vexing problem, so he replied: "You can break out, if you want to, Mickey."

"An' leave you here?"

"Yes."

"Dat'd be real nice, now wouldn't it!" Mickey flared up angrily. "Well, I won't do it—so dere!"

"I ran away when the policeman got you," Barney remarked.

"Dat was differ'nt."

"How?"

"I was pinched; you wasn't. Now we's bofe pinched. See?"

Barney failed to "see," and so expressed himself; but Mickey scorned to offer further explanation, and the subject was dropped.

The turnkey came in with their dinners and remained in the cell while they ate. When the fellow was gone Mickey suggested:

"Le's take a snooze; it'll help to pass away de time."

So the two tumbled down upon the couch in the corner of the room and slept until evening. They were awakened by the turnkey bringing in their suppers.

He said to them:

"You two'll be up before the judge in the morning. And you'd better tell the truth—better confess; he'll be easier on you."

"W'at's we charged wid?" Mickey asked.

"Don't you know?" returned the man.

"Naw."

"You're charged with stealing—breaking open slot machines and tapping tills; he's charged with highway robbery.

"Hullee!" was Mickey's amazed ejaculation. "Dat's purty near as bad as bein' charged wid dynamite!"

And he stood and stared, his mouth half open.

"And the proof's dead against both of you," the turnkey went on; "and you'd better plead guilty."

Then he passed out and closed and locked the door.

"W'at you got to say to dat, Barney—

stealin' an' highway robbery?'' Mickey asked, when the turnkey's steps had died out along the corridor.

Barney sadly shook his head, but offered no reply in words. After a reflective silence of a few minutes, Mickey remarked tentatively:

"Seems sort o' kind o' dat ol' Witch-Crow to bring us a saw; an' sort o' shabby in us not to use it."

Barney maintained a moody silence; and Mickey proceeded:

"It—'r she—'r w'atever de t'ing is—can't be as bad as you t'ink, Barney—tryin' to do us a favor o' dat kind. Wa't you say?"

"She's just trying to get us into more trouble," Barney pouted.

"T'ink so?"

"Yes, I do," positively.

"Maybe you's right," Mickey murmured thoughtfully; "you knows a heap more 'bout Witch-Crows dan I does. An' I doesn't want to know no more 'bout 'em dan I does—dat's a fack. I'll jest t'row dis saw out de winder; den I won't be t'inkin' 'bout gettin' out no more. An' w'en I does get out o' here, I's goin' back to my kit—back to honest work. I doesn't want no more easy money in mine—I doesn't."

"No, nor me!" Barney cried animatedly if ungrammatically. "If I ever get out of this scrape, I'm going right back home to—to mother and father."

His voice faltered and tears came into his eyes. "And I'll never growl again, because I have to work. Oh, I wish I was at home tonight!"

There came a sudden tapping at the window grating, and a hoarse voice cried:

"Haw, haw, haw! Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw! Bawrney Bylaw!"

Then there was a flutter of wings, and silence. Barney and Mickey listened intently, but no further sound came from the window. Evidently the white-feather crow had again taken its departure.

Lonely and dejected, the boys again lay down to sleep, their arms around each other. But the night was long, their rest was broken, their dreams were harassing, and they longed for morning—yet dreaded what it might bring to them.

X

It was nine o'clock next forenoon when the turnkey came into the cell and said briskly:

"The judge is waiting for you two fellows. Come along." Then, with a nasty grin, "And I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything. His Honor's in a mighty bad humor about something; he talks gruffer and hoarser than I ever heard him, and then he's all trigged out in a way I never saw him before. He's got on a long black robe and a hood, and he just sits with his head down and don't have much to say. Oh, you chaps will catch it!" chuckling. "His Honor isn't a very big man in body, but he's a giant as a judge. But come on; he doesn't like to be kept waiting."

The boys—duly impressed with the thought of the court and the occasion—silently and soberly followed the turnkey up stairs to a large, uncarpeted room, dusky and depressing. The walls were bare, the windows were dusty and cobwebbed. From the center of the ceiling hung a gas chandelier, but the jets were unlighted. Stiff-backed benches stood about the floor, occupied by persons lounging in various attitudes, and at one side of the room was a tall desk and a revolving stool, upon which sat a black-robed and huddled figure.

The boys swept their eyes about the interior as they entered. In one corner Barney discovered Miss Brainard and the young man of the automobile, and Mickey became aware of the presence of the policeman who had arrested him, and nudged his companion and pointed a finger at the officer. Miss Brainard smiled reassuringly at Barney, and the policeman nodded good-naturedly at Mickey.

Then Barney's eye lighted upon the person of the judge, and the country boy stared and gripped his companion's arm.

"Mickey!" he whispered agitatedly.

"W'at?" asked the Irish lad in a cautious undertone.

"The—the judge looks like old White Feather—the Witch-Crow!"

"Hullee!" Mickey gasped. "Now wa't does you s'pose—huh?"

"Sh!" cautioned the turnkey, pushing the two toward the clear space in front of the judge's seat.

The eyes of all the spectators were turned upon the two young prisoners, but the judge did not look up from the ledger he was thumbing. Everything was hushed to silence—a silence that seemed the lull preceding dire disaster.

"Mickey Marvel!" came in a hoarse croak from the tall desk.

Everybody started and exchanged wondering glances, and several shook their heads ominously. Barney turned pale and said to his companion in an awe-struck whisper:

"It is the Witch-Crow, Mickey!"

But the latter skeptically shook his head.

"It is!" Barney insisted. "Sh!" again cautioned the officer having the prisoners in charge.

And again silence reigned.

"Who brings the charge of stealing against this boy?" asked the judge, his hoarse voice breaking into a strident falsetto at the end of the sentence.

The policeman who had arrested Mickey arose and said: "Your Honor, I arrested him on the charge of breaking open slot-machines and tapping tills. But of the witnesses I depended on to convict him, some have failed to appear, while others decline to testify, on the ground that they know nothing of his guilt or innocence. So, Your Honor, I recommend that the prisoner be discharged."

Mickey heaved a sigh of infinite relief, Barney looked the satisfaction he felt, and everybody breathlessly awaited the judge's decision.

"Mickey Marvel is discharged," came in a husky, muffled voice from the high desk."

But His Honor did not lift his eyes from the open book before him, and no one could catch a glimpse of his features concealed in the shadow of the ample hood he wore.

Then he went on:

"And officer, I sentence you to pay to the prisoner the sum of one hundred dollars as damages for false imprisonment, and to spend thirty days in jail. When court is adjourned you can pay over to Mr. Marvel the sum I have named and then go and lock yourself up. Haw, haw, haw!"

The policeman's fat face went white, and he collapsed into a rotund heap, his eyes bulging. The spectators sat and stared, open-mouthed, and Mickey gasped in sheer astonishment. Barney felt that surely the end of all things was near at hand, for the rattling chuckle of the judge was the harsh cackle of the Witch-Crow, to a nicety.

"Barney Bylow is charged with highway robbery. Who appears against him?"

At the judge's words, the young man of the automobile arose and came forward.

"Your Honor," he said, "I preferred the charge of highway robbery against the boy, but I've recovered my money and I withdraw the charge."

"Haw, haw, haw! Law, law, law!" cackled the judge. "So you've recovered your money, eh? Good—very good! Did Barney Bylow give it back to you?"

"N—o," the young man said hesitatingly.

"Didn't he have it?"

"I—I guess not."

"But you got your money back?"

"Yes."

"Miss Brainard restored the amount to you, to keep you from prosecuting the boy; I know all about it." The judge chuckled huskily, and the young man and Miss Brainard exchanged surprised and wondering glances. "Will you swear, young man, that Barney Bylow did not rob you?"

"Yes—no, that is—I—I—" And the young man stopped, covered with confusion.

Miss Brainard arose and came forward, smiling graciously.

"Your Honor," she murmured sweetly, putting a plump arm around Barney's neck and drawing him to her, "I'm ready to swear that this boy didn't rob anyone."

"Then the prisoner's discharged," the judge grumbled gruffly, "and court's adjourned. Now you people clear out of here, all except Barney Bylow; I want to talk with him."

The people began to file out slowly and reluctantly. Barney stood spellbound, wondering what was going to happen to him. He thought of turning and dashing away, but, for some reason, his legs refused to perform their office. Miss Brainard put both arms around the lad and bent and kissed him, murmuring brokenly:

"There—there, dear! Don't fret; you shan't be hurt. Be quiet; I'll be in again soon."

He looked up into her face, and was greatly surprised to find that she much resembled his mother—only younger, much younger. Then he stood with eyes half closed, wondering what she meant by her words—wondering until his brain reeled and his limbs trembled.

With an effort of the will he aroused himself and swept his eyes around the big, gloomy room. It was empty of people, apparently. He was alone; Mickey, even, had deserted him. Involuntarily he glanced toward the judge's desk. The black figure had disappeared. No! There it was, coming toward him mincing and teetering. It was the Witch-Crow—yes, it was the Witch-Crow in form and dress, but her hood was thrown back, and the face was the face of his mother—and beaming with love and tenderness!

Was it his mother, or was it the Witch-Crow? He wondered, he pondered, he puzzled. She came up to him, and he did not shrink from her. She put an arm around him and patted his cheek, and he nestled close to her! He heard her say softly:

"Poor boy—poor, dear boy! And you want to go home, do you? Well, shut your eyes, and when you open them you'll be at home; the doctor says you will. That's it—that's it! Close your eyes and sleep—sleep!"

Barney felt himself tottering, falling. Somebody caught him and laid him down gently. Then all was blackness—oblivion.

* * * *

"Why—why, I'm in bed!"

Barney raised himself upon his elbow and looked around him. But he felt weak and dizzy, so he lay back again.

"Yes, I'm in bed—in my own bed—at home," he whispered to himself, letting his eyes rest upon the well-known objects of his little bedroom.

It was so. There was the rag carpet and the prints upon the walls. He recognized the familiar pattern of the wall paper; he passed his fingers over the raised figures of the counterpane. He was at home—in his own room—in his own bed. The forenoon sunshine streamed in at the open window; the odor of flowers made the air sweet and heavy. He heard the birds singing, the chickens cackling. And who was that seated in a low rocking-chair near his bedside, her hands folded in her lap, her head bowed in weariness and light slumber?"

"Mother!" he called.

And he was surprised at the sound of his own voice, it was so weak and quavering.

His mother arose instantly and came to him.

"Yes, mother's here, dear," she said soothingly. Then, a pleased expression lighting her careworn countenance, "Why, you're awake—you're yourself, Barney!"

"How did I get home?"

"You've been at home all the time, dear."

"No I haven't," he cried petulantly. "I've been to the city; I've—"

She put her finger upon his lips and said gently:

"There—there! You mustn't talk any more for the present; you've been very ill for several days. You got overheated in the hay lot, and your father found you unconscious when he went to haul in the hay. Now go to sleep again—that's a good boy. When you're stronger, you may tell me all about where you've been and what you've seen. Although" — smiling down at him—"you've told me much about it already."

Barney felt a delicious languor stealing over him, so he obediently closed his eyes and fell asleep again.

When he was stronger, he told his mother and father of all the vagaries of his delirium, concluding:

"The crow I saw in the tree, and the book I'd been reading—'The Waifs of New York,' that Uncle Dick gave me—made me dream it all, I suppose."

His mother smiled and kissed him; his father remarked dryly:

"There's a lesson in it, at any rate, Barney."

Barney grinned broadly.

"I've learned the lesson," he replied.

EDUCATION, THE SOUTH'S FIRST NEED

By GOVERNOR CHARLES B. AYCOCK OF NORTH CAROLINA

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

THE late Senator Hoar, in an address which he delivered at Charleston a few years ago, used this language:

"The American people have learned to know as never before the quality of the Southern stock; to value its noble contribution to the American character, its courage in war, its attachment to home and state, its love of rural life, its capacity for great affection and generous emotions, its aptness for command,—above all this, constancy, that virtue above all virtues, without which no people can be either great or free. After all, the fruit of this vine has a flavor not to be found in other gardens. In the great and magnificent future which is before our country, you are to constitute a large measure both of strength and beauty."

When we read this splendid tribute to the South, all of our hearts swelled with pride and were glad. We rejoiced to find appreciation at the North—and a rarely beautiful expression of it—of our real character. The prediction that a great and magnificent future for our country was to be based in large part on the strength and beauty of the South brought to all southern people a distinct pleasure. The question now arises among us, however, as to whether, despite this prediction, we have any large part in the life of this nation, and if not, how we can secure and make good our proper share in the affairs of the country.

Yours truly,
C B Aycock

Today, it seems to me that we have less effect upon the thought and action of the nation than at any period of history.

Before the war between the states, southern statesmen directed the policies of the nation and filled the largest place in the eye of the people. They wrote few books, but their speeches illuminated every subject which they touched and set the fashion of political thought. In this day it is not too much to say that what any southern man thinks of political questions or governmental duty carries no weight in their final settlement.

There must be a cause underlying this fact. What is it? How shall it be remedied? Until 1865, the southern states, while in form a democratic government, were in fact an aristocracy, and out of this aristocracy they chose, as aristocrats ever do, their best men for public service. The wisest, the strongest, the most learned were ever to the front—they were the natural leaders of a brave and generous people, who followed their leadership with pride and pleasure. With the close of the war the democracy arose, and each man became a factor in the government of this country. Leadership was not so able or cultured. More blunders were committed and more unwise views propagated and believed in. Aristocracy was always trained. Democracy, if it is to be as effective, must likewise be trained. Universal education is, therefore, the imperative and only remedy for our loss of power in the nation.

But how shall we be trained? Are we to forget the memories of the past; to break away from our traditions; to join with those who are clamoring for the adoption of the convictions which we have combatted for so many years? I think not. No people can ever become a great people by exchanging its own individuality, but only by developing and encouraging it. We must build on our own foundation of character, temperament and inherited traits. We must not repudiate, but develop. We must seek out and appreciate our own distinctive traits, our own traditions, our deep-rooted tendencies, and read our destiny in their interpretation. We must put away vainglory and boasting, and take an impartial inventory of all the things that we have and are; and these things can only come to us through the training of all our citizenship.

We have in the South today our Hills, our Lamars, our Becks, our Vests, our Vances and our Hamptons, (all of them products of the period before the war) but no man can go throughout the country and lay his hand on the head of any single child and say that here is a Lamar, here is a Vance or a Vest or a Hill or a Hampton or a Beck. It is the business of the schools to find for us these splendid children and develop them into these great leaders. If I believed in universal education for no other reason, this would be to me a sufficient one. But there are other reasons. We must educate everybody in our respective neighborhoods in order that we may have the benefit of competition and of appreciation. You may educate your son and daughter to the fullest extent possible, giving to them the learning of all the world and put them after their education in a community where there are no other educated people, and they will fail to develop and grow as they would if they lived in a community where there was general culture. The man who stands easily head and shoulders above his neighbors will never be very tall. If he is to surpass his neighbors and be really great, he must have neighbors who are almost great themselves. He cannot work out of himself the best there is in him until he is forced to do so by the competition of others almost or quite as strong as he. When the trainers of horses sought to reduce the time in which it took to trot a mile, they did not pick out a particular colt and train him for the track; the trainers all over the world were developing colts. Ten thousand of them were trained, until year by year the record was lowered, and when at last lovers of horses wanted to reduce the record below two minutes, after training thousands of horses for the purpose, they found one which they thought could accomplish the task. They did not put her on the track alone, but with two running horses ridden by boys, who with whip and spur pressed them on the heels of the trotter, drove her to her utmost speed, aroused her spirit of victory, maddened her with the fear of defeat, until, in one last mad burst, she broke the world's record to one minute, fifty-eight and one-half seconds. Men must win their victories after the same fashion. In the race of life, if they are to win a victory worth winning, they must run against thoroughbreds. If we pass under the wire ahead of a scrub there is no honor in it.

We want the schools to find all of the strongest and best, and then we want to put these strongest and best in competition one with the other, until the fullest powers of each shall be developed. In doing this we shall get the largest contribution to society. When we have filled each man full according to his capacity, whether that be much or little, he will overflow, and the surplus belongs to us. It is the full fountain which, because it is full, overflows and makes the green grass grow and the plants to burst into flower. It is a full man, who, having all he needs, can contribute to the wants of others. It is needful, too, in order to get the best out of men, that we shall be able to recognize a fine thing when it is done. No man can speak to people who cannot hear. No musician can play for those whose ears are not attuned to harmony, and no man can paint for those whose eyes are not trained to see the beauty which he produces. There must be an appreciative audience before any man can do his best. If a woman sings her best songs and strikes the deepest chords of music when her sweetheart tells his story of love, it is because she believes that he understands and appreciates the beautiful thing which she is doing. If she closes her piano and puts away her music after the wedding, it is because she has discovered that the man whom she loves best does not realize the splendid talent that is hers. The woman who spends her days and nights studying light, shadow and perspective; who mixes her colors with her own life blood, can never create a great painting unless she feels that some heart will understand the fine thing she has done, and some soul be uplifted by her work. If these things be true, and that they are I am assured, then it must needs be that the finest things can be done only by the education of the masses.

It is education that finds and brings out for us the noblest and the best. It stimulates these best to the utmost exertion and fullest development by putting them in competition with others just as well trained as themselves, and it gives to us the noblest and most appreciative audiences. When this thought shall become the guiding thought of the South, and our school teachers shall work all the time to their utmost until every son and daughter of the South is the thing that God intended—then, and not till then, shall we take our rightful place in the American Union.

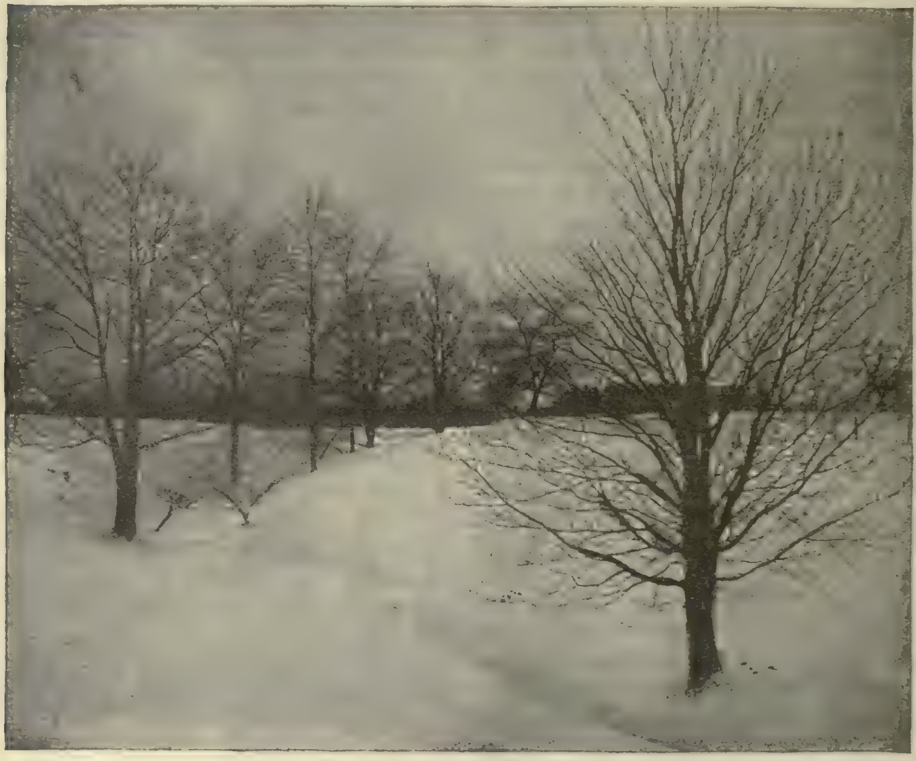
To reach this place will cost us much—much money, much toil, much sacrifice; but everything that is worth while always does cost much, and indeed the finest things can only be had at the highest prices, and then only when paid for in advance. No speech ever yet fell from mortal lips worth remembering a moment after it is delivered that did not come after the speaker had paid for it in advance. No song was ever sung that raised the hearts of the people and made them long for better things that was not sung after the singer had suffered all she sang. No preacher ever stirred the souls of his congregation and put them to yearning after "a closer walk with God" whose sermon was not made after his own hands had been nailed upon the cross by the side of his Lord and Master.

The South which bore so much, sacrificed all of her wealth, and gave the life of her young men in such numbers as to appal the historians, ought to be able to do anything necessary to achieve the best things that are to be found in the world. We must learn all that can be learned, do all that can be done, and be all that we ought to be. The learning and doing will not give us power until we are what we ought to be, for power permanent and lasting must finally be based on righteousness.

When the war between the states closed, and the incomparable leader of the southern armies cast about to find the work which he ought to do, he became a teacher. General Robert E. Lee, the greatest soldier of the nineteenth century, was greater in peace than in war. He realized that the South could only be made great, powerful and controlling through the schoolhouse, and he devoted the last years of his life to the high purpose of teaching. When he came to die, tossing on his last bed of illness, his mind reverted to the titanic struggle through which he had passed. He fought over again the great battles of that awful conflict, and as he stood in imagination before the serried ranks of the enemy he cried out to his aide, "Tell Hill he must come up."

We are fighting today a more terrific battle with the forces of ignorance than he was fighting then. If I had the right to use the great words of this mighty man, I would call out tonight and say: "President Alderman, President McIver, President Mull, Chancellor Kirkland, Chancellor Hill, President Thach, President Fulton, President Boyd, President Taliafero, President Prather, President Jesse, 'you must come up.' Bring all your corps of light and truth and power. Open your batteries, for the conflict is now on with the enemy. The powers of ignorance and darkness are arrayed against us, and the fight must be to a finish. 'Tell Hill he must come up.'"

WINTER MOONLIGHT ❧ A Photographic Study



MY BARBER

By J. F. CONRAD

DES MOINES, IOWA

IF this is not human nature laid bare, I don't know it when it gets in my way. The other day I was being shaved by a loquacious colored barber. He was as full of the English language as the Iowa supreme courts are of dissenting opinions; and whether he was telling the truth or lying he was equally interesting. It struck me, though, that he was more natural when he turned his imagination loose, and let it run on and on untrammeled. The talk started first about a case of embezzlement that had come to his notice. From this he told me about a little bit of embezzling that he had been guilty of once. His landlady had given him five dollars to pay on rent. It was in the evening, and, as my barber said, she "ought to have had more sense than to trust a nigger with money after supper." After he received the money he went down town, he said, feeling important. It was the first time anyone had ever trusted him with anything outside of his salary. He went on to say: "I was feeling proud of myself, and I had made up my mind to do business for that widow woman in such a way that she would look up to me and select me from among her boarders, and ask my advice about things. As I was going down town I had about concluded to tell her that she had a boarder or two that she ought to look out for. I knew it was a kind of a mean trick; but I wanted to pay her for the confidence she had placed in me. Most of the way down I walked on my toes; and I was a warm, warm coon. I belonged to a club where occasionally we rolled the 'cubes.' I had to pass the place that evening. When I got opposite this place where we were accustomed to meet, I heard one of the boys call out: 'Come 'leven.' I just thought I would go up and see if he made his point. That was a fatal move. That night, when I finally went home, in my dreams I saw everything through a set of iron bars; and the funniest thing about it was, I seemed to be behind the bars and still I was outside looking at myself. I don't know how long this dream went on; but when I woke up I was in a cold sweat. This is what made me:

"When I went up in that club-room —well, you could hardly call it a clubroom, either—there were several of us barbers, and some waiters, and a few other fellows had joined together, and the main object of the 'corporation' was, to see who could make his point the oftenest, and occasionally to find out, incidentally, who was bluffing. This night when I went up, I had seventy cents. I didn't intend to play, but I just happened to look out at the window and I saw the moon over my right shoulder. There wasn't a limb in the way, not even a leaf. It seemed to me a clear case of good luck. I laid down a dime, spit on my hands and rolled the 'bones'; 'seven' came up. The other man laid ten cents on mine, and I rolled them again; then 'leven turned up. I glanced over my right shoulder, and there was the moon, still in view, and nothing in the way, and I just let the forty cents stay; then I throwed again. This time 'Little Joe' came up. You know that is four in 'craps,' and it's a hard point to make. I rolled the 'ivories' about a dozen times; finally, 'Little Joe' came up; that was eighty cents. I was gettin' sporty, and I saw visions of a barber shop of my own, and I let it set. I throwed again, and I made 'seven.' It seemed to me it was the easiest way to make money that I ever saw. There was one dollar and sixty cents, and I never touched it. I throwed again, and I made my point. (I don't know what it was, but I made it.) Then I unbuttoned my vest, and I started in to take everything in sight. I won once more, mighty near a week's salary, and I kept at it till I had sixteen dollars in money. I didn't think anything could beat me. I gathered the 'bones' again; all my money was on the table, and I was chock full of enthusiasm. Then I throwed 'craps.' It was all gone! all gone! Still, I had sixty cents left. The moon was still where I could see it over my right shoulder. I couldn't help but be lucky, and I put down my whole sixty cents; I tossed the 'bones,' and 'Big Liz' came up—that is, a ten-spot. I kep' on rollin'. Finally, I throwed 'seven'; my money was all gone. Still, I had the five, and the moon was shinin' over my right shoulder. I reached down into the watch pocket of my pants, and I fondled that five. It was so warm that it seemed to give me pain about where appendicitis sets in. I turned 'way, like I was goin' down stairs, but just as I got to the door I came back an' wanted to know who called me. I knew mighty well no one did. No, sir, I couldn't get 'way from that crap table for the life of me, as long as that V was burning 'way in the right-hand corner of my abdomen. I leaned on the table and watched another fellow throw the 'bones.' He won a dollar an' a half before he lost, then he passed the dice to the next man. The fever was on me, an' the blood was 'way up in my neck. I pulled that five-dollar bill out of my pocket far enough to see one corner of it, then I jammed it back again. I knew it wouldn't stay there. I could still see the moon over my right shoulder, and it seemed to me it was like flyin' in the face of Providence not to take the chance an' get rich. Well, if you have ever been there, you know what happened. I lose; then I send another one after it; neither of them came back. I had given up the idea of gettin' rich, but I was frantic to get back the two I had lost. I knew the best thing for me to do was to quit and go back to that kind-hearted widow an' say: 'Mother, your curly-headed boarder has throwed you. Forgive him, and take him back again, an' feed him once more on fried mush an' liver.' But I didn't do it. I still had three dollars with which to win back the lost two. There isn't any use of my tellin' you what I did. I jus' hung onto those 'bones' until the last cent was gone. I had suffered so much while was I losin' that five, that I felt relief when the las' cent was sent through the little slit in the table. When I started to go down stairs, happened to look down at the floor, and right under the edge of the table there lay a fifty-cent piece. I finally got it. It wouldn't do the old lady any good, and the moon had gone out of sight. So, I thought I would go out and spend it, an' I did; blowed the whole fifty cents in for whiskey. Was I drunk? Fully. Say," he went on, "do you know there are lots of people who can't tell when they are full?" I told him that I had failed to speculate on the subject much. "Well, sir," he said, "I can lay you down some rules that'll give it to you about right.

"Now, here is one: When you get so you can't hear your feet light on the sidewalk, don't try to take more'n another one.

'Here's another: When you are walking along the street and every person you meet looks like someone you have met before, it's a good time to look for the road home.

"When you go home at night an' go to bed, if you reach down an' get hold of the bottom of your night shirt, an' pull it aroun' your neck, an' think it's the sheet, it's a sure sign you're good an' drunk.

"If you get up in the mornin', an' put on one shoe an' then pick up the other one, an' look at the sole of it, to see which foot it goes on, you had better go up the river an' fish awhile before goin' to work.

"These ain't all the rules I know of by which you can tell when you're full, but they are sufficient for a new beginner. Jes' what time I got home that night I can't tell, but nex' mo'nin' when I come down to breakfast the other boarders were eatin'. I didn't look up at the old lady, but I felt her eyes light on me, an' they said jes' as plain as if she'd shouted it out: 'Where's my five?' Then she had to go out in the kitchen, an' while she was gone I flew. Yes, I flew, an' I hadn't any idea where I was goin' to light. When I went down town that mo'nin', I had a notion to walk as far south as I could, an' then give a runnin' jump. I know now that they wouldn't have done very much to me, but at that time I didn't know whether they sent a man to jail for embezzlin' five dollars, or whether they hung him. As a matter o' fac', it didn't seem to me like it would make much difference. You see, I'd never been up for anything, an' I'd always tried to be straight; but I felt like there was a yellow streak in me; an' I knew it would crop out some day, then I'd be a goner. I never could pay back that five, an' I knew it. I couldn't run away, for I hadn't a cent, an' I hadn't any more credit than a fiddler for a dance.

"When I got down to the shop, I stopped an' put on my little white coat an' went to work. I thought I'd work awhile, an' then I'd take down with somethin' an' be sent to the hospital. The difficulty was, I didn't know jis what disease to take on, but it seemed to me that a pain in the head, with dizzy spells, was about the surest road to the hospital. I don't suppose I'd been in the shop five minutes when in come a policeman. He made straight for my chair. I hadn't noticed that mine was the only vacant chair in the shop, an' I was sure he was after me. Did you ever feel absolutely certain that an officer was after you, an' you had no chance on earth to explain or get away? I'll tell you how it is. You begin to git cold first in your fingers an' toes; then it creeps up your arms an' your legs; then it gits hold of your heart; an' then the skin on your head seems to draw, an' your hair seems to stan' up. But that isn't all. When it gits into the bones an' strikes the marrow, then you feel as if you was froze solid, an' you feel jis as cold as a cake of ice. I looked aroun' at the other fellows, but they didn't seem to notice anything wrong, an' I kind of whispered out, (I'd lost my voice) an' I asked him what he wanted. He says: 'I want you to shave me.' I felt a relief for a moment, but to save my soul I couldn't strop my razor. It slipped off once an' cut a big gash in my britches. But I got through with him, an' he hadn't any more'n got out of the chair until in come a constable that I knew. If I'd had forty dollars an' anybody had wanted to bet me an ole razor strop ag'in' my forty that that man wasn't after me, I'd taken him. He never even looked at me, but climbed in another chair.

"The strain was gittin' too much for me, an' it seemed like it was a good time to git that pain in my head an' grow dizzy. I give a groan an' fell over a stool. It didn't create the commotion that I thought it would. The man with the razor in his hand stopped a minute an' says: 'What's the matter with that coon?' I tried to be so sick I couldn't talk. But he come 'round an' jerked me up, an' says: 'Git out on the sidewalk an' git some air; you was drunk las' night.' I felt hurt, but I went up out of the basement an' stepped out on the street. It had snowed a little bit that night; jis about a half an inch; an' I was standin' there, wonderin' what to do, an' I looked down at my feet an' I saw somethin' green. It looked kind of like a stamp off a package of 'Ole Style.'

There was only a corner of it stickin' up, an' I reached down an' pulled it out an' it looked like a ten-dollar bill. I couldn't believe my eyes. I unfolded it an' I rubbed it, an' I looked at it ag'in. Then I had a notion to call a man that was standin' across the street an' ask him what it was. But in a second I knew that was a fool trick. I walked 'roun' a block, an' I looked at that bill 'bout twenty times. It wasn't worth anything to me unless the bill was good, an' I made up my mind to try it. There's no better place in the world to see whether your money is good than a saloon. So I stepped in an' I leaned up ag'in the bar. I was afraid to ask for a drink till I found out about that bill. So I finally says: 'Have you got change for a ten? An' I laid that bill on top of the bar; an' when the bartender picked it up an' put it in the drawer, an' laid out ten roun' silver dollars, I jis thought I was goin' to die. I put nine of 'em in my pocket, an' I pushed one of 'em over toward him, an' I says: 'Give us the best you've got.' I took a drink of fifteen-cent whiskey, an' I got a ten-cent cigar, an' I went back to that shop; an' if you'd been there you'd a thought I owned it. I never felt so good in all my life. If gettin' religion is any better, I'd like to try it. The boss looked at me, an' I could see that he was sayin' to himself: 'A little fresh air and a drink makes a heap of difference with some people.' I didn't fool 'round long until I had that receipt for the old lady's five. I was anxious to see her, an' I hadn't very long to wait. While I was standin' there jinglin' those four white periods in my pockets, I noticed the old lady goin' down the other side of the street. I rushed out on the sidewalk an' called to her. She stopped, an' I ran across the street, bareheaded, with the receipt in my hand. 'Mother,' I said, 'I forgot to hand you this at breakfast time; I was jis on the point of goin' up to the house an' tell you how it happened. I was afraid you might be uneasy about it.' The old lady took the receipt, an' it seemed to me she looked kind of foolish. Jis as sure as the world is a foot wide, she was goin' up to see that real estate agent. I have been insolvent five hundred times since then, but have always managed to get 'round where I could pay up; but I have never seen a ten-dollar bill that brought the intoxicatin' joy that one did.

"Lo'd man; you have a lot of dandruff in your hair! I have something here that will— Never mind? Wet or dry? Dry."

A MADRIGAL

By HENRY D. MUIR

GROSS POINT, ILLINOIS

O the sky, how blue it is!
O thy love, how true it is!
O the earth, how fair it is!
O our life, how rare it is!

And though Time reaps all of them,
Now we'll heed the call of them,
Mid the heart's delicious strife —
Nature, Love and Life.

A COMEDY OF MASKS

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

NEW YORK CITY.

(Publication of this story was begun in January.)

VIII

ON Wednesday Justin took the train to Wadehampton. His thoughts during the journey were bitter and hopeless. A letter received from Margaret that morning, while it had extended his reprieve, seemed to conceal under its vague language a grasp upon him of iron. He must embrace destiny in the shape of this pale, unlovely woman, though his arms were outstretched to take to himself a goddess.

He was feverishly anxious to see Diana in the setting of Croftfield Manor, to see her with Sir Henry. Removed to this bleak, unbridgable distance from her, he could yet watch her, as a soul in torment might watch one of the blessed moving on to some supernal creation of joy.

He was glad of the days before her coming, that he might familiarize himself with the details of the place which was to be hers.

Croftfield Manor was a page from an Elizabethan chronicle; an ancient, gracious house, whose chambers and corridors, whose wide halls and rooms of state bore that look of distinction which can only be imparted by the residence of generations of the same family, creating an undying soul through the continuity of their hopes, the singleness of their honor. Here the dead abode with the living; watching, it would seem, over each new heir from the hour of its first cry to his sepulture under the carved effigies of his race. In the gallery Justin traced the features of Sir Henry, through Victorian and Georgian worthies back to the splendid and melancholy cavaliers of Vandyke.

The young American, sensitive to all forms of beauty, came under the spell of the old, dim house, as Sir Henry had, perhaps, never done. Justin found his host an all too delightful companion, every hour with him but strengthening his belief that Diana must be in love at last. The two walked and rode together, sometimes without leaving the great park, which was one of the glories of the Manor; examined the treasures of the library together; spent much time together over the plans for the restoration of the wing. Justin suffered through the beauty of it all, and through the despair which it excited. He saw her in every place — in the drawing-room when the accumulated sunshine of three hundred English Summers seemed prisoned in the pale gold of the sparse, stately furniture; in the shadows of the scholarly library, where the high light shone through emblazoned windows; in the wide, sweet gardens such as Herrick loved.

* * * *

"Sir Henry, I fear that you are an optimist."

The baronet looked at Diana in gentle, admiring wonder. He could not always understand whether this beautiful American girl was speaking in jest or earnest.

Her character was enigmatical to him, but his love for her was the most certain thing that had ever come into his life.

"Are you averse to optimists?" he asked, with that curious shyness in his manner which always surprised her, knowing as she did how much he had lived in public; though she was beginning to understand that the reserve of the English character drew sharp divisions between public and private life.

"Optimists make you uncomfortable,"

she answered with a smile, "because you are always afraid of destroying the bubble by a careless gesture."

"So you think it is a bubble," he said.

"Yes, but a beautiful one. All the colors of the rainbow are in it. Where are you taking me?"

"To see the chapel. There is an entrance to it from the garden."

"Even your religion is secluded and exempt," Diana said.

"My ancestors built these private chapels, not I. No, this way."

He led her along stately walks, flower-bordered, between clipped hedges, and past crumbling sun-dials bearing the motto of his house.

"One of my guests, Mr. Justin Morris, whom you already know, occupies himself so strictly with his designs for the ruinous wing, that I fear we shall not see him before dinner," Sir Henry said, adding, "I have enjoyed his society greatly. He seems to combine strength of character and of intellect in an unusually high degree."

"He seemed such a man to me," Diana answered, adding, "I never knew him well."

There was no betraying look or flush in her face, though Justin's image was almost a part of her own personality, so constantly had it dwelt with her since her parting from him in her New York home. Hope and longing and all the claims of a first passionate love had dwelt with her, too, until a few days ago when she had learned from Mrs. Craig that his reengagement to Margaret was imminent.

The news had seemed to confirm the old dreary myth of her power of enchantment: so easily felt, so easily broken, as she thought, in her despair, by time or absence. True, she had told him that she had been playing with him, but the lie was to prove him, and now seemed justified. Removed from her influence, he had gone back to accustomed channels of feelings; would never come to her with his record of fidelity to receive the truth at last from her lips in her first kiss of love.

Her pain was too heavy upon her to admit of her seeking its cure; nor did she wish it to go, if love must go with it.

The chapel, a Gothic structure, was an addition of the Horace Walpole period of the eighteenth century, but so heavily covered with ivy that, despite its soaring lines, it had become congruous with that portion of the Elizabethan house to which it was joined. Entering it by a door from the garden, they found themselves in a green twilight, the effect of the veins over the narrow windows which were filled with plain glass. Only the chancel window was stained, and beneath its crimson glories of some apocalyptic vision of the beatified a pure white marble altar was reared.

When their eyes had become accustomed to the dimness they saw two other figures: Justin with a drawing-board and near him the Bishop, both conversing so earnestly that for a few moments they seemed unaware of the entrance of Sir Henry and Diana.

The rustle of her dress on the stone floor drew their attention. Justin rose, pale as the marble of the tomb he was copying, but the Bishop's genial countenance shone out by contrast with a secular welcome in the holy place. He broke the silence.

"Mr. Morris is copying for me the tomb of your grandfather, Sir Henry. The canopy seems to me remarkable for its lightness and delicacy of design."

Meanwhile Diana extended her hand to Justin.

"I am glad to meet you again," she said simply.

"I am honored," he replied, bowing, and turned again to his work.

Sir Henry, a keen-eyed lover, observed this exchange of greetings with surprise, conscious of he knew not what element in it that seemed unnatural. The young architect's words were formal, his abrupt resumption of his work not formal enough. Diana looked pale and troubled.

The Bishop turned to her.

"Do you admire this chapel?"

She smiled.

"I have not a soaring soul. I cling close to the earth."

Sir Henry looked puzzled. He had not been able to discover whether Diana was deeply religious, or not religious at all. Her head would adapt itself to no halo in his collection, yet she seemed sometimes to possess a keenness of spiritual insight which pierced the crimsons and purples of his ornate creed, like a beam of pure, white light.

"Just what do you mean?" asked Sir Henry.

"My words were literal," she answered.

The Bishop made one of his musing remarks: those cobweb speeches by which he delicately veiled angles of conversation.

"A private chapel has always seemed to me to possess a peculiar sanctity, as if it sheltered the definite ideal of righteousness, which one family in the course of its growth has been able to evolve."

"The family religion, the family jewels, the family plate—" Diana said dreamily, but her voice held a promise of the audacious. The Bishop, who had her confession locked deep in his heart, now wished to take Sir Henry away, lest a possible mood of the girl, induced by Justin's presence, should cause the baronet that pain, keener than any other, which springs from bewilderment.

"You said you would show me the older chapel, Sir Henry. Would it be convenient to go there now?"

"Certainly, Bishop, let us all go."

Justin looked up.

"If you will excuse me, Sir Henry—I would like to finish this drawing before dinner."

"I will stay and talk with Mr. Morris," said Diana, who knew that perfect frankness is the mother of incredulity.

Sir Henry looked regretfully at her an instant, but he was too well bred to question the wish of a guest. Justin continued quietly drawing the canopy, which overhung the recumbent figures of a man and woman, their placid, aged faces composed in a hopeful sleep. When the bishop and the baronet were departed, Diana seated herself on the steps at the base of the tomb, a vital figure whose clear, intense face shone out oddly in this place of the dead.

Justin went on drawing.

"Are you drawing all the dead?" she asked at last, a whimsical smile for an instant on her lips.

Justin looked up inquiringly. His outward calm was held with an enormous effort. He feared the pencil would tremble in his hand.

"There might be three, you know," she added.

"You do not look a part of that monument," was his answer. "Are you already claiming a distant right?"

She understood, but she met his eyes bravely.

"The right of the only inheritance we are sure of—yes—six feet of earth."

"And foreign soil at that?"

Again the implication. This time she flushed.

"I would choose the soil I love best."

He was silent.

"May I congratulate you," she said, "on the happy termination of a year of misunderstanding with Miss Bentley?"

"There was no misunderstanding—at least on my part. I understood both you and her," he added, conscious of too much starch in the statement.

Diana laughed.

"To understand one woman is miraculous—to understand two is fabulous.

What am I, dear sir?"

"Just what you claim to be," he answered bitterly.

A shadow passed over her face.

"And Miss Bentley?"

"Remains Miss Bentley," he said.

He clutched his drawing-board, resisting his imperious desire to go to her, to kneel beside her on the steps of the tomb, and tell her everything that was in his heart. But he belonged to Margaret.

"You leave me still in the dark."

"You have always the undimmed light of your great art to guide you," he answered. She turned her face toward the stained window.

"Ah, yes, I remember. I am an artist. I also suddenly recollect that I have no heart."

Justin arose and began to gather up his drawing materials.

"When you are married you may acquire one."

"You have reversed the process. I shall not marry until the article is in my possession."

"Keep it there," Justin said. "Never give it to anyone to play with. Keep it with your other toys."

"They're all broken," she said wistfully, with a quiver of the lip that he he did not see.

"Naturally, being hearts, they were broken when they came into your possession."

"Justin!"

All the color left his face. He looked at her as if he had not heard aright. She had risen to her feet, was facing him with an expression in her eyes that was too incredible.

He took a step toward her; then the memory of her words a year ago held him.

"You were easy to play with — all idealists are—I played."

He gazed at her steadily. The love beating against his lips for utterance must go down again to its darkness and its chains. He could not be her dupe a second time, even though his soul was more than ever hers.

"You do well — but the comedy is over," he said coldly.

Her eyes darkened with sudden, blinding pain, then she recollected herself.

"My test was successful," she said. I told you that you were under a spell—the spell of some fantasy. You have proved that I am right. You desired to serve me, to win me, yet within a year a year of my withdrawal, you are so far recovered that you go back to the lady who had rightfully broken the engagement with you because she saw that you were preoccupied. Now, at least, you know where you stand. You should be grateful to me for looking ahead."

She spoke with a calm dignity that held no bitterness, but her soul was heavy within her. His name had involuntarily escaped her lips. The trap was no trap, but the sudden revelation of her true self. If, as she had at first believed, his reengagment was of Margaret's contriving; if he still loved her, Diana, he would have come to her across any chasm at that call from her heart. That he did not come confirmed her dreary belief in the unnatural nature of the power she had had over him; a mere physical magnetism dependent upon propinquity.

"Yes, I know where I stand," Justin repeated.

He would not again dishonor his love for her, by dragging it out for her amusement. The memory of her voice as she spoke his name intolerably hurt him. Such trifling demeaned her. Was this dispositiou so deep-rooted in her nature, that even her better ideals could not overcome it?

"Why do you set traps for people?" he suddenly exclaimed. "It is neither dignified nor noble."

"For their best interests," she said quietly.

"But if I had obeyed the call you put in your eyes!"

"I am not given to suppositions. You did not obey it. I pronounce you cured."

* * * *

Mrs. Craig was quietly happy that evening as she watched her Diana against the background of Sir Henry's lovely home. The only American girl at the dinner party, she suffered no disadvantage from her juxtaposition to the English maidens gathered for the occasion. Her dark beauty, her air of aristocracy, her self-possession, her gracious manner put her above every one of them as the fittest wife for Sir Henry. She had, besides, that appreciation of the past—stronger perhaps in certain types of the unfettered children of a great republic than in the members of any of the nations to whom modernity is a mistress, the past a wife—that appreciation of old traditions, old histories, "unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago," which made her sensitive soul congruous in this stately setting.

That night Mrs. Craig sought her in her bedroom. Diana was seated in an oriel window, whose lattice overlooked the beautiful garden.

The matron sat down beside her and took her hand.

"Dreaming, Diana? It is an odd look to see in your eyes, but how happy it makes me. Sweetheart, you are in love."

"Yes," said Diana simply, "I am in love."

"Sir Henry is a noble gentleman. I wish he were an American, but you'll always remain in America in heart."

"Yes, I will always remain one in heart."

"Has he spoken, Diana?"

"Not yet."

"How happy he is going to be. To-night he seemed like one in a dream. He has great self-possession, but his eyes continually followed you."

"It is good to dream," said Diana. "Down in the chapel yonder are two who will dream of joy always, for they are lying side by side."

Mrs. Craig looked troubled. The carved effigies of the dead were not happy symbols.

"I never quite understand you, Diana; but, then, there is only one in the world who need understand you, and you will soon be his."

There was no answer. Mrs. Craig turned at last and saw, to her amazement, that the slender form beside her was shaken with heavy, tearless sobs.

* * * *

To Diana, the hours of Sunday dragged by, each bearing the weight of its own peculiar misery, as her thoughts went from Sir Henry to Justin, and from Justin to Sir Henry. Added to her unhappiness in her belief that she must love in vain was a positive fear of the gentle baronet. She dreaded the hour when he would speak, shrank from the pain which she must inflict upon him. In her suffering and bewilderment, the first of a life singularly poised and confident she envied those curious women whom men never made love to, indeterminate creatures, occupying limbo in a universe of feeling.

Through the day she saw nothing of Justin, who chose to take his host's words with the utmost literalness, joining the party only at dinner. But his absence was a relief to her.

After dinner, a shorter and earlier meal on this day, that the servants might attend, according to the desire of their master, the evening service at the parish church, the baronet asked her to walk with him in the garden over which the late, lovely twilight lingered, still golden, belonging less to the night than to the day.

Diana, in her gown of white, seemed to concentrate in her person the fading radiance. Her face, full of suppressed feeling, looked spiritual and dream-like.

Sir Henry glanced at her timidly. He had met at last the unaccounted-for woman, which is the woman a mature man loves.

Words of deep feeling did not come easily to his lips. For a few moments he walked by her side in a silence which she made no effort to break. Since she had to go through with it, it was better to have it over at once.

At last he spoke.

"Does it need words to tell you what is in my heart, to tell you I love you?"

Diana was silent.

"I have loved you almost from the first day of our meeting. Will you be my wife—Diana?"

Her look was sad.

"I am grateful; I am honored. I appreciate more than I can say such a tribute from you, but I cannot—"

She broke off, gazing at him with appealing eyes. The pain that she had dreaded for him blanched his face.

"You cannot what—?" he said, bringing out the words slowly, as if afraid to ask the question.

"I cannot marry you," she answered in a low tone.

"Will you tell me why?" he asked, his voice not firm.

"Because I do not love you. Everything else is there, admiration, respect, liking, but not—the one thing."

"Do you not think that you could learn to love me?" Tender entreaty was in his voice, a beautiful homage like the visible expression of the man's soul.

Diana shook her head.

"No, we never learn to love."

He bowed his head, walking by her side with a step that had lost all buoyancy.

"May I ask a question?" he said at length. "Is it that you love someone else?"

Her smile, sad, fleeting, was for a moment her only reply.

"I think I will give over looking for love in this world, and will now seek the source of it. I jested over your Gothic chapel yesterday, but those upward springing lines must sometimes comfort you. I would like to follow them for a while."

He turned his pale face to her.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that your religious spirit has said many things to me during these months. I begin to understand why religion is a refuge."

"We think it is, until we love."

"No, we think it is after we love."

He shook his head impatiently.

"I cannot comfort myself with shadows. I want you. Is there no hope for me?"

"None, Sir Henry."

"I cannot take this as final. This cannot be final."

She sighed.

"It hurts me to hurt you; but I shall not change."

"Will you never marry?"

"I think I never will. I think I will devote my life to other things. I would like to have your faith, your spiritual second sight. You have made it seem so beautiful to me. I will try to see what you see, though it is not natural to me."

"Let me teach you what I know so imperfectly," he said in a reverent voice. "Let me teach you as my wife."

"That can never be." Her voice, sad, final and strangely hopeless, told him that further urging would now only weaken his cause.

They walked back to the house, a mass of irregular outline in the heavy dusk. Mrs. Craig and the Bishop were pacing a terrace in front of it. From the opened windows of the drawing-room came the sound of a Chopin prelude, played tenderly.

Mrs. Craig's keen eyes saw at once the air of dejection in Sir Henry and Diana's aloof, sad manner. Yet she could not quite believe that the girl had refused him. Had she not said herself that she was in love?

The four stood a few moments in a somewhat halting conversation, then Sir Henry, excusing himself, went in to his other guests. The Bishop, after a few turns on the terrace, said that he was going to the library to examine a rare prayer book of Edward the Sixth.

Left together, the two women continued their walk in silence. Mrs. Craig did not know how to broach the subject uppermost in her mind, and Diana's remark on the beauty of the night was not enlightening. At last she stopped short and faced the girl.

"What did you say to Sir Henry! He looked like a ghost."

"I refused him."

"Diana, you didn't!"

"Yes, I did."

"But why?"

"Why does a woman generally refuse a man?"

Mrs. Craig was silent a moment.

"But you said last night you were in love."

"I am."

The amazement in her face deepened.

"Then why in heaven's name have you refused him?" She stopped, gazed at Diana, her lips parted. "You don't mean to say you're in love with someone else."

Mrs. Craig's voice was incredulous.

"Would it be so extraordinary, Ursula? There are other men in England."

This, then, was the meaning of Diana's sobs the night before, regarded at the time as a natural nervous apprehension, though such nervousness fitted in ill with the matron's previous knowledge of Diana's character and experience. Still there is a vast difference between looking on at the emotional cataclysms of others and having one of your own. Diana's first love might affect her like any school girl.

"But, my dear, why aren't you happy, then?"

Diana faced her. "Because my love is not returned. He doesn't want me."

Mrs. Craig laughed incredulously.

"Doesn't want you! Is there a man living who could resist you?"

"I am not acquainted with the numerical figure of the male population of the globe, so I can't answer you. But there seems to be a reasonable number whose peace is undisturbed."

A flash of her old humor crossed her face, which Mrs. Craig noticed for the first time was thin and pale. Was Diana jesting? Was she really suffering from an unrequited love? She could only half believe it. Her mind went over all the men whom Mrs. Gaylord had spoken of as being attentive to the girl during her year in London, but none seemed to her an appropriate or worthy custodian of Diana's broken heart. Diana with a heart at all was wonderful; with a broken heart was incredible. This was almost a case for the Bishop's superior judgment.

And to the Bishop Mrs. Craig went at her earliest opportunity that evening.

"What do you think—" she began, her eyes big with her news.

"I think that Diana has refused Sir Henry," he said with a little smile.

"Who told you?"

"Sir Henry."

"When?"

"When he and Diana came up the terrace, and he talked with us a moment."

Mrs. Craig laughed.

"Of course, being a Bishop, you read men's souls. It's no credit to you. It's a part of the profession. But that's not all my news. Now prepare yourself, Diana has a heart."

The Bishop did not flinch.

"She has a broken heart."

The Bishop smiled.

"Dear cousin, so has everyone."

"Oh, no they haven't; they haven't

character enough to suffer, the majority of them.

"It takes character to deal with suffering, I admit, but it's not a requisite for suffering, as I have observed."

"Well, the incredible is true; the impossible has happened. Diana is in love, and the man doesn't want her."

"O, doesn't he!" said the Bishop.

Mrs. Craig turned on him sharply.

"Do you know who he is?"

"How should I?"

"My own brain is tired guessing," she said.

"Why not wait and see?"

"There won't be anything to see. He doesn't love her."

"I don't believe that," said the Bishop musingly.

"She says so."

"She must be mistaken."

"You are jesting about her. I want to help the poor child."

"How would it help her for you to know the man's name? You couldn't make him propose—though you are a capable woman."

"Don't be teasing. Help me out."

"Well, do you think it's Justin?"

"Of course not. He and Margaret have renewed their engagement; besides, he has only seen Diana once or twice since my house-party, not counting the present occasion, which you see for yourself he doesn't improve. As for that meeting, it was accidental."

"I always knew it."

"Then why do you suggest Justin?"

"You asked me to help you out. Did you say," he added, "that Margaret and Justin have renewed their engagement?"

"They are about to renew it. It's to be kept quiet. Naturally, they don't want a blowing of trumpets over a matter that came to grief once."

The Bishop nodded, but his kind eyes were inscrutable.

Diana, when Mrs. Craig left her, joined one group then another in an absent-minded way, but finally made her escape unobserved into the garden, now bathed with the silver of a young moon. Beyond the garden and the wide lawns the great trees of the park wove enchanting shadows, the soft rustle of the night wind in their leaves sounding like a fairy invitation to far-off glades and deep, dewy mysteries of green.

She followed the path that led to the garden door of the chapel; this door she found wide open, and she softly entered. But someone was there before her. Kneeling upon the chancel steps was the figure of Sir Henry, his face raised to the east window, through which the moon shone, making a delicate, dim glory in the place.

She withdrew as quietly as she had entered, overburdened with what the scene had told her. As she went down the steps with bowed head, a figure emerged from the shadows. The next moment she was face to face with Justin, his features as white in the moonlight as if carved in marble.

She put her fingers to her lips, as she laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Don't speak. Come with me."

He followed her. It seemed to him that she must hear the beating of his heart. When they were some distance from the chapel she said:

"Sir Henry was at prayer. I was afraid that he might know he had been observed. Were you coming to pray too?" she added with a little smile.

He flushed.

"My interest in the chapel is an architect's. May I ask if Sir Henry's prayer is one of thanksgiving?"

Diana's eyes regarded the beautiful scene before her. Again she smiled to hide her pain.

"He has much to be thankful for," she said.

"May I ask if he has you to be thankful for?"

"Are you satirical?"

"I am deeply in earnest — though cured."

"No, he has not me to be thankful for—if that is a cause for thanksgiving."

"You have not refused him!" Justin said, looking at her with grave, astonished eyes.

"You have no right to ask what I have done," she answered quietly. "But I choose to tell you that I have refused him."

She faced him with a proud look. "Poor Sir Henry!"

"Don't pity him. He will probably recover—as the others have done. The pang is sharp but short."

"And dying is a momentary thing," Justin added.

His heart was crying out to her. Intensified by this new knowledge, the love he had struck down into prison was beating against its bars. His deep blue eyes looked into hers with question unutterable. She saw and turned her head.

Then the desire came upon him to hurt her if he could,—that desire of wounded and bewildered love which may seize even a noble soul.

"Who is next in this curious gallery? Did he say many things in his own behalf?"

The cool mockery in his voice made him seem a stranger to her. She longed to take his hand and to ask him to be at least simple and true with her who had said much to hide her soul, nothing to reveal it. But she had made him believe in her insincerity and he had not loved her enough to disprove it.

"His words were few. He is an Englishman," she answered.

"They have stubborn memories, these English. They are not so fortunate as we are.

"Why do you do it? If you, yourself, can't love, why hurt others?"

"Their injuries are never permanent."

"Why injure them at all?"

"Toys."

"Yes, always to amuse yourself."

"We take toys to forget, my friend."

They were silent a moment. About them the night wind murmured. The stars in the low English sky seemed near and friendly. Nature was in a caressing mood. The scene was an invitation, a benediction, but the two who had most need of the blessing stood aloof, doubting and hurting each other. She longed to ask him to be indeed simple and true with her; she longed to tell him the truth at last, but the thought of Margaret held her. If Justin had ever really loved her, Diana, he would never have sought to renew his engagement.

His soul was kneeling at her feet while his lips mocked. Only mockery could successfully bar the words he must not utter because a few days before a woman had clung piteously to him, asking him to take her again to his breast, her only refuge.

He held out his hand.

"I hope your comedy of masks will have a long run. May I bid you good-night and good-bye?"

He bowed and left her.

Alone with herself, the beauty of the night became intolerable. An impulse seized her to hurry after him, to beg him to believe in her, even though he did not love her. Life without his belief was a harlequin stage. But the past claimed her.

She found herself at last walking in the direction of the chapel. One refuge remained to her.

It was empty now. She entered and seated herself near the tomb where two, united, slept. All about her were the symbols of the inner vision, the prophecies of the unearthly goal. She pondered upon it with a new interest, a deeper gravity.

Well! She could at least devote her life to good works if not capable of such high dreams of spiritual destiny as Sir Henry seemed to be.

When she arose at last and turned to go, she was face to face with the Bishop.

"I have been looking for you," he said. "They want you at the piano. A neighbor of Sir Henry's is arrived with his violin."

"Why did you come in here. No one ever sought me before in such a place."

"Because I thought you would be here."

"Why did you think I would be here?"

"When people are not happy they go into the open air, or into a church."

"So you knew I was not happy?'

The Bishop smiled.

"Your face told me that."

"Bishop, I want to ask you something," she said abruptly. "Are there not sisterhoods in the church?"

"Yes."

"I want to join one. I am not a very religious person, but I think I would be a good worker. Children like me, and poor people. And perhaps if I worked hard, I might some day 'know of the doctrine.'"

She spoke with a wistful timidity, in striking contrast to her usual gay nonchalance.

"Could I join one?" she added, as the Bishop remained silent.

"The church needs your joy more than your sorrow, and I fear it is your sorrow you are bringing to her," he answered.

"That is true."

"And you come because life has disappointed you."

"That is true."

"Well, they rarely bring their hopes and joys," he said musingly. "It would, perhaps, be unnatural if they did, since few women are made for nuns. When do you return to America?"

"At once."

"If you feel the same at the end of the Summer, come to me. I may be able to find a place for you."

"Thank you, Bishop, I will feel the same. I have made up my mind."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LAFCADIO HEARN, A DREAMER

By YONE NOGUCHI

TOKYO, JAPAN

HE was like a figure painted by a French impressionist. He was a man who found his joy and love in stars. He was a dreamer. If he had written poetry! His fancies always wandered among the roads of the Heavens. He had a distinguished passion and a genius clear like a looking-glass, which enabled him to express things in more exquisite form and with more crystal touch than was in reality in themselves. He had a pen few writers indeed could handle. His work for Japan and the Japanese was greater, doubtless, than Sir Edwin Arnold's, than Professor Chamberlain's or Professor Aston's, all of whom have done work for which Japan is grateful eternally. But what a hermit was Lafcadio Hearn! He was never what is termed sociable. All of his thoughts and fancies cannot be said to have been wholesome, nor was his judgment altogether fair. But the influence he had upon his students—those more close to him than any else in Japan,—was great and inspiring. He taught them to love the beautiful and the good, and above all to have warm sympathies with the world of men. Professor S. Uchigasaki of the Waseda University in Tokio, was one of Hearn's students when the poet-writer was teaching at the Imperial University. "I studied under him from 1898 to 1902," said Professor

THE LATE LAFCADIO HEARN IN JAPANESE DRESS

Uchigasaki. "He lectured between nine and twelve hours a week and not one of us felt that his hours were ever too long. On the contrary, we always grieved that they could not be longer. It was universally known that he hated to see anyone at his home, but he was another person in his lecture room, being most exceedingly kind and diligent. He never missed in his duties as a professor at the university, attending every day and never being late for even one hour. He usually carried a small note book in the class room, which had in it, however, only some name of a book or author, the date and a few other simple things, and he gave us the lectures—such remarkable lectures that we will not easily forget—entirely from his memory. His memory was indeed wonderful. Sometimes there were a few written lectures, criticism on poetry, the history of English literature, the outline of European literature and others, most beautifully written in themselves and full of interest and charming with a grace of style. He taught us to see the creation of Almighty God."

It was some fourteen or fifteen years ago—in the Summer of 1890, I believe—that Lafcadio Hearn first landed in Japan. And he became a teacher at once in the Matsue Middle School in the Province of Izumo.

He was a man of silence and meditation. Nobody was told why he came to Japan. He had, however, a certain Eastern blood, since his mother was a Greek. He naturally wished to be in the real East and study it. And then, too, he was ambitious to make of Japan his own field, as Stevenson made of Samoa, as Charles Warren Stoddard did of Hawaii. He was most fortunate to find himself in the province of Izumo to begin his Japanese study, for, as everyone knows, Izumo is supposed to be the oldest place in Japan, and it is the seat of Oyashiro, the greatest Shinto shrine. It was the original place of the Shinto religion, so in the study of old Japan Lafcadio Hearn could not have chosen a better place. He was supremely glad to be in Matsue; that was his first love—of Japanese places. And it is beautiful there, for the Great Bridge river, Ohashi Gawa, runs through the center of the town to the lake. And there by the lake shore are giant old pines and cedars, thick as laurel tangle, and over their summits is seen the roof of an ancient castle.

So here Lafcadio Hearn stayed and studied every phase of Japan, closely, sincerely, minutely, as was his way. The fruits of his Matsue and Izumo wanderings appeared in "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan." When these sketches were printed in the Atlantic Monthly he became recognized as one of the best descriptive writers of the English-speaking world.

It was while he was a teacher at Matsue that he married the daughter of an ancient samurai family, Setsu Koizumi, and he adopted the name of his wife; thus he is spoken of always in Japan as Mr. Koizumi. From the Matsue school he removed to the Higher Middle School of Kumamoto, in the province of Higo. Here it was that his oldest boy, Kazuo, was born. Upon leaving Kumamoto some time later, Mr. Hearn became the editor of the Kobe Chronicle. And soon after he came to Tokio to occupy a chair of English literature at the Imperial University, and from the Imperial University, two years ago, he resigned to take a position in the Waseda University, which position he held at the time of his death in September last.

His history is tumultuous and sad. He was born at Leucadio, on Santa Mora island, one of the Ionian group, of Greece, on June 27, 1850. It was the home of Sappho. Lafcadio, Mr. Hearn's Christian name, was the Greek pronunciation of Leucadio. His father was a military surgeon, an Irishman from Dublin in the service of the British army. He had been ordered to Greece when occasional troubles there demanded the presence of European armies. He fell in love with a Greek girl whose parents and relations would not recognize him, and who planned to break off their communication at any cost. The story is told—I do not know how true it is—that her brothers waylaid him by a mountain road and attacked him, nearly killing him. He fell, from the sudden blow on his head, and was left there. But later he escaped. Some have said that the Greek girl found him and nursed him back to life. However it be, the two were married secretly on the eve of his departure for Leucadio, where he was ordered. And from that union sprang Lafcadio Hearn. He used often to say that he had one younger brother, but did not know where he was, nor even whether or not he was alive.

When Lafcadio Hearn's father was called back to Dublin he took his wife so young and beautiful and his two boys. The young wife was extremely shy and dreaded to meet strangers. Our Lafcadio Hearn inherited his sensitive temperament from his own mother. She rarely went out and disliked to learn English. The little boys she dressed always in the Greek style and they even wore earrings, Mr. Hearn said. They attracted much comment and attention, and on the street wherever they went they were stared at. So also was their mother. She carried a Greek atmosphere wherever she went, but she acted very like an English woman. She was lovely to her husband and to the two old ladies who were his aunts, and there were some sweet years.

Then there happened a catastrophe which abruptly broke up the family.

We are not told what it was nor how it happened, but only that Lafcadio Hearn never forgave his father because he divorced the Greek wife and married an English woman. Later Lafcadio's father was sent to India by the government, where he died from fever. The two little boys were left in the care of their great-aunts. Their own mother married the Greek lawyer who had advocated her case and left Great Britain forever.

The two gentle old ladies were devout Catholics, and they decided to educate Lafcadio Hearn for the priesthood. As there were no other heirs by the second marriage of his father, considerable money was left. Lafcadio was sent to Paris when he was fourteen years old, to a Catholic school. Here it was that he learned how to write and speak French in so masterly a manner. But he disliked the Catholic education and the Catholic temperament. He secretly decided that he would not become a priest. More than that, he became radically opposed to Christianity and conceived some striking repugnance to western world education. And he leaned toward the old, sweet customs of Japan. All this in secret. He did not speak out to the two old ladies because they were so earnest and so pious. But in his nineteenth year he suddenly received news that the guardian of the Hearn property had failed and everything was swept away. There was not one cent left for him, he was told. However, he was glad for this for one reason, that he could be free like a butterfly.

He sailed to America to find his fortune. He landed in New York and wandered from there to Cincinnati, and from there to New Orleans. He became a printer by trade, and later a reporter and editor. Many interesting stories of his life are told among the American newspaper men, but Lafcadio Hearn seldom spoke of his experiences, only to speak of America, the northern portion, as the "bitter mother." His Greek temperament and French culture became frostbitten as a flower in the North. He could not possibly stand the severity.

So he sought and found comfort in the southern cities, and for some years he settled in New Orleans. Here he began to make his translations from the French authors, Daudet, Pierre Loti and others. Some of these were published by Brentano of New York. They were said to be almost equal to the original in the true meaning. Then he was sent to the West Indies by Harper's, and his studies there were considered remarkable in descriptive power and delicacy. His name became speedily recognized. Long before we had him in Japan Lafcadio Hearn was well known as a literary artist. He was given a richness in passion and imagination from a Greek mother and an Irish father. And he was educated in France and he lived in the sweet old South of America. And his temperament and fancies became richer and more luxuriant. What a soft wind blows in the South! Such a passion! Such an imagination! One in the South will not fear the sublimity of the Universe, perhaps, but he will be eternally drunk in mystery and sacredness of God's creation.

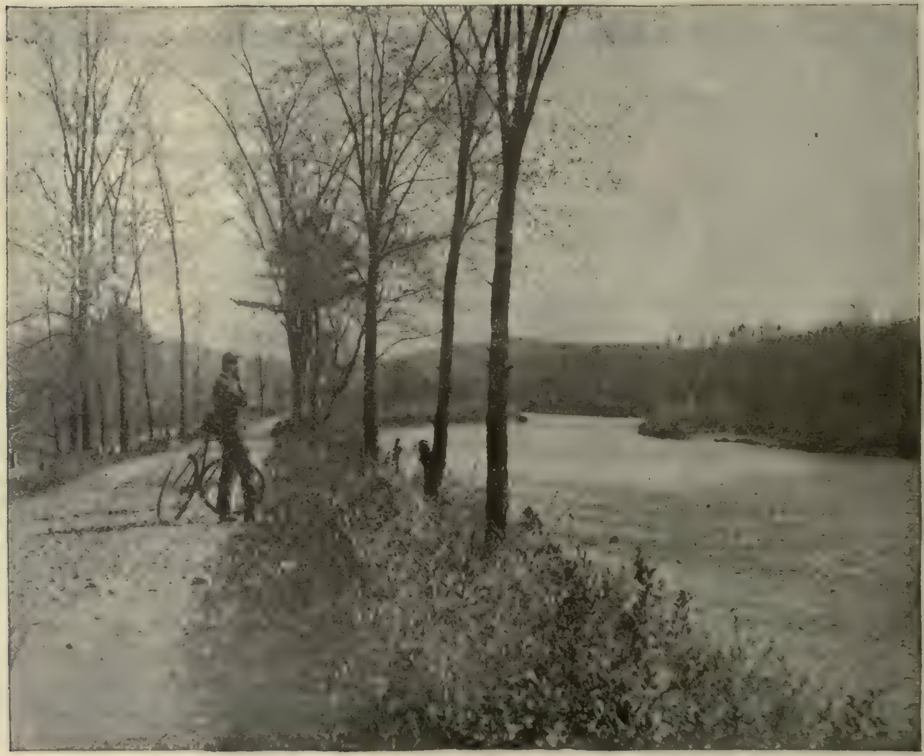
He will cry—touched by the secret of humanity. He will laugh loud by the music of the Southern seas.

So—Lafcadio Hearn!

THE LONE TOURIST ❧ A Photographic Study

By FRED A. ELLIOTT

CHENANGO FORKS, NEW YORK



THE MASTERS OF OUR RAILWAYS

By EDWARD D. TITTMANN

RAILROAD EXPERT OF THE NEW YORK TIMES

IF the most rabid agitator against railroad combinations and the so-called Railroad Trust who now makes the community reecho with his tirades could be transported back three score years and set down in any one of the small towns which have since grown into big and powerful cities, he would probably experience the somewhat startling sensation of being regarded as a hireling of railroad organizers who were then doing in a small way what the Vanderbilts, Morgans, Harrimans, Hills, and Goulds are now doing on a tremendously enlarged scale. Many of the combinations of railroads which are today considered not only legitimate but necessary, were then being made the subject of frequent, violent and persistent attacks on the part of the people through whose cities and towns those original railroad companies ran.

There are still a number of men living who can recall the days of early railroading, but the present generation can hardly realize the bitterness which some consolidations evoked in those days, consolidations not of competing and parallel lines which are now the subjects of attack, but consolidations of small, connecting roads into one large system. Who today remembers the revolt of the city of Erie against the consolidations of two railroads which were to make a through line from Buffalo to Cleveland without change of cars or perchance stop-over at Erie City? Who remembers the many incidents, too numerous to relate, which marked the gradual growth of American railroads from a conglomerate mass of small lines into the huge systems of the present day? Yet almost every step in this direction had to be won by a fight, either in the elections, the legislatures, the courts, or the stock market.

Today the entire railroad map of the country is divided up among not more than a dozen powerful systems, outside of which there are only a few independent lines of any importance, the others existing independently at the sufferance of the big systems which are bound to swallow them sooner or later. The destinies of these huge properties are controlled by a dozen men, more or less, some of whom have achieved power by their own efforts, while others have inherited power. But they are all men of ability and strength, and whatever great contests may hereafter occur in the railroad world will be fought out between them until their number shall have been gradually reduced, until some day one man shall step in and assume charge over them all. This man, it is not unreasonable to expect, will be Uncle Sam himself.

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There have been three periods in the development of railroad systems as we know them today. The first of these was the constructive period, which lasted from the beginning until about 1883. This was followed by a period of reorganization which culminated in the years immediately succeeding the panic of 1893, and the third is the period of huge combinations of properties and the rounding out of systems. This period is the one in which we are now living and the end of which is not yet in sight.

"Geography," said a well known railroad capitalist one day, "is the mistress of the situation. We can't get around geography. All railroad combinations have to take shape according to the terms she dictates. There can be no community of interest which disregards her." Thus we speak of Eastern lines, Northeastern lines, Southwestern lines, etc. In considering the trend of rail-

WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER, BROTHER OF JOHN D., SIXTY-FOUR YEARS OLD, REPUTED THE LARGEST HOLDER OF RAILWAY STOCKS IN AMERICA AND HOLDER, AS WELL, OF HUGE INTERESTS IN OIL, GAS, BANKING AND OTHER COMPANIES

road combinations, we will begin at the beginning, namely the Atlantic coast, and moving westward we find that as far as Chicago and St. Louis the situation is practically controlled by two great systems, the so-called Vanderbilt lines and the Pennsylvania railroad. Between these great properties lie a number of smaller lines, in almost every one of which the two great systems have an interest. These are known as the anthracite coal roads. To the east of the Vanderbilt lines, but of less importance so far as transcontinental traffic is concerned, is the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, which practically

WILLIAM KISSAM VANDERBILT, THE MOST FORCEFUL AND ABLE SURVIVING DESCENDANT OF THE OLD COMMODORE VANDERBILT WHO TAUGHT US THE VALUE OF RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION AND MADE IT PAY

enjoys a monopoly of the New England business and which is largely independent, although the Pennsylvania and the Vanderbilt systems have each bought a substantial interest in its stock during the last three years. South of the Pennsylvania system proper are the soft coal roads, the Norfolk & Western, the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Baltimore & Ohio, in all of which either one or both of the big systems have an interest through ownership of large amounts of stock. Connecting the North with the South, east of the Mississippi, are the three systems: the Atlantic Coast Line, including the Louisville & Nashville; the

Southern Railway, including the Mobile & Ohio and other roads; and the Seaboard Air Line. The first two are controlled largely by the same interests, among which those represented by J. Pierpont Morgan stand out prominently. The North-and-South situation is not, however, of that general interest and importance which attach to railroads that are links in connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific.

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Leaving out the railroads in which the Vanderbilts have merely a stock interest, but not absolute control, the New York Central lines (as the Vanderbilts prefer to have their railroad system known) reach Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati and (by water) Milwaukee in the West, and in the East touch tidewater at New York, Boston and Montreal. The railroads which make up this system are themselves consolidations of smaller lines, consolidations which were gradually effected during the forty years of Vanderbilt control. Some of these railroads are owned outright, others are controlled by long-term leases, and still others are controlled by ownership of the capital stock or the majority of the stock outstanding. The total length of the New York Central lines is 11,462 miles. Of this total the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, which is the parent concern, operates directly 3,422 miles. Leased to this company are the Boston & Albany, 392 miles; the West Shore railroad, 478 miles; the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg, 624 miles; the Beech Creek railroad, 218 miles; the Mohawk & Malone, 182 miles; the New York & Harlem railroad, 136 miles, and minor lines to the extent of 399 miles. Owning the majority of the stock, in some cases almost the entire issue, the New York Central counts among its dependent lines the Cincinnati & Northern with 247 miles; the Michigan Central, which leases the Canada Southern, with a combined mileage of 1,653 miles, and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern of 1,453 miles. The latter in turn controls the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis of 2,287 miles; the New York, Chicago & St. Louis of 523 miles; the Lake Erie & Western of 887 miles, and the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa of 252 miles. Among the minor lines owned by stock control by the New York Central are the Rutland Railroad and the St. Lawrence & Adirondack, which were only recently taken over. Such is the present extent of the New York Central System, which had its beginning in 1831 as the New York Central Railroad, the tracks of which were just seventeen miles long, but the expansion of which is not yet at an end, for even at this writing plans are under way by which, in conjunction with the Union Pacific, the New York Central is to get absolute control of the Chicago & Northwestern, in which the Vanderbilts have long had a substantial though not a controlling interest.

No better idea of the size of this system can be obtained than by considering a few of the figures which show its resources. It is difficult to make exact calculations because of the various reorganizations and consolidations out of which the system has grown, and because of the involved methods of bookkeeping which are now in use on the various lines; but with due allowance for duplications, the total investments in the New York Central System are approximately $375,000,000 in stock and $395,000,000 in bonds. The employes of the system last year numbered on an average 72,846.

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The New York Central System has since 1860 been under the control of one family, which in itself makes it unique in the annals of American railroading. The present guiding spirit of the system is William Kissam Vanderbilt, the third in his line, who, since the elder branch of the family invested its fortunes in the

GEORGE GOULD, SON OF JAY GOULD. — THE FATHER WAS BEST KNOWN AS A WRECKER BUT THE SON IS A BUILDER AND A REAL RAILROAD MAN. — HIS ALLIANCES ARE WITH THE STANDARD OIL GROUP. — HE IS ONLY FORTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD, YOUNG ENOUGH AND POPULAR ENOUGH TO BECOME OUR FIRST "SECRETARY OF HIGHWAYS" WHEN THE PEOPLE TAKE OVER THE RAILROADS

bonds rather than the stocks of the system, has exercised almost complete control of the road. Born in 1849, he has always been a hard worker, though not merely a plodder. It was largely his ideas which brought about those consolidations, absorptions and changes out of which the present system has been evolved. It was he who brought together under one central management the various corporations which had theretofore been operated separately, and it is his mind which is now at work in further unifying the system by better methods of accounting and bookkeeping. His far-seeing mind it was that insisted on the New York Central getting a share in control of the Chesapeake & Ohio and of the Reading, occurrences which are only a few years old. His was the idea of gaining an entrance into Boston via the Boston & Albany, thus robbing the New York, New Haven & Hartford of its absolute monopoly of New England traffic. His moves have been, like those of a great chess player, thoroughly prepared, thought out and brilliantly executed. While thus devoting himself to the larger questions affecting the New York Central System, he leaves the details to a corps of excellent officials which he has gathered about himself and on whom he relies to achieve by whatever means they think best the ends which he has indicated. Recently he has been devoting less time to his business affairs but has sought recreation in travel abroad, of which he is as fond as of such sports as horse racing, yachting, and similar pastimes.

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While the Pennsylvania Railroad lacks the New York Central's prestige of having been like an old servant in the hands of one family for three generations it is nevertheless abroad and at home considered as the greatest of American railroad systems. In appearance even it is different from the New York Central. Though it extends from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago, St. Louis and other points which are also reached by the New York Central, yet its contours resemble more a nerve center in the human body. There are not three or four lines through to Chicago, but there are innuumerable branches reaching out from the one main road in every direction, each of which is a self-sustaining unit.

Chartered in 1846, the Pennsylvania Railroad started out with a line from Harrisburg to Pittsburg, a distance of 248 miles. Today the system takes in 10,562 miles of single track, not counting any but those lines which it absolutely controls. Among the larger systems which have retained their separate organization and identity although merged in the mother road, are the Long Island Railroad, the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis, Vandalia & Terre Haute, and the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago. The other lines which make up the vast majority of the Pennsylvania Railroad the public never hears of, so completely have they lost their identity. They have from year to year been brought closer into the fold, but the end is not yet, and even now the directors are at work on a plan for still closer union, control and operation of the many lines, especially those west of Pittsburg. The lines east of Pittsburg, with the exception of the Long Island Railroad, have to all intents and purposes become mere divisions of the parent company. With such a complex organization it is rather difficult to give an exact idea of the amount of capital invested in this system. Approximately, however, the capital stock of the various companies amounts to $475,000,000; the total bond issues equal $450,000,000. The average number of employes who draw subsistence from this system each year is 67,095.

The control of the Pennsylvania Railroad has never been concentrated in the hands of any one man or set of men. But if there is one whose voice and influence does control the property because of the confidence the stockholders have in him, it is A. J. Cassatt, the president of the company. Born in 1839, he is no longer a young man, although he has retained all the energy of his younger

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN, WHOSE PRESTIGE SUFFERED BY THE FAILURE OF HIS STEEL AND SHIPPING COMBINES TO HOLD ALL THE WATER HE POURED INTO THEM, BUT WHO IS STILL A POWER IN RAILROAD AFFAIRS days. His education was that of an engineer, and he worked his way to the top of the ladder in that branch of railroad work, though he mastered the other branches of the service as well. Since 1861 continuously in the service of the same road his advent to the presidency of that road has done more than the efforts of any one man in the East to stop rate wars, discrimination and other abuses with which he had become intimately familiar and about which he had given testimony as early as 1879 in the so-called Standard Oil inquiries brought by the state of Pennsylvania to prevent the secret rebates by which the Srdaadnt Oil Company was throttling all competition. The plan for community of interest by which it was intended to do away not only with ruinous competition but also with secret rebates, cut rates and other disturbers of railroad peace, a plan which had been growing in the minds of American railroad men for thirty years, found one of its strongest advocates in Mr. Cassatt when he entered with W. K. Vanderbilt into that famous agreement by which each of the two systems acquired an interest in the weaker lines in the same territory, by the acquisition of capital stocks of those roads in such amounts as to give the purchasers a deciding vote in the affairs of those smaller companies.

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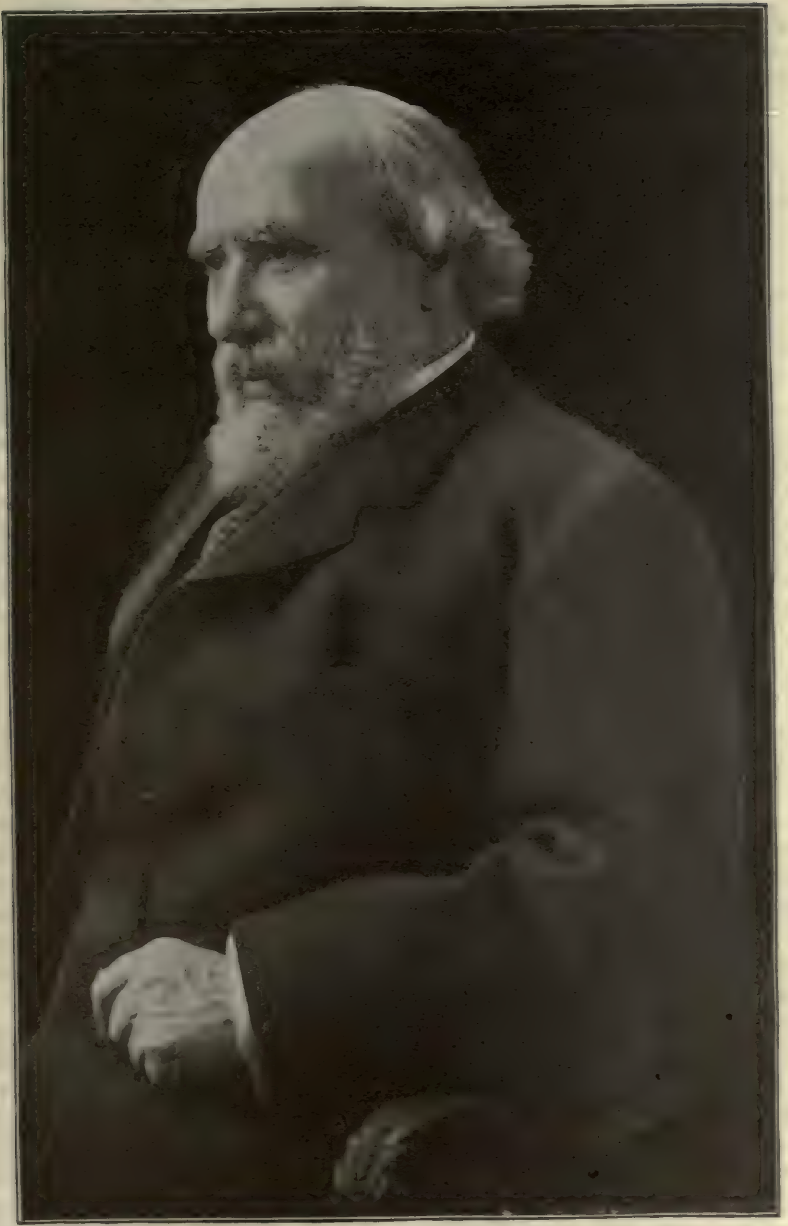
Under this agreement the Pennsylvania acquired an interest in the stock of the Baltimore & Ohio and the Norfolk & Western, while the New York Central bought into the stock of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad and the Lehigh Valley. Jointly the two big systems became interested in the Chesapeake & Ohio and in the Reading. The interest in the latter, which in turn controls the Jersey Central, was taken by the Pennsylvania through the Baltimore & Ohio, and by the New York Central through the Lake Shore. Both the Central and the Pennsylvania have taken a small but important interest in the New York, New Haven & Hartford. The extent of the influence thus exercised by the two big companies is perhaps best demonstrated by the following table:

	Mileage	Capital Stock	Bonds	No. of Employes
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	965	$ 26,200,000	$ 3,060,000	5,751
Lehigh Valley	1,399	40,400,000	45,600,000	8,307
Norfolk & Western	1,721	89,000,000	56,000,000	11,360
Chesapeake & Ohio	1,640	62,800,000	78,600,000	10,300
Baltimore & Ohio	4,438	185,000,000	231,000,000	28,116
Reading Company	2,144	140,000,000	103,000,000	13,419
New York, New Haven & Hartford	2,033	80,000,000	64,212,000	13,780

Of the railroads which appear in this table, the first two run between Buffalo and New York. The next three run from Baltimore and Norfolk west to Cincinnati and Louisville and in the case of the Baltimore & Ohio to Chicago and St. Louis, while the last two are chiefly local in their respective sections—the anthracite coal fields and the New England states. The interest in the New York, New Haven & Hartford was acquired mainly because this company, through the purchase of the Central New England and the New York, Ontario & Western, had threatened to invade the trunk line territory where its independence might have caused serious trouble.

The only large system in this territory the destinies of which are not yet settled is the Erie Railroad; and Wall Street, which likes to sell one railroad to another as often as possible, will probably be able to dispose of this road to various other systems for several years to come, even though there recently have been



JAMES J. HILL, BUILDER OF THE GREAT NORTHERN AND MORGAN'S ALLY IN HUGE OPERATIONS.—MR. HILL WAS BORN IN CANADA SIXTY-SIX YEARS AGO AND LOOKS TO BE GOOD FOR SIXTY-SIX YEARS MORE

renewed reports of buying of that stock for control by the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, and the Morgan interests. The Erie railroad is 2,317 miles long and reaches from New York to Chicago and Cincinnati. It has been reorganized so often that the original capital investment has been long since wiped out or decimated. At present its stock issue is $176,200,000 and its funded debt is $181,700,000. Its employes number on an average 15,697.

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The amicable atmosphere of the eastern trunk line situation was rudely disturbed some three years ago by the attempt, since successful, of the Gould lines to force an entrance into Pittsburg and hence to tide-water at Baltimore. These Gould lines differ in almost every respect from every other group of American railroads. Instead of starting in the East and working westward, their nucleus was formed on the banks of the two great rivers, the Mississippi and the Missouri. Following the course of the latter from St. Louis north to Omaha and down the former to New Orleans, they have gradually spread until they reach Ogden in the West; El Paso and Laredo on the Mexican frontier; Chicago, Buffalo and Cleveland on the Great Lakes, and finally Pittsburg in the Pennsylvania steel district, the richest traffic originating center in the United States. To reach tide-water at Baltimore, they acquired several lines, notably the Western Maryland, and are now engaged in building the connecting link which will bring them out of the West to the Atlantic seaboard. Not satisfied with this outlet, there are even now definite reports under way that they have been accumulating stock of the Erie Railroad with a view of reaching New York. Should this idea be fulfilled, it will mark a complete circle in history, for the father of George J. Gould was one of the men to whose control of that property, though only for a brief period, will ever be laid the wrecking, years ago, of that really wonderful railroad.

When a pebble is thrown into the water its circles spread uniformly in every direction. Similarly, since their original entrance into railroading, with St. Louis as their point of disturbance, the Goulds have not only spread east, but they are extending westward also, and the first steps have long since been taken for the building of a new road which will bring the Gould system to tide-water at the Pacific coast as well as on the Atlantic. The western extension, over which the Gould trains will run from ocean to ocean, is known as the Western Pacific, a road laid out on paper and surveyed to the last grade and the last curve, and provided with a capital to start with of $50,000,000. The Gould lines, although controlled by the same group of men, headed by George J. Gould, have not yet been consolidated into a general system with one head. This is partly due to the fact that as a system the Gould lines are still young and partly to the laws against consolidations of railroads in the southwestern states which have been enacted from time to time. Nevertheless, the Gould lines' security of the control of the various railroads is strengthened by an arrangement under which some of the larger lines hold stock in other roads of the system. The Missouri Pacific, for instance, holds stock in the Denver & Rio Grande and the Wabash. The St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, which is absolutely owned by the Missouri Pacific, also owns stock in the Wabash, while the Denver & Rio Grande in turn controls the Rio Grande Western and the Rio Grande Southern. The total length of the lines controlled by the Gould family and their friends comprises 17,125 miles of road. The biggest of these is the Missouri Pacific with 6,107 miles of road and stock interests in the other railroads. The Missouri Pacific is destined to be with the Gould system what the New York Central is with the Vanderbilt lines. The Wabash Railroad, with 2,534 miles of its own, also controls the Wheeling & Lake Erie and the Western Maryland. The latter owns the West Virginia Central & Pittsburg. It is over these lines that the Goulds will come into Baltimore. The St. Louis South-

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON CASSATT, PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY, WHO APPEARS TO HAVE A LARGER RESPECT FOR THE INTELLIGENCE AND POWER OF THE PUBLIC THAN SOME OF THE OTHER TEMPORARY MASTERS OF OUR PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.—MR. CASSATT GOT A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION AND BEGAN RAILROADING AT THE BOTTOM.—HE IS SIXTY-NINE YEARS OLD

western, of which Edwin Gould, brother of George Gould, is president, is 1,279 miles long. The other railroads controlled by the Goulds but operated independently are the Denver & Rio Grande with its dependencies 3,361 miles in length; the International & Great Northern, 1,159 miles, and the Texas & Pacific, 1,827 miles long. The total capital of these railroads, intertwined as they are, represents in stock about $327,000,000, and in bonds $414,000,000. The men employed number on an average 84,796.

The man at the head of this great aggregation of railroads is George J. Gould, the youngest magnate of them all, for he is only just forty-seven years old. Though he inherited his wealth, he has proved himself a better man than his father, who acquired the reputation of wanting railroads only to squeeze them dry. The son has taken many of these railroads and filled them with new, warm blood. Advised by men old in experience and years, and aided by men young and strong in energy and fighting spirit, Mr. Gould has gradually lifted many of his lines from a nearly bankrupt position, has placed them on a stable basis and has mapped out for them a future when they will develop into great dividend-paying properties. Mr. Gould's energy, which manifests itself also in his fondness of sports, is only equalled by his love of family life, which is so great that on every extended inspection trip over his railroads he takes along every member of his family whose presence is not required elsewhere.

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If a line were drawn from Chicago through St. Louis to New Orleans, it would fairly mark the dividing line between the East and West in railroad affairs. The Gould lines have crossed this divide in both directions. But the vast territory stretching thence to the Pacific coast is the real scene of all great consolidations of railroads which have recently occupied the attention of the nation and of its courts. In the East the people have become reconciled to the accomplished fact. But in the West the division of the railroad map into vast systems is still something of a novelty. None of the great consolidations there undertaken is as solidly soldered together as those in the East. And that the mere acquisition of control of other lines of road does not insure the success of the combination was conclusively demonstrated in the attempt made a dozen years ago to build up a big system around the Reading railroad, an attempt which failed disastrously. The most loosely constructed of the big combinations in the west is the Rock Island system. It is the most recent of all the consolidations: a huge aggregation of railroads virtually forged together within the last three years by the sheer mental strength of the men who control it. Having no affiliations to speak of with any other interests, it consists at present of 14,170 miles of road. The parent concern is the Rock Island Company, which is merely a holding company. It controls the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company, which in turn owns the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Company, which is the operating company, and the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Company. The first of these, by lease, controls the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, 1,316 miles long, and the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf, 1,080 miles, and by stock control the Chicago, Rock Island & Gulf and other lines. The 'Frisco, again, controls the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, and smaller concerns. The Chicago & Alton also has lately been acquired by the Rock Island group. With these lines the Rock Island reaches every important city in the Middle West, among them Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Kansas City, Denver, Memphis and others. As yet it has no outlet to the Pacific coast except by traffic arrangement with the Southern Pacific, and it is therefore to be presumed that its map is not yet completed. The capital invested in this system is approximately $163,000,000 in

WILLIAM H. MOORE, THE HEAD OF THE "ROCK ISLAND" GROUP OF RAILWAY CAPITALISTS

stock and $453,000,000 in bonds. The reason for the preponderance of bonds over stocks is that in effecting the consolidations the plan has been pursued of offering collateral trust bonds for the stock purchased. The system employs on an average 80,738 men.

The men who moulded into form this conglomeration of railroad lines are familiarly known as the "Rock Island crowd." They are in the order of their importance, William H. Moore, Daniel G. Reid, W. B. Leeds, B. F. Yoakum and J. Hobart Moore. William H. Moore may be taken as the head of this group of men. He and his brother are often referred to as the "two little Indiana boys," for in that their native state they made their money by hard work and grit in the steel and iron business, principally in the manufacture of tin plate. After they had sold out to the United States Steel Corporation, they looked about for some remunerative investment, and they conceived the idea of trying railroading. So they bought the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific about three years ago and gradually added to its lines by purchases of other properties. They have been severely criticised for their methods of finance, but they seem to care little for criticism. "Judge Moore," as he is familiarly called, is a tall and well built man, and though past the prime of life, he carries himself like a young man of thirty. Grave in appearance, he is yet of a jovial disposition as is shown by the twinkle in his eye. He is not fond of publicity, especially when the affairs of his company are concerned, and to those who would interview him he is known "as the silent judge."

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Similarly free of affiliations as the Rock Island, is the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. This system, which operates and controls 8,943 miles, will, it is not unlikely, be the storm center of the next consolidation fight. Many times have attempts been made by other lines to secure control, but the grapes have always hung too high. The Pennsylvania has often been reported as being intent on purchasing the Atchison, or the Santa Fe, as it is known in its own territory. E. H. Harriman has made eyes at it. The Goulds have thought too of gathering it in, and the Rock Island people have coveted it, but so far its owners have refused to sell out. Its capital stock of $216,199,000 is widely held, much of it in Boston, where it has ever been a favorite, and to secure control would be a costly task. Whoever will ultimately get the property will thereby become possessed of a trunk line reaching from Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico, at Galveston, and to the Pacific, sharing with the Southern Pacific in the traffic of San Francisco and southern California. Its funded debt is $231,930,000, and its employes number on an average 56,871. (Editorial Note—Since the foregoing paragraph was written by Mr. Tittmann, the Santa Fe control has been reported to have been acquired by the "Standard Oil" group).

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Wall Street has acquired the habit these days of distinguishing railroad systems by the names of those who control their destinies. While this method of appellation is in certain respects defective, its employment was never better justified than when it was applied to the wonderful system which is known as the Harriman Lines. Since the year 1898, when E. H. Harriman and his friends took possession of the Union Pacific railroad, after its reorganization, he has been one of the most aggressive figures in American railroading. The lines which he controls center in the Union Pacific railroad, and through this company the Harriman interests acquired a majority holding in the stock of the Southern Pacific and a minority holding in the Northern Securities company, which in turn controls the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, and through these the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. If the United States supreme court, which has just granted an appeal from the decision of the lower court, dissolving the Northern Securities company according to the plan of J. J. Hill, should finally affirm the decree of the lower court, the Harriman lines will have only a minority interest in the Northern Pacific, a small interest in the Great Northern and through these in the Burlington. Mr. Harriman is known to be averse to being a minority holder, and it is therefore not likely that he will care to maintain such interests in those properties. Instead, the Union Pacific

EDWARD H. HARRIMAN, CONTROLLER, FOR HIMSELF AND THE STANDARD OIL GROUP, OF RAILWAYS AGGREGATING OVER 70,000 MILES IN LENGTH. — MR. HARRIMAN WAS A BANKER BEFORE HE BECAME A RAILROAD MAN. — HIS HOBBY IS FAST HARNESS HORSES.—HE WILL NOT SIT FOR A PHOTOGRAPH; THIS SNAPSHOT, TAKEN FOR HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN, IS THE BEST LIKENESS OF HIM EXTANT

will probably acquire at least a half interest in the Chicago & Northwestern, thus securing the essential entrance into Chicago, for the Union Pacific now only starts at Omaha and Kansas City and from there reaches the Pacific coast over its controlled lines. The chief system controlled by the Union Pacific is the Southern Pacific company with 8,933 miles of road running from New Orleans to the Pacific and from San Francisco east to Ogden, Utah. The Oregon Short Line, with 1,767, and the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, 1,152 miles, reach from Denver and other Colorado points to Portland, Oregon, and with these properties the total mileage of the Union Pacific is 15,075 miles. These railroads represent a capital investment of $358,000,000 in stocks and $671,000,000 in bonds, and they employ 87,850 men.

The chief figure in the administration of affairs as well as in the control of these properties is Edward H. Harriman. Ten years ago he was practically unknown. He had, however, at that time accumulated a neat fortune, and besides had gained the confidence of rich bankers, and with their backing he has made himself at once the most admired and the most hated man in the railroad world. Something over fifty years of age, he is the last man one would pick out in a crowd as the head of the great interests which bear his name. Slight of stature, absolutely lackin appearance of either dignity or attractiveness, he looks more like a clerk than a millionaire. He must be conscious of this, for he has, ever since his advent to fame, refused to sit for any photographer. The only pictures of him extant are snapshots, but, as he always wears his hat down over his eyes, these pictures show little of his features. In his eyes, however, there glitters the cold gray steel of the despot. Mr. Harriman is an autocrat in his realm, and for this reason some of the best railroad officers in the country have left his employ. He has elected himself to the positions made vacant by those men and he is now not only one of the chief owners, but also the actual operating head of his systems.

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When Harriman, after acquiring the Southern Pacific in 1901, made his fight against the Hill-Morgan forces over the acquisition by them of the Northern Pacific and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy in the interest of the Great Northern, he admitted that he considered those northern railroads the greatest rivals of his system. These three railroads have an aggregate length of road of 20,200 miles. Of this the Great Northern owns 5,887, the Northern Pacific 5,585, and the Burlington 8,738 miles. This is the group which was merged in the Northern Securities Company in 1901. The first of these two are trunk lines reaching from the head of the Great Lakes at Duluth and from the twin cities St. Paul and Minneapolis to Seattle, Portland and Tacoma on Puget Sound. The Burlington makes the connection for these railroads between St. Paul and Chicago, though it also reaches St. Louis, Omaha, Denver and Kansas City, drawing its heaviest traffic from the territory between these cities, over which its lines spread like a drag-net. The capital stock of these companies is represented in the capital stock of the Northern Securities Company which controls them. This issue amounts to $400,000,000. The bond issues amount to $652,500,000, of which the Burlington's share is $156,000,000, the Great Northern's share $204,600,000 and the Northern Pacific's $291,000,000. The men employed on these three systems on an average number 119,078.

As indicated by the name applied to these railroads, the two men chiefly interested in them are James J. Hill and J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Hill is probably the most picturesque figure in the American railroad world. Though a Canadian by birth, he is by adoption a citizen of this country, and by right of his wonderful genius must ever be classed in the foremost rank of this country's great men. Though nearly seventy years old, with gray beard and gray, curly hair, he has retained the elasticity of youth not only in his walk and carriage, but in his mind. His eyes, kindly and merry, at times flash with that wonderful fire which indicates enthusiasm and intenseness of purpose. While not a brilliant speaker, his argument is convincing and his speech direct. It is not wonderful that such a man should have been able to accumulate a large fortune in his chosen career. He started, like old Commodore Vanderbilt, as a steamboat man, and in 1873 had succeeded in gathering together $100,000. With this he took hold of a small bankrupt railroad in what was then the wilds of Minnesota, and by strict economy built it up into the Great Northern system of over 5,000 miles. Nor is it wonderful that such a man should have attracted other great men. So he succeeded in enlisting wealthy Englishmen, even members of the royal family, as backers for his enterprises, and it is no small thing he is able to say after thirty years of association, that his friends have never had cause to regret, but profited enormously through his advice. No wonder they have such confidence in him that when he offered to advance the dividends withheld by order of the court from the stockholders of the Northern Securities Company, the great majority of those English stockholders for whose benefit the offer had been made, declined to accept it, pinning their faith to his word.

It is no wonder that such a man should have attracted the friendship of J. Pierpont Morgan, himself an enthusiast and a towering figure in American railroad annals. Mr. Morgan won undying fame as the reorganizer of many railroad enterprises which had gone into bankruptcy. He was never, like Mr. Hill, a builder of railroads. But during the period of reorganization he dominated the American railroad world. His interests now are not as large as they were then, although his representatives and he himself still hold directorships in many of the most important of railroad systems. If he should sell every railroad share he owns, his advice and counsel would make him a valuable member of any board of directors. Personally he is a director only in the New York Central and the New York, New Haven & Hartford and their controlled lines, but his interests are represented by one or the other of his partners in Atchison, Baltimore & Ohio, Erie, Lehigh Valley, Northern Securities, the Reading Company, Southern Railway and many others.

There is another man in American railroading who resembles Mr. Morgan in that he stands in the background, is a director only in a few railroads, but wields an influence over many. This man is William Rockefeller. Mr. Rockefeller probably owns more railroad stocks than any other man in this or any other country. His influence makes itself felt in the New York Central, the Union Pacific, the Northern Securities, the Gould lines, and strongest of all in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. This railroad, 6,800 miles long, is distinctly a Rockefeller road. Known as a grain carrier, it taps all the rich country between Chicago and Montana, though it has to depend for its connections for that highly prized outlet to tide-water. But if reports may be believed, this road is destined for greater things. It will probably, on the dissolution of the Northern Securities Company, take over the Northern Pacific, and thus make a through line from Chicago to Seattle. Its capitalization now consists of $105,900,000 in stocks and $123,700,000 in bonds. It employs 43,452 men.

Besides this railroad, there are in the West a number of other systems of varying sizes which have not yet found their last resting places in the arms of one of the big systems. The Chicago & Northwestern, with its controlled line the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha, is closely affiliated with both the New York Central and the Union Pacific systems. The lines of this system aggregate 9,041 miles, with a capital stock of $102,900,000 and a bonded indebtedness of $179,500,000. It employs 62,510 men. Other systems of complete or semi-independence are shown in this table:

	Mileage	Stock	Funded Debt	Employes
Illinois Central	4,301	105,000,000	129,100,000	27,300
Chicago Great Western	929	76,700,000	3,700,000	5,490
Wisconsin Central	977	30,000,000	27,300,000	5,570
Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton	3,210	27,000,000	88,000,000	20,400
Missouri, Kansas & Texas	3,000	72,700,000	79,200,000	19,300
Kansas City Southern	838	51,000,000	29,900,000	4,200
Colorado & Southern	1,121	48,000,000	18,800,000	7,000

There is no reason to doubt that these railroads sooner or later will be merged in one or the other of the large systems, if for no other reason than simply to prevent them from being disturbers of railroad rates and railroad peace.

APRIL 23rd, 1564

By KATHERINE LEE BATES
WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

A MEMORY, like a zephyr, wandered through
The colonnades of Heaven and, at request,
Will Shakespeare reared a cloudy stage and set
His plays — sore shamed they were — once more to do
Their ancient office. All the angels praised,
But in the shelter of their wings confessed
One to another that the tricksy sport,
Frenzies and furies and the shock of fray,
Perplexed their white, serene intelligence.
The highest ranks of the redeemed stood dazed
But half remembering their mortality,
Rapture of love, pain's fierce reality,
In those far aeons ere earth flamed away.
Only the hardly-saved, the devil-torn,
The ruddy fringe of that ethereal court,
Saints by the hair's-breadth, felt their lashes wet,
Sobbed out and shook when poor old Lear went crazed,
Threw asphodels to Rosalind, grew tense
With Hamlet's terror and, at end, their bliss
Sweeter within them for the taste of this,
Surprised their harpstrings with a gold acclaim,
A paean for that misty English morn,
While yet Time dwelt with Space, when softly came
The miracle,—when, an unheeded name,
    Shakespeare was born.

ONE OF THE "UNPREVENTABLE" ACCIDENTS—A BRIDGE BROKEN BY A CLOUDBURST AND A TRAIN HURLED THROUGH THE GAP

WHAT CAUSES RAILWAY ACCIDENTS

A STUDY OF THE SUBJECT FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE EXECUTIVE OFFICE

By C. H. ALLISON
NEW YORK CITY

WARS, battle and railroads! Engines of stern strife and of peaceful industry linked together in common cause against humanity! More deaths and injuries each year on our railroads than on the bloody fields of Waterloo or Gettysburg, or in the entire Spanish-American war. Stop the slaughter!

This has been the keynote of innumerable magazine and newspaper articles during the past year. Railway officials have been accused of reckless operating practices, of wanton disregard for the sanctity of human life, of penurious methods of management that refused to permit the necessary expenditure of money for the most ordinary precautions essential to public safety. They are declared to have staked dividends against death and destruction.

To quote a well-worn phrase, "There is no greater problem confronting the American people today"—so important is it as to demand recognition in President Roosevelt's last message to congress—than that of railroad accidents, their causes and means of prevention. The normal hazards of railway travel have been accentuated of late by an appalling series of disastrous wrecks spread out over the past two years. Public attention has been concentrated on this painful subject as never before. Like Banquo's ghost, it will not down.

A FUNDAMENTAL ERROR

Unfortunately the idea prevails that there has been an extraordinary increase in the number of railroad casualities. Without going into detail and presenting a mass of figures, it may be sufficient to say that in the last decade while the total track mileage operated has increased about twenty-eight per cent., passenger mileage forty-seven per cent. and freight ton miles eighty-five per cent., the fatalities to passengers increased only nineteen per cent. and to employes thirty-two per cent. In comparison with mileage operated and traffic handled, there are actually fewer deaths on our railroads than ten years ago. In 1903 there was but one passenger killed for every 1,957,441 carried, and one injured for every 84,284 carried.

This does not indicate any alarming increase in the dangers of railway travel. When a man about to buy a ticket reflects that he takes only one chance in about two million of being killed, and one chance in eighty-four thousand of being hurt, it will probably strike him that he is safer in a railway train than on our public streets and highways. Indeed there are annually killed by lightning in the United States approximately twice as many persons as suffer death while traveling on railroads.

What are the "dangers" of railway travel? Clearly the casualties to employes, to trespassers, and, indeed, to all but passengers, must be eliminated from the account. Considering therefore solely casualties to passengers, we find from the last bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission that on all the railways in the United States there were, during the year ended June 30, 904, killed by all causes, including their own carelessness and wilfulness, 420 passengers. This is less than one-half of the 1,020 deaths which were caused in New York harbor by the burning of the steamer General Slocum on June 15, 1904, and about half of the 700 more or less who were killed in the burning of the Iroquois theater in Chicago, December 30, 1903.

LESS THAN ORDINARY RISKS OF LIFE

But going further and including all who met their death on the premises of the railroads from any cause, and are therefore reported by the railroad companies as killed, let us consider the area of those railroad premises, and their constant population; i. e., the number of people who are daily and hourly thereon and then compare the yearly mortality per thousand among this "constant railroad population" with the mortality in some of our states. For the purposes of such comparison we take Connecticut, because its area most nearly approximates to that of the railroad premises, and New York, because that state happens to contain the writer's environment. Assuming that the 207,977 miles of railroad operated in the United States embraces an area only 100 feet in width (as a matter of fact, when allowance is made for yards, terminals, etc., much more is embraced) we find that the railroad premises comprise an area of 3,839 square miles. The area of Connecticut is 4,990 square miles; that of New York State, 49,170 square miles. The population of Connecticut by the last census was 908,420; that of New York State 7,268,894. The "constant railroad population" consists of

1. Employes, of whom there are 1,312,537. Allowing that each of these works ten hours per day, and as a matter of fact, their hours of labor are rather longer, and they are on the premises for a much greater time, we will take ten twenty-fourths of 1,312,537 546,890
2. Passengers continuously on trains in actual movement. The figure here given is reached by dividing the total of passengers carried one mile by thirty miles per hour, by twenty-four hours, and by 365 days — 79,993

Thus far our figures are neither obscure nor over-estimated. It is more difficult however to estimate the other persons who are on railroad premises. This must comprise, say, ten twenty-fourths of those employed by other than the railroad company in and about its premises, such as telegraph, express and sleeping-car employes, and those employed by lessees of railroad property, as, for instance, elevators, lumber and coal yards, etc. A large allowance must be made for teamsters and others who work in and about freight yards, for casual visitors, such as persons seeing their friends off on trains, and shippers. A liberal allowance must also be made for persons crossing at highways, or walking along the tracks, tramps, trespassers, etc. While no exact figure can be given with respect to these other persons on railroad premises, it will be well within bounds to estimate them at one man per mile of railroad operated, 103,988

This gives us a total "constant railroad population" of, 730,871

It is certain that this estimate is under rather than over the fact, but taking it for the sake of argument, we now find that the density of population per square mile is

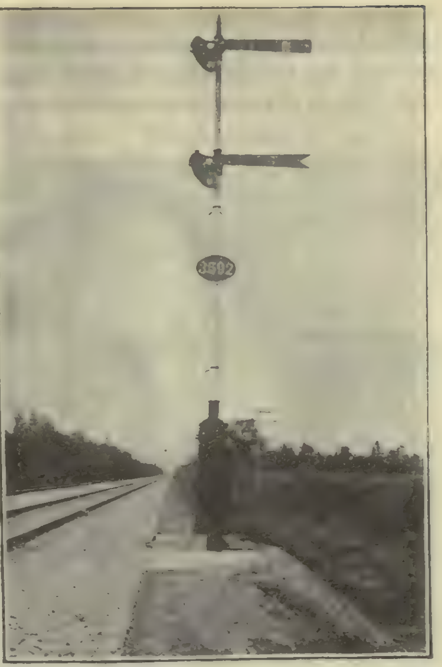
In Connecticut . . .	187.5
In New York . . .	152.6
On railroad premises .	185.5

We further find that the death rate per thousand from all causes was

In Connecticut . . .	16.9
In New York . . .	17.9
On railroad premises . .	13.5

While it may be suggested that deaths from railroad casualties are included in the death rate of each and every state, and that those occupied in and about railroad premises are, in a sense, "selected lives," it is very obvious from the foregoing that even under our bad regulations as to trespassing on railroad premises, grade crossings and the like, there is for those permanently employed on railroad premises less risk of life than to those generally inhabiting the state of Connecticut or the state of New York.

So far as they go, all statistics show that the percentage of accidents in the railway business is less than in any other branch of industry. It is estimated that over 100,000 operators are annually killed or hurt in our factories, yet the railroads are selected for invidious attack. An inflamed popular sentiment has been aroused which is being continually fed on information of the most misleading character.



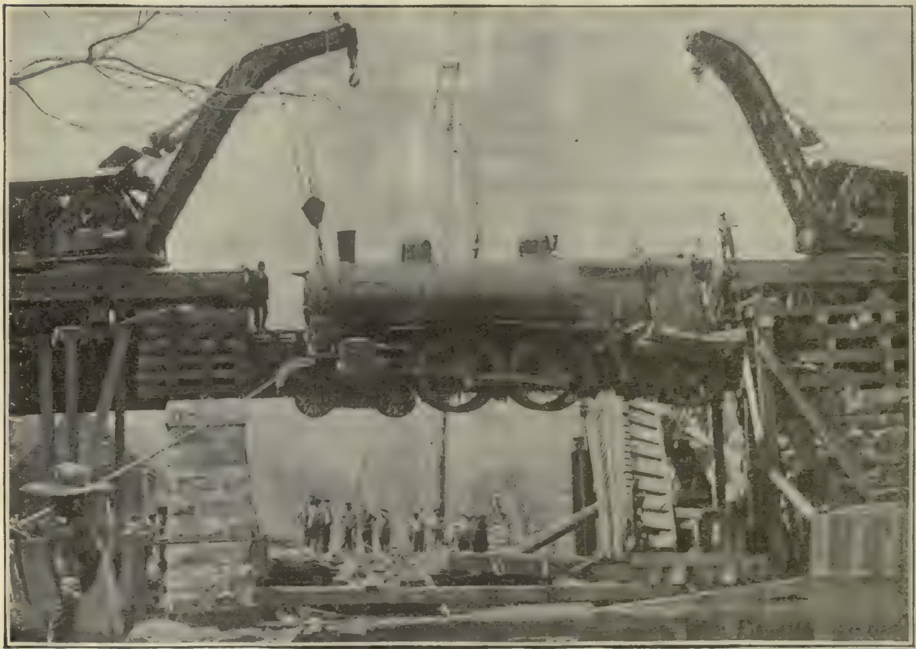
THE AUTOMATIC BLOCK-SIGNAL

The Leaven of Justice

Possibly no one thing has given rise to more misunderstanding on this point than the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The last annual volume of statistics issued a month or so ago by that body, covering the twelve months ending June 30, 1903, shows that there were 9,840 persons killed and 76,553 injured on or about railway property during the year. At first blush an awful record, truly—shocking alike to the public and to railroad officials. But no analytical searchlight is needed to dispel the gloom of misconception enveloping this dark array of figures.

Without attempting to minimize the mortality and suffering involved in the bald statement of casualties, or to excuse the railroad companies for any of their shortcomings, why, it may be asked, should they be held liable for the death of the 5,000 trespassers who are included in the total of 9,840 fatalities—persons who have no right whatever to intrude upon railroad premises and who do so at their own peril? This class of accidents alone accounts for more than half the whole number killed. Again, how can railway officials be justly censured for the deaths and injuries of the hundreds of passengers and employes whose own carelessness or wilful taking of risks resulted in such a large addition to the deplorable list. And is it fair to charge "managerial greed" with responsibility for the numerous casualties resulting from broken rails, broken wheels, cloud-bursts, tornadoes, malicious tampering with switches and other unpreventable causes.

These preponderating factors must be borne in mind in considering so grave a subject. It seems scarcely more reasonable to charge railroads with the deaths of all persons who lose their lives on railroad premises than to charge steamship lines with all the drownings in waters traversed by them. Yet in the published reports concerning railroad accidents no distinction is made between the several classes of casualties; discredit is cast indiscriminately upon the railroads when the most casual differentiation of figures would reveal things in a new light, and place the responsibility where it obviously should be placed.



HOISTING AN EIGHTY-TON LOCOMOTIVE FROM THE CREEK-BED INTO WHICH IT LEAPED THROUGH A BROKEN BRIDGE

A Bad Quarter Analyzed

(Since the above was written the bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission covering the three months of July, August and September, 1904, has been issued, showing:

	Passengers		Employes	
	Killed	Injured	Killed	Injured
In train accidents	228	2,154	183	1,593
Other accidents—coupling, falling from cars, etc.,	48	1,019	573	8,441
	276	3,173	756	10,034

As the commissioners say, this quarter may be properly termed "the most disastrous on record." Doubtless the extraordinary travel to the World's Fair at St. Louis accounts for the abnormal mortality rate among passengers as compared with previous periods. There is no occasion, however, for alarmist reports that railroad accidents are rapidly growing in number and fatalities. The figures fluctuate so much from month to month that we must wait until the yearly returns are in before a fair conclusion can be drawn. While no official statement has yet been made for the months susbequent to September, 1904, it is certain that they will show a decided reduction and probably keep the annual average well within bounds.

Bad as are the statistics for the three months mentioned, here again we find further proof of the inefficacy of block-signals as an offset to human fallibility. The commission selects for special comment twenty-four of the most serious collisions, in which 142 persons were killed and 601 injured. Five of these collisions occurred on track equipped with signals, causing twenty deaths and sixty-eight cases of injury, about twelve per cent. of the total. All the other collisions (excepting solely that due to a misplaced switch) were the result of mistakes or neglect of one kind or another on the part of employes. The worst wreck during the quarter—a passenger train going through a bridge which was carried out by a flood, involving eighty-eight deaths—is classed as a derailment. This clearly comes under the head of unpreventable accidents. Of the remaining eleven derailments explained in this bulletin, one was due to nonobservance of signal, two to unknown causes, three to unpreventable causes and five to negligence of employes.

INCURABLE INFIRMITIES OF THE HUMAN MIND

In spite of the wonderful improvement in roadway, equipment and the installation of safety appliances made in recent years, into which millions of money have been poured, it is evident that there is still something lacking to a perfect train service. Wrecks continue to occur with unpleasant frequency, and nine times out of ten the investigation which inevitably follows discloses negligence on the part of one or more employes. The cumulative consequences of forgetfulness, mistakes, sleeping on duty and deliberate violation of instructions are well illustrated in the quarterly bulletins issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Bulletin No. 12, covering April, May and June, 1904 (the last one to hand when this article was begun) may be taken as a fair sample of the average run of reports. In this bulletin some twenty-seven prominent train accidents — eighteen collisions and nine derailments — are selected for special comment and explanation of cause.

The eighteen collisions resulted in the death of fifteen and the injury of 206 persons, and their causes may be classified as follows: Trainmen overlooking meeting point, four; dispatcher's mistake, two; block-signal operator permitting train to enter block occupied by another train, two; engineman running by three automatic stop block-signals and a flagman, one; flagman throwing wrong switch, one; trainmen overlooking change of time on new card, one; conductor failing to note from train register that the train he was to meet had not arrived, one; operator failing to deliver meeting order, one; freight cars left on main track in switching, one; trainmens' mistake in calculating time on an order to run late, one, operator's error in not reporting a train having passed his station, one; engineman (who was killed) starting from station without orders and leaving conductor behind, one; trainmen, after all being asleep, assuming that the three trains they were to meet had all passed, starting out after only two had gone by, one.

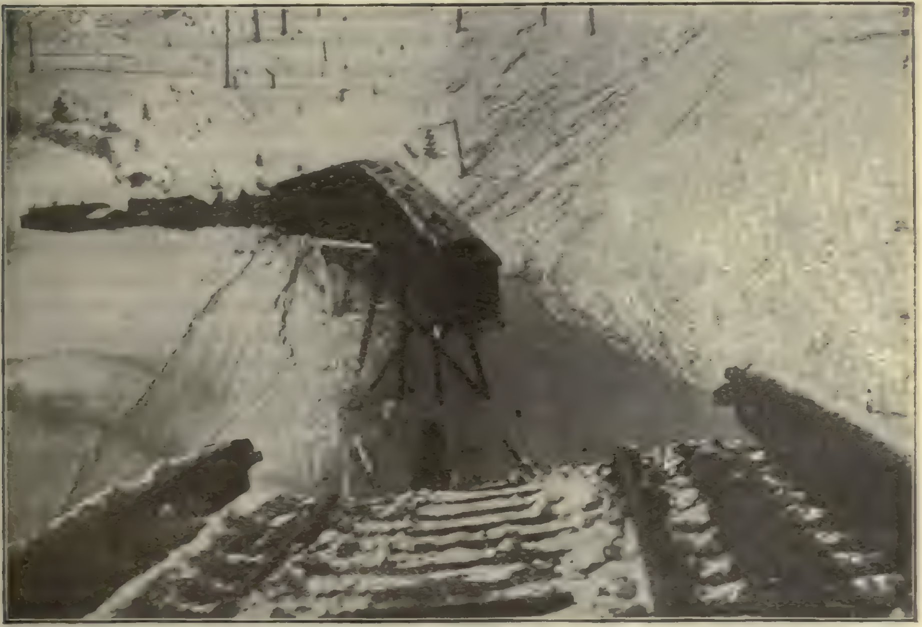
The nine derailments resulted in eight deaths and injuries to thirty-four persons. One of these, the most disastrous wreck during the quarter, including seven deaths and twenty-three cases of injury, resulting from an engineman (who was killed) overlooking an order to reduce speed on entering a side track at a small station where the main track was obstructed; the train, a fast passenger, was ditched. Another derailment, in which one person was killed and six injured, was due to a washout following an unusually severe local storm. The remaining seven derailments, causing no deaths and but five cases of injury, were the result of broken or defective equipment, contributory negligence on the part of a trainman being shown in one instance.

Here we have indisputable proof that every one of the collisions and the most fatal derailments, comprising more than ninety per cent. of the casualties, were directly traceable to the neglect or disobedience of employes. Three of the collisions occurred on track equipped with block-signals. In every case precautions had been taken to avoid disaster. There was no fault in the transportation methods. The men had but to follow instructions. Why didn't they do it?

The Canker at the Heart

Discipline on American railroads is weighed down by the incubus of labor unionism. Railway employes are as well paid as any class of men performing a similar quality of work. The average daily compensation of enginemen in 1903 was $4.01; conductors, $3.38; firemen, $2.28; other trainmen, $2.17; telegraph operators and dispatchers, $2.08. Their hours and conditions of labor have been steadily improved, and cannot by any stretch of imagination be considered harsh. Their average intelligence is of the highest order. All the circumstances lead to a natural assumption that in railway service, if anywhere, one could expect a discipline as perfect as fallible man is capable of. The most complete and comprehensive rules have been compiled for the guidance of employes in all departments. In the transportation department, those engaged in train service particularly are required to undergo a rigorous examination as to color-blindness, physical fitness and general intelligence. It is the aim of officials to maintain the highest possible standard of personnel among the working force. But in order to do this and keep the men keyed up to a proper sense of their responsibilities, it is essential that they be left untrammeled in the exercise of discipline—punishing every discoverable infraction of rules, promoting where merit warrants and making the men feel that their future success depends upon their individual loyalty and ability. Labor unionism, perfected on railway systems as nowhere else, effectually kills this rational and wholesome method of handling men. A system of promotion by seniority instead of by merit has been forced upon the railroads by the labor organizations. An employe's first allegiance is not to the company but to his brotherhood. He knows his promotion is a matter of time, not of meritorious service. His chief interest, consequently, lies in securing the biggest day's pay for the smallest day's work. There is neither the esprit du corps nor the individual effort among the men that there should be; there never will be until the labor organizations relax their grasp and permit railroad officials to conduct the business on business lines. Human life depends on the weeding out of unfaithful employes; on a prompt, decisive administration of the discipline so essential to safe and efficient operation.

It is in interference with discipline that the blight of unionism is chiefly manifest. Not only do the brotherhoods and orders seek to restrict employment to members of their own organizations, but by means of "grievance committees" they protest against almost every corrective measure advanced by the officials. A superintendent who attempts to enforce rigid discipline today is sure to be visited by a grievance committee tomorrow, no matter how gross the offence. Regardless of the merits of the case, public sentiment is sure to side with the committee, this in spite of the fact that some of those who help to make that same public sentiment may go down to death the day after tomorrow because of the conduct which the superintendent was endeavoring to rectify. The catastrophe comes and the company, not the labor union, is blamed. Trainmen discharged for the capital offense of causing a collision are almost invariably reinstated or reemployed on pressure of the committees, who keep everlastingly at it until their "brother" is returned to the service. The company is not desirous of forcing an issue with the labor organizations, involving a possible strike; for in this, too, the public would be with the men. And in this respect the public must also share the blame. When the people arise in their wrath and put an end to the chief follies of labor domination they will have gone far in protecting themselves against train accidents.



PORTION OF A BRIDGE CARRIED AWAY BY A SNOWSLIDE WHILE A TRAIN WAS CROSSING

Punish the Guilty Ones

They do these things much better in European countries, where railway employes whose gross negligence causes death or injury are held criminally liable to the courts and are punished like any other class of criminals. Until some statutory responsibility is placed upon railway employes in the United States, and they understand that their liberty, maybe their lives, depends upon a faithful performance of duty, or until railroad officials are able to administer discipline without interference, we can hope for no material reduction in our casualty lists.

The Millenium Not Yet

To paraphrase one writer who recently contributed a series of articles on this subject to a magazine, "Human fallibility is the quicksand at the bottom of a goodly river of disaster." Corporate parsimony can surely not be blamed for the laches of employes. Money will not mend faulty memories, indifference and slothfulness; and these are the direct causes of nine-tenths of the accidents today. If money could correct the evil, does it not stand to reason that railway administrations would be willing — if they had it — to spend ten times the twenty-five million dollars or more which is the annual price they pay for accident damages. Hedge it about as you will with every known contrivance, the safety of railroad operation after all depends solely on the individual loyalty and vigilance of employes.

Theoretically it may be possible to build, equip and operate railways so perfectly as, humanly speaking, to avoid all train accidents. But a "perfect" railroad would call for an expenditure of more money than any railroad corporation is ever likely to possess, and for restraints that would be intolerable to the American people. Nothing short of a train service "as fast as wheels can turn" will satisfy. There is a popular fever for annihilation of time and space that will brook no restrictive remedies, let consequences be what they may.

A criticism most frequently made of us as a people is that we hold human life too cheap. It is exemplified in the holes in our city streets, in our lack of proper policing, in the reckless speeding of automobiles on crowded thoroughfares, in the violation of building ordinances, and a thousand other things. Everything must move and be done in a hurry. We have no time to stop and count the cost. This is the spirit of the age, and our railroads have not escaped the infection. They are neither better nor worse than the people they serve.

THE TRESPASS NUISANCE

Another contributory cause to the mortality on our railroads is the fact that they have absolutely no protection against trespassers, who invade railroad premises with impunity, use its right of way as a public highway, its cars for the purpose of stealing rides; and the companies are burdened with the responsibility of looking out for them. The question of whether or not the company exercises due care is in most cases one of fact for the juries to pass upon, and these juries ordinarily find, regardless of the weight of testimony, against the company. In this respect, also, European countries set us an example worthy of imitation, for there trespassers are restrained from going upon railway premises under severe penalties; and when caught violating the law are summarily dealt with. As 5,000—or more than one-half the total deaths on American railways in the fiscal year 1902-03—were among trespassers, it will readily be appreciated what an enforcement of this law in the United States would mean. Yet public and judicial sentiment are such that the railroads are practically powerless to prevent trespassing.

A FANCIED SECURITY IN SIGNALS

Block-signals have been strenuously advocated as a panacea for collisions. The statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission effectually banish the illusion that signals afford immunity from accident. During the fiscal year under consideration no less than nineteen of the ninety-six disastrous collisions reported, occured at points where block-signals were installed. Out of 238 persons killed in the ninety-six collisions, ninety-seven, or more than forty per cent., were killed in the nineteen which happened in spite of the signals. As less than fifteen per cent. of the total railroad mileage of the United States is equipped with block-signals, we thus have official evidence of the failure of this form of mechanical device to give adequate protection—not through any fault of the signal system, be it understood, but in spite of it.

Elsewhere in this article it is shown that three of the fifteen prominent collisions which occurred during April, May and June, 1904, involving deaths and injuries in about the same relative proportions, were not prevented by the signal apparatus placed there for the purpose.

Undoubtedly block-signals do add to the facility and safety of train movements where the traffic is heavy, when backed up by a strict performance of duty on the part of employes. None is quicker to recognize the merits and possibilities of signal appliances than railway officials themselves, and each year sees a larger percentage of the total mileage equipped with this form of mechanical protection. The Interstate Commerce Commission, however, not satisfied with the present rate of progress, is campaigning for an immediate adoption of the block-signal. regardless of conditions. In the light of past experience and a comprehensive knowledge of the whole railroad situation, a general order of this kind would seem to be entirely unjustifiable.

A TYPICAL FREIGHT "SMASH-UP" ON ALMOST ANY AMERICAN RAILROAD

The commission says:

> "The same reasons that existed for the introduction of the automatic coupler and air brake by the provisions of the safety appliance act in 1893 apply to the prevention of collisions by compulsory use of the block system."

What has been accomplished by the supersession of the old and now obsolete link-and-pin by the automatic couplers? During the ten years from 1894 to 1903 inclusive, the average number of employes killed annually in coupling and uncoupling accidents was 245, while the deaths from this cause in 1903 were 281—considerably higher than the average for the decade and greater, with two exceptions, than in any single year since 1893. In other words, with only twenty-five per cent. of all railroad equipment fitted with automatic couplers in 1894, there were not in that year as many fatalities of this class as in 1903, when the application of automatic couplers was practically complete. Judged by results, this is a far from convincing argument for the compulsory adoption of block-signals.

A bill now before congress provides for spreading over a term of years the expenditure of the two or three hundred million dollars required to meet such a demand. But were all the roads able to stand the strain, even on this "easy payment" plan, there would still be the objection that at least a large part of this stupendous outlay is quite unnecessary. The bill makes compulsory, at the discretion of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the application of some system of block-signal to practically every foot of railway in the United States. There are thousand of miles where signals would be as superfluous as two rudders on a ship. Who shall judge of when the limit of safety without signals has been reached? The railroad companies are installing signals wherever they will be of real service as fast as funds can be found to do the work. Legislation like that proposed would burden them with useless expenditures that might be applied to other purposes. The standard rules in use on every road are, if lived up to, quite as effective as any statutory remedies to prevent accidents.

Don't Bankrupt the Railroads

It is an economic axiom that no industry can be charged with greater expense than its earnings warrant. This principle was clearly recognized by the committee of state railway commissioners appointed by the national body to investigate and report upon safety appliances and block-signals. In their report, read at the annual convention of railway commissioners at Birmingham in November, they say: "On many roads the traffic is so light that these large expenditures would be prohibitive." Yet there are some who pretend to say that the question of cost deserves no consideration when human life hangs in the balance.

A governmental order of so sweeping a nature as that contemplated by the Interstate Commerce Commission would soon vitiate the integrity of railroad interests, and have a far-reaching effect on business conditions generally — almost as great, it may well be feared, as would an enlargement of the powers of the commission to the extent it is now seeking in the making of rates.

Our railroads are being ground between the upper and nether millstones of an insistent public demand on the one hand for higher speeds and unlimited facilities, on the other for lower rates and greater safety of operation. It is time the American people realized the difficulties that stand in the way of reconciling these two extremes.

A MAN

By MARGARET ASHMUN

MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN

SOMETIMES the world seems black with shame and dole —
The grimy haunt of sin-smirched, evil men;
Then shines the unstained whiteness of your soul,
And all the earth is clean and fair again.

THE GARDEN OF THE SKY

By MIRIAM SHEFFEY

MARION, VIRGINIA

They say I shall not live to see the Spring:
That I shall nevermore behold
The beauty of my garden as bud and leaf unfold
In token of a glorious blossoming.

They say that I shall never live to see
The radiant morns, the azure noons,
The tender Springtime twilights, the golden Springtime moons,
Nor hear the flashing bluebird's melody.

No more will hyacinths their fragrance shed,
Or lilies-of-the-valley wake.
The violets and windflowers, that blossomed for my sake,
Will lift their heads in vain when I am dead.

No more will peachblows blush or lilacs wave.
The music of the wind and rain,
The laughter of the sunshine I shall not know again
When hidden in the darkness of my grave.

I shall not miss this gladness when I die,
For blossoms fine and blossoms fair,
Of rich and fadeless splendor await my coming there,
Within the wondrous Garden of the Sky.

I shall forget the bluebird's little song.
Through heavenly spaces I shall hear
The holy angel-anthems, too vast for mortal ear,
Majestic, grand, divinely sweet and strong.

I shall forget the sunshine laughter soon,
The joyous beauty of the earth,
The wind and rain of April, the Maytime moon and mirth,
In that Fair Land which needs not sun and moon.

PRENTICE MULFORD, THE NEW GOSPELER, AN AMERICAN CHARACTER

PRENTICE MULFORD, THE NEW GOSPELER

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Author of "For the Pleasure of His Company," "South Sea Idyls," etc.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

IT is perhaps a little singular that I cannot remember just when and how I first met Prentice Mulford. It seems as if we had always known one another, away back in those early days on the Pacific shore; but we grew more intimate while we were stopping at the old Hotel de France, down by the waterside, near the foot of Broadway, in Oakland, California—and that was in 1867.

He was writing for the daily and weekly press at the time and this kept him busy whenever he felt industrious, but there were delightful intervals when he felt and acted as if the world was all before him, where to choose, and he was not hurrying to make a choice. The truth is, he loved his freedom, and he had fairly revelled in it from his youth up. When he was forty-nine years of age he retired from the world and built himself a little hermitage in the swampy wilds of New Jersey. The true story of that experience he has told with much humor—humor was ever his saving grace—in a volume of the White Cross Library entitled "The Swamp Angel."

In this unique narrative he says:—"I have seen in these forty-nine years, two years of life as an indifferent sailor on a merchant vessel and whaler. On the latter I was cook, to the misery of all on board who come within the range of my culinary misdeeds.

"I was twelve years in California, where I dug a little gold and a good deal of dirt. I had taught school, tended bar, kept a grocery, run for the legislature, been a post-officer, peddled a very tough article of beef, on horseback, to the miners on the Terolumne river bars and gulches, started a hog ranch and failed, served as a special policeman and tax collector, kept an express office, prospected for silver in the Nevadas; found nothing but snow, scenery and misery; preempted no end of land, laid out towns which are laid out yet, run a farm to weeds and farrow land, and lectured and written a good deal for the papers. Before I started out in life, when a boy of fourteen, I had charge of a country hotel, which I ran ashore in four years; but it never cost the girls and boys of my youthful era one cent for horse-hire out of my stables."

In these old days I found him a weatherbeaten young man, as shy as a country boy, and with many traits that must have resembled Thoreau in his youth. This shyness he ultimately overcame, but not until after years of painful struggle.

In January, 1874, he wrote me from London: "I extract more than one grain of comfort from my present situation, as I consider it exactly the discipline I need to crush out this damnable oversensitiveness and to put me where I think I belong, through my own effort. I don't feel very much depressed, for I've a 'fighting-mad' on to meet the world. So surely as I told you, if you recollect, a little over two years ago, that I would come to England—so surely do I tell you now, that in the course of two or three years more I go where I deem I ought to be. I need hard pressure to bring out what is in me, on the same principle that it requires hard pressure to extract the choicest juice of the grape."

Mulford was never more charming than in the old days at the Hotel de France. In my alleged novel, "For the Pleasure of His Company," in the chapter entitled "Scribes and Pharisees," I have endeavored to restore the now obsolete hotel and its forlorn garden. I have said: "In the rear of the hotel a long and narrow garden ran down to the water's edge; a tide-washed estuary separated the garden from a broad marsh; beyond the marsh a grove of wind-warped oaks marked the middle distance and contrasted well with the purple outlines of the distant foothills of the Coast Range. A long, one-story wooden building, with a veranda, sheltered the windy side of the garden. It was divided into single rooms, with a door and a window in each; arbors with tables of various sizes in them were scattered over the grounds; there were several spaces allotted to the out-of-door games so popular with those who habitually dine al fresco, and everywhere the garden paths were hedged with artichokes that strove in vain to hide a hopeless but happy mingling of flowers and kitchen vegetables.

"Diogenes came late—dear, delightful Diogenes, whose youth seemed to have spontaneously matured and whose gravity was of the light-comedy cast."

Now, the Diogenes here referred to was none other than Prentice Mulford, and he and I at the time had rooms adjoining, in the detached cottage that flanked the garden. It was quite Mexican in character, this long, low cottage; everything about it sagged a little and was slowly slipping to decay.

Prentice, as we all called him, used to pace up and down among the mingled poppies and artichokes, sometimes laughing quietly to himself—for he was a confirmed humorist; his very brown eyes fairly glowed with mirth and his mouth seemed ever to be trying to repress a smile.

Sometimes he would pass the day in a boat, threading the Alameda marshes farther side o' the creek. Once I went with him and we took our luncheon with us; there was much good talk that day, grave and gay, and the hours were not half long enough. Sometimes he coursed

PRENTICE MULFORD AT PLAY — "I LOAF AND INVITE MY SOUL."

the hills, always all alone, and came home late to dinner with abundant wild-flowers in his hands, which he divided among us with the naive simplicity of a child.

He was advertised to lecture at San Antonio, a pretty village now swallowed up in the all-absorbing Oakland. We resolved—our little coterie at the hotel de France—to go in a body to this lecture and boom the lecturer. We filled a victoria to overflowing on that eventful night. Our triumphant entry into the pastoral twilight of San Antonio created almost as much excitement as the street parade of a country circus. There was a bonfire in front of the courthouse, and young folk clustered about it and there was a boy with a big bass drum, which he beat wildly as we drew near. Prentice lectured in the courtroom to an audience that was sparse and un-responsive. The lecturer described his solitary wanderings in the fastnesses of the Sierras; the vicissitudes in the life of a gold hunter, seeking a livelihood and a vocation — for his heart was ever open to conviction. He tried to make it clear to that handful of villagers that there is something finer than refined gold, and that something is after all the one thing worth seeking; it can be had for the asking—if only one knows how to ask and asks in earnest. There were beautiful descriptive passages, plaintively delivered—pictures in the depths of the forest, alone at night, the camp-fire darting its golden arrows into the canopy of leaves; a lone star now and again visible for a moment, as if it had parted the branches far above him to look down upon the solitary soul alone in that vast wilderness; we could almost hear the mysterious snapping of twigs, and the mournful voices of the night: the haunting voices that thrill one and chill one's blood. There were touches of poetry and bits of cheerful philosophy scattered along the rippling humor of the whole and we, his followers, were very proud of him. There was no charge for admission to that courthouse; such villagers do not leave their comfortable homes nor refrain from their early beds if they have to pay in advance for the privilege. Prentice felt that the fairer way was to take up a collection at the close of the entertainment and then each could contribute what he felt it in his heart to give.

The hat was passed; the audience silently withdrew; we heartily congratulated our hero and then turned to note the contents of the hat that had gone the rounds. O Charity! How many sins find shelter under cover of thee! The hat contained — five dimes, (there were no smaller coins in circulation in the California of those days) several horn buttons, a suspender buckle and the fraction of a fine-toothed comb. We drove homeward in a weird frame of mind, but our late supper was a joy and happily restored our souls, so that at some unrecorded hour toward the dawn we sought our pillows at peace with all the world.

Mulford started for London before I did, but we met there in 1873—met in the very room which Joaquin Miller had long inhabited; his Mexican saddle in its Saratoga trunk stood against the wall of the room in proof of it. Prentice and I occupied the same room for a while, since there were but six in the house all told, piled two and two a-top of each other and all engaged for the season. I had Miller's bed to myself; Mulford had a camping outfit and protested that he preferred the floor.

It seemed odd for us to be there in Miller's room in London, for he was our dear old friend and we each hailed from the wild lands of Oregon, the Sierras and the South Seas. Sometimes I wakened in the dead of night—or rather at two in the morning—because it was so still; that is the only hour, the only moment when London is still, save just before Big Ben strikes twelve at midnight, on the last day of the last month of the year — and then all London holds its breath to listen, and the effect is ghastly. Sometimes, I say, I awakened at two in the morning, and from under my half-shut eyelids I saw Prentice sitting up in his blankets, his saucepan over a spirit lamp by his side and something savory sizzling therein for his frugal midnight repast. There was always a merry twinkle in his eye; perhaps he was thinking of the forest primeval as he knew it in days of yore, or of the garden of artichokes on the shore of Oakland creek and of the contrast as we found ourselves marooned, as it were, in that great dead sea of humanity—he and I alone together in our bohemian Bloomsbury lodgings.

Mulford's humor was of the dryest quality—he seemed to enjoy it as much as everyone else did. One day he said to me: "Come! You are wasting time: you have seen nothing of London; I will pilot you today!" He knew his London well. We went forth into a fog that was of the pea-soup variety. It seemed useless to wait any longer for it to clear off. The days were all alike and were darker than twilight ever dared to be. I clung to Mulford's coatsleeve, for I knew if he were once to get beyond my reach I could never hope to find him again. We groped blindly among the streets, where the atmosphere was only less palpable than the houses that walled us in. At intervals we inquired where we were, for otherwise we could never have known at all. We had to feel our way carefully and take soundings at intervals. "Here," said Prentice, as we paused in space, "Here is Temple Bar!" I thought I saw something that might have been the ghost of an arch hewn out of the solid fog. The top of it, though it was not lofty, was lost to view. Temple Bar, now gone forever from the place where its gates once swung in the wall of the old city. It was here Her Gracious Majesty Victoria of England was wont to receive the keys of the city from the hands of the lord mayors, when she drove in state to St. Paul's cathedral. We threaded Fleet street, but could not see to the farther shore.

"Here is Her Majesty's Tower," said Prentice, but nothing of it was visible, not one stone upon another. We crossed London bridge almost without knowing it; the waters of the Thames, which are but condensed fog, were invisible from the parapet, and the steam ferries were picking their way cautiously and looking very like marine monsters in a muddy aquarium. We crawled through the tunnel for foot traffic under the Thames, which was like a hole in the fog, and for hours carried the sky about on our shoulders; it was a woolly, greasy and ill-smelling sky. Our nostrils were clogged with cinders, like chimney flues, and there were smudges all over our faces. Sometimes for a moment or two we saw a spot overhead that was like a pale red wafer and we knew it for the sun, now lost to us. The lamps that burned all day were like glow-worms for dimness; and so we explored the wonders of the town and saw as much of it as a blind man sees, but no more.

Mulford's nature seemed to broaden and deepen rapidly with those first experiences abroad. I could hardly realize that he was the same person who went afield in the Oakland days and was happy if he brought home a handful of grass and wild flowers at evening. Of course he was not the same; he was turning himself inside out and taking a wondrous interest in the life about him.

He once wrote me thus: "I have three things to say to you:—Come to Paris! Come to Paris! Come to Paris! London is hell. Paris is heaven."

Perhaps he found Paris a little more like heaven because he had recently married a young lady of singular charm. He once told her story, and his, in an article that appeared in a London magazine, but the name and the date of that periodical I have forgotten. I hope it will be thought no indiscretion if I confess that in a book of mine called "Exits and Entrances" there are two London sketches entitled "Hampstead Heath" and "Bloomsbury Lodgings." Therein I write of one J— "the blue J—" I call him; and of "Josie" and of "Junius". In "Bloomsbury Lodgings" I say:—"There was an aromatic odor of bride cake in the air. There was great rejoicing in the catacomb. Everybody was unnaturally gay, as everybody is wont to be when two souls have but a single thought—which argues a great want of originality in one of them—and that thought is the unutterable one that includes license, parson, clerk, etc."

Now, since these papers of mine are confidences and need go no further than this, I may whisper that the J—, "the blue J—" in the case, was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be none other than Joaquin Miller; "Junius" is, or was, Prentice Mulford, and "Josie" the little lady who became his wife. "Bloomsbury Lodgings" are at No. 11 Museum street, one door from Oxford street, and one block from the entrance to the British Museum.

The Mulfords traveled on the continent and enjoyed the best of good fellowship for some years. They settled in New York City, where Prentice was over head and ears in daily journalism. It was in the days of the "Graphic" and it was Mulford's duty to read all the news of the world, sift it, condense it and pack it in a nutshell for the nibbling of those scudding souls that have not time for details. Those nuts could be cracked and gulped on the wing.

But that sort of thing could not go on forever. He had a mission and he was convinced of the fact; the difficulty was to find the way to enter upon it. He found it in time, but the struggle was a hard one. He left New York and wrote me: "Things are comfortable with me in Boston and growing more so. I have come to the conclusion that a man may have whatever he wants, or, rather, needs, by setting his mind on it and waiting for it to come. I travel now on that basis and school myself not to worry for the morrow; be as rich as circumstances will allow today. I say to myself that I am a pretty good fellow, and when I've done my best, I trust to the Lord to do his best for me.

"I have learned to crochet, to knit my own undershirts, to play lawn tennis, to sketch a very little, and some other things. I would like to tell you 'lots.' Can't you visit me? Should like to see you more than I can tell. Boston is unique and worth a study."

I am not easily startled. Probably it is fortunate for me that such is the case. There is always enough wear and tear, even in the most ordinary life, to make it worth one's while to cultivate repose and avoid excesses of whatever nature. One day I received the following message from Prentice Mulford:

"Very glad indeed to receive your letter, very glad indeed—a breath of the old days in Oakland, San Francisco, London, New York. * * * *

JOSIE — MRS. PRENTICE MULFORD

"I must tell you that Josie and I are matrimonially separated, but not by any means socially. It is better all around, and mutually agreeable all around. * * I never enjoyed life better. Am in fine health, good digestion, go sailing about almost every day, own a boat, dress in flannel shirts on the go-as-you-please plan. Independent but not crazy.

"Poor, dear Mrs. B—— sent me a goody-goody letter on the basis that Josie and I were doing the proper 'capah' as man and wife. Of course I had to tell her that we were not— months ago, this; have not heard a word from her since. Suppose she is shocked and counts me ruined. You know that with a certain order of people I am ruined about once in every seven years. And it seems quite impossible for the average world to understand that parties can separate good friends without any row and goings on, and going 'round among people to tell your little old tale of trouble o'er and o'er. And they do love it so; and do hate you so unless you do it."

Mrs. B—— was our very good friend, one of the little coterie at the Hotel de France in "For the Pleasure of His Company," and there known as "The Pompadour." We were all very fond of her and proud of her, for she was stately and beautiful. I had written to Prentice to tell him that she had fallen upon evil times and was dying a lingering death. He replied:

"Sad what you write about Mrs. B——, but as I now see things, Charlie, it is all the natural ending of people with neither convictions nor principles to stand on. You may think this hard, but you would not could I explain myself more at length. She was good and generous, but her estimate of life, of living, was narrow. Hence the result."

After the dissolution of the matrimonial partnership, Mulford seems to have cut loose from the world—or at least from that phase of it with which he had become much involved. His wish was to commune with nature and with his own soul. He desired solitude, and as much of silence as one can ever hope to find out of doors.

In "The Swamp Angel" Prentice Mulford tells the story of his amateur hermit life, and tells it with so much humor that one half suspects that he had never taken himself quite seriously—but I cannot wholly believe that.

He says in "The Swamp Angel": "I had long entertained the idea of building for myself a house in the woods, and there living alone. Not that I was cynical or disgusted with the world. I have no reason to be disgusted with the world. It has given me lots of amusement, sandwiched between headaches, periods of repentance, and sundry hours spent in the manufacture of good resolutions, many of which I could not keep because they spoiled so quickly on my hands. I have tried to treat the world pretty well, and it has rewarded me. For the world invariably returns kick for kick, frown for frown, smile for smile.

"I found at last in New Jersey, a piece of woods, a swamp, a spring near by, a rivulet, and, above all, a noble, widespreading oak. The owner willingly consented to my building there, and under the oak I built."

From that hermitage he wrote me: "I am living alone at present, in the country, in a house I built for myself. I look often on your photograph, which is hung up here, and think."

He was in process of weaning and had not yet cut all the threads that bound him in affection to his fellow men. In a postscript he adds: "Josie is in Florida with her present husband."

When he abandoned his hermitage he did it in this fashion: "I had imagined I could live happily alone with nature, and largely independent of the rest of the human race. I couldn't. I don't believe anybody can. Nature has taught me better. I found that the birds went in pairs and in flocks; that plants and trees grew in families; that ants live in colonies, and that everything of its kind had a tendency to live and grow together. But here I was, a single bit of the human race, trying to live alone and away from my kind. The birds and trees were possibly glad of my admiration for them, but they said:— 'You don't belong to us. You shouldn't try to belong to us. You belong to your own race; go join them again; cultivate them. We live our own lives; you can't get wholly into our lives. You're not a bird, that you can live in a nest and on uncooked seeds; or a squirrel, that can live in a hole in a tree; or a tree, that can root itself in one place and stay there, as you've been trying to do. A hermit is one who tries to be a tree, and draw nourishment from one spot, when he is really a great deal more than a tree, and must draw life and recreation from many persons and places. A bear is not so foolish as to try and live among foxes; neither should a man try to live entirely among trees, because they cannot give him all that he must have to get the most out of life. So I left my hermitage, I presume forever, and carted my bed and pots and pans to the house of a friend perched on the brink of the Palisades opposite Tinker's."

That Prentice Mulford had a mission and that he did not labor in vain has been proved beyond a peradventure by his large and enlightened following. If his name is not upon every lip and his work not noised abroad, it is because he was a silent worker, and they work silently who are under his spiritual guidance. The elements of his philosophy are opposed to all noisy demonstration.

The themes he loved to treat are such as appeal to the thoughtful seeker—"Love Is Life," "Sympathy Is Force," "Our Thoughts Are Forces," "Thoughts Are Things," "Thought Is an Element," "Strength Is Born of Rest," "Truths Prove Themselves," "New Thoughts Bring Life," "Power and Talent Grow in Repose," "Truths Bring Health: Lies Breed Disease."

The culmination of his philosophy, the core of his creed, the first article of the faith he sought to found, are embodied in his remarkable essay, "The Church of Silent Demand." It may be found, together with more than seventy other tracts, in the six volumes of his published works called "The White Cross Library."

In 1885 Prentice wrote me: "I have for many years gone into Catholic cathedrals and churches when opportunity offered, there to sit, if for ever so few minutes; and every morning I now enter, for a similar purpose, the little French chapel, close by my office, of Notre Dame des Victoires; and in those sittings am I more and more impressed with what is of grandeur, sweetness and sacredness of Rome. * * *

"The Infinite is with us in all creeds and nations, and to call on the Infinite for more power, patience, courage and cheerfulness is to get it."

I have a photograph of Prentice Mulford, upon the back of which he has written: "The remains of your friend after fifty years of struggle with himself."

While he was in the hermitage—where, no doubt, the struggle was continued—he wrote me: "A man must have some room and play for his frailties. It is quite enough to be accountable to himself for them. I wish you were here!"

That struggle ceased long before his mysterious passage to the other life, and of that passage I will not write here, but later on, perhaps, in a paper to be called "The Passing of Prentice Mulford."

In writing of "The Church of Silent Demand," he says: "We suggest the following inscription as appropriate to be placed on the front of the chapel:

THE CHURCH OF SILENT DEMAND
TO
THE SUPREME POWER

and the following placed so as to be clearly read within the chapel:

> "Demand first Wisdom, so as to know what to ask for."
>
> "'Ask and ye shall receive.' Ask imperiously, but ask in a willing mood for what the Supreme Power sees best for you."
>
> "'Love thy neighbor as thy self,' but demand good first for yourself that you may be the better fitted to do good to all."

HEIMWEH

By JESSIE WHITTAKER

DENTON, TEXAS

I DWELL where heaven-piercing
heights
Make my poor lips grow dumb;
Whose majesty and glory bid
My feet no nearer come:
But oh, mine eyes are hungry for
The low, green hills of home!

I know where world-famed rivers
flow,
Begirt with steel-wrought zones:
But there's a path a brook divides—
Few know its trancing tones;
And ah, my feet are weary for
Its cool, gray stepping-stones!

AULD LANG SYNE

By MARY E. FITZGERALD

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MISS HATHAWAY looked around the platform of the elevated station when she left the train at 11:30 p.m., but her brother, who was usually there to escort her home after the Thomas concert, was not to be seen.

Not feeling the least fear, she descended the stairs. As she stopped at the bottom step to get a better hold on her dress, a figure emerged from the shadow and caught her by the throat, then as suddenly released her.

She fell in a heap, half fainting, and allowed herself to be lifted by someone, who talking to her as soothingly as if she were a child, brushed the snow from her dress, straightened her hat, fastened her fur collar and collected her scattered belongings as deftly as a woman.

"It's a beastly shame to have frightened you so," he said, as she sobbed once or twice. "There! Lean on me. I think you are more frightened than hurt. We'll walk slowly until you feel better; do you go straight ahead?"

She nodded and they started.

"You don't remember me, do you, Miss Hathaway? I'm Johnnie Kempton."

"Indeed, I do remember you," she said, brightening a little. "You were the greatest little rogue I ever saw. One of my stock stories is about the white mice you put in my desk. My, but I was frightened when I opened the drawer and saw them running around!"

"Yes," said he, laughing heartily, "I'll never forget the jump you gave and the race you made for the door; but you told me to put them in the drawer, you know.'"

"Yes, but I never thought they were real mice, and when I saw them running around, I forgot all my newly acquired dignity and ran."

"And do you remember the day I got a black eye and a tooth knocked out, fighting the boy who was in that yellow-haired teacher's room, because he said she was prettier than you?"

Miss Hathaway laughed again.

"You bad boy! You made me a perfect laughing-stock. You knew she was a beauty and I only a plain little everyday body."

"If you were plain, I'd like to know where they find their pretty girls," he said energetically. "You were as pretty as a picture, and you haven't changed, either. I knew you the minute I saw you."

"Oh," said she, thinking of her fright; "how lucky that you came along. I suppose your coming frightened the wretch away. I shall never venture out alone again, and I have always been so brave," she mourned. "Do you live on the West Side, Johnnie?"

"No, ma'am, I live on the North Side. I am just visiting."

"Well, lucky indeed it is for me; but what are you doing, John? I feel sure you are one of our 'rising citizens,' because you were such a little steam engine; everything just had to go your way."

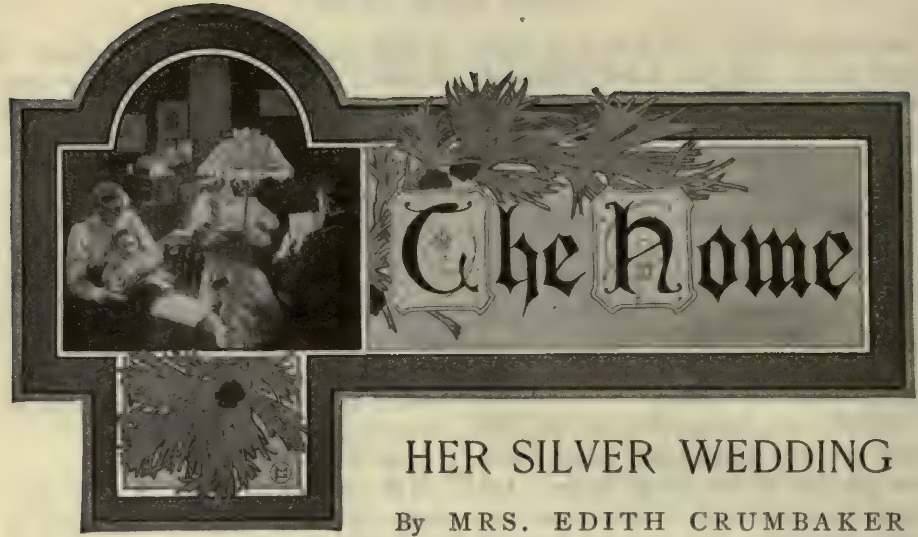
"I—I worked at different things. My mother died. You know I left school a little while after I left your room. I couldn't stand that next teacher, and I guess she couldn't stand me. Anyhow I left. I ain't doing much now, but I expect a job soon."

"Well, here we are. Come up to see me, Johnnie, and tell me all about yourself. Such a gallant little champion, and such a fierce little fighter as you were! Some part of you was always tied up in rags. Talking with you makes me feel young again—that is, when I don't look at you. How tall are you, Johnnie? About eight feet?"

And she looked up smiling.

The electric light blazed up suddenly, and she saw, at the corner of his mouth, the little scar which had impressed itself upon her consciousness during that horrible second when the cruel fingers had clutched her throat.

"STILL LIFE" ❧ A Photographic Study



The Home

HER SILVER WEDDING

By MRS. EDITH CRUMBAKER

DUNCAN'S FALLS, OHIO

ALL her married life she had hoped to have the great pleasure of celebrating at least one of the anniversaries of the crowning event in a woman's life.

But as the years went by there seemed never to be any opportunity for doing so. In the earlier years their means were limited. Then their children kept coming so fast that their mother, it seemed, was ever busy baking the birthday cakes and making their little coats and jackets. But the fond hope of some time being able to celebrate the wedding day never left her for a moment. The day never came around without her remembering it, and the work never seemed quite so hard to her that day; her eyes shone brighter and heart and step were lighter for the precious memories it brought her.

At last, after long years of patient waiting, it seemed that the way was clear for the realization of her heart's desire. The twenty-fifth year, the silver anniversary, was in sight. The cares and responsibilities that had enfolded them in the earlier years of their life together were gone. Their children were all almost grown. One son was married and a dear little grand-child had found a place in her faithful, loving heart.

Her husband agreed with her that it really did look as if they might celebrate this coming anniversary.

As time sped along and everything continued favorable, she began making preparation for the joyful event, and many and long were the consultations before any arrangement could be made that suited her critical taste. The table linen was selected with great care and was finer and glossier than any she had ever felt able to indulge herself in before. These she most carefully hemmed and laid them away in the fragrant depths of her bureau drawers.

From time to time pretty pieces were added to her store of dishes, lovely china cups and saucers and a most beautiful salad bowl being the choicest of her treasures.

And did she never complain of being tired through all this stress of extra work? Banish the thought! The feeling of weariness was almost unknown. Her youth seemed in some mysterious way to have been renewed and she kept on from day to day cheered and upheld by the near approach of the realization of her dreams.

The house was put in the most perfect order possible, for she would have everything speckless and spotless on this day of all days. Then the question of whom to invite came up and it took a great deal of wisdom to decide this matter. Their rooms were not large and there were a great many relatives on both sides of the house and they would not wish to appear to slight anyone; but even this most vexing problem was settled. They would have only their nearest of kin and a few of the closest friends. She was much grieved that the dear pastor who had performed the marriage ceremony could not be with them, but he had removed to a distant state and was too feeble to come. And so in happiest anticipation and in loving preparation, the time came when the guests must be invited. No formal announcement had been made; no publicity had been given to it; a feeling of the sacredness of it all had kept her from discussing it with any of her friends.

The husband was a professional man, and came in to dinner one evening more than usually tired and worn.

While comfortably seated in his easy chair before the open fire, evening paper in hand, his wife came in and said she must get her notes of invitation written, as it was quite time they were out.

Glancing over the top of the paper he was reading, he remarked: "I don't believe we care for that anniversary celebration, do we? It will be a great deal of trouble. Our rooms are small and, besides, it will make a lot of folks angry with us, and I think we had better just let it go."

For an instant everything grew dark before her astonished eyes, but this feeling soon passed away and she was given strength quietly to acquiesce and a few moments later to leave the room. Entering her bedroom she knelt and tried to pray, but the words faltered on her trembling lips and relief came to her only through a rush of hot and angry tears.

Long, long she knelt there, while the shades of evening settled down upon the earth and entering the quiet room gave to the kneeling form the seclusion that she must have so that the wounded heart would show no scar, and that no one would know of the sense of injury, of discouragement and humiliation that oppressed her. As the moments dragged by, the tears were dried upon her cheeks, but the hurt was still in her heart.

That night as her husband lay sleeping, she was given a retrospective glance into her whole past life. Out of the half-forgotten past it seemed to rise and passed in slow and solemn pageantry before her burning eyes. First came her happy girlhood, as she went to the country school and later as she taught in those schools. The happy days of their courtship and marriage brought a shadowy smile to the pale lips, but soon the earlier years of their married life came to her and clamored for her remembrance. Then the trials, the mistakes, the hardships, the poverty. O, the poverty! All these and more passed unbidden before her aching vision. The flower-like face of her baby girl gleamed out of the clouds and mists that hide us from heaven. The sunny curls of the little boy who died shone down upon her. She thought of the days of suffering she had undergone; for disease had fastened upon her. She thought of the days and nights of watching they two had spent together; of the anxiety and care over the welfare of their children; of the many things that had conspired to dim the luster of their eyes and to make them older than their years. And thus the strange night, with its shifting scenes, passed by, and although the tears coursed down the pale cheeks, she made no cry and spoke no word, but through it all her heart was lifted to the source of all comfort and help, and when the morning came glancing joyously into her room it found her resting quietly, fully prepared to go about her usual tasks.

MAKING STOCK FOR SOUPS

By KATHERINE E. MEGEE
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

IN homes where soup is served daily at dinner, the stock-pot becomes a necessity; not alone for economical reasons, but for the sake of convenience as well; for from good stock an almost endless variety of savory and wholesome soups may be made with little trouble.

The most nutritious and best flavored stock is prepared from fresh, uncooked beef and cracked bones. The addition of the bones becomes a necessity for two reasons: they add greatly to the strength and flavor of the stock, and,—which is the chief concern—furnish the glutinous properties almost wholly lacking in the beef itself, two ounces of bones containing as much gelatine as one pound of beef. The bones must be cracked before cooking, in order that the water can more easily dissolve the gelatine and free it from the earthy matter in which it is stored.

To make a satisfactory stock of delicate flavor, take four pounds of shank or shin beef, cut into rather small pieces and crack the bones. Put into a scrupulously clean soup kettle having a double bottom and a closely fitting cover with a tiny opening for the escape of steam. The use of such a kettle lessens the danger of scorching and preserves the flavor of the stock. Pour over the meat and bones four quarts unsalted cold water—the use of hot water would seal up the pores of the beef and thus defeat the end in view, which is the extraction of the juice. Let stand until the juices color the water, then put over the fire and cook gently for several hours or until the meat is in shreds and the liquid is reduced one-half. Season with salt and pepper and strain into a jar. By this method the sweetness of the meat is completely extracted. During the cooking skim frequently and thoroughly. A little cold water poured in now and then will assist the scum in rising. This injunction must not be disregarded if clear stock is desired. When cold, remove the accumulation of fat, which should be clarified for drippings. A transparent jelly will remain in the crock and constitutes the stock which in turn becomes the basis of many wholesome soups.

To use stock, cut off the required quantity, add water, bring to a boil, flavor and serve. Vegetables or cereals to be used in soups made from stock should be previously cooked, for prolonged boiling impairs the delicate flavor which is the life of the stock. Clear soups should be transparent, those to which thickening is added of the consistency of heavy cream.

To make white stock from which to evolve the more dainty or creamed soups, substitute for the beef given in the formula six pounds of a knuckle of veal cut fine and poultry trimmings. Then proceed according to directions given.

In small families the most economical way of making soup is to keep a stock-pot, into which should be thrown the scraps of beef and bits of ham left over from meals, gravies from the roasts, trimmings from steaks and so forth and ends always in evidence before and after meals. Cover with cold water and simmer until a rich broth is obtained, then draw off and season. A kettle having a closely fitting cover and a faucet to draw off the soup should be provided. Every two or three days the stock-pot should be emptied, scalded and aired, else the soup will have a stale flavor.

The best herbs for flavoring stock soups are thyme, sweet marjoram, taragon, mint, sweet basil, parsley, bay leaves, cloves, celery seed and mace. The principal vegetables used in soups are onions, potatoes, tomatoes, carrots, asparagus, green corn, green peas, lettuce, beans, parsnips and mushrooms.

Of the cereals, rice and barley are most often used. Macaroni and vermicelli are agreeable additions to an otherwise plain soup.

GARDEN CHAT: BULB INSPECTION

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

EARLY in April the crocus will be showing its bright colors; the glory-of-the-snow will be rivaling the bluest sky, and the snowdrop opening its pure white stars on each bright day.

Particular attention should be given to these earliest flowers, as well as to those that come later, to see if they are produced in sufficient numbers and are of perfect form and size. If they are not the bulbs should be examined, in order to find the cause.

Some growers favor the plan of lifting tulip and hyacinth bulbs after each blooming season and replanting in the Fall. This is not (according to my experience) needful, though these and all other bulbs need transplanting occasionally. The blossoms, or the lack of them, will show that something is wrong, and an examination of the bulbs will show what the trouble is to the one who understands their habits of growth.

A very little time spent in studying the crocus will show that a new bulb (properly speaking it is a corm) forms each year, and that it forms directly on top of the old one. Knowing this, it is easy to understand how they soon get so near the surface of the soil that the alternate freezing and thawing of the late Winter and early Spring heaves them out. If they survive this and develop a few blossoms, the heat and dryness of mid-Summer will burn out what little life is left.

The narcissus, the tulip, the hyacinth and many others have an exactly opposite habit of growth, and go deeper into the soil each year, until they get so far down that the foliage is spindling and if a few sickly buds form they blast before opening. Other bulbs multiply so rapidly that they form a compact mass, and when this is the case the effect is the same as when too deeply covered.

When the blooming period gives evidence that the roots are not in good condition, keep watch of the plant until the foliage is ripe (yellow) and then dig up the bulbs and keep them in some cool place until Fall, or, if it is more convenient, mark the spot and transplant them later on.

The feeding-roots ripen and separate from the bulb at about the same time as the foliage, leaving it entirely dormant, and while in this condition it may be moved without injury; but when left in the ground the new roots start very early in the Fall, and the transplanting should be done before this growth starts.

When bulbs are not to be transplanted the bed may be filled, as soon as weather permits, with annuals or other plants which can be left to die in the Fall, and by the time the bulb-foliage is gone the other plants will be growing nicely.

Do not use such plants as must be taken up in the Fall, for the roots of the bulbs are then loosened and do not have time enough to get firmly fixed in the soil again.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclose a stamped and self-adressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS

By MRS. C. E. JACOBY
Sioux Rapids, Iowa

Pour fourteen ounces of hot, soft water over one drachm of gum tragacanth. Let stand until all dissolved, which will take about twenty-four hours. Then add two ounces of glycerine, two ounces of alcohol and a few drops of rosewater. Keep in a wide-mouthed bottle.

TWO ECONOMIES

By LENA B. LEARY
Mattoax, Virginia

A nice way to utilize the dried scraps of fruit cake is to grind them up in the meat chopper and stir into ginger-bread batter. Baked in a loaf and served with a rich wine sauce it makes a delicious dessert for a cold day.

In cooking rice — of course everyone cooks it dry in the good old southern way—save the water it has been boiled in to use for starch. It will give exactly the right stiffness to handsome centerpieces and other dainty articles.

A HINT FOR BAKING DAY

By ALICE J. RICHE
Nora Springs, Iowa

If troubled by your loaves of bread sagging over the edge of the baking pan, cut strips of heavy wrapping paper about four inches wide, and adjust around the pan so as to extend above the edge half the width of the paper, or more. Fasten together with pin. This will support the loaf till baked enough to stand alone.

A strip of cloth may be pinned around a pie pan to prevent the two crusts separating.

FLAVORING EXTRACTS

By HELEN HUNT
Glover, Vermont

I am reminded by Fannie Woods' Home-Made Extracts in January number that the simplest way, is to buy one-half ounce of any essential oil and use one drop of it in place of the usual amount of extract. The cost is trifling, there is no danger of impure alcohol, it will keep indefinitely and you know that you have the real thing. Peppermint, wintergreen, clover, lemon, orange and others may be used in this way.

CURE FOR A COLD

By DR. F. S. DUNGAN
Indianapolis, Indiana

It may not be generally known that one teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two-thirds of a glass of cold water to be taken in doses of one teaspoonful every fifteen minutes or half hour, according to the severity of the case, will relieve any ordinary cold, if taken in the early stages.

TO AVOID ACHING FINGERS

By CLARA DOUGLASS
Livonia Center, New York

I want to tell the National readers how to prevent their fingers aching when coming into a warm room with cold hands. It is simply to hold them with the ends pointing upward instead of down as it is so natural for one to do. Mothers, teach this to your little ones and see how much pain can be avoided.

QUICK COCOA

By ANNIE M. DERR
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

"A Little Help" that we find a big help, cold mornings when we like, particularly for the school-children, to have a warm, nourishing drink with their too often hastily eaten breakfast, is how to make delicious cocoa with little time and trouble. Use a teaspoon each of cocoa and sugar for each cup. Place dry in saucepan and shake well; pour over it hot water. It dissolves instantly and is ready for the milk. Let come to a boil and it is ready to serve. No extra dishes to wash, and no lumpy, sticky mess, as by the old process, of dissolving cocoa by itself.

A TESTED CORN CURE

By MRS. A. A. L.
Benson, Arizona

Take a lemon, cut off a slice about one-fourth of an inch in thickness, bind this firmly to the toe over the corn upon retiring. In the morning remove the lemon. To your surprise you will find the toe white and all the soreness gone. Apply fresh slices of lemon for three or four nights, and at the end of the third or fourth morning you can remove the corn without any pain whatever. This receipt has been tested.

WHEN CHURNING

By MRS. L. H. GILLETTE
St. Charles, Missouri

The easiest and best way to wash the buttermilk out of the butter after churning is by washing it right in the churn. After the butter is churned and gathered take out the dash and pour the buttermilk off, then pour cold water over the butter in churn and splash with the dasher, gently pressing the butter. Pour this off taking clean water again until the water pours off clear. Take out butter and salt.

By MRS. S. A. STRANGE
Kendall, Washington

When churning cream that is a little strong from long standing, as is often the case in Winter, be it ever so carefully kept, let the Nationalites try one-half cup juice from a grated carrot with an equal amount of cold water to one gallon of cream. The results will be butter of a rich, sweet flavor and an even color.

TO KEEP KETTLES CLEAN

By MRS. C. E. GREENE
Riley Center, Michigan

If the readers of the National will grease well the bottoms of their kettles before setting over the fire the smoke can easily be wiped off with an old cloth before putting in the dishwater. The finest porcelain pieces may be thus treated and no harm come to them. We burn soft coal and I have found this "help" invaluable.

CLEANING A STRAW HAT

By MRS. T. A. ROSE
Sioux City, Iowa

If that favorite white straw hat of yours is yellow or is in need of cleaning try a mixture of sulphur and lemon juice. Mix to the consistency of cream and apply a thin coating, leaving until dry enough to brush off easily. If at all sceptical try a wee place and you will find it so beautifully white that you will cover the whole article.

"BEAUTY IS USE, USE BEAUTY"

By MRS. F. J. METCALF
Isabella, Oklahoma

This is for some of the western sisters who have to economize. Take 100-lb. salt sacks, rip open, sew four or six together, fell the seams nicely then die cardinal red; they make very nice everyday table-cloths and look so much nicer than the unsightly oilcloth so many use. One can make napkins of the same material; cut squares, either hemstitch them or hem on the machine. Sugar sacks make nice covers for comforts dyed with some pretty colored dyes.

FOR PUSSY'S BATH

By MRS. C. M.
Boston, Massachusetts

I am the owner of a valuable tiger cat of great beauty, which the past two years has received a weekly washing with a solution of Sulpho Napthol, the most perfect eradicator of dirt and fleas. I had tried all the other advertised remedies, but none proved so entirely safe and satisfactory as this. It keeps the cat healthy, cleanly and his fur smooth and glossy.

A MAGAZINE CLUB

By L. H.
Allentown, New York

An idea recently put into practice in our neighborhood is worth passing on; so here it is:

Ten ladies who like good reading but can afford a subscription to only one or two good magazines a year, met and each decided to subscribe to one good magazine, each person selecting a different one. Then after receiving each number and reading, it is to be passed on to another member until each one of the club has read it, when it is returned to original subscriber. Each magazine when received is marked with owner's name on back, and list of club members in order of passing on desired. It has so far proven very satisfactory. The club might consist of more or less members. It might be composed entirely of teachers, using teachers' periodicals, or other professional workers and the exchange might be the occasion of holding a little meeting or entertainment, etc.

A PANCAKE POINTER

By CLARA M. CUMMING
Centerville, South Dakota

When making pancake batter, add about one tablespoonful of melted butter to one quart of batter, and you will not have to grease the griddle. The cakes will be improved and your kitchen will not be filled with smoke.

MALARIAL TUBERCULOSIS CURED

By K. A. S.
Boston, Massachusetts

My daughter was afflicted with malarial tuberculosis on hands and feet and was under the care of the best physicians for several years. The disease was steadily exhausting her strength and finally she was confined to her bed with no hope of recovery. Being a nurse I would not think of any change that would be contrary to my training, so I continued fighting the disease with determination but without success. I became discouraged and as a last hope purchased a bottle of Liquozone; the remedy acted as a tonic at once and in a short time I noticed marked improvement. We owe it to to the oxygen in Liquozone, which is a scavenger of the blood, that Winifred is with us today. And a word of highest recommendation may be welcome to other mothers.

WORK ❧ ❧ By Henry D. Muir

It has long been a favorite
Axiom of mine
That work, like time, was
Made for slaves.
But this morning I saw a domesticated
Epileptic cat
Chasing her maltese shadow
In and around
A hastily improvised
Circus-ring.
A well-fed but entirely
Unsophisticated
Dog
Whirled by me,
The end of his long bushy tail
Grasped firmly in his
Mouth.
Even now,
As I sat here by the roadside,
Trying to become honest enough
To break into
The exclusive society
Of nut-dropping
Squirrels,
I saw a perspiring milllionaire
Head swiftly his new
Automobile
Towards a swart dim blur on the clean sky.
I called:
"Where to,— friend?"
The answer reached me with dust in its
Throat,
But finally coughed out:
"To work!"

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

THE PACKERS AS MISUNDERSTOOD PHILANTHROPISTS

MR. GARFIELD, federal commissioner of corporations, has "investigated" the Beef trust. He finds, and reports to the president, that the great packing companies have been earning only three per cent.

This, if true, is to be explained in one of three ways:

1—The packers are trying to earn dividends on a vast amount of watered stock; or,

2—They divert the really large profits they earn into the treasuries of their auxiliary organizations — as private car lines, bye - product companies, and the like; or,

3—They are incompetent businessmen, a suggestion that is essentially comic.

For they fix both buying and selling prices, and have fixed the former so low that all the stock-growers are complaining, and the latter so high that we who inhabit the towns and buy the product are all grumbling.

I like to think well of my fellow men. So, if the stockmen were getting satisfactory prices from the Beef trust, and we town folks were able to buy meats at only moderately high prices, I should be willing to credit Mr. Garfield's suggestion by inference, i. e., that the packers are really a band of cruelly misunderstood philanthropists.

Now, I don't wish any man to practice philanthropy on me; nor do I understand that the stockmen are asking anything of the kind.

Nobody, probably, expects legislation of any kind to restore the old, wasteful order of unrestrained competition. Few, I take it, wish the government to take over the meat business, or to enter any other field of industry as a competitor with private citizens, earlier than necessity may compel the step for the good of the majority.

But if the packers now in control of the meat industry of the United States were deliberately trying to educate the public up to accepting the idea of government ownership of that industry, they could not possibly choose more effective methods than those which they have lately been employing.

THE REPUBLIC VS. THE BANKING SYNDICATES

THIS number of the National was planned to present several phases of the celebrated case of the Republic vs. the Banking Syndicates, in which the latter, as controllers of our public highways, are on trial in the court of public opinion, on the issue of their fitness to retain ownership and control of said highways, otherwise our railroads.

Mr. Esch, joint author with Mr. Townsend of the railway rate bill which passed the lower house of congress with an almost unanimous vote and is now held up in the senate, utters a warning which these controllers of our privately owned public highways would do well to heed, but which—as I explained in these pages last month—they will not heed.

Mr. Tittmann provides the facts in detail to support Mr. Esch's assertion that five or six banking syndicates own most of our railways and control the remainder.

Mr. Allison, himself a railroad man, speaks (for railway management as at present constituted) on the subject, "What Causes Railway Accidents."

No one not selfishly interested in the private ownership of our public highways can quarrel with any part of Mr. Esch's article — not, at least, on the ground of its radicalism. Mr. Tittmann's article is a plain statement, by an expert, of large and significant facts. Mr. Allison's article is given space, not because we agree with all either of his statements of fact or his conclusions drawn therefrom, but because we believe the members of the National's family, holding court in their hundred thousand homes in every state and territory in the Union, will be glad to get "the other man's point of view" before they pass judgement upon the case of the Republic vs. the Banking Syndicates.

Mr. Allison lists a good many serious accidents as "unpreventable." Most of the others he charges are due to the carelessness or disobedience of orders by the employes of the roads.

He does not suggest—since to do so would be to give away his case entirely—

1—That most of the "unpreventable" wrecks are unpreventable only because the railways do not invariably lay steel heavy enough to carry the traffic; do not hire enough men to patrol their tracks, bridges, etc., between trains; or,

2—That the railways too often work their trainmen so many hours on end that they become incapable of doing justice either to themselves, their employers, or the employers of both — the traveling public.

I waited five hours one night recently, in the West, for a belated train. When it arrived, I learned that it had been delayed by the wreck of a preceding train. I asked my conductor what caused the wreck.

"A broken rail."

"Why did not the track-walker find the broken rail before it was allowed to ditch a train and kill several persons?"

"Because no track-walker had been there since the preceding train passed."

"Why not? — road too poor to hire track-walkers?"

"I suppose so."

That road—I will not give its name, because it is a very good road as roads go nowaday — earns big dividends on stock representing more than twice its actual cost. Its watered stock is quoted away above par, and several considerable private fortunes have been taken out of its earnings. Yet it feels too poor to hire enough men to guarantee safe transit to its patrons.

Mr. Allison complains that the public has singled out the railroads for special criticism on the score of the loss of life and limb they cause, when the factories kill and injure many more in the same space of time; he regards this as unjust.

Mr. Allison misses the essential point. These factories, except insofar as they profit by tariff and other laws drawn to benefit them at the expense of the general public, are PRIVATE enterprises. The railroads, on the other hand, are not private enterprises. They are PUBLIC enterprises, and the public is an investing partner in them.

The public has taxed itself heavily in city, county, state and nation to pay the bills of railroad-builders; has loaned to them its power of eminent domain, without which they could not have begun to do business; has paid them most extravagant prices for carrying its mails year after year, and in countless other ways has favored them over plain John Smith, private citizen, when John set up business on his own account.

During the seventeen years last past more than fifty thousand persons have been killed and half a million injured on the railroads of the United States.

Very likely the number would have been smaller had more of the railways' earnings been invested in better equipment and in wages, and less of it in lobbying, legislators, courts, Fifth avenue palaces, private yachts and the like.

Latterly, however, the annual killing of ten thousand citizens and the maiming of thirty to forty thousand more, has not been the worst offense of the private owners of our public highways. Their gravest crime has been their going into partnership with the trusts to rob all the people. They have, most if not all of them, violated the spirit of their charters by favoring one man, or corporation, or city, or state, at the expense of other men, corporations, cities, states. Not content to be well paid servants of the public by whose permission they got life and hold it, they have assumed the rank and manner of masters of the public. Their treachery to the people fathered the Oil trust, the Beef trust, the Sugar trust—all the big combines that have monopolized products of general use.

Public ownership of the public highways would restore the balance: the trusts, losing their "percentage" in rates, could be successfully competed with by men of smaller capital — and would be.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF THE PUBLIC HIGHWAYS, OPENING THEIR USE TO ALL CITIZENS ON PRECISELY EQUAL TERMS, WOULD RESULT IN SUCH A FLOWERING OF INDIVIDUAL INITIATIVE — NOW STARVED AND DISCOURAGED — AS THIS COUNTRY HAS NOT WITNESSED FOR FIFTY YEARS.

However, a people that hasn't gumption enough to own its public highways is not entitled to any great amount of sympathy. We ought to be thankful that we are kept alive for plucking.

THE NEXT GREAT CITY GROWTH AT NEW ORLEANS

MY specialty being prophecy, I wish here to record the prediction that within twenty-five years New Orleans will be a city of more than a million inhabitants, the gateway through which the Mississipi valley's enormous farm and factory products will seek their European and South American markets; the seat of great and prosperous home industries; the financial, intellectual and social capital of the mighty commonwealths bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico. This, not solely because of her unequalled position midway of the gulf coast and at the sea end of our mightiest inland waterways, but also, and mainly, because of the character of her young men of affairs. Here is the material out of which cities are builded — imagination, daring, energy, patriotism — qualities which the young business men of New Orleans possess in a degree unsurpassed anywhere that I have wandered.

BANKING BY MAIL—A MODERN DEVELOPMENT

By J. M. C.

ON a recent visit to Pittsburg, I spent the best part of an afternoon in the Union Savings Bank — an institution that illustrates, perhaps better than any other in the country, the modern development of the banking business. The Union Savings Bank is one of the few financial institutions in the world that is international in its scope. It numbers among its depositors people living in every corner of the civilized globe. Every state and territory in the Union is represented; every province in Canada, four or five Central and South American countries, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii and a half dozen of the countries of Europe. These people do their banking entirely by mail and, yet the system that has been evolved by this great institution is so practical and simple that never a dollar has been lost in its journeyings back and forth between the vaults of the bank and its far-away customers.

The bank is located in one of the handsomest office buildings in the world. A veritable marble palace, guarded by great bronze lions and lighted by the soft rays that filter through an art glass window that is the work of one of the greatest artists of the present age. I was reminded of a cathedral as I passed through the broad hallways flooded with the soft light from this beautiful window, and the sensation was deepened as, on entering the bank, I found a splendid painting of Pope Leo XIII by the famous French artist, Chartran. This was of special interest to me, as I had the pleasure of meeting His Holiness the year before he died and could clearly remember the strongly marked, priestly features. But the artistic surroundings were merely a fit setting for the great institution that I had come to inspect.

There is nothing exclusive about this bank. It is thoroughly cosmopolitan in every sense of the word, numbering as it does among its depositors every grade of society from the newsboy and the day laborer to the millionaire capitalist or captain of industry. The officers are easily accessible to anyone who has business dealings or to the visitor who comes merely to satisfy his curiosity.

One of the things that impressed me most was the great vault in which the securities, books and money of the institution are kept. This is one of the largest vaults of its kind in the world. It is made of armor-plate steel and weighs over 3,000,000 pounds. The great round door weighs almost seventeen tons and is fourteen inches thick; yet it is so delicately balanced that the lightest push will move it. The mechanism for locking and unlocking it is most ingenious. The time clocks are regulated by four separate clocks, any one of which will permit the door to be opened at the proper time if the others should happen to get out of order; and even if there should come a time when all four of these clocks are out of order, something that is hardly possible, a small door located in the rear of the vault and controlled by another set of four clocks would furnish access to the interior. Both of these doors fit so snugly that when closed the vault is hermetically sealed, and so perfectly protected that it would be practically impossible for the ingenuity of man, or the forces of nature to break it open.

The Banking-by-Mail department was the feature that I had come especially to learn about. I had never been able to understand just how a bank could conduct its business at long range, and was very glad of an opportunity to get a personal insight into the matter right at headquarters. The Union Savings bank is one of the pioneers in the banking-by-mail business and has made a signal success of it. The bank's carefully worded, conservative advertisements are carried by the high-class magazines into every nook and corner of the world, and the returns are remarkably prompt and generous. Deposits are received by mail in amounts ranging anywhere from $1 to $20,000, or $25,000. Every depositor is given careful, pains-taking attention, regardless of the size of his account; and interest, at the rate of four per cent. a year, compounded every six months, is paid.

An especially strong feature of the bank is found in the list of men who are its officers and directors. On the directorate, for instance, I noticed such names as Senator P. C. Knox, Henry C. Frick and others of like prominence,—men who have made a pronounced success along business lines. The savings bank might be called a pet hobby of Mr. Frick's; he takes a deep interest in all that concerns it. Perhaps there is no other commercial enterprise of our time that so well illustrates the modern spirit of cooperation, for here the humblest workman may become a partner in the vast undertakings of such men as Mr. Frick and have the benefit of their wide experience in the field of finance. This means a great deal to busy people who desire a safe place for their spare cash and yet wish to have a liberal rate of interest. Money placed in the Union Savings bank is, I should say, as safe as though invested in government bonds. It might be doubted whether four per cent. could be safely paid by a bank. It must be remembered, however, that

HOME OF THE UNION SAVINGS BANK OF PITTSBURGH

THE GREAT VAULT DOOR WEIGHING SIXTEEN TONS

Pittsburg, with its vast industrial enterprises, is one of the few cities where a safe and profitable investment may always be found for money, and for this reason Pittsburg's banks are in an almost unique position in their ability to pay liberal interest rates.

After I left Pittsburg, with my mind full of banking by mail, and visions of accounts opened all over the world by postoffice order, express order, draft or check on local bank, I fell to wondering if other people were as deeply interested in this phase of American commercial development as myself. I reached Washington and was walking up from the White House when I met Senator Knox, and we went together to his residence. Of course I launched upon my favorite topic, and I was indeed gratified to find him as much interested in it as myself. I told all I knew about banking by mail and then fell to describing the Union Savings bank, which I discovered he knew more about than I did myself. We discussed the matter for some time, however, and came to the conclusion that this means of investing money—so safe, so simple, so cheap, and yet so profitable — is indeed a remarkable and interesting feature of American finance. The development of such institutions of savings is the basis of thrift and property for the entire country.

A GLIMPSE INTO ONE OF THE OFFICES

STREET CARNIVAL IN PRAIRIE DU CHIEN — BLUFF STREET

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WISCONSIN

THIS little city of something over thirty-five hundred inhabitants is the most beautifully located of the many thriving cities and towns along the banks of the upper Mississippi. It is built upon a wide prairie several miles in length, extending back from the river from one to three miles, where towering bluffs rise abruptly, giving a picturesque touch to the surroundings, which appeals strongly to the artistic nature of visitors. Broad and beautifully shaded streets complete the scene.

Prairie du Chien was the site of the earliest settlement in the upper Mississippi valley, a colony of French having located here in 1679, two years after Joliet and Marquette had descended the Wisonsin river from Lake Michigan and discovered the Mississippi at a point three miles below the present city. The French colony located some distance north, and the site is now known as Frenchtown.

Some time prior to the year 1800, traders located here for the purpose of trading with the Indians for furs, and the great American Fur Company established a trading post here. About 1810, a detachment of United States troops and a government Indian agent were stationed at Prairie du Chien. A small stockade fort was built on the banks of the river, upon the present site of Villa Louis, Mrs. Nina S. Dousman's beautiful residence. This fort was captured by the English in 1814, and held by them until the close of the War of 1812, when it was returned to the United States, by the treaty of Ghent. Later Fort Crawford was built, and until after the close of the Civil war it was constantly occupied by United States troops.

Beautiful as is the scenery about the city, and fascinating as are the Indian legends and tales of the old French settlers and traders, Prairie du Chien has other, natural advantages more attractive to businessmen seeking opportunities for investment. The same natural causes that made it the military and commercial center of the whole Northwest in the early times are existing and potent today. Situated upon the Mississippi river near the mouth of the Wisconsin, these waterways afford cheap and convenient arteries of commerce, to and from the city. In addition Prairie du Chien has two railroads, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Chicago, Burlington & Northern, and by them is connected directly with the great centers of population and traffic, such as Chicago, Milwaukee, Dubuque, St. Paul and Minneapolis, being not more than seven hours' ride from any of those cities.

Those railroads also tap the fertile farms of Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas, the pine and hard wood forests of northern Wisconsin and Michigan, as well as the lead, iron and coal regions of Wisconsin and Illinois.

This advantageous location of Prairie du Chien, as to shipping and commerce, together with an abundance of comparatively cheap land, easily accessible from the river and east of the railways, makes the city especially attractive as a location for manufacturing industries now located in large cities, upon expensive sites, near powerful labor organizations and the center of agitation.

In addition to the excellent shipping facilities, the city affords a very extensive system of waterworks for fire protection, an electric lighting and power station, equipped in an up-to-date manner. The city has also a good local telephone exchange connected with long distance systems, and two telegraph lines, the Western Union and Postal.

The city, through an organization of its progressive businessmen, is making known its advantages for the purpose of manufacturing and is looking hopefully to the future to build up here a busy manufacturing center. Already much progress has been made, and wooden wares, woollen goods, clothing and pearl button flanks are manufactured here quite extensively, and a million-dollar beet sugar factory is one of the confidently hoped for acquisitions of the near future.

ONE OF PRAIRIE DU CHIEN'S BIG INDUSTRIES

The educational facilities afforded by the city are of the best, and a source of pride to her citizens. Besides an excellent system of public schools comprising graded schools in each of the wards, and a central free high school offering four different courses of study of four years each, with modern laboratories and a well selected library of reference books and general literature, Prairie du Chien has two institutions of higher education, St. Mary's Seminary for women and Sacred Heart College for men. Both are completely equipped and endowed institutions for higher education.

Tradition has it that the Indians had knowledge of a spring at this point whose healing waters had a beneficial effect upon various complaints, and that the natives gathered here in great numberes to drink at the spring and to bathe in its waters. The spring has disappeared and exists only in legend and myth, but the story, frequently repeated, led to the sinking of an artesian well, which at a depth of 960 feet produced a strong flow of mineral water, that was found to be very beneficial in cases of rheumatism, kidney and liver complaints and stomach troubles. Hundreds of afflicted came to secure the treatment and found relief. It became necessary to enlarge the plant. One of the finest sanitariums in the country has been built and the remarkable success which it has had in the treatment of rheumatism has attracted widespread attention from both the afflicted and physicians. Hundreds who have failed to find relief from their afflictions in other sanitariums and under other treatments, have found here speedy relief and in many cases permanent cure.

The sanitarium is located in a beautiful grove overlooking the Mississippi.

The sanitarium proper is a fine two-story brick structure, designed with a view to the convenience and comfort of the patients, each room being large, light and airy. The building is finished in southern pine, with hardwood floors throughout, and is hygenically perfect. The furnishings of the rooms are of the best, and no opportunity has been neglected to guard the health of the occupants. In the rear of the main building are the bathrooms, large and well fitted with everything which can add to the comfort and convenience of the patients. The kitchen, dining rooms and wards are in an adjoining building, connected with the main building by a covered walk, which is steam-heated. All the buildings are steam-heated and electric-lighted, and are protected against any danger of fire by connection with the excellent city water system, with lines of hose attached and ready for instant use.

There is maintained in connection with and as a part of the institution a training school for nurses. Here apprentices desiring to become trained nurses are given a thorough and practical course preparatory to that profession.

With such an equipment and corps, aided by the wonderful curative qualities of the mineral waters, it is no wonder that the sanitarium is the pride of the citizens of Prairie du Chien, and of hundreds of patients who have found health within its walls.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN'S SANITARIUM

THE AUTOMOBILE AGE

By MITCHELL MANNERING

YE glories of past ages, what equals an automobile show? In Madison Square, under the gleaming electric lights, I attended my first exhibition of this nature. The occasion seemed to partake of the semi-social atmosphere which characterizes the famous horse shows also held under this roof. There were the vehicles awaiting inspection. The attendants, attired in evening suits and opera hats, were all busy; some were down under the wheels explaining the mechanism of drivers, chains and pulleys. A large gathering of people was in attendance, the ladies in beautiful evening dresses adding attractiveness and color to the scene, while the palms and tropical foliage seemed fitting suggestions that one should see the automobile races and triumphs at Ormond Beach, Florida, which were immediately to follow. Groups were gathered about each vehicle, some scrutinizing and commenting, others deeply interested in the conversation. There is no longer any question that the interest of the American people is now fully aroused and they want all the information they can get concerning automobiles.

All sorts of vehicles were here exhibited: from the light pleasure carriage to the strong delivery wagons; and over each exhibit were brilliant electric signs, flashing forth the name of the manufacturer and the trademark of the firm in all the colors of the rainbow—red lights, blue lights, all sorts of lights. The scene was in many ways expressive of the modern splendor of this electric age, and in sharp contrast to the old-time jousts and tournaments, though this show might be regarded as a tournament of industry.

ELECTRIC STANHOPE—A LEADING MODE

The keen enthusiasm of the ladies for automobiling is one of the most hopeful signs for the manufacturer. The fair visitors showed a great deal of interest in the actual management of the machines, and it was surprising to note how quickly the mechanism is understood by the average woman, though she is entirely unfamiliar with machinery in general. The comprehension of the working parts of the automobile seems to be inborn in the gentle sex.

In the galleries were all the sundry accessories of the automobile — tires, various bits of necessary mechanism for adjustment, goggles, laprobes, and everything else peculiar to the fascinating, demoniacal meteor of the times. It is estimated that nearly $3,000,000 worth of automobiles were purchased at this show, and at those in Chicago and Boston. It was instructive to witness the keen interest shown by the agents in meeting the prospective purchasers of auto cars. As a rule the dealer has not been getting much out of the trade, but there is some fascination in the business that holds a man to it when he has once started. One dealer whom I know ran an automobile for a single season for his own amusement. He went over fences and gates and many other obstacles that are usually considered impassable for a vehicle. He "rambled" with a vengeance, and his experiences have reminded me of the old song:

"He rambled all about the town,
Until the butcher cut him down;
He rambled, he rambled—"

Now he has decided to procure a machine of less erratic tendencies, or else leave the actual riding to his customers. The moral of this tale is: select your machine with care.

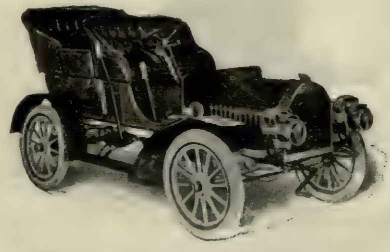
On close scrutiny of the attendance at the automobile show, I came to the conclusion that it was not composed chiefly of the very wealthy people, but that the people best represented there were the plain, common-sense folk, whose interest is now aroused in automobiles; and this speaks well for the future of the trade, for it is not the capitalist nor the automobile crank that is going to support the trade in the years to come. The permanent and substantial purchasing power lies with the great mass of the people, and no invention can be called a complete success until they begin to see it. The enthusiast, the specialist and the millionaire may strike the first note, but if the success is to be carried on with a swelling crescendo the interest of the people must be called out.

The show in the Coliseum in Chicago even outrivalled the shows in New York and Boston in number of exhibits, for there is no part of the country in which the interest in automobiles is so keen as in the Middle West, which is doubtless the reservoir of initiative force of the nation. What a contrast these recent shows present, compared with that first one in '91, when there were only a few machines exhibited and the people could hardly remain inside the building when the machines started to work, so great was the noise.

The show in the Mechanics Building in Boston was quite a society event, and general interest was shown. One reason for the great popularity of autos in Massachusetts is that the roads are unequalled, for the old Bay State has certainly given a fine example to other states in building and maintaining excellent roads. The National Association of Automobile Manufacturers is beginning to take this matter in hand, and is going into it in a practical manner that means marked improvements in roads everywhere at no distant date. The Brownlow bill before congress and the Latimer bill introduced before the senate will certainly awaken interest in this important question, and the matter is likely to be taken up in a direct and effective manner.

A HANDSOME ELECTRIC COUPE WITH A REMOVABLE TOP

The National Automobile Association is also studying how to keep the production of machines intelligently regulated. The growth of the trade has been something enormous, and if the roads can be improved it seems likely that the increase will keep right on. The purpose is to keep the development of the industry within proper limits, in order to avoid the fate that befell the bicycle—over-production. For my part, I must confess that my interest in automobiles was never fully awakened until I



A LIGHT TOURING CAR OF HIGH QUALITY AND POWER

ONE OF AMERICA'S FINEST HIGH-POWER TOURING CARS

attended the shows, and that many others have had a similar experience. I believe nothing is going to help the development of trade to the large extent desired as will these exhibitions. They offer an opportunity for the development of genius among the American workmen and mechanics, who, sooner or later, will overcome even the lead that the French have gained in the perfection of touring cars.

At all these shows it is unnecessary to say that Barney Oldfield was the hero of the hour, and his Green Dragon was looked upon by many curious eyes, as the wonderful experiences of the driver were recalled. I concluded that the best thing anyone with any interest in the matter could do was to attend one or more of the shows, and make up his mind as to what make of automobile he preferred, thus clearing the way for prompt action when the time for purchasing comes around.

Perhaps nobody has so great an influence on the sale of an automobile as the lady friends or relatives of the prospective purchaser. For instance, what married man would think of buying a vehicle without consulting the good wife? for it is she who will sit beside the goggled and vizored chauffeur, or will herself hold the guiding handle and feel the thrill of power as she gives the lever the final grasp and releases the wheel so that the machine may go bounding on its way. It is also interesting to note that the largest number of recruits for the ranks of future purchasers will probably come from our smaller towns and cities, where the wideawake and up-to-date American is so largely represented. If one doctor, insurance agent or lawyer buys an automobile, then all the members of his profession in that town follow suit—the demand is compounding every month; in fact the present decade might well be termed "the automobile age." All this is right in line with the popular trend toward suburban life rather than urban, for the automobile surpasses in convenience the trolley car, and the time is not far distant when the farmers themselves will not consider their equipment complete unless it includes a "Red Demon." The early prejudice against automobiles is rapidly passing away, just as the objection to trolley cars is now a thing of the past. Nothing can stop progress, even when there is an outcry that the new invention is a Juggernaut. In a few years it is discovered that the Juggernaut is really not a monster but a mechanism, that can be harnessed and turned to the use and profit of all the people.

So crank up, jump in, push from low to high speed, and zipp—whirr—we go off by leaps and bounds, leaving far behind the famous seven-league boots.

The sputter of the sparking plug, the hoarse honk of the auto horn, strike a new note in the song of industry, and though the sounds were at first harsh they are coming into harmony with the industrial symphony of this twentieth century and in unison with the street-car gong, the locomotive whistle and the roar and clang of the factory machinery.

AN IDEAL CAR OF THE SIMPLER ORDER OF CONSTRUCTION

CAREER OF "CAPE COD FOLKE"

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

COLONEL CALEB CHASE OF BOSTON

IF the real history of Cape Cod folks is ever written, we shall understand that no other part of the country has exerted a more potent influence on the development of American business life. The natives of Cape Cod have always been a hardy race. In the old shipping days scarcely were the boys wearing trousers before they were pacing the deck of sailing craft; often before attaining their majority they were commanders of ships and sailed to all parts of the world. The descendants of these "hardy mariners" have all the characteristics of the best type of American: keenness, courage, integrity. "Up and doing" is their motto, imbibed with the stiff salt breeezs that sweep over the sandy Cape. It was on Cape Cod that the spirit of independence first asserted itself. In the speeches at the town meetings in Barnstable, long antedating the Revolution, there was no uncertainty as to the destiny of a new republic and self government. It was Cape Cod that initiated and first incorporated the town meeting system, which has become a basic principle in our form of government.

The love of home among the Cape Cod people is deep-seated. After the thrifty merchant has acquired a comfortable competence elsewhere, his fancy turns back toward the "old home" down on the cape, where he longs to live again. He returns to purchase, perhaps, the white house with green blinds, neat garden walks and fragrant flower beds, bordered often with shells from the tropics, that was the home where his sailor sire or grandsire finally cast anchor ere he took the last "long voyage."

There is a fascination in the landscape of the Cape; the gleaming of the yellow sand that is everywhere to be seen, the thick clumps of coarse grass, the beach plums and the numerous scrub-oaks have a charm all their own that is set off by the sparkle of the sea in the background.

Not so many years ago Job Chase, father of Caleb Chase, was a prominent citizen of Harwich. Like most Cape Cod people he had a large family, and as a boy Caleb was called upon to help in his father's store. The son had an active mind, and the duties of the little store were not sufficiently engrossing; so like many another Cape Cod boy, he decided to "go to Boston," where he started in as a dry goods clerk, earning but a few dollars per week. In a short time he became a traveling salesman, leaving the matter of compensation entirely to his employer's sense of his value, to be determined by what he could actually earn—strange in these insistent days of "what are the hours and the pay?"

It is interesting to hear Mr. Chase tell the tale of his first business trip to the Cape. He drove from town to town selling goods, and when it became known that he had actually sold a large bill of goods to his father, Job Chase, his success was assured. The neighbors understood that though the parent felt the most kindly interest in his son's career, he would never relax from his determination to put the youth's abilities as a salesman to the severest test.

While on the Cape young Caleb learned that one of the tavern keepers who had a livery stable possessed a new turnout that was something very elaborate for those days. He immediately engaged this and made a tour of triumph through the "north, south, east and west" towns, convincing the natives that "young Chase knew just how to do things." They soon understood, too, that the young man had another purpose in his dealings. He stood for square dealing and integrity, and his customers were always sure of receiving full value for their money. When he gained a new customer on one trip, he did not have to work to regain him when he came around again.

A little later Mr. Chase embarked in the grocery business and laid the corner-stone of the well known house of Chase & Sanborn. He paid special attention to the sale of tea and coffee, for he foresaw that this branch of the business, if properly managed, would bring him excellent returns. He understood the necessity of winning his way to the confidence of his customers, and the success of this firm embodies the history of Cape Cod energy.

No man has better earned the reward of the pleasant and serene surroundings which Mr. Chase enjoys in his Summer retreat at the "old home" on Cape Cod. Colonel Chase always takes a deep interest in his native town, and his generosity has made it possible for North Harwich to possess some of the best roads in the state of Massachusetts, and there are many other improvements that bespeak the deep interest he feels in this section of the Cape. On Christmas Day he presented to the town of Harwich a large building know as the "Exchange Hall," which cost over $40,000. On the first floor are a number of stores which produce a substantial annual revenue; on the second floor is the commodious hall where theatrical performances and operas are given and public gatherings of every description are held. This gift was a mark of the affection that Colonel Chase feels for his "old home" and birthplace.

MRS. CALEB CHASE

Not only does Colonel Chase stand in the front rank of Boston business men, but he is also a prominent and enthusiastic member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Faneuil Hall. His handsome house on Beacon street, presided over by Mrs. Chase, enjoys the reputation of dispensing genuine Cape Cod hospitality—the most genial hospitality in the world. It is here that the Colonel may sometimes be induced to take a retrospective glance at his long and active career with that satisfaction which comes to those who have achieved.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

IF Theodore Roosevelt enjoyed his inauguration as much as we did, he was thoroughly content. With my trio of boys, from Idaho, Indiana and New Jersey, the little fellows who had won the trip as sellers of the National Magazine, we started in to have a good time. There were Warren Hastings of Elizabeth, New Jersey; Merrill Blosser of Nappanee, Indiana, and Seymour Simonsen of Boise City, Idaho—three of my boys of whom I am proud.

The remarks of those lads, as they looked upon the dome of the Capitol for the first time on that beautiful third day of March, were inspiring.

"And it's all ours—ours altogether," remarked one, enthusiastically.

"Now I'll study history harder, 'cause you've made it real to us."

"Is this where you write all your articles, Mr. Chapple?"

Hand in hand with the good lady of our house, a big brother as a bodyguard, we marched down Pennsylvania avenue as proud as any troops. Passing the Treasury building came the question:

"Is this where they make money? We'd like to see them do it."

Near Jackson Square I pointed out the home of the late Senator Hanna and the room in which he wrote the articles on William McKinley for the National. Three heads were bared and one boy remarked:

"He was always good to boys, and he only wrote for one magazine, didn't he? We will never forget him."

What a tender tribute! Tears stood in my eyes as I recalled the happy scenes in that room when Senator Hanna was good to one boy I knew.

The boys passed the home of Senator Sumner and went on to the Arlington, as they wanted to see Secretary Dover of the Republican National Committee, which shared the responsibility of the election that makes an inauguration possible. You see our lads wanted to get right at the fundamentals, and they kept me pretty busy answering a volley of questions. Bless their hearts, we were about six minutes getting thoroughy acquainted, and I appreciate the confidence of those mothers, who put their twelve-year-old sons under my care.

"Say, Mr. Chapple, can we call you Joe? Mamma said I shouldn't, but—" I told them my name was Joe—always had been—hoped I should never have to change it,—and that we were now just all boys together. This point decided, we scampered across Jackson Square—had a little chat with the Lafayette, the Rochambeau, and the Jackson statues—I soon found that those boys had been busy with their history lessons, at least recently. Into the executive office we passed, just the same as other distinguished guests.

"There are other fellows here. Will he see us boys?" one whispered. It was plain the fever of expectation had begun. In a few minutes we were in line, the boys insisting on putting on their

THE THREE LIVE BOYS AND JOE HIMSELF

badges. It is hardly necessary to introduce boys to the president. Clasping a hand of each in turn, he laid a hand on the shoulder of the nearest boy and said:

"Hurrah for the little Chapple hustlers!"

I just caught the eye of the Idaho boy in time to stop a lusty cheer of response to this greeting, that otherwise would have rung out in the cabinet room. When we were outside the boys stopped before the White House as if in a dream.

"We really saw him! Say, he's the biggest and the best man in the world—I say kids, let's hurrah."

And "hurrah" they did.

When we called on Secretary Shaw the boys walked through the corridors watching keenly for the place where money is made; they saw bills and bonds of all denominations from $1 to $100,000. As we wished to learn something as well as enjoy ourselves, a bill was prepared, House Bill, No. 4011, and taken direct to the Capitol to be introduced. Speaker Cannon was in the chair, and there was a red-hot debate.

"Why, they act just like it was the last day of school," commented one of my companions.

We had some trouble in catching the speaker's eye—so to speak—but the boys had the bill ready. They were bound to have a real lesson in civil government.

"Be it enacted that every man having a home and little boy or girl, or boys and girls, shall be required to subscribe for the National Magazine of Boston. Provided, however, that said National Magazine shall be furnished at a price not to exceed ten cents per single copy, or $1 for yearly subscriptions of twelve numbers, and that twenty-five per cent. of such proceeds be returned to the secretary of the treasury to go into the fund provided for bringing a boy or girl, or boys and girls, from every congressional district in the United States to Washington for a time not to exceed twelve days, once in each year."

As this was strictly a revenue bill, the boys decided it must be introduced in the house. They wanted a suspension of rules so that it would not have to be referred to the committee on ways and means, and read a first, second and third time. Once passed on a roll-call of ayes and nays, it was engrossed and taken to the senate, as this was the last day. There it was amended:

"Provided, That each senator shall also select one boy and one girl, or boys and girls, to apply as above."

This indicated that the senatorial "prerogative" or dignity must be considered. A conference was agreed upon between a committee of the house and senate. They handed it over to a subcommittee to "fight it out." Congress was to have a night session. The other conference committees reported and the senate took frequent recesses — about every half-hour. The galleries were filled and the spectators were busy pointing out to each other the various senators as they moved about among the desks, waiting for the half-hour recess to expire.

"Why, they have just the same time for recess as we do at school—only they make their own recesses."

Those boys studied the senators intently and I am sure the legislators would have been gratified if they could have heard the compliments bestowed by my trio. Each boy was particularly interested in "our senators" — the federal representatives of his own state.

Finally, after a succession of recesses, our delegation decided that the conference committee had reported, and the measure finally passed with an unanimous vote—although it was difficult to determine whether there were any votes at all, and the president pro tempore announced it a vote and carried.

Next day in the president's rooms, (we imagined that he signed the bill because he likes the boys and girls, and believes in having them intelligent and well informed citizens) it was discovered that the attorney-general declared that there were some weak points in the bill, according to the constitution.

"Then we'll have it tested, according to the law and spirit of the times," said the president.

Ours was one of the last bills signed, just before twelve o'clock, and when amended it was H. R. 4011. The fifty-eighth congress had adjourned sine die. The boys were in a hurry, so we bundled up the bill H. R. 4011 and carried it down the corridor to where the man pulls the strings, and the people go into the supreme court room. There were the nine black-robed justices on the bench, and Chief Justice Fuller, with his long white hair and white moustache, in the center. They were amazed at the rapid-fire dispensation of justice. The case was at once brought before the court on the ground of being unconstitutional. It was claimed that it was class legislation, as it favored only the National Magazine, and that it established a trust, granting favors and government money to one and not to all periodicals. The lawyers on both sides made argument at a little pulpit covered with red cloth, inside a railing. The boys sat on the red plush seats around the side of the circular room. There were puzzling questions involved, because the justices naturally wanted to favor the boys and girls, having young people of their own. But law is law, and a decision was "handed down" that H. R. 4011 was unconstitutional, because it interfered with the inalienable right of the individual to pay his dollar for what he chose of his own free will.

"Do all members of labor unions, civic bodies and religious societies in these days of organizations do this? Are there other laws higher than the constitution of the United States?" persisted the boys. But the case was settled—there is no court of appeal beyond the supreme court of the United States—except, of course, back to the people who make courts and laws; but that always takes a long time—usually more than a lifetime.

That night we had our lesson—having tested in this experiment the three functions of government—legislative, executive and judiciary—H. R. 4011 was only a "sample," so to speak.

The Washington monument—of course the boys went to the top, and they did not climb up the outside, either. Then off to Mount Vernon, and it was interesting to see what those three lads, from widely separated sections, of such distinctly differing temperaments, were attracted by. One picked up stones and relics for his mother. (By the way, those boys all have excellent mothers. I have never met any of them, but the boys themselves tell the story.) Another was interested in the key of the Bastile, which Lafayette gave to Washington. His questions gave my knowledge of French history a jolt. Another dreamily lingered in the room where Martha Washington lived her last days, so that she might see from the attic window the tomb where the remains of her dead reposed.

At the Congressional Library we looked down upon the rotunda, and it required a catalog to supply the answers to the gatling-gun questions as to what this painting and that statue meant. The collection of documents interested the boys. They thought John Hancock's signature on state papers was the plainest and put down as if he meant business.

Ben Franklin was remembered, and his figures on electricity interested our mathematician.

We went to Georgetown and saw the home of Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." We also went to see the government printing office, which was a marvel to the boys.

"Is the National Magazine office as big as this?"

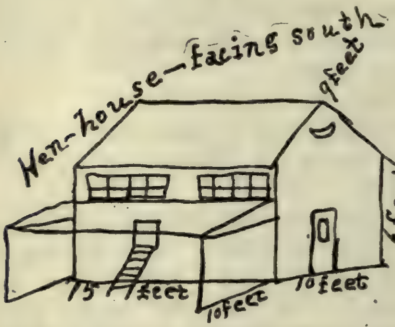
"No, my boys."

"Well, it will be some day, if all the boys know Joe Chapple as we know him."

In the senate corridor we met Senator Beveridge of Indiana, and he had a good word for the boys—and Indiana was pleased. Then we met Senator Kean and New Jersey was grateful. A little later Senator Heyburn hove in sight, and Idaho crowed with glee. In the president's room, Senator Dolliver—who has a fondness for boys—told them of the room and its history, and made for himself a trio of friends for life.

The houses of all the men they could call to mind were looked up, and at night they recited clearly and concisely the story of the places and people they had seen. Every hour the interest grew, and the week passed all too soon. Somehow I dislike to part with my boys. They are all good boys, and have done something to earn the pleasures given them. The boys and girls reflect the future of the nation, and I am an uncompromising optimist, believing that they are fundamentally right. In the leave-taking I was reminded of that little boy, idolized in our home—the only one—who was taken from us; but we are thankful we had him even for those few fleeting years, for he opened our hearts to all the boys and girls in the world.

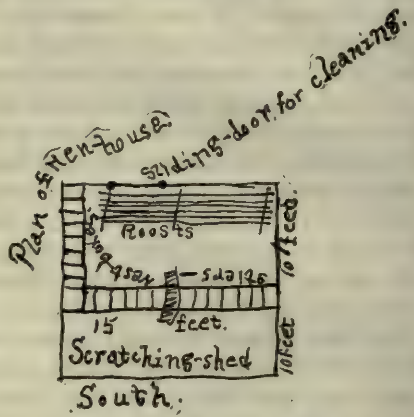
You may remember that when we opened this contest for our boys, we asked them to tell us what they would do, in a business way, if they had $500 each to start with. We wanted to get at the boys' ideas, and we were not disappointed. The answers were very practical, most of them. We would like to print them all, but have room for only one—a fairly typical one, that of Master Merrill Blosser. Merrill is all Boy, and a mighty good kind of boy, too. The illustrations, by the way, are exact copies of those which Master Merrill sent with his letter. He writes:



FRONT ELEVATION OF MERRILL'S HEN-HOUSE

"Answer to the question: 'What business would you start if you had $500, and why?'

"I would give $50 to charity; $25 for a bicycle; $5 for one month's bundle of National Magazines; $225 for one acre of ground; $14 for seventy fence-posts; $31.05 for sixty rods of fence-wire, and $18 for labor at $1.50 a day, to put up the fence as an inclosure and division of the ground; $35 for a hen-house; $35 for a duck-shed; $17.50 for fifty Wyandotte chickens; $25 for fifty ducks; reserving $19.45 for minor expenses to get the business into a paying process.



GROUND PLAN OF HEN-HOUSE

"I would give $50 to charity, because the Scriptures give a promise concerning giving: (Luke 6:38, Deut. 16:17).

"Buy a bicycle—because I could enlarge my field for the National, by reaching five neighboring towns and villages, including well-to-do farming communities. One hundred magazines would be a good investment as a start in the paper business.

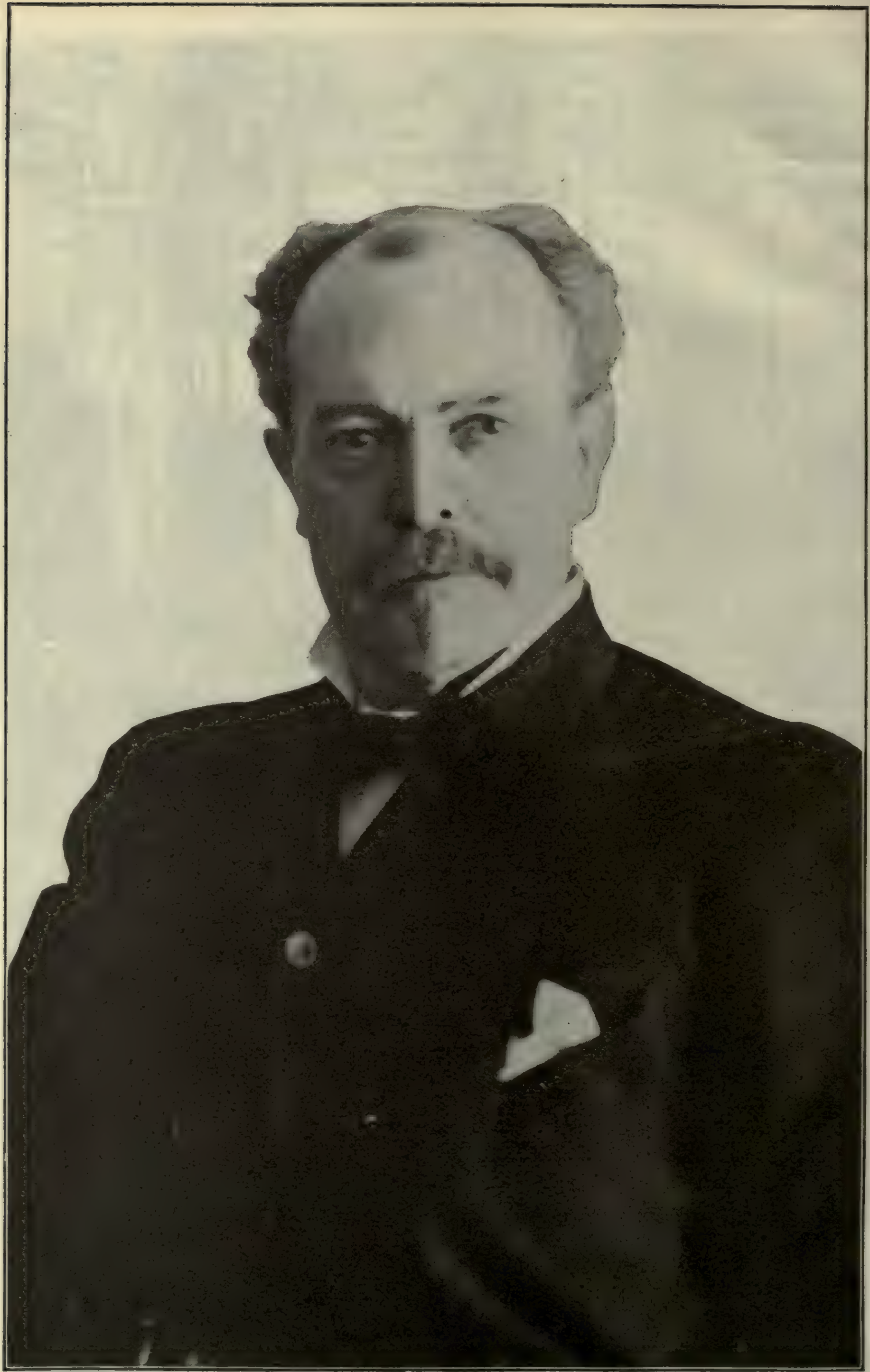
"The poultry business—because I could procure the tract of ground, but one-half mile from my home, and all things mentioned that I would need to make it a success, having high market price at home at a creamery establishment that ships every few days.

"Also—because I could engage in the poultry business to success, without interference with my National Magazine business, or my school work.

Yours truly,
MERRILL BLOSSER.

THE MAY-FLOWER GATHERERS

Photograph by Fred A. Elliott, Chenango Forks, New York



EDWARD F. DUNNE, ELECTED MAYOR OF CHICAGO WITH A MANDATE TO TAKE OVER THE STREET RAILWAYS OF THE CITY AND OPERATE THEM FOR THE PUBLIC INTEREST, SAYS HE WILL NOT PAY FOR ANY WATER IN THEIR STOCKS

From a snapshot photograph made for Hearst's Boston American

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII. MAY, 1905 No. 2

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

OFF for the playgrounds! This succinctly expresses the spirit of Washington for the month in which the National presents its Playground Number. It was an ideal morning when the president started westward in earnest and vigorous search for playgrounds where he can relax from the tension of public affairs.

And yet, as he waved his hand in adieu to Washington, from the rear platform his face beaming with the expectancy of a playtime, he had not laid aside, even temporarily, his keen and urgent interest in the present principal factors of his task as head administrator and representative of the country. These factors are:

1—The situation in Santo Domingo.

2—The drift of trust investigation and the railroad situation.

SIR RIDER HAGGARD, THE ENGLISH AUTHOR (REAR SEAT), "SEEING WASHINGTON" WITH HIS DAUGHTER, AFTER A LUNCHEON AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Photograph copyright, 1905, by Clinedinst

3—Work of the Panama canal commission.
4—War situation in Manchuria and prospective peace.
5—Philippine, Porto Rican and Cuban affairs.
6—Searching for strong men to fill important positions.

The president, insisting upon his playtime, has reflected a most hopeful characteristic of the times. He has found his "$100,000 man" in Mr. Shonts, and proposes to obtain results to match the salary on the canal commission. And one of the peculiar phases of his open search for the $100,000 man revealed the fact that the big man creates and carries out his big projects when the general public thinks he is playing or enjoying his outing. The large purposes appear to possess a truer perspective when away from the gnatty as well as knotty details, with the camera set in a blaze of sunlight, fresh air and a broad field for potential purpose—even on a playground.

The word "play" implies activity and purpose, and it was on this suggestion by a senator that the word was used rather than "rest" or "recreation." Action and energy in the hours of playing add a potential force to the purposes that predominate in life.

So it's off to the playground, says the president, and the train followed the rails toward the Panhandle district of Texas.

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THE senators have packed their portmanteaus containing the data in reference to work which they have laid out for themselves to do during the Summer, for much of the real work of a member of congress is done in the days of the long vacation. That is the time when the facts and information are collected regarding the measure in which each man is specially interested.

Now that the session is ended and congress is released for the time, each man will go to his favorite resort, Senator Proctor of Vermont enjoying a ride behind that fine span of black horses among the Green mountains and incidentally guiding friends to favorite fishing ponds; Senator Frye, with his line tangled in a tree, trying to unravel an unruly reel; Secretary Wilson, on his stock farm in Iowa obtaining material for his world-wide horse book; Senator Bailey, giving assidious attention to knotty points in constitutional law; Senator Allison, serene and contented in his library among the bluffs of Dubuque; Senator Tillman, in his South Carolina flower gardens; Senator Gamble, keeping posted on the condition of the wheat crop; Senator Lodge, listening to the surf at Nahant, and Senator Platt of Connecticut recuperating beneath the elms at Washington, Connecticut — in fact it might be broadly stated that the Summer playgrounds of America will include a representation from all the legislative forces of the nation—state as well as federal. And it is in this fact, indicating a close and personal relationship between the people and the legislators, that we have one of the most hopeful prospects for the correct solution of the problems of the times, as far as legislation is concerned.

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THE one woman among a large concourse of distinguished men—Frances E. Willard in effigy in Statuary Hall at the Capitol, Washington—represents one of the noblest and most hopeful advances made by the human race during the nineteenth century. The Willard statue—which is the work, by the way, of another distinguished American woman, Mary Farnsworth Mears of Oshkosh, Wisconsin,—holds its own well in that great company constituting the Pantheon of the States, both for the life it memorizes and as a work of art. Illinois has honored herself greatly in greatly honoring her famous daughter, the foremost leader in the war upon intoxicants in the generation last past.

Each of the states sends two statues to this Hall. The Willard statue has a position between Senators Benton of Missouri and Hanson of Virginia. Just in behind Miss Willard stands George Washington, with a walking-stick, booted and spurred as for a vigorous ride. He is here as a son of Virginia — a member of that Permanent Congress, one might say, whose members remain through the rising and falling of reputations, the coming and going of celebrities. Some of these members of the Permanent Congress might have difficulty, at this late day, in proving their right to stay here, as against the larger claims of later-born sons of their native states, but most of them, probably, if not unique in the degree that George Washington and the lady in front of him are, will enjoy long continuance of their present fame.

BARON MONCHEUR, BELGIAN MINISTER, HUSBAND OF ONE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG AMERICAN AND FATHER OF ANOTHER,—THE LATTER AMBASSADOR POWELL'S GRANDCHILD,—ENJOYS A BICYCLE SPIN DOWN WASHINGTON'S PERFECT PAVEMENTS

Photograph by Clinedinst

AMBASSADOR HENGENMULLER VON HENGERVAR, OF AUSTRIA, TAKES HIS FAMILY OUT FOR A WHIRL ON RUBBER TIRES, THE AMBASSADOR HIMSELF AT THE STEERING WHEEL

Photograph copyright, 1905, by Clinedinst

The Willard statue is of white marble brought from the quarries of Italy—a fitting emblem of that serene, high purity which Miss Willard ever and eloquently advocated and inspired. Carved in the pedestal is an extract from one of her own addresses:

> "Ah! it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them. Oh, by the dangers they have dared; by the hours of patient watching over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of 10,000 prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven, I charge you give them power to protect along life's treacherous highway those whom they have so loved."

I was unable to visit Statuary Hall until late in the evening, but even then there were crowds thronging around the Willard statue. The admiration and love given her by her countrymen were truly impressive.

About the base of the statue were faded tulips, reminders of the coming Spring, placed there by children earlier in the day. How eloquent were those tributes from the hands of the future men and women of America; for the whole purpose of all Frances Willard's labors was purity in the home; her mothering of mothers, her sistering of sisters and her tender care for the daughters have left a permanent impress upon our social life. This aspect of her work seems to have been fully appreciated, as was apparent from the eloquent tributes paid her in the senate and house, where a whole day was devoted to the sincere and beautiful eulogies spoken by members who fully understood what Miss Willard's life meant to the homes of the nation, in added grace and happiness.

On the day of the dedication of the statue, the corridors of the Capitol were thronged with women wearing the little white badges of the W. C. T. U. A man must be flinty indeed who would not reverence such a symbol. I noticed especially the women who had come to see the statue. They were not all young and beautiful. On many faces were the deep lines of care, and above the brow the hair was thickly sown with gray threads. Many had the worried air that told of a struggle with adverse circumstances, but in every face gleamed the determination to champion the right. I could imagine that some of those ladies came from homes where the bitterness of the drink curse had been tasted. No other argument makes such strong temperance

THE "WASHINGTON OBSERVATORY AUTOMOBILE," UNLIKE THE "SEEING WASHINGTON CAR," DOES NOT RUN ON TRACKS, HENCE VISITS MANY INTERESTING, OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES

Photograph by Clinedinst

advocates as this personal suffering does.

It seems certain that the "axe is laid to the root of the tree," and that the great curse of modern civilization and foe of humankind—the power of drink—will some day yield to the purifying force represented by the little bits of fluttering white ribbon, tied in the buttonhole of a woman's jacket. It may be remarked that the first step toward reform has been taken in banishing intoxicating liquors from the halls of the Capitol — a measure in which Miss Willard was profoundly interested. During the day it was quite apparent that there was no senator, congressman or public man of any official distinction who was not ready to join in the tribute which must have thrilled the hearts of that noble band of women workers. The state of Illinois has cause to be proud of this innovation, which is indeed a tribute to all womankind.

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IN the lobby of the senate chamber and in whispered tones, that the dignity of the occasion might not be disturbed, Congressman Littlefield confided to me the one great dream of his congressional career, which is to provide suitable accommodation for the great law library which the United States possesses. There is to be a building erected at a cost of six or seven million dollars, which, after all, is but the price of one battleship, and is not too much to pay for an edifice that will probably become the rendezvous of the lawyers of the nation. The management of the law library at the present time does not even provide, for a chief justice or for a lawyer visiting the library, a place to lay aside his hat and coat. This meagre arrangement is certainly not in keeping with the generous provision made by the government for other departments of similar importance.

The present handsome congressional library was the dream of congressmen for many years, and has proved one of the best investments that Uncle Sam has ever made. It is the pride of the nation. It may require some years to consummate this plan of Congressman Littlefield's, but the deep interest of such men in the undertaking presages its completion.

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SEATED at a plain desk, with a wall map of the world before him, Secretary Victor Metcalf of the department of commerce and labor is engaged in most interesting work in connection with the government of America. The people little understand the vital purpose of this department. It might be called the business department of the nation, for its specific purpose is to exploit American goods in all the world and build up the bulwarks of the nation's commerce and labor. The department is composed of twelve bureaus, one being the bureau of corporations, which has come into such prominence of late as to suggest that the department of labor and commerce is more an investigating institution than anything else. Nothing, however, is farther from the fact. The purpose of this department is to encourage and build up industrial revenues, and the tearing down of institutions by specious investigations is no part of its plan.

The bureau of corporations exists for the purpose of guarding, as far as possible, the rights of the people from the rapacity of corporations.

Although this department includes many bureaus that have been established for years, it is to a large extent an innovation in governmental machinery—it might be called the Chamber of Commerce of the Nation.

The furnishings of the department of commerce and labor are severe in their business-like simplicity, and room 507, occupied by the secretary, has nothing more in the way of wall decoration than

EFFIGY OF FRANCES E. WILLARD IN STATUARY HALL, THE NATIONAL CAPITOL a very prominent calendar and the map. This world map is threaded with cable lines in all directions, and the secretary is enthusiastic in the work of keeping in close touch with possibilities for American trade in other parts of the globe. An enormous table, plenty of pens and a good supply of ink complete the equipment. I know that every manufacturer in the country will be pleased to learn that Secretary Metcalf invites and desires correspondence in regard to trade, and is always ready to give to the inquirer any information desired. The details of export trade are thoroughly covered and conditions personally investigated. During the Summer he will have a large number of agents in various parts of the world looking [illegible] data in reference to South American trade, which he has set his heart upon exploiting. The completion of the Panama canal, the secretary believes, will revolutionize trade conditions along the western coast of South America, and the preliminary work is already being done for getting into closer touch with this hitherto practically "unknown country" in our commercial annals.

During the past month the secretary has spoken at a number of meetings of various departments and of the chambers of commerce throughout the country, and it is evident he intends to keep in close touch with the labor interests. His years of experience as a successful businessman have qualified him for this work, and the department, organized on business principles, administered in a businesslike way, will do work important and far-reaching in its results. The whole purpose of all its investigations is to get the facts, and only the facts, without pandering to prejudice or the passions of disappointed adventurers. As a nation, the United States necessarily is in tune with the business spirit of the age, and it is safe to prophecy that the coming four years will see the greatest advances in the exports and manufactures of this country that has ever been witnessed. At least this was the impression I brought away from a chat with Secretary Metcalf.

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AN interesting situation was revealed in the days following the inauguration, when diplomatic and consular appointments were sent to the senate. This budget represented the golden plums of the administration, as it was recognized that the president was particularly concerned in having our best men carry on the international policies of the administration, especially in respect to foreign commerce. The well defined purpose of promotion for good service was carried out in spite of the fact that it interfered with his personal wishes. I happen to know personally of one instance in which he desired to appoint a young man to a prominent post in Europe. On looking over the list, he discovered he had nothing for his friend whom he desired to have enter the service. Consequently, without the knowledge of his friend, he appointed him to an important and remunerative post in Cuba, which was essential to the building up of our trade interests with the new republic.

It is Robert J. Thompson of Chicago who has the unusual distinction of declining a lucrative post after being thus appointed and confirmed by the senate. He felt that it was not a field in which his endeavors would reach best results. Mr. Thompson collected and compiled, during the last campaign, excerpts from the writings and addresses of Theodore Roosevelt on almost every known subject, making it a veritable encyclopedia of modern thought. The work was highly appreciated and very effectively was made the slogan of the campaign and the keynote of the administration — "A Square Deal for Every Man." Printed in book form, these selections have become very popular. The matter was

SENATOR E. W. CARMACK OF TENNESSEE.—DISTINGUISHED ALIKE AS AN EDITOR AND AN ORATOR, MR. CARMACK IS ONE OF THE LEADING SPIRITS IN THE DEMOCRATIC COUNCILS OF THE NATION

Photograph by Clinedinst

printed in the October National Magazine of 1904, and we are informed by many readers it occupies an honored place among their valued political documents.

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FEW young men have had a more brilliant career in official life than Robert B. Armstrong, who has recently resigned his post as first assistant to the secretary of the treasury to accept the presidency of the Casualty Company of America.

Mr. Armstrong is a splendid type of the young man who goes into business or public life with eyes and ears wide open and energies in full play. He had a strong grasp on public affairs and never looked upon his office as a resting place. His activities were the test of his abilities, which soon came under the observation of prominent businessmen.

It is often remarked in business circles that twenty-five-thousand and ten-thousand-dollar men are more difficult to find than ten-dollar men, and while the qualifications demanded of first class men do not seem to be anything extraordinary, yet when the real test comes it does not often require the lapse of a year to prove that a twenty-five-thousand-dollar man has earned for his corporation, or saved for it, something like fifty thousand dollars, so that to employ him is actual economy. A concern is always benefitted by getting into it a vigorous element. It is important to have keen eyes in the watch tower of business.

A SENATOR IN A HURRY—MR. SCOTT OF WEST VIRGINIA DOING SIX MILES AN HOUR ON A BRISK MARCH MORNING

Photograph by Clinedinst

The Casualty Company of America should certainly be congratulated on securing such a man as Mr. Armstrong as head of their institution, for it can be relied upon that he will bring to his present position the same unflagging energy, clear foresight and strong individuality that have marked his career up to the present time. He was born in Iowa and entered early upon a newspaper career, with a special bent in the direction of finance. Genial, optimistic, firm, self-reliant, Robert B. Armstrong is certainly a young man of whom America may well be proud.

MRS. TAFT, THE BRILLIANT WIFE OF THE WAR SECRETARY

Photograph by Clinedinst

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DURING the closing days of the extra session of the senate, I found it entertaining to look over the senate calendar. This resembles a checker-board and is about the same size. As the senators stand side by side studying the calendar, pointing a finger first to one square and then to another, one gets the idea that the members of the government are indulging in some kind of game, "during school hours," so to speak.

The numbers on this calendar are as carefully calculated as those upon a sun dial. This notation offers visible proof of the fact that the senate has of recent years apparently outgrown its original purpose as a reviser rather than an originator of financial legislation. When an appropriation bill comes to the senate now, it is sent back to the house with a rider which is of itself new legislation, and consequently compels the house to take up a matter which it may have held in abeyance for months previous. There has not been so much chafing as might have been expected on account of this action by the senate, under the speakership of Uncle Joe Cannon. Each new congressman is impressed with the fact that the great thing is to know how to keep a bill before the house. It is noticeable that a large amount of the most important industrial legislation comes from the senate instead of originating in the house, as seems to have been primarily planned by the constructors of our government.

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EVER since I have been going to Washington, the Hotel St. James has been my home. Never can I forget that first visit. It was raining and the wet asphalt pavements reflected the glittering lights of the avenue. There was a general sense of loneliness as I

A GLIMPSE OF THE DECORATIONS OF THE ST. JAMES HOTEL, WASHINGTON, ON INAUGURATION DAY drifted into the hotel, but once inside a feeling of home welcome came over me as I was greeted by the manager, Mr. H. T. Wheeler. Brass bands and badged reception committee could not have done more for me than he did, and by the time I had reached the seclusion of my own room and was writing a letter home, my spirits had quite revived.

The St. James has been the home of many congressmen, and has also been a popular rendezvous for marching men and tourists. The proprietor, Mr. Levi Woodbury, a New Hampshire man, has given the hotel the atmosphere of a New England home where each guest feels sure of his welcome.

The St. James was the center of busy doings during the inauguration, as it is located near the Pennsylvania depot. The hotel was handsomely decorated. Despite the rush, there never was an uncomfortable moment for the guests, who felt that great credit was due to Mr. Woodbury and the hotel management for so ably handling matters.

Mr. Woodbury has long been a prominent and pushing citizen of the capital city. It was his energy and enterprise that made possible the splendid Norfolk & Washington Steamship Line, which furnishes a service as exact as that of the best railroads. Not a single trip was missed during the past severe Winter, when the river was practically closed and even the Baltimore lines had to suspend. Instead of waiting for congressional appropriation to break the ice, General Manager Callahan just went ahead and did some "breaking" on his own hook.

Mr. Woodbury has a Summer home near Haverhill, Massachusetts, and enjoys there the scenes of his youth. A man who believes in "doing things" himself, he is always ready to help others to achieve, and somehow, when staying in the hotel I always feel the importance of having a good talk with Mr. Woodbury before I proceed to fill the back of hotel paper with "Affairs at Washington."

REPRESENTATIVE JAMES HAY OF VIRGINIA, AN ABLE LAWYER AND A SHREWD ORGANIZER OF POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS

Photograph by Clinedinst

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IF there is any one man who commands the admiration of the lawyers throughout the country, it is Senator Knox. It is safe to say that the senators from the great state of Pennsylvania are about the busiest men in Washington, looking after the interests of their constituents, who are so near at hand that they do not wait to make their wants known through the medium of the written page, but come in person. It is doubtful whether the visitors realize the hours and hours of time given to their service by their representatives, who go from one department to another to look up matters of interest to their constituents.

I ventured to suggest to Senator Knox that the moving impulse of legislation in our times is an expression of human sympathy, so splendidly exemplified in the McKinley administration. This same influence may even be seen in the management of those economic questions which mark the progress of national legislation. In the last analysis the first fruit of national effort is the crystallization of human sympathy, though this may be ossified in the time of prosperity and needs "hard times" to mellow it to full perfection. I felt that it was a victory for my pet theory on heart power to gain even a passing assent from the distinguished ex-attorney-general. While he agreed to the truth of the personal proposition, he looked at me with a quizzical smile ere he bade goodbye, and said:

"I hardly think it would work in a question of law, but in the initiative impulse of making of laws—that is another matter. In looking up points of law, determining the value of words and other similar details, sentiment might not have the place it would in the enactment of law looking toward the betterment of the nation, in its largest and best sense. The initiative force of all such movements is undoubtedly either sympathy or revenge, but sad to say the latter is oftener used, to enforce law and mete out punishment rather than justice."

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I SUPPOSE that at some time nearly every one of us has read "Lucile." It has usually been studied in those dear, tender days when the "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." I stood the other day before the house in which Owen Meredith wrote this poem, and made up my mind that I would at once claim the book as American literature. It is a four-story house, with unpretentious gable and flight of plain stone steps leading up to the door. In a room on the third floor "Lucile" was written.

A romance is connected with the writing of "Lucile." It is said that at the period when this was written Owen Meredith had come to America because of a disappointment in love, and here in this plain, old house in Washington he poured forth the sorrows of his heart in verse.

Senator Depew's house stands near by; and was the home of Daniel Webster. every time I pass by it seems as though I could hear the thundering rhetoric of Webster as he replied to Calhoun. In this same locality is the house where Dolly Madison lived, now the Cosmos Club. All around Lafayette Square the houses boast a closer touch with national history than any other region can show.

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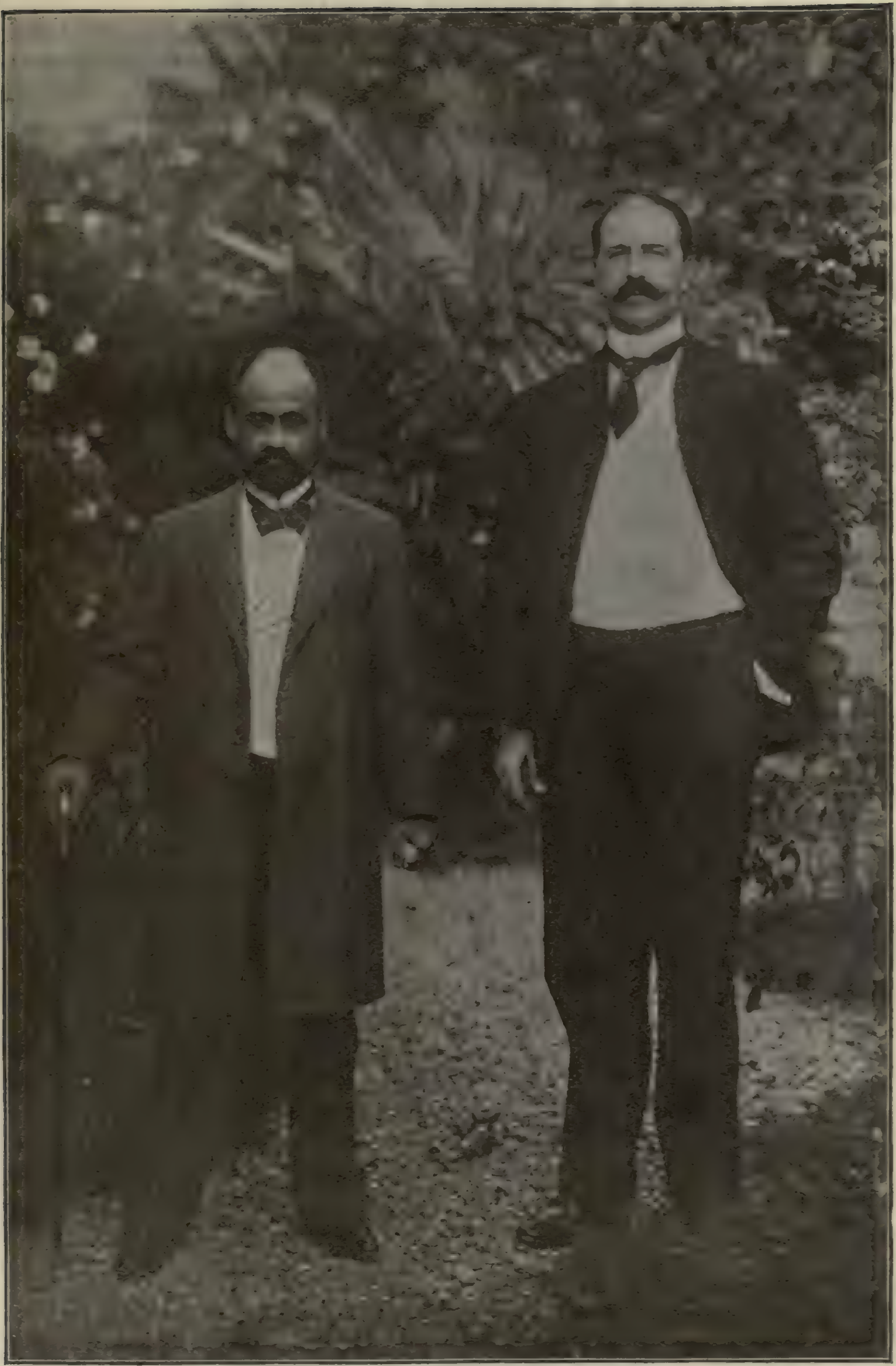
WHEN you have just been listening to an outburst of pessimism or a wail of discouragement, it is cheering to get into the congressional library and rummage through the papers and old documents of years gone by. We must have patience with that class of people who will insist upon taking a bilious view of the present and a discouraging glimpse into the future. We may, however, be pardoned for recalling what good Ben Franklin said of the outlook in Philadelphia a century ago:

"There are croakers in every country, boding its ruin. Such an one lived in Philadelphia who said the city was a sinking place, the people bankrupt, the talk of new buildings and high prosperity for the most part fallacious. At



CIPRIANO CASTRO, THE SCRAPPY LITTLE PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA, AND MR. BOWEN, THE BIG MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES AT CARACAS, PHOTOGRAPHED IN PRESIDENT CASTRO'S GARDEN BEFORE THEY FELL AFOUL OF EACH OTHER THE OTHER DAY

Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly: copyrighted, 1905, by Judge Company last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five times as much for a house as he might have bought it for when he began croaking.''

Sound old philosopher! How appropriate his words are to the present day!

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IN the pouring rain and under an umbrella, standing not far from the Capitol, I think I had one of the most interesting chats I ever enjoyed in Washington with Representative Howard, of Athens, Georgia. The more I come into contact with members of congress, the more I am impressed with the idea that the nation has reason to be proud of its representation in Washington.

When I heard Congressman Howard modestly tell about his district and his constituents and listened to his keen analysis of various great problems now concerning the country, I felt assured that Georgia has reason to be proud of her representative.

During the Summer of this year Mr. Howard proposes to continue an unique educative campaign throughout his district which, by the way, is almost solidly democratic. He wishes to explain to his constituents the great questions now before the nation. I was amazed—and delighted—to hear his tribute to President Roosevelt, "as the South has come to know him." It was indeed a word of prai

REPRESENTATIVE C. F. COCHRAN OF MISSOURI, OUT FOR A STROLL AND A SMOKE, PAUSES TO OBLIGE THE CAMERA ARTIST

Photograph by Clinedinst

THEODORE P. SHONTS, EXECUTIVE HEAD AND DIRECT REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PRESIDENT IN THE REORGANIZED PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION, IS A STURDY AND STEADY-HEADED YOUNG WESTERN RAILROAD PRESIDENT WHO PROMISES TO GET THE JOB DONE WITHOUT PALTERING

From an autographed portrait owned by the Chicago Record-Herald

worthily bestowed upon the son of a Georgia mother.

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I SHALL never forget the last time I saw Senator Bate of Tenessee. It was shortly before the inauguration and he was standing in the corridor waiting for a carriage. One of his legs had been maimed, and somehow on this occasion the conversation drifted toward how he was hurt during the Civil war. It seems he had an important command for the Confederacy, and was right in line for rapid promotion when he was wounded and taken to the hospital.

The surgeon looked at him and shook his head. "This leg must go," he said.

"It will not go," insisted the doughty colonel, "I am determined to save that leg."

"But it will imperil your life."

"My life has been imperilled before and may be again," said the wounded man, and he pulled a pistol out of his hip pocket, saying: "If you attempt to amputate that leg I will shoot you."

The leg was saved and the distinguished warrior from Tennessee lived to fill out a career of honor and distinction for his state as well as his nation.

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AT the aftermath session of the senate, there was a lull in the work. It was a rainy day and I found Senator Allison buried in a mass of papers in his office in the appropriations committee room.

"There is always work in the attic for rainy days."

It seemed impossible to believe that the active, busy man poring over those documents had given unremitting service in congress for over forty years. He has been elected to six successive terms in the senate and has served there longer than any other member.

His brown eyes still sparkle with a quiet enthusiasm. When one stops to think of the long years of active service on this one important committee, it is difficult to mete out the praise justly due. In what an array of important episodes of national history he has played his part!

Quiet, careful, always safe and reticent, no senator stands higher in the councils of the nation than William Boyd Allison. In that little room off the appropriations committee, with a roll-top desk at his right and a spacious table before him, the senator keeps his finger faithfully on Uncle Sam's purse-strings, fighting valiantly the onslaught of appropriations now approximating a billion where it was only millions when he first entered the service.

Senator Allison's private secretary, Mr. Dawson, has been elected a representative from Iowa, and leaves the senator's training school, which has meant so much to many young men in the public service.

On that rainy day there was a reminiscent twinkle in his eye as he remarked that the young men of today must make ready to meet and shoulder the problems that are coming up. "The world is not altogether so wrong as it would seem at times. Senators come and go, but the sane, conservative common sense of the people will prevail every time."

OUT IN THE COUNTRY

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

A LITTLE fresh-air girl, whose feet
Had known but alley ways;
Came to a field where buttercups
Bloomed in a golden maze.

"Oh see!" she cried; while to her eyes
A look of wonder rose:—
"I did not know that I should find
The place where sunshine grows!"

WOMAN IN OFFICE

By KATE GANNETT WELLS

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

MARVELOUS is the quickness and ease with which women have become leaders in organization. Granges, clubs, federations, national and international, philanthropic causes, collegiate honors have each led her onward until she stands in comic variance with the early type of the devout, obedient wife, whose love-letters were bestrewed with Biblical texts.

Even the way in which a woman in her tailor-made dress wields the gavel today with a quick, short rap, and takes account of her committee as a captain of industry reviews his employes, differs from the apologetic tone and manner with which women began to preside forty years ago. Then, as they realized more and more their talents for organization, the supply of presidents and chairmen increased, the minor varieties of the official woman extending unawares from the sinuous committee woman to the honest "hustlers" whose obituaries should include the list of offices they have filled.

Parliamentary manuals in many households are now companions to the Bible and the cook-book, and, like directions for bridge whist, are carried in one's trunk on vacation trips. The manuals have indeed taught us to speak in turn rather than to interrupt, but also are they making adepts at meetings in a specious kind of politeness, dubbed parliamentary, which is very different from the graceful appreciation of another's rights. Unfortunately, under the sway of parliamentary ruling, one cannot always be sure that the last word is spoken, as reconsideration is ever in order and matters can be taken up when opponents are absent.

Yet the official woman is not necessarily either a boss or a laborer for personal ends. She thinks she wants her way solely for the good of all; or, if she forces a contest for office, she yet is careful that the nominating committee be appointed according to bye-laws, however much its personnel may be manipulated. But she has never given nor accepted a personal bribe and she never will. She is honest as woman, though diplomatic as an official.

Her favorite subject is the new, complex, indefinite science called social economics, on which she converses with sprightly ease, shining in the full glory of her investiture. Theories, tentatively uttered as if on a search for truth, statistics emphatically given, as if conclusive, bestrew her speech. In the very terms, Sociological,she finds justification for her peripatetic spirit of self-sacrifice, for being perpetually "on the go" in behalf of public interests.

She also has an uncanny knack at investigating, and makes herself into a permanent bureau of inquiry. In her honest zeal she propounds such personal questions that "mealers" and "roomers" alike rebel at the printed columns furnished them, on which they are asked to return data about themselves. It is hard to be poor, but it is harder to be investigated in the name of social science. No wonder that purposely misleading replies are often returned, just as school children, with delightful malice, frequently declare that the real contents of their minds are the exact opposite of their tabulated statements handed in to the investigating school psychologist.

Social studies when "scientifically" conducted are as apt to set people apart as to bring them together, and spontaneous sympathy gets atrophied under the formal process. Insistence even upon good neighborhood conditions may make a delinquent more contrariwise, as she objects, saying: "I don't want to be considered a type; I don't want my household expenses tabulated, reported upon and placed on file or in a public library, where anyone can guess it is I who is written about!" "Why can't people go ahead, and help one another without getting statistical!" exclaims another much be-questioned individual. And a third victim upon whom household statistics had been tried without avail, asked her inquirer if she knew that Saint Peter had said to the last New Woman who had applied for admission to heavenly circles—"I had rather you would not come, for you are just out of college, and we don't want any advice about running the universe." The "lady" was shocked at the "woman's" impudence.

Oh, if we could just help one another as dear, old-fashioned people do, and not make our social investigations a kind of "laboratory" work in so-called scientific philanthropy! If we could just be friendly without looking upon ourselves as social economic experimenters! —there would not be so many lines of social and residential demarcation. It would often seem as if to be one's own best self was enough of a task or vocation without scheduling one's inquiries.

At least might it not be well to have reports printed, for the sake of lessening their number, as editions de luxe, obtainable only by a few and tabooed by public libraries. Then those who do not live as we do and act as we do would not find themselves classified in numbered sociological sections with subdivisions. There is a Danish proverb we should do well to heed—"Do not sail out farther than you can row back." Has the official investigating woman gone so far that she always must be sheathed in a kind of presidential dignity instead of giving out a homespun cordiality that warms another's heart?

Said a newspaper reporter of a well-known woman: "She does equally well as cook or as president." If meant as a snub it yet was praise, for most women are proud to be both, and give so much attention to their children, that one of them in reciting her Bible history lesson stated—"When Moses' mother laid him in the ark among the bulwarks she did not forget to give the baby its bottle." The child never would have so answered if its mother had been in the habit of neglecting her baby for the club.

TWO WOMEN

By VIRGINIA NORWOOD WATKINS

PERRYSBURG, OHIO

ONE goes her way with brow and lips like pure, white, carvéd stone.
Her heart bereft, no plaint is hers, nor tears, nor stifled moan;
And many grieve that one so fair should live a life so lone.

One goes her way and laughter rings the knell of cold despair.
With courage up she nerves her heart to fight, and do, and dare:—
None hears but God in dead of night her agonies of prayer.

AMERICA'S MEDAL OF HONOR

OUR HIGHEST BADGE OF HONOR FOR HEROIC SERVICE IN ARMY AND NAVY, WITH LITTLE STORIES SHOWING HOW IT WAS WON BY SOME OF THE 2,569 MEN WHO STILL WEAR IT

By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD
CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

GENERAL W. W. BLACKMAR
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THE G. A. R.

JUST as the sovereign of England confers the Victoria Cross, and Germany the Iron Cross, as the highest reward for gallantry in military and naval life, so the United States of America has honored her bravest with Medals of Honor. The recipients of such distinction in other countries are well known; but here, when it is mentioned in the course of a biographical notice that the individual in question received a Medal of Honor, the world at large is quite in ignorance of what is meant. Yet that act of congress which authorized the president in July, 1862, to confer this reward upon those who had merited it restricted his selection of recipients within lines more severly drawn than in any other military or naval order, inasmuch as the act applied originally "to such non-commissioned officers and privates as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action and other soldier-like qualities during the present insurrection." About a year later, however, the act was made to apply to officers as well as to the other two classes of men, to include future action as well as past, and service outside the Civil War, as well as during that conflict. Thus medals may be won even today for voluntary acts of bravery on sea and on land by sailors and soldiers of every grade. None the less almost all the men considered in this article won their medals during the Civil War, and in the army rather than the navy.

The Congressional Medal of Honor is in every case a permanent and substantial reward. Borne upon the breast it stamps the wearer as one whose brave deeds have received national recognition. The men who have won these trophies will transmit them with pride to their descendants as eloquent testimonies of gallant and soldierly conduct.

Eminently fitting is it that the first brave soldier on our list should be General Wilmon W. Blackmar, national commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. General Blackmar's war record is so well known that we need give it here only a hasty glance. A trooper of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, and a lieutenant of the First West Virginia Cavalry, he served both in the Eastern and Western armies. Twenty-two actions, including Antietam, Stone River, Chicamauga, Wauhatchie, Chattanooga, the Shenandoah Valley cam-

CHARLES D. COPP

HENRY W. ROWE

SAMUEL C. WRIGHT

paign of 1864, and the final fighting from Dinwiddie Court House to Appotomattox found him at the front. But it was on the field of Five Forks that young Blackmar was promoted to a captaincy by General Custer for conspicuous bravery which was subsequently further recognized by a Medal of Honor.

A quotation from the statement of General Capehart, who at that time commanded one of General Custer's brigades in Sheridan's cavalry, reads:

> "Lieutenant W. W. Blackmar, who was transferred from the cavalry in the Southwest and commissioned in the First West Virginia Cavalry, and is now on Capehart's staff, was promoted by Custer on the field of Five Forks for brilliant personal daring; during the entire engagement he rode in the front ranks in the thickest of the fight, and was without a superior for ability."

At the time, young Blackmar did not know that Custer had his eye on him, and, without orders, he formed a line and led it over a ditch to the Confederate side. Imagine, therefore, his joy and surprise when a heavy hand was laid on his back and he heard Custer say: "That's right, Lieutenant." If the charge had been unsuccessful, the chances are that he would have been court-martialed instead of praised.

One of the members of General Blackmar's staff in the G. A. R. is Captain Samuel C. Wright, now of the Boston Custom House, a brave man who won the medal for gallantry at Antietam, Maryland, September 17, 1862, he being at the time sergeant of Company E, Twenty-Ninth Massachusetts. Told in Captain Wright's own simple, rugged style, the story is as follows:

> "The second army corps under Major-General Edwin V. Sumner, which held the center of the line of battle, was ordered to cross Antietam Creek and engage the enemy. A few yards in front of the Confederate line was the famous "sunken road" or "bloody lane" filled with Confederate sharpshooters. Near the lane, towards the Union line, was a high fence. To carry out a successful charge, it was necessary to remove the fence. Otherwise the slaughter that would come from a halt within a few rods of the Confederate main line of battle must be fearful.
>
> "The situation could not be seen until the Creek had been forded and the woods passed through. Then the line halted and request was made for volunteers to advance and remove the fence. Seventy-six men from the line came forward. As given officially seventy were killed and mortally wounded. Six escaped, but of the six, five were wounded. Just as I reached my regiment on returning after the removal of the fence, I was shot in both legs. The successful advance, I need scarcely add, was made."

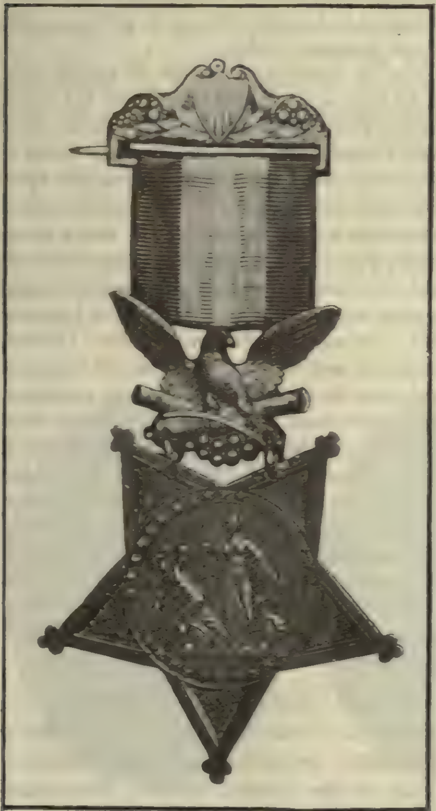
Captain Wright's letter from the department of war at Washington states that he received the Medal "For advancing far beyond the

Federal lines and assisting in the removal of a fence that would have impeded a contemplated charge."

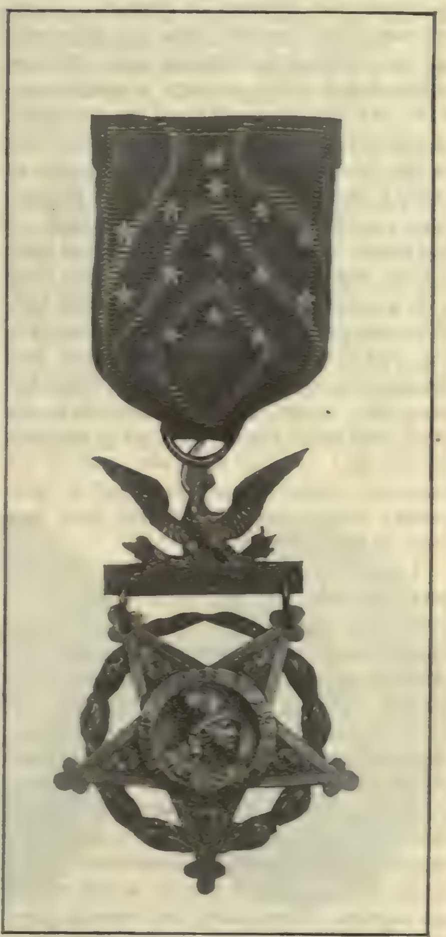
This doughty warrior was five times wounded in action, three times reported dead, and twice promoted on the field. Few of those who today possess the precious medal have more distinctly earned it.

Colonel Charles A. Clark, by his resourcefulness during the retreat across the Rapahannock on the night of May 4, 1863, saved his regiment from capture or annihilation at Brook's Ford. Colonel Clark's career previous to this event is of interest in that it shows how admirably the typical New England training of his day fitted a youth for gallant service when the time for the same arrived. Born at Sangerville, Maine, January 26, 1841, he was educated in the common schools of the place and attended three terms at Foxcroft academy, after which he studied Latin and Greek under a private tutor. From his fifteenth year until 1861 (when he enlisted as a private in Company A, Sixth Maine Infantry), young Clark was a teacher "boarding around," as did all trainers of the young idea in those days. Once in the army, he rose rapidly, until he had become adjutant, and it was in this capacity that he won his medal. The story as he tells it himself is most interesting:

"General Sedgwick was withdrawing his

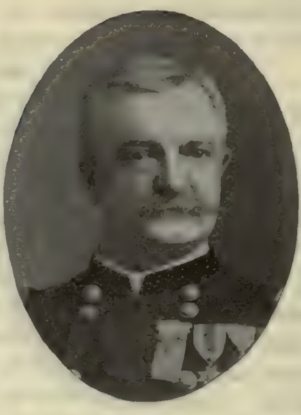


THE OLD MEDAL OF HONOR



THE NEW MEDAL OF HONOR

FRANK M. WHITMAN



T. S. PECK

SAMUEL E. PINGREE

troops across the Rapanhannock, and my men had been ordered to protect a single pontoon. Our position was an important one on a bluff at the extreme right. We had orders to stay where we were as long as possible, and then, if cut off from the remainder of the corps, to endeavor to make our way to the bridge. We all understood this to imply a desperate enterprise. And the outcome proved that we were not mistaken. I had finally to take the responsibility of leading the remainder of my band over a bluff with a sheer descent of fifty to sixty feet. When part way down, my horse lost his footing, and I found myself falling with him through the air. I caught in the branches of a tree as we descended, slid down its trunk, and made my way on foot to the base of the bluff to join the other men of the regiment, whom I had cautioned to keep perfect silence and not to rattle their canteens or accoutrements.

"I expected to find a horse with a broken neck awaiting me, but there was old Jim quite safe and ready for faithful service though apparently a good deal dazed and confused as well as strained and sore from his fall. The men came on over the bluff helter skelter, but as silently as possible. Directly over our heads and a few rods down the river towards the bridge we saw the Confederate force, into which one of our men had been betrayed by a Confederate officer he himself had taken prisoner. These rebels were waiting to assault us and ensure our capture Fortunately we were in deep shadow as we passed under the bluff along the water's edge. But when we came to the place directly under the enemy (who were on the heights) some of our men became noisy. Then the Confederates promptly advanced upon our now abandoned position. In the uproar which ensued we passed safely down the river and made our way in perfect order to our pontoon bridge.

"In the moonlight masses of troops were to be seen as we approached, and for some time it was impossible to tell whether they were Confederate or Union forces. Even if they were of our own side, they might open fire upon us, taking us for the enemy if we advanced without warning. It was a great relief, you may be sure, to find blue uniforms and the stars and stripes as we rode forward to give word that the Sixth Maine Infantry was coming in. When I found Colonel Burnham and told him that the old regiment had come in all right, after it was supposed that every man of us had been either captured or disabled in battle, he cried like a child. Then we all passed over the bridge with the rear guard, getting across just in time in time as it proved, for as we made our way forward the enemy opened fire with the battery from the bluffs above us. But not having the range accurately, the shelling did no harm, and the Sixth Corps reached the left bank of the Rapahannock intact."

Colonel Clark is now a distinguished lawyer at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and a successful practitioner in the supreme court of the United States. His medal was conferred upon him for "having voluntarily taken command of his regiment at Brooks Ford, Virginia, in the absence of his commander, and with remarkable presence of mind and fertility of resource, led the command down an exceedingly precipitous embankment to the Rapahannock river, and by his gallantry, coolness and good judgment in the face of the enemy saved the command from capture and destruction."

Former Governor Samuel E. Pingree of Vermont has the Medal of Honor for gallantry at Lee's Mills, Virginia, April 16, 1862, when he bravely led his company (F of the Third Vermont Infantry) across a wide, deep creek, drove the enemy from the rifle pits, which were within two yards of the farther bank, and remained at the head of his men until the second time severely wounded.

Erastus W. Jewett, first lieutenant of Company A, Ninth Vermont Infantry, "by long and persistent resistance and the burning of bridges, kept a superior force of the enemy at a distance and thus covered the retreat of the garrison from Nemport Barracks, North Carolina, February 2, 1864." Concerned in the same affair was Theodore S. Peck, now of Burlington, Vermont, a very well known Medal of Honor man.

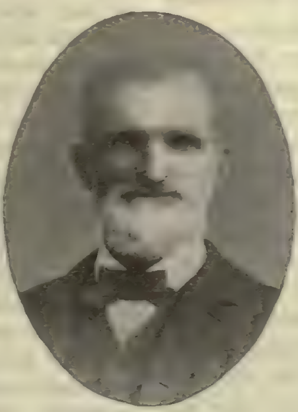
One of the most terrific battles of the whole war was that at Cold Harbor. It was in this encounter that Orlando P. Boss of Fitchburg won his medal. The story is thus told by the regimental historian:

"When the brigade was repulsed after the terrific charge of that day, it fell back to a line of earthworks about one hundred yards from the enemy's position. Lying on the ground fifteen yards in front of this was discovered Lieutenant Daley, of our Twenty-Fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, mortally wounded.

"Corporal Boss and Privates Aldrich and Battles were in a ifle pit about halfway between the lines and could hear the sufferer begging for water; so, regardless of the terrific hail of bullets, Boss crawled out of his hole, approached the wounded man until it was possible to throw him a canteen well filled, and then, without anything to assuage his own thirst, went back to find Aldrich wounded.

"To remain longer in the rifle pit would be almost certain death. Boss, therefore, resolved to make an attempt to get over the breastwork although many had already been killed in trying the same thing. To leave his unfortunate companion behind did not once enter his mind. Yet poor Aldrich was so weak from loss of blood that he could not have walked a dozen paces. To cross unencumbered in front of the three Confederate lines of battle would have been desperate enough, but Boss quietly proposed to take

CHARLES A. CLARK



ROBERT NIVEN

JOSEPH S. G. SWEATT

Aldrich on his back and so stagger through the deadly shower of missiles!

"It seems little short of a miracle that a man so loaded down, and forced, because of his burden, to walk upright, could have passed alive through the intervening space. But it was done, and the hero today gives his account of the perilous journey in these simple words: 'I took him on my back and carried him from the field in safety.'"

Once inside the Federal lines, Boss determined to make an effort to save his wounded lieutenant also, or at least to bring him where he could receive medical attention. To this end he asked General Stannard's permission to try a daring scheme. Given leave, he at once set about making his preparations. There was small chance of bringing the dying officer successfully over the breastwork, so Boss enlisted several comrades in the venture, proposing that while he and one other sallied out, several inside should tunnel through the works in order to facilitate their return. William D. Blanchard was selected to accompany the corporal, and while the others were excavating the tunnel, those two brave men crawled over the works, under a most murderous fire of the enemy (who at once understood what was being attempted) and succeeded in reaching a rifle pit a short distance from where the officer lay.

To show themselves above the surface meant death, for a literal sheet of shot and shell was passing over the spot. So, turning their spoons into shovels, the rescuers dug a trench to the place where the now dying man lay. Through four hours of incessant labor they worked thus, exposed all the while to fire! Then they were able to pull the sufferer onto a rubber blanket.

Now to get inside the earthworks again. Lying close to the embankment, the spoons were once more industriously plied, both men working for dear life until that joyful moment when they met the tools of those who were tunnelling from the inside. Soon the hole was made sufficiently large to enable them to pass the officer through to die in peace among friends. For the man for whom two brave soldiers had risked their lives was indeed mortally wounded and though carried from the field hospital to expert medical attendance at Washington, died in less than three weeks.

Corporal Boss seems to have borne a charmed life, however. Once again after this he went between the lines of battle in front of Petersburg to bring away a wounded comrade. And, as before, he escaped without a scratch.

Frank M. Whitman of the Boston Custom House is another soldier who once ran great personal risks in order to rescue a wounded comrade. The time was the battle of Antietam and Whitman's company had been obliged by the heavy firing to retire.

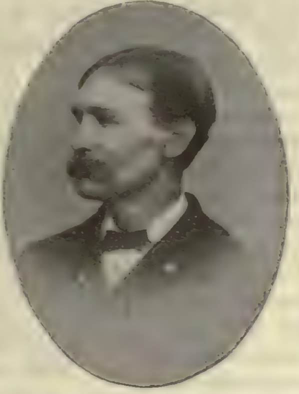
"I and a few others," he repeats, "were separated from our comrades and left behind with the dead and wounded on the field. We then fired a last volley, receiving in return a rain of shots which brought death to one more of our men. Only three of us were now left among the scores of wounded and we undertook as best we could to help our suffering comrades to get away from that terrible place. In this we spent several hours before returning to find our regiment.

"At my urgent solicitation, after we had regained our lines, two officers and a number of men were detailed to remove as many wounded as we could help away without attracting the fire of the enemy. But when we returned to the field we found that, during our absence, the rebels had advanced their picket line some distance. This made the thing even more dangerous than it would otherwise have been and our picket was very loath to allow us to go forward with our enterprise. But so earnestly did I plead to be allowed to make the attempt to rescue a certain comrade of my own company that I was at last permitted to have a try at it.

"This was a very delicate task for had I attracted the attention of the enemy an engagement would without doubt have been precipitated. Stealthily, however, I worked my way to where my comrade lay, (within a few feet of the enemy's pickets) and told him in a whisper what I could do for him with his cooperation. Though suffering great pain from a wound in the leg, which caused his death three weeks afterwards, my friend pluckily crawled along back by my side. How far away those lines of ours seemed that night!"

In a later engagement the brave corporal lost his right leg. Many years afterward he received the Congressional Medal of Honor for his bravery at Spottsylvania as well as for that heroic rescue of a wounded friend which I have here described.

A. E. FERNALD



MICHAEL C. HORGAN

DANIEL D. STEVENS

Another Massachusetts man who quite forgot his own danger in the desire to help others was Joseph S. G. Sweatt, now of Medford, Massachusetts, who, when ordered to retreat at the battle of Carsville, Virignia, turned and rushed back to the front in the face of heavy fire from the enemy, in an endeavor to rescue a wounded comrade, with whom he remained until he was himself overpowered and taken prisoner.

Charles D. Copp, now of Clinton, Massachusetts, distinguished himself at Fredericksburg, Virginia, by seizing the regimental colors when the flag-bearer had been shot down and rallying the regiment under a heavy fire by his rescue of the stars and stripes.

There is no more beautiful thing in all the narratives of the Civil war than the alacrity with which men went into danger for the sake of rescuing wounded officers. There seems always to have been the feeling that, at whatever cost, a soldier must do his best to save a superior who had been wounded. Sometimes it afterward became that superior's privilege to recommend for distinction the man who had thus served him. I have before me, as I write, the documents in one such case. The soldier in question was Robert A. Gray of Groton, Connecticut, and the letter one sent to the secretary of war many years afterward by Aaron S. Dutton, formerly second lieutenant Company C, Twenty-First Connecticut Infantry. It reads:

"SIR: I have the honor to submit for your consideration the name of Robert A. Gray, late sergeant Co. C. 21st Conn. Vol's., and now residing in Groton, Connecticut, as one who merits a Medal of Honor for dangerous and gallant service rendered while a member of Co. C., 21st Conn. Vol's. Infantry, in accordance with Act of Congress granting such medals for distinguished gallantry in action, voluntarily performed. I herewith relate the following facts, showing the conduct of the soldier named, which came under my per-

ORLANDO P. BOSS

ROBERT A. GRAY

ERASTUS W. JEWETT

sonal observation and is distinctly and gratefully remembered by me to this day.

"During the severe and hotly contested battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864 (which opened in a dense fog about three a. m.) the enemy having towards nine o'clock in the morning flanked and captured the right of the brigade, including the brigadier general commanding and staff, the 21st regiment changed front and repulsed several charges, suffering great loss; but being attacked by greatly superior numbers on both front and flank, was compelled to fall back, leaving both our dead and wounded on the field. Sergeant Gray, with not to exceed twelve or fifteen others, stood with me for a short time after the rest of the regiment had retreated, we having received no orders to fall back. The enemy were fast closing in on our front and both flanks and we were under a terrible fire. Several of our little squad fell. Just as I ordered these faithful few to fall back a musket ball passed through my left leg. I should think they had retreated about four or five rods when Sergent Gray, looking back, saw I was disabled and that I could not get away. The rebels were now not twenty rods from us, yet he ran back to me through a perfect shower of bullets and bursting shells, risking almost certain death or capture and voluntarily rescued me and helped me to a place of safety, thus saving me from capture and I believe from death. I afterward learned that by ten a. m., he was in his place with the company. He was always a brave and noble soldier."

The capture of a flag does not sound at first blush like a very tremendous feat, but it often is none the less, and it is always so regarded in American warfare. A large number of Medal of Honor men have been honored for this service, among them Lieutenant Robert Niven of Company H, Eighth New York Cavalry; Captain Albert Fernald of Winterport, Maine, and Henry W. Rowe of Boston, Massachusetts. Of the last named soldier A. C. Locke of the Eleventh New Hampshire said, in recommending him for the medal, "I can bear witness to his bravery not only on the seventeenth of June, 1864, (when he captured his flag) but at the Battle of the Mine in July of that same year."

Mr. Rowe, who is a Boston printer with an office scarcely a stone's throw away from old Faneuil Hall, himself related his story to me the other day while the big presses were pounding in the next room of his establishment and orders to hurry "copy" were being received over the tinkling telephone:

"Our company (I of the Eleventh New Hampshire Infantry) consisted at this time of only five privates. But when we heard the commanding officer whisper 'Forward, Eleventh,' we advanced. One of the fellows named Batchelder went to the right of the house and there we fell in with Solomon Dodge, a sergeant of Company C,—who was a host in himself. As we passed the second corner of the house we heard the report of a musket from a rebel rifle pit. Scarcely had we realized its proximity when Sol wheeled around and, with his carbine inverted, cried: 'Surrender!' to a group of rebels who were creeping down upon us. They probably did not appreciate how vastly superior they were to us in numbers, for they at once dropped their guns. During the excitement I secured their flag so that we three men had colors and twenty-seven prisoners to deliver to Captain Dudley, whose force had now come up."

Of the sailors who have won medals there remains here only space briefly to mention two, Daniel Stevens, now of Peabody, Massachusetts, who while serving on the U. S. Monitor Canonicus at Fort Fisher January 13, 14 and 15, 1865, three times replaced the flag when it was shot away; and Michael C. Horgan, now of Charlestown, Massachusetts, who was rewarded for spiking guns at the capture of the Plymouth in Roanoke river and for planting a flag on Fort Fisher. A very large number of seamen have won the distinction, however, and that in ways quite as thrilling if altogether different from those here recounted.

Four years ago the soldiers and sailors who had been honored by their country to the extent of receiving this her highest reward for gallantry, formed themselves into a Medal of Honor Legion which holds annual conventions and endeavors in every way to preserve the spirit of chivalry and good comradeship for which it stands. The order's constitution solemnly declares that "the greatest fact in modern history is the preservation of the Union and the Constitution and we are grateful to Almighty God for having by our efforts aided in its accomplishment.'' The members of this body are mindful, if the lay world is not, that the Medal of Honor is an insignia of really heroic meaning.

The story of the adoption of a new Medal of Honor is best told as Major General Gillespie tells it in two letters to the editor of the National Magazine. In the first, dated Washington, D. C., December 1, 1904, he says:

> "I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November 28th, enclosing a clipping from the New York Tribune, which, as you state, contains what purports to be a 'facsimile of the new medal designed by you and adopted by Congress, or the Department.' You ask if this Tribune representation of the Medal is a correct one.
>
> "In reply to your letter, I beg to say that the Act of Congress of April 23, 1904, authorizes the manufacture of a Medal of Honor on improved design, to be presented by direction of the President, and in the name of Congress, to such officers, noncommissioned officers, and privates as have most distinguished, or may hereafter most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action. The

MAJOR GENERAL GILLESPIE

improved design, as contemplated in the act, has been made as the result of the combined efforts of General Porter, our Ambassador to France, and myself, and has received the approval of the Secretary of War, to whom has been delegated authority to issue the medals in the name of the president.

"I do not know where the New York Tribune got its copy of this medal, as no photograph has ever been made of it. Possibly it is a freehand drawing of the original, and while approximately accurate, is not absolutely so. Since the receipt of your letter, I have directed a photograph to be taken of the improved medal, now in the hands of Bailey, Banks and Biddle of Philadelphia, and on its receipt will send you a copy.

"The statement that the new design has been patented by me is correct, and I have, by proper papers, transferred the Letters-Patent to the Legion of the Medal of Honor, the headquarters of which are in this city, to insure the exclusive use of this particular design to veterans.

"The present number of wearers of the Medal of Honor is 2,569, as taken from the records of the Military Secretary's Office."

In the second letter, dated February 13, 1905, General Gillespie says:

"Referring to your letter of December 7th, 1904, I send you at your request a photographic copy of the new Medal of Honor. Its general description is as follows:

"The body of the medal is of silver and electroplated in gold, giving a surface appearance of dead gold. The ivy wreath and the oak leaves are enameled in green. The star, the head of Minerva (heroic) is to be of raised work; the words 'United States of America' and 'Valor' are to be raised block letters. Referring to the original medal, you will observe that the metal embraced between the bases of the prongs of the star and the wreath has been cut away to emphasize more particularly the wreath; the ribbon is to be of blue silk, a shade darker than that of the Cincinnati, with thirteen white stars interwoven, representing the thirteen original states, and it is to be attached to the beak of the eagle. The eagle and the bar on which it rests are to be in one piece and to be attached to the star by two small rings as indicated. The name of the person receiving the medal and the service rendered are to be engraved on the back of the medal, made smooth for that purpose.

"In the dress uniform the medal will be suspended one inch below the openening in the collar by means of a ribbon around the neck which passes between the interval of the two hooks of the coat collar, the ribbon being pulled out so as to give it a fluted form. To effect this the bar shown on top of the present medal hanging is detachable; the bar will only be used when the medal is to be attached to the coat by means of a pin. The rosette is hexagonal in form, made of the same color as the medal ribbon, likewise showing inside the thirteen stars.

"I have a letter from General Porter today, in which he says that this improved medal is, in the estimate of the medal artists at Paris, 'the handsomest medal given by any country.'"

THE PAPER DOLL PEOPLE

THE STORY OF LITTLE POLLY

By ETHEL ARMES

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

THE Paper Doll People lived 'way upstairs in little Mary's bedroom. This was like a big, enormous world to them. The floor was the wide, deep ocean. The dark blue rug, with wreaths of green leaves on it, by Mary's brass bed, was a reef of coral islands. The bed itself, with its clean white spread, was a long, high mountain range, snow all over, and the pillow at the head was a great white stone peak. The bureau and the washstand were the United States of America and Tennallytown. The ruffled window curtains were white clouds floating down from the blue painted ceiling which was the sky. A window box full of rose geraniums was an enchanted garden, and Mary's round, silver hand-glass, with pretty green moss fixed on the sides, was the tiny little lake in the garden, where the Paper Doll People could go wading if they liked, or fishing, or swimming, or rowing in a little paper boat. All outside the windows was make-believe. Only the room itself was the real and true world, and the Paper Doll People, so Mary often told them, the only real and true human beings living.

The most interesting person among the Paper Doll People was a little girl named Polly. This was Mary's own nickname. Polly was ten years old like Mary was, and she had a pink dress and lace and embroidery on her petticoat like Mary wanted to have, but didn't. She had a sash, too, and it was painted pink like her pretty little dress, for pink was Mary's favorite color.

Polly was the pet of the Paper Doll People and of all the world. Polly had no sisters or brothers, so she could always have the whole of everything she wanted. She was an orphan, so she could always do exactly as she pleased, and have her own way entirely about all things. She could eat between meals as much as she liked, and then have her meals all chocolate cake and custard and vanilla ice cream and candy with nuts, if she liked. She never had to go to bed unless she was sleepy, nor did she have to get up if she didn't want to, and she could sleep in her dear pink dress. She was the owner of the coral islands and the enchanted garden, but she lived in a great big boat that went just by itself for wishing. Billy had helped Mary make this boat.

It was made out of half of a broken checker-board turned upside down, so as to have a railing for the deck. The cabin for Polly to sleep in was made out of a cigar box, with the lid propped up with sticks to make a little porch and have it nice and shady. A tin kitchen for Mammy Liza to cook in was at the back, while the table to eat off of was under the cabin porch, so they could always look out on the ocean and the sky and all the world while they ate.

Little chairs to sit on and lie down in, made out of pasteboard, were all around the deck. Little paper lifeboats, in case of wrecks, which Polly had as often as she could, were hooked on the sides with hooks and eyes. Little harpoons, some of Mamma's hairpins, to catch sharks and whales, were in them. Then there were two little toy cannons, from Jack's soldier set, placed in the bow of the boat to shoot bad enemies, bad natives and bad wild beastses, in case there ever were any. There was a lookout bridge on top of the cabin, where Polly used to stay in the daytime. An iron ladder, from Billy's fire-engine set he got Christmas, went up on top of this, so Polly learned to climb like a real and true sailor.

She did have two little black sailors, Mammy's children, Jake and Jim, who did all the work and jumped when Polly spoke and obeyed every word she said right straight off, because they had to; old Mammy Liza made them.

So Polly lived exactly as she liked to live and had everything in the world she wanted. She spent her time sailing around the world, butting into terrible black rocks that were empty ink bottles in the floor, having narrow excapes and strange a'ventures and seeing the most curious things.

The Paper Doll mothers loved her better than any of their own children. All they ever talked about was her and the esciting and wonderful things that were always happening to her. Polly had given every family a telexcope, each one made out of an empty cartridge which Billy had picked up on Fort Reno, so the people could always see Polly, both day and night, and all that she was doing, and praise her for it.

She visited around among them and brought them beautiful presents from the foreign lands and told them all about herself.

They looked up to her because she was so brave and because she always wore pink and had lace and embroidery on her petticoat and because she could i'vite them to go places.

And Polly often did i'vite them. Whenever she went on a most especially long voyage, she invited a number of the Paper Doll People, providing they did exactly as she told them and suited her in all ways. If one of them, even one of Mrs. Augustus Montmorency's children, ever criticised her to her face or said anything mean about her behind her back, she put them right off her boat. She liked to get praise all of the time and be the only one who got it. She liked to be loved the most and be the only one noticed ever, or ever mentioned or ever talked about, and she was, too.

Her boat was named The Great Discoverer. Sometimes it used to drop anchor in the harbor near Tenallytown. The harbor was under a chair, whose legs and rounds were to Polly four great trunks of trees with straight-out branches. Swings, see-saws and ropes and trapeezies were put on these branches, so Polly and her friends could have fun and narrow excapes near shore. All of these went right over the deepest part of the ocean, so it was a risky thing to swing and only the brave could do it.

Nobody dared go so high or swing so far out as Polly. The other Paper Doll children would stand around with their mouths open and look at all that Polly did. Polly would say:

"Now watch me. See me go 'way out and hang on with just my legs."

And they would say: "Oh, Polly, Polly! You are so brave!"

"That's nothing!" Polly always answered, "I could climb higher nen that an' higher still, an' could hang on with just one finger, if I liked!"

The wealthy Mrs. Augustus Montmorency, who, with her stylish husband and three stylish daughters, inhabited the top of the bureau and had the silver hair brush for a sofa in her parlor, would look through her telexcope and say:

"Oh, mercy! Did you ever see anything like that child? She does such wonderful, inhancible things!"

The poor Mrs. Alexander Courteney, a widow with eleven children, who inhabited the washstand and did sewing for her profession, would take off her spectacles and wring her hands and cry:

"Oh, that child will get killed! She is a marblous child!"

Mrs. Oswald Van Dyke, who with her fashionable young son and beautiful debutante daughter, inhabited two Paris hat boxes next door to the United States of America, would raise her eyebrows and fan quite hard and say: "Dearie me! Have you seen what little Polly is doing? She is a mos' remarkable genus!"

Polly could hear all these things said, and they made her feel just like Jack's turkey felt when it was being stuffed for Thanksgiving. Sometimes she felt so proud she could hardly take any breaths.

It was Mary's idea that Polly as well as herself should become as tough as Billy was, and Billy was tough, so she helped train Polly, but Polly did lots of it herself.

One time Polly took some of the other Paper Doll People, among them Miss Van Dyck, up on top of the mountain range. The name of this was the Alps, after a place in geography that Mary learned at the Sisters' School. The soap dish, turned sideways, was a snow-white monastree 'way up on the high peak of the mountain range. A black rope ladder, which was Mary's comb, went up to this from the steep presapiece. There were presapieces all over the range, for Mary used to bunch up the bedspread into terrible high mountains and kanyons and valleys, and fearful dark rabines; and all so cold! So cold! Two fat little black spools were the monks in charge of the monastree and some buttons from Papa's coat were the St. Bernard dogs who saved starving and frozen travelers.

Miss Van Dyck wore a ball gown with a long train and high-heeled French slippers. She was always falling down the presapieces into the snowdrifts, and the Courteney children were always getting lost in the fearful dark rabines. But Polly called out all the St. Bernard dogs, and after many troublous days, which would be hours to live people, they reached the monastree.

The good little monks had a fire burning for them to get warm by and some cottage pudding with wine sauce and a roly-poly full of peaches for them to eat. After they said their prayers, they went to sleep, and the little monks blessed them and walked outside all night in the cold, to keep away wild beastses, in case any came.

In the morning there were three blizzards, four hurricanes, sixteen whirlwinds and twenty tornadoes — all made with Mary's Japanese fan. The Alps could not be crossed. The fire and food gave out. The Paper Doll People had a narrow excape from starvation. They would have died of starvation if Polly had not taken two of the dogs and gone through the snowdrifts, all by herself to her boat and got a sled (a little match box) full of chocolate and cream cake for them to eat.

Then the sun came out. They had a farewell party in the monastree, then they slid down the high peak and danced over the ridges to the Great Discoverer, and went home again to tell their mothers all about it! Miss Van Dyck's pompadour was spoiled, however, and she said she would never go any more, and Polly said she needn't; she wouldn't be missed.

Then another time, not long after, Polly took the Paper Doll People to the coral islands. On the way they passed the closet, which was the robbers' cave.

"Only they are good robbers," Polly told the eleven Courteney children. They were friends of hers, she said. They were, too, because Polly admired them a great deal and showed she did. She thought they were a very smart speshus of men. She used to listen to their stories of how they got into the houses of Mrs. Van Dyck and Mrs. Montmorency, and she would praise them up for getting hold of so much. Only the brave could do it, she thought. These robbers, who were toothpicks tied with red ribbons, had shoe boxes for boats and prowleded the sea by night. They exchanged signals with the Great Discoverer as she sailed by on her way to the coral islands, and Polly gave three cheers for the robbers.

On the coral islands it was like playing follow my leader for the Paper Doll People, with Polly for the leader. She jumped over terrible quick whirlpools right into the middle of wild beastses. Some of them showed their teeth and growled, but Polly said:

"It's me, wild beastses; I am Polly," and the wild beastses licked her hands right off and liked her and would not bite her or any of her friends.

When the natives rushed up ready to shoot her with their bows and arrows, Polly held up her hands.

"I am Polly," she said, and the natives bowed politely at once and gave her pretty pink shells and said for her to come again.

"I thank you, natives; I will," Polly answered, and she gave each one a telexcope, so they also could watch her always after that.

She stayed on the center island for two weeks. The Paper Doll People had a tent made out of brown paper. They had fun on the coral islands and became well acquainted with all the gentle wild beastses and the good enemies and the nice natives.

The fashionable Mr. Oswald Van Dyck, Junior, was an object of some curiosity to them. Polly admired him very much, although he was pekular and you had to make believe he had what he hadn't, but Polly liked to do that. Mr. Van Dyck did not have any head whatever. He was really just a suit of clothes, but he was a velvet suit with lace on the collar and cuffs. Mary, who had great trouble in finding gentlemen paper dolls, had cut him out of an advertisement just as he was, and Polly was very well satisfied. Mrs. Montmorency and the others referred to him sometimes as being afflicted, but they all liked his velvet clothes and felt proud if he came to any of their parties, because he was so esclusive.

The natives did not think so much of him, however, and Polly was obliged to guard him closely to keep him from being ducked.

Sometime after the visit to the islands, Polly went to the enchanted garden. She went here all alone. She had to climb up to the windowsill by way of the clouds, then, crossing a bridge of the clouds, she was there.

She lay down on the moss by the little lakes, under a geranium leaf, and half closed her eyes. The sun came smiling at her through the green leaf.

"Dear sun," whispered Polly, and she threw a kiss to him. He was a friend of hers, too. And the blue mother sky 'way out doors was, and the white baby clouds were, and the birds and the wind —the wind—

"Oh, my wind, my dear wind!" Polly cried and she opened her eyes. All the geraniums were bowing to her. She climbed up the stalk of the one nearest to her. She hid her face in the flower and it moved—it moved, blown in the wind. How nice it felt to be moved by the wind! Little Mary was also looking at all outdoors with Polly, her face in flowers, too—her breath breathing in the nice cool wind, too.

"Polly!" she cried, "I will do it! I will let you go outside the world into all outdoors. I will let you take them. I will let you see it!"

Polly laughed from gladness. She jumped out of her enchanted garden as quick as a tiny little grasshopper, back on the curtains, that were clouds, and down once more among the Paper Doll People.

And she told them they could see outdoors, outside of the world, at last.

"Polly," little Mary said that night to her, "I will tell you how is the way to get there. It is a long, long way there. The ocean runs out into a deep, dark tunnel, then falls down a terrible roaring waterfall into another deep, dark tunnel, then down another terrible roaring waterfall into another deep dark tunnel, then out of a gate into a canal that goes all 'round and runs down some rocks into a river. An' the river is bigger nen the ocean. It runs into big enormous treesful of white flowers and leaves as big as you are, Polly, and all through millions of green towers straight up in the air, and real and true wild beastses and—and—everything else, Polly. Do you think you'll be afraid?"

"See me!" was all Polly said.

So she went around to estribute the invitations.

"I will need a deeper boat than mine," she said to Mrs. Van Dyck, "so I will take your house."

The two Paris hat boxes were fitted up for the long voyage. New curtains were pinned to the windows and the doors were pasted over with paper to keep the water out. All of the People went except Miss Van Dyck, who said she preferred to stay at Mrs. Montmorency's, where she could have a looking-glass and keep her pompadour in order.

And they started. Little Mary was the pilot of the ship. She pulled it by a string slowly out of her room, slowly into the dark hallway, then down the steps, one step at a time, for the stairway was the roaring waterfall full of rocks and lined on one side by stiff black trees which long ago were struck by lightning and all the leaves burned away, so Mary told Polly about the bannisters. The Paper Doll People were afraid to breathe. Polly herself was scared, but she said she wasn't. Still, to leave the world and go out into dark space like this, like this, only the brave could do it!

At last the canal. This was the porch around Mary's house. Then came the river. The river was quite different from the ocean. There was nothing wooden about the river. It was a road that ran from the porch of Mary's house, down under rows of maple trees and stopped at a big stone gate which led into forever. At the very beginning of the river stood the tree with white flowers and leaves big as the People themselves. It was a cherry tree. . Billy had made a seat up in the cherry tree and what he called a dancing pavilion for the Paper Doll People in case they ever should give a church picnic.

The long grasses that were the millions of towers were builded all over everywhere. 'Way high up, higher than a thousand grown-up ladders could reach, was the blue sky. It looked down at the ship of the Paper Doll People through the white flowers of the cherry tree. There was no telling what adventures the People might have had, but suddenly a little frowning cloud got mad and ran away from the mother sky, like a bad boy, and it began all at once to blow and blow.

"The wind! The wind!" Mary screamed, and threw her little pink calico apron over the ship of the Paper Doll People.

"Don't blow so hard, wind! Stop! Stop! Stop!" she cried.

But it did not stop. Little Polly was on the roof of the ship — she always would get on high places—and Mary's apron missed her.

It missed her!

The wind got her!

It got her! It picked her up like a feather, and away down the river it carried her, toward the big stone gate. Mary let the ship go, let the people go. She ran after Polly.

"Don't go away with the wind, Polly!" she cried. "Stay with me! I love you, Polly!"

And Polly stopped. One second she stopped. She lit on top of a tower, like a tiny little trembling butterfly. Then the tower leaned low and the wind lifted her and blew away, away, down the river.

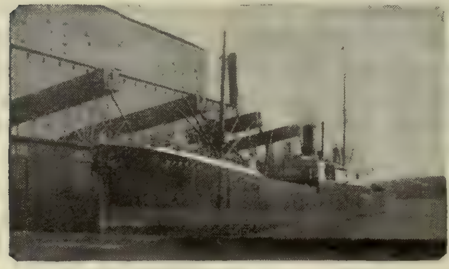
There was a flash of pink—one last flash—and out of the big stone gate flew Polly with the wind, out of the big stone gate far on, far on into forever.

THROUGH EUROPE ON $100

A SUGGESTION TO COLLEGE MEN

By WALTER M. PRATT

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



THE BARROWMORE, CATTLE SHIP

"HOW can I spend my vacation to the best advantage?" is a question which is always new, and unanswered, to the College Man. Many, by necessity, have this question answered for them; there is no alternative, they must work to earn money to assist in carrying on their education. However, the majority can spend their time as they choose, providing their choice is not too expensive. There are, of course, those to whom money is no object. This article is written as a suggestion to those to whom money is an object, and to show how much can be accomplished with a small amount.

Having spent Summers camping, cruising and at hotels in the mountains and at the shore, I resolved to break away from this monotony and finally decided that I would go to Europe. One hundred dollars was all I could afford to spend, and as this would barely pay my passage, I resolved that I would work my way. Fortunately I was able to interest a college friend in my plans to the extent that he finally decided to take his chances with me.

Having finally decided to go, the following advertisement in a Boston paper naturally attracted my attention:

> "WANTED:– Cattlemen; 100 men this week to feed cattle on steamers for Liverpool and London, four sailings. Call and reserve places. Free return ticket. J. C. Ballem, 232 Commercial Street."

The first steamer to leave was the S. S. Barrowmore, Johnson Line, 400 horsepower, 2,418 regular tonnage, sailing from Boston in four days. Turning our money into American Express checks and taking an entire change of clothing, the oldest we owned, and a few absolute necessities, and presented ourselves at the company's docks at five o'clock on the morning of sailing, July 22.

The Barrowmore being the oldest boat of its kind in commission, we found little trouble in getting signed on, so that when the lines were cast off at high tide, which was about seven o'clock, and the Barrowmore cast her thick, black nose to the East, rolling grandly with her unsettled load, there were on board two young men who were doing a lot of thinking and no little worrying. The old proverb, "Look before you leap," came back with startling rapidity, but there was no back door out of which we might slide now if we wished.

Instead of being allowed to see Boston harbor on the way out, we were hustled below, for there were 465 Canadian steers to be tied into place, and only thirteen unlucky cattlemen to do the trick, including three bosses and the head cattleman. A bullock at any time is not the easiest of animals to round up and tie into place; infuriated by his trip from the freight yard to and aboard the ship, he is a caution. However, there was just enough danger connected with our task to make it interesting, and exciting, and before it was completed and we stopped to rest, the day was nearly spent and Highland Light was disappearing beneath the horizon.

From the time the advance guard of the half-wild beasts clattered out of the cars, across the docks and up the narrow chute, until by clips and forks and tail-twisting the last burly brute was forced into place, there was not a moment's rest. The incessant "Hi, you!" and crash of broken stanchions, as the wild-eyed creatures were driven down the aisle and shunted behind the boards; the yells and bellows, and above all the constant cursing of the foreman, can never be forgotten.

At seven o'clock we were only too glad to turn in, and yet this statement is not correct, as we did not turn in; the night being fine, we slept on deck in preference to a bunk in the room reserved for cattlemen. This room (or more correctly, closet, as its dimensions did not exceed eight by fifteen feet) is worthy of description, as it was fearfully and wonderfully constructed. It was located amidships on the starboard side of the lower deck, wedged in between the ship's outer wall and the partition that shut off the furnace shaft. It had two tiers of bunks on either side, three in a tier, and one tier at the end, fifteen in all, no ventilation but the door, and no light. I call attention to these facts so that our sleeping on deck will not be wondered at.

In this room the thirteen cattlemen were supposed to sleep. Now the average cattle "stiff"—this is the name dubbed cattlemen by all at sea—is, as a rule, a pretty hard specimen, unless he is a college man.

After sizing up the situation pretty thoroughly, we secured several bales of hay, and placing them parallel about eighteen inches apart, we put others on top, and wrapping ourselves in blankets, crawled into the openings and slept until the next morning as soundly as if in our beds at home. Long before sunrise, or to be exact, at four o'clock, we were awakened by a kick and told it was time to get to work. First the cattle were watered. In the modern boats this is an easy matter, as water is run through troughs to them, but on the Barrowmore it was accomplished by a few buckets and a lot of manual labor. Each steer drinks from three to five pails in the morning. Think it over and you will see that there were something like two thousand pails of water to be carried from amidship.

At any time it is not the easiest of propositions to pass in semi-darkness through a two-foot alley with rows of horns on either side, but with a pail of water in each hand and a good-sized sea on it is about the "limit."

After two hours of this work on an empty stomach came the daily task of hoisting forty to fifty bales of hay and a large number of sacks of corn from the hold. On the modern boats the block and tackle is worked by a dummy engine, but on the Barrowmore our muscle furnished the power. Half the bales were opened and the hay fed to the cattle, after which we were allowed to stop for breakfast, it being by this time at least nine o'clock.

Each cattleman was given a tin pail, cup and knife and fork, which he was responsible for until returned at the end of the trip. We were then allowed to go to the galley and get our pan of pork and pail of "scouse," and an apology for coffee with molasses for sweeting. This bill of fare was occasionally varied with "salt horse." In addition we had a loaf of bread every other day with cottolene for butter. It is no exaggeration to say that there was much more care taken for the comfort and the food of the cattle than for the men who attended them. It is the one object of the head cattleman to land his charge well and fat, even if he has to do it at the expense of one or two "stiffs."

"WE SNAPPED A PICTURE OF A SQUARE-RIGGED BARK"

Our foreman was a big, sharp-eyed, quick-tempered, but generally good-natured man. On a previous trip he had sent an awkward young stiff forward for a pitchfork. The boy fell overboard and was drowned before the vessel could be stopped. The foreman swore for three days because he had taken the pitchfork with him. Another story was told of a dispute with a stiff because he could not work, being terribly sick. The foreman kicked him with such force that two ribs were broken. Naturally, with such a reputation, the cattlemen obeyed him promptly.

After our breakfast we fed the cattle with corn, then cleaned the bins out and swept the alleys. This work brought the time up to one o'clock, when we had dinner. At three o'clock we again fed the animals with hay, and after distributing the two thousand pails of water the second time, ate supper and turned in.

The same program was repeated day after day with sickening regularity. It is not my purpose to discourage any intending to take this means of earning a passage; I merely wish to impress upon them that it is no "snap," and to suggest that if possible some arrangement be made with one of the officers, or the steward, for a cabin, as sleep is essential to keep up one's strength and to prevent sickness.

The monotony was broken each day by some incident. The second day we passed close to a big Cunarder, and at sunset snapped a picture of a square-rigged bark, which made a beautiful sight in the reflection of a magnificent sunset.

The third day a school of walruses, many sharks and kingbirds were seen.

On the fifth day there were indications that a storm was approaching. The next night it broke upon us with all its force. At the time we little realized that it was the tail-end of a terrible Porto Rican hurricane. Upon the bridge they may have had some inkling of what was coming.

Fortunately for us, we had been driven from our open-air berths on the upper deck by the thick fog the night previous, and had found a place near the bunker-hatch on the deck below. About midnight we were routed from sleep by the splash and crash of tons of water coming over the hatch near us. Sitting up, we found the Barrowmore had listed badly to the starboard, a heavy sea was running, and we could hear the wind howl above us. All this, together with the moanings of the terrified cattle, heaving and pulling and crushing, powerless to resist bumping against each other at every cant of the ship, was enough to strike terror to hearts of much more experience than our own.

The remainder of the night was spent on top of a pile of jumbo rolls of newspaper. This position was only retained at times by clinging to an upright stanchion. Here we were at least out of the water which piled in at every roll of the ship, and which at times was more than a foot deep on our deck. As morning approached the storm increased until it seemed that the ship must give in to the elements. As we lay clinging to our places hour after hour in pitch darkness, expecting at any moment that the great rolls under us would shift, thoughts of home would flash across our minds, and inwardly we resolved that if ever we reached that bright, gay country again, we would never leave.

I could continue, and tell how for three days and three nights, wet to the skin and weak from loss of sleep, we took care of the cattle; how before the third day the boilers gave out, and we found ourselves drifting in mid-ocean at the mercy of the waves, which had been lashed into great mountains by the fury of the storm, but, as Kipling would say, "that's another story." It is enough to say that the storm and repairs delayed us four days and brought the time up to the fourteenth day, when the Scillys were sighted. The next day we passed Brighton, Southampton and Dover, and anchored off Gravesend for the night. In the morning the old Barrowmore, badly battered and with a dizzy list to the starboard, steamed slowly up the river Thames, and after discharging the cattle into the landing stage at Dephford passed through the Royal Albert docks to her berth in the Victoria docks. In the excitement and strangeness of this day the hardships of the trip were soon forgotten.

There were clustered together ships from every corner of the world, flying the flags of every nation. The many "P. and O." (Pacific and Oriental) boats, crowded with Hindoos, were perhaps the most interesting, although it is hard to state which of the miles of vessels appealed most to us.

It was afternoon before we had landed and had passed the customs and were hurrying uptown to the steamship company's office to get our certificate of discharge, return card, and last but not least, our hard-earned one pound four shillings. Here we were finally in London, over three thousand miles from home, our one hundred dollars still untouched and nearly six dollars to the good. We had by mail engaged a room at the Hotel Cumberland, a refined but inexpensive hostelry in the West End, to which place we at once wended our way, and shortly after dinner we retired.

The accomplishments of the next day we are justly proud of, as the writer doubts if two sight-seers ever accomplished more. We awoke before sunrise, from force of habit, and wishing to improve every moment took a walk which terminated at the Chelsea Embankment. Returning to the hotel by tramway, we had breakfast and left at nine-thirty for Kensington Gardens, snapping a picture of the Natural History Museum in passing.

From the gardens we walked through Hyde Park and Green Park, and took a picture of Buckingham Palace, then across St. James Park and passed down Bird Cage Walk to Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Perhaps an hour was spent in the Abbey — a week could be absorbed and all not seen. A few minutes were spent on the Victoria Embankment, watching the many pleasure crafts travel up and down the Thames. After a good look at Cleopatra's Needle, we proceeded past the Hotel Metropole to Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, where we visited the National Gallery and ad-

A GLIMPSE OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

mired the celebrated lions at the base of Nelson's monument; continuing our tour down the Strand, passing the Hotel Cecil, we turned up Wellington street and soon reached the British Museum.

Our next stop was Regent's Park, where we visited the Zoological and Botanical Gardens and then stopped at Madam Tussaud's world-famous exhibit of waxworks. Here we had a late lunch in the adjoining cafe.

Up to now I have not mentioned that the day was a bank holiday, and so we were not alone in our sight-seeing, each place of interest being well patronized by the toilers at play, offering us an excellent opportunity to study the people. The top-hatted city clerks, red-coated soldiers and the quiet English girls contrasted sharply with the country cousin on his annual visit to the metropolis.

From the cafe we took a tramcar to Picadilly Circus and walked down Picadilly to Rotten Row, where we spent an hour watching the beautiful turnouts pass in a continual procession, and in listening to the King's Band. It now being six o'clock, we took an underground train at Victoria station and were soon at Earl's Court, at which place is yearly held a kind of miniature world's fair. This great exposition, with its myriads of electric lights, its bands of music and its brilliant combinations of cafes, music halls and restaurants, was a fitting climax to our strenuous day. Earl's Court has to a large extent taken the place of the once famous Crystal Palace, which still attracts the rabble and many American tourists, while the fashionable West End visits the former.

THE CHALK CLIFFS OF ALBION

The next day we visited St. Paul's Cathedral, the most conspicuous building in London, and to the writer one of the most interesting in Europe; London Bridge, over which more than one hundred thousand people daily pass; the Tower of London, Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, Wellington's monument and many other places too numerous to mention, after which we ended the day by going to the Shaftesbury theater.

The third day we saw something of Stephney and Whitechapel and other notorious sections of the East End, and bought tickets for Dover, Calais, Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Rotterdam, The Hague, Hook of Holland, Harwich and London, for which we paid four pounds, eight shillings, five pence at one of the local touring agencies.

The next morning at nine o'clock we left Victoria station on the Daily Mail Express and in passing through Canterbury, stopped just long enough in that ecclesiastical city to get a view of the celebrated cathedral, and saw something of the numerous remains of buildings connected with the church with which the city abounds at the present day. At ten-forty-three we arrived at Dover, a distance of seventy-eight miles, at once went aboard the steamship Saxon, and in less than ten minutes were on our way across the channel. As the shores receded the old Dover castle and the celebrated chalk cliffs united in forming a striking and extremely attractive picture.

The trip from Dover to Calais affords the shortest distance but, as a rule, the roughest water of any of the numerous routes from London to Paris. The boats are excellent, the distance is twenty-two miles and the time required to make the trip seventy-five minutes. Before Dover or even Folkestone were lost to view, the French coast commenced to loom up and Calais light appeared in the distance.

At Calais there was little to attract our attention other than it being our first French town. As soon as we had done our duty to the Republic Inland Revenue, we boarded a train, and at twelve-thirty were again on our way to Paris. Short stops were made at Boulogne, Abbeville and Amiens, at which latter place we secured luncheon.

Upon arriving in Paris at five o'clock, a distance of 285 miles from London, we first went to our hotel, the Hotel Du Paris, and then had dinner at an out-door cafe of which Paris has an astonishing number, many being fitted with colored electric lights, stained glass and artistic panels, supplying to a large extent the brilliancy which has made Paris famous.

After dinner and a short walk, we found ourselves listening to a military band in the courtyard of the Palais Royal, popular as a promenade and famous for its jewelry shops and past history. After passing a pleasant hour among the bazaars, and although fatigued by our day's trip, we made our way out of the south side of the Quadrangle, crossed Rue St. Honore, turned up Rue de Rivoli, and in less than half an hour we were in the Place de la Concord; crossed the open square close to the Obelisk, (which seemed in the darkness of the night and the brilliancy of the square to touch the overhanging clouds) and we were in the Champs Elysees. Here is to be found the Jardin de Paris, a public garden; admittance five francs. A popular but coarse entertainment is offered, consisting of vaudeville and dancing women, commencing at nine p. m. and continuing until one a. m. It derives its income principally from students and American and English tourists. One's first impression is that the state of affairs is terrible and should be looked into at once; but it is Paris, and it is amusing how soon the sights appear ordinary. Here we spent the evening, and to be candid it was nearer sunrise than midnight when the writer reached his hotel and retired, to dream of rolling vessels in the channel, rushing trains, cafes, boulevards and illuminations. However, at nine o'clock the next morning we were in the grillroom of our hotel trying to make our "garcon" understand what we meant by "H-O" and "Sunny Jim."

PLACE DE LA CONCORD, PARIS

During this our sixth day on shore we visited the Louvre, Notre Dame Cathedral, the Morgue (which is always open and generally well filled and where the idly curious smoke and chat and laugh over the terrible sights), the Hotel des Invalides, had luncheon in the Eiffel Tower, saw the Arc of Triumph, the Palace of Justice and watched the many fishermen who sat hour after hour upon the walls which line the river Seine and fish into the sluggish and dirty waters, never seeming to get a bite.

RIVER SEINE AND NAPOLEON BRIDGE

The public wash-houses, which appear at frequent intervals along the river, are very interesting. Here the poor bring washing, and, unprotected from the gaze of the unsympathetic public crossing the various bridges, earn their living.

In the evening we went to the Grand Opera, after which we visited the most noted bohemian resorts, the Moulin Rouge and the Bal Bullier, and saw something of the Latin quarter, swarmed with women who from one year's end to the other seldom see the sun; whose days begin at midnight and whose minds, bodies and souls belong to the devil.

The next morning was spent in driving about Paris and in visiting the Bon Marche and other wonderful shops and department stores. At one o'clock we left Paris for Brussels, crossing the frontier at Feignies, and arrived at our destination at five o'clock.

Supposing our hotel to be but a few blocks away, we secured a public servant to carry our dress-suit cases, camera, etc., and started to walk. Our man took the lead, assuring us that it was, as he expressed it, but a step. At times we were compelled almost to run to keep him in sight; up one street and down another in rapid succession we hustled, and finally, after an hour's chase, we arrived in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel. Upon asking our guide how much he wished for his services he replied, "Ten centimes," or the equivalent of two cents in American money.

After dinner we walked the length of the Boulevard du Nord and then visited the Palais D' Ete, which was, to quote the "noisy" show cards on the outside, "the finest music hall in Belgium." Here we spent the evening listening to the band play "Ta ra ra boom de ay," "A Hot Time" and similar selections, with as much enjoyment as though they were not ancient history at home. The attendance, both in hall and promenade, was, as near as we could judge, of a high order. Soldiers in their well-fitting and becoming uniforms predominated; ladies and gentlemen were in full evening dress, and there seemed to be an utter lack of any questionable persons. The dazzling display of lights, the music and the gay uniforms all combined to make a picture long to be remembered.

The next day being Sunday, we attended church at the Cathedral St. Michael, and later in the day visited Hotel De Ville, Royal Palace, Palace of Justice, saw the Bourse from the exterior, and walked and rode about the many parks and boulevards of the city. We were so favorably impressed with this pretty capital that it was with reluctance that we left the next morning at nine o'clock for Antwerp, in order to be present at the great Van Dyke Tercentenary, to which half the people of Belgium had thronged.

Upon arriving shortly before noon, we found there was barely standing room on the pavements and not more than moving space between them. At two o'clock the great procession commenced to move, and so interesting did it prove that the two hours which it took to pass seemed but a few minutes. It is to the Continent that one must go for the old traditions and magnificence in such proceedings. In America we have not the spirit of out-door shows. Very good attempts are made in the West at times, especially in Los Angeles, California, some of which the writer has been fortunate enough to witness, but they are not to be compared with this Antwerp procession.

It consisted of a prelude of ten tableaux, each with an immense symbolic car, any one of which would have formed by itself a respectable procession. A huge whale led the line, spouting this way and that at the direction of a cupid seated on its head. Dolphins followed and a full-rigged ship filled with sailors. Then came a giant and giantess, figures apparently dear to the hearts of the populace. After these came a view of art across the centuries. Egypt first: harpists, singers and dancers in bright colors, followed by a huge Sphinx and a many-colored temple with priests before its altar, after which were represented,—each in turn and each in a way as elaborate,—Assyria, Greece, Arabia, etc., until Gothic art was reached, and so on to Dutch art and Van Dyke.

Anything more artistic and complete would be difficult to imagine. Thousands took part in it, and the music accompanying each tableaux was appropriate to its age. The costumes were wonderful and the cars quite filled the narrow streets and in many instances reached to the topmost windows.

In the evening the illuminations were wonderful. There was more light than New York shows on election night, and it was better and more artistically used. Both sides of the popular streets displayed an almost continuous stream of fire; lines of tiny gas jets, festoons of electric bulbs and hidden flames that reflected a crown of light above the roofs formed a decoration that was clear and resplendent. There were no vivid outbreaks of dazzling searchlights; house joined house in a persistent chain of flame. We could not be blamed for keeping late hours looking at a sight so pretty and so rare.

The crowds somewhat hampered us the next day in our sight-seeing. However, we got a very good idea of the gigantic port, saw something of the museums and visited the churches, which are so many museums in themselves.

At noon my companion and myself parted company; he starting back to London by way of Ostend, in order to be back in time for the Barrowmore's sailing, while I left for The Hague by way of Rotterdam, in which place I spent several pleasant hours driving about the city.

Upon reaching The Hague at about eight o'clock, I found that through carelessness I had failed to clear my baggage at Roosendaal, the frontier town into the Netherlands, and of course my baggage was being held. Finally, after much trouble and no end of "red tape," the customs officials agreed to forward it under bond. From the depot I at once went to the Hotel Marechal de Turenne, where I was fortunate enough to secure a front room, and, being much fatigued, retired. I awoke bright and early, and such a sight met my eyes upon looking out of my windows: a perfect adjustment of space and proportion; nothing jarred and nothing was out of harmony. In front ran a canal, on the

BOULEVARD DU NORD BRUSSELS

"WE SAW SOMETHING OF THE MUSEUMS"

further side of which stood a row of crooked houses, gable ends to the street, each with a little slanting mirror fastened outside its windows. Here and there in the distance the arms of windmills were silently flapping, like great seagulls alighting, and in every direction a singular mingling of trees, masts and red-tiled roofs.

In the street below were numerous Dutchmen in clumsy wooden sabots and baggy breeches, a water-carrier with his funny yoke, from which were suspended water-tubs, and several carts drawn by dogs so small as to be ridiculously out of proportion to their burdens; while in the canal were many boats, some hitched like horses to their owners' doorposts, while others were being slowly propelled up and down the canal. The red tiles of the roofs, the green foliage and the gaily painted boats with their white, yellow or chocolate sails, formed a color effect that was at first startling, then attractive and beautiful.

After enjoying this bewildering jumble of houses, boats and people for more than an hour, I descended to the cafe, had breakfast and was ready for my first day in Holland.

The morning was spent in visiting the Royal Museum, House of Lords, Royal Palace and the Prison Gate. About noon I took a double-deck tram from the Plein, that seemed to be the central point from which everything started, and after half an hour's ride through a most beautiful wooded boulevard, reached Scheveningen, the famous Dutch watering place. Here for several miles along the coast runs a paved boulevard lined with drinking gardens and music halls, immense in size and attractive in appearance. At low tide the white expanse is dotted with thousands of covered wicker chairs containing pleasure seekers. The portable bath-houses and the one-piece bathing suits cannot fail to amuse Americans. Here the afternoon and evening passed much too rapidly.

The next day was spent (until three o'clock) in visiting the Queen's Palace in the Woods, and in "butting" about the muddy canals which divide this attractive but silent and lifeless city into many islands. At three o'clock, having secured my bagagge from the customs officials, I left for the Hook of Holland. The view obtained from the car window made my ride seem short. Ditches, canals and ponds were to be seen everywhere, while in any direction windmills were visible, clustered together on the canal banks so close that their great arms almost touched as they revolved. Upon asking the use of so many, I learned that some were sawmills and some gristmills, but the principal use was for pumping water into the canals from the lowlands, as a large part of the country is below the level of the sea.

I could not help but think of the story told of the prisoner, in one corner of

"IN THE STREET BELOW WERE DOG-CARTS"

whose cell was placed a pump and in another an opening through which a steady stream of water was admitted. The prisoner had his choice: to stand still and drown or work for dear life at the pump. The Dutch always have pumped and always must pump to keep the ocean out.

At the Hook of Holland I boarded one of the Great Eastern Railroad steamers, and, after the usual rough trip of 101 miles across the North Sea, I arrived at six o'clock next morning at Harwich, England. Telegraphing my friend in London to meet me, I started on the first train, and at eight o'clock reached the city, a distance of about seventy miles, met my friend and found by good luck that the Barrowmore's sailing had been postponed until the following day at noon.

My friend having planned a trip to Hampton Court Palace for the day, I readily accompanied him, and soon found myself enjoying a pleasant sail up the Thames.

At Hampton Court the day was spent quietly among the state apartments, picture galleries and gardens, the mammoth and famous grape vine occupying our attention and wonder for some time.

At high tide the next day, with mingled regret and pleasure, we left for home. The return trip was uneventful. The course was over the southern route, in order to avoid icebergs, which commence to drift south in the late Summer. However, we were fortunate enough to get a good look at one in the distance. Having no assigned work we volunteered our services at odd jobs about the ship, and in so doing made friends with the captain and chief officer, who in return made privileged characters of us, giving us a stateroom in the cabin.

With plenty of good reading matter and many pleasant memories, the fourteen days passed quickly, and we were back in Boston before we realized it, after a trip of over seven thousand miles and an absence of forty-three days, during which fourteen cities and four foreign countries had been visited, at an exact cost of $100.

It seems to the writer that if many college men would take advantage of this way of spending a Summer vacation, investing the same amount of money spent in less time at Summer resorts, they would accomplish more and have a good experience long to be remembered.

"CANALS WERE TO BE SEEN EVERYWHERE"

THE SHEEP-KILLERS

By STANLEY WATERLOO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I

THE NIGHT DOGS

HID in the gloom of the thicket that droops by the pasture's fence,
Lurking amidst the brushwood, gliding through rushes dense,
They are creeping, the half-wise devils, near where the helpless sleep,—
Then, growling, they burst from the covert, and—death to the startled sheep!

They yelp not as they harry, for behind the blood-lust is fear,
And keen is the farmer's eyesight and the rifle is ever near,
But they swirl over bush and tussock—both wether and ewe are weak—
And the Dogs of the Night are tireless, and it's ever the throat they seek!

They have drunk from the throats of their victims till every maw is full;
Their jaws drip with the blood-slaver and their fangs are clogged with wool;
And each slinks to the distant kennel, to offer an honest face
When the farmer comes out to his milking and there's life about the place!

II

THE DAY DOGS

Where the haunts of men are crowded, where the few consult alone,
Where the maws of the richer clamor, where the wealth is overgrown,
There they lurk in the rug-spread office, hungry for witless sheep,
And then, when the flock is startled and suddenly waked, they leap!

They are smug, with rounded bellies, but they're tireless in the chase;
Their jaws have the blood and the wool tufts; they are fat—but they can race!
And, after the hunt, they are pious, and they give in a ponderous way;
But—they are one and one, the sheep-killers, the Dogs of the Night and the Day!

A COMEDY OF MASKS

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

Author of "The Law of Life"

NEW YORK CITY

(Publication of this story was begun in January)

IX

MARGARET BENTLEY was conscious of keen disappointment when, on Mrs. Craig's return from the house-party she was told that Diana had refused Sir Henry. She had hoped that her rival's engagement with the baronet would leave her free to announce within the course of a month her own engagement to Hartley. To keep such a diamond from the public gaze seemed almost a crime.

But the sting of Justin's avowal that he had never really loved her made her determined to frustrate an engagement between him and Diana. She immediately sent a letter to Croftfield Manor, saying that she missed him; that she was very lonely in London.

Justin read this message with a sinking of the heart, hating himself for his momentary compassion, the price of which was to be a lifetime's bondage. Yet he knew that it was not only compassion. A sense of humor had made him quick in his response to her claim of his promise.

It was a dreary and undignified tangle, to resign himself to which he would need all his stock of hopeless patience. The memory of Diana's voice when she said "Justin," and the memory of her face as she had last looked at him, haunted him with intolerable suggestions of rapturous bliss. He knew that it was but a part of her comedy, yet had he been free he would have given her his soul to be her toy forever, to break if she would, to cast away if she would; but broken, or bruised, or forgotten, hers always.

Between himself and Sir Henry there was growing up these days a real and vital friendship. The baronet, all unconscious that Justin was also a rejected suitor of Diana, yet felt the influence of a certain pensiveness in the young man's personality, as grateful to him in his wounded state as twilight to weary eyes. He divined that Justin, at some period, had joined the ranks of those who know spiritual suffering, as distinct an aristocracy as any ever created by kings. The two men, now alone together at the Manor, spent many hours in each other's society, in that kind of silent communion which is more fruitful of real and deep understanding than years of ordinary companionship. The American worked at his plans, the Englishman smoked, read or wrote. Both thought continually of Diana.

One day Sir Henry asked abruptly:

"When do you go back to the States, Morris?"

"As soon as these plans are finished."

"May I go with you?"

Justin looked up from his drawing-board with a curious questioning in his eyes.

"Go with me? I'd be delighted!"

"I've always wanted to see the States," Sir Henry said. "Most of us over here are unconscionably ignorant about them."

"Where would you like to go?" Justin asked, "to the United States or to New York."

"But my dear fellow, isn't your big city in the United States?"

Justin smiled.

"Geographically, yes, but you see we New Yorkers are an arrogant set, given to ignoring the bit of land beyond the North river."

"Bit of land! Don't you know how big your country is?"

Justin's smile deepened.

"It is rather big. Do you plan to travel through it?"

Sir Henry looked embarrassed.

"No, I think I will spend the most of my time in New York. Mrs. Craig has invited me to her country-seat, the Bishop to his town-house."

"Do not forget me. I have a room or two, a set of chambers, as they say over here. I'd like to put you up for as long as you would honor me."

"Thank you. I accept your invitation."

"Make my place your headquarters while you're in New York."

The warmth of Justin's tone was genuine though had he himself been free he would have conceded nothing to his rival but the chance of a fair contest. Being bound, and moreover liking Sir Henry, if he did not wish to see him rewarded, he would at least put no obstacle in his way. That the baronet was going over to renew his suit he had no doubt. Before leaving Croftfield Manor, Diana had announced her intention of sailing as soon as she could engage passage.

The next week Justin went up to London, agreeing to meet Sir Henry there just before they sailed.

His first visit was to Margaret. She met him without much demonstration of affection, for which he was profoundly grateful. In her light blue eyes was a gleam of queer humor.

"You ought to feel very proud," she said. "You are in the class with a baronet. Miss Mainwaring is looking for a duke, after all.

"Don't jest. I'm not in the mood for it, Margaret."

"But I am," she said lightly. "I wonder if the division of our married life will be the traditional difference of taste in jokes."

There was a curious independence in her manner, a half-mocking security which he could not quite understand, but attributed to his recapture. It increased the repulsion that the sight of her had again aroused in him. He wondered how he had ever fancied himself in love with her. In the very excess of his misery he wished some days to marry her and have it over, since that was the next inevitable step.

Diana and the Gaylords had sailed. Mrs. Craig, hearing of the baronet's visit of America, and interested in advancing Margaret's happiness, asked Justin to engage passage for the whole party, including the Bishop and Hartley, who had suddenly discovered that urgent business was awaiting him in New York.

Margaret began her voyage with a certain apprehension, not of the chief actors, but of the audience. She could cross the ocean in company with Hartley and Justin without betraying her double role. Hartley was blind because he loved her, Justin because he loved someone else. What she feared were the keen eyes of the Bishop, the kind intentions of Mrs. Craig. Sir Henry only counted through the prestige his rank gave to their little party. Margaret mentioned his name frequently to the passengers she chanced to meet.

The little banker, devouring his secret passion, as far as so rosy and comfortable a person could, was impatient for a voyage to be over in which he was daily in danger of betraying himself and Margaret, whose orders concerning this matter were strict. He, too, was beginning to find her inflexible, but he called it strength of character.

His fear of offending her by disobedience to her wishes led him to the opposite extreme. On the other hand, Justin paid her a certain amount of attention carried through each day as rigidly as a task. The baronet was not in the least interested in Margaret, whose precise manners seemed to him too exact for the best breeding, but he was deeply interested in Justin, and a close observer of him. Justin's punctilious and somewhat overdone courtesies to the young lady of the party did not therefore escape him, and he pondered over them because they held an inexplicable element. They were persistent and perfect enough to be worthy of an engaged man, yet the spirit back of them seemed aloof and unwilling. Moreover, Sir Henry could by no stretch of his imagination picture his friend in love with this colorless blonde, whose character seemed as indefinite as the tints of her skin.

Talking with Mrs. Craig one morning as they paced the deck together, the conversation drifted to Justin. After a few words in brief, keen praise of the young architect, Sir Henry asked, rather to dispel an unpleasant illusion than to confirm a fact, if he were engaged to Miss Bentley.

"About to be, if not already," Mrs. Craig answered, adding, "It will be a reengagement. It was broken off a year ago."

"Indeed?" said the baronet in the voice that asks for further information.

"Yes; she broke it, but she suffered terribly and I think came to realize that it was her own fault."

"Lovers' quarrels?" Sir Henry asked tentatively.

"No, she fancied disloyalty."

"Ah, another woman in the case."

Mrs. Craig paused a moment.

"Yes, another woman — Diana Mainwaring."

The color left Sir Henry's face. With a visible effort he said:

"She was jealous of Miss Mainwaring?"

"Without the slightest reason. She fancied Justin in love with Diana, a fancy confirmed, she thought, by an accidental meeting between the two, of which she was a witness. On impulse—most engaged girls are impulsive — she broke her engagement."

"And—and Miss Mainwaring?"

"She attracts such dramatic incidents, as a magnet steel; and she is no more to be blamed than the magnet. I have never known Diana when she wasn't living in a whirlpool of other people's emotions—she is the unmoved rock in the center. Even as a school-girl she was always creating tumults and looking calmly on."

Sir Henry pondered a moment, then stopped suddenly in his walk.

"May I speak to you as a friend?"

Mrs. Craig faced him, wondering what was coming.

"A man never takes a woman's 'no' as final, unless he is sure that she loves someone else—I am speaking, of course, of a woman of strong character who knows her own heart and her own mind. If he has that certainty, he retires from the field — it is his only honorable course; but he wants to be quite sure. Do you know whether—"

He paused embarrassed.

"Whether Diana is in love? I should think it very unlikely. I sometimes doubt her power to love."

"Then I know her better than you. I do not." He spoke with a calm certainty that seemed to Mrs. Craig a revelation of his essential nobleness of nature. He would not admit that paradox of Diana's personality, which made even her intimate friends sometimes regard her as heartless and cruel. Here was a knight who never doubted his lady, though her favors went to another.

"You think she could love? I wish, Sir Henry, you would teach her how. I have earnestly desired your happiness."

He bowed.

"I thank you from my heart. I would not take her 'no' as final: this," he added with a little attempt at humor, "is, therefore, a voyage of discovery."

Mrs. Craig thought of Diana's message of a year ago. At the time it had seemed to her only one of the girl's ever-ready jests. Now it awakened in her a questioning wonder. Did Diana sail away to discover the state of her own heart? Could it be that she loved Justin Morris?

The matron again decided that it could not be possible.

After this conversation the baronet watched Justin and Margaret closely. That the girl might be in love with him he could readily imagine; that Justin was in love with her seemed incompatible with his knowledge of the young man's character. Yet they had once been engaged. Now an engagement implies at least that the man thinks he is in love. So far was so good in Sir Henry's defence of his friend. Men as strong and as clear of mind as Justin had imagined themselves in love with unworthy women. The next step in the argument brought him, however, face to face with a rival. Justin, to judge by his curious manner to Margaret, had, at some time or other, discovered that he was not really in love with her. Margaret had suspected Diana as the agent of this emotional discovery. Sir Henry also suspected her.

That night he had unexpected light on the subject from a strange quarter. Pacing the deck with eyes dreamily directed far out over a phosphorescent sea, and thinking as usual of Diana, he was brought back to consciousness of his present surroundings by bumping against the fat figure of the banker rushing along eagerly, as if to an appointment, and hardly stopping to reply to Sir Henry's apologies. A few moments later the baronet was fated to stumble again upon Hartley, but this time in the way of a metaphor. Changing the direction of his walk to another quarter, he became suddenly aware of two figures embracing under the shadow of a lifeboat, a shadow not so deep as to conceal the round person of the banker and the slender silhouette of Margaret. At the sound of footsteps they jumped apart. Sir Henry swung around instantly and disappeared in the nearest darkness.

As far as his crucial question was concerned, the illumination afforded by this scene was chiefly negative. If Justin did not love Margaret, neither, apparently, did Margaret love him. Why, then, were they renewing an engagement to which neither of them brought, it would appear, even affection?

Why Margaret was embracing the banker — who seemed, by the way, a most suitable husband for her — Sir Henry did not particularly inquire of himself. She belonged to the type of woman, found in every rank of the social order, whose emotions, being unregulated, are without special significance.

The end of the voyage found the baronet only sure of two things: that he, himself, was wretched, and that Justin Morris was also in some kind of misery. The two men, stiff-backed and irrevocably reserved with each other, concerning all matters of the inner life, yet felt between them the bond of suffering.

❧

One afternoon a fortnight later, Sir Henry was awaiting Diana in the drawingroom of her city home. He looked worn and tired; depressed by the haunting certainty of her refusal and physically wearied by the close heat of an American Summer. The great city had made only a faint impression upon him; not because he was insular or unapreciative, but for the reason that, like all lovers, he carried his own world with him. Whether he were in New York or London, Constantinople or Alaska, all places would seem the same.

The rustle of Diana's skirts awoke him from a deep reverie. He rose and came forward to meet her with an odd, doglike look of devotion in his clear eyes: the look of one who, if he cannot be master, loves enough to be servant.

They talked for a few moments of conventional topics, the heat, the baronet's impressions of the town, his plans for sight-seeing; but he could not long remain in this aridity of the non-significant.

"You know, of course, why I am come to this country," he began abruptly. "You are America to me."

She smiled.

"A whole nation resting on the shoulders of one woman. That is not fair to her."

"I am come to ask you again to be my wife; to ask for your—love."

"And again to make me seem cruel," Diana said in a low voice. "Sir Henry, I would give much to be able to say 'yes,' but that is the word not of our will but of our destiny. To you I cannot say it."

His face blanched.

"Is there — forgive me — someone to whom you could say it?"

The misery in her face answered him.

The inevitable was full upon him. He knew through all his suffering that his own course now lay straight before him—a dreary road, but both by experience and inheritance he was trained in that habit of obedience which forbids the questioning of a plain duty. If her happiness must come through another than himself, his part was still to work for it, as long as it was in his power to do so—then, honorably to step off the stage which for him held but the role of honor.

"May I ask why it is that you—"

She interrupted him, seeming fearful of what he might say.

"There is no future for me, but the one I have today chosen."

"And what is that?"

"I am going to enter a sisterhood; to train myself for work among the poor."

"Impossible!"

Again the faint smile lit her face.

"Why impossible? Have I seemed such a pagan to you that you cannot imagine me in the atmosphere of religion or religious service?"

"Oh, no, that is not it! You are too vital, too strong, too beautiful—"

"For the religious life? Odd words from you, Sir Henry!"

He flushed.

"Between theory and practice a great gulf is fixed. Until I met you, I thought no woman too precious for the church. Now it seems to me that there are women whose lives would be most effective for the highest good in society, in the world. There were courtiers of King Charles the Martyr," he added, "who carried the aspirations of the saint into the very throne-room of the king. Van Dyke knew that, and when he painted their velvet and lace, their swords and gauntlets, he put into their eyes something which told it. You are like those courtiers, and you are needed in the world."

He had never spoken at such length to her, and the effort left him embarrassed. He arose and walked to the window, gazing out of it with unseeing eyes.

"So you think I ought to remain in the world?"

"I know you ought. The religious life, beautiful as it is, would inevitably become to you as a chain."

"If you are a prisoner, it is better to be chained to the highest—and not to the world. It is better to serve the poor than the rich."

She spoke with bitterness.

He turned and faced her.

"Is it inevitable—the chain?"

"Inevitable."

"When do you go to the sisters?"

"Next week. For some weeks I shall not even be a postulant; only a visitor—the Bishop thought it best. He, too, has been trying to dissuade me."

"May I ask on what grounds?"

"He wants my joy for the church, and that I cannot give him."

"You are not happy, then?" he asked, though he knew.

"My friend, only children and saints are happy. My childhood is long ago, and my sainthood is not begun."

He took her hand.

"May I entreat you to remain in the world? May I ask if there is any way I could aid in bringing happiness to you?"

"You are from the court of Charles," she answered smiling, "but there is nothing you can do; if you can, forgive me and remain my friend."

"There is nothing to forgive and much to bless you for," he said in a low, broken voice. "I desire your happiness above everything else."

"You are generous. You are noble," she cried. "Where I am going, I may learn at last how to be happy; that is, if the lesson is short enough for a lifetime."

He looked at her searchingly.

"If you are unhappy there must be a deep and vital reason. Could you trust me enough to tell me what it is?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"We should trust our friends only with our joys—that is, with pure gold—and leave the baser metal to the general guardianship."

"I would guard your gold."

"The treasury is empty."

"Let me guard, then, the treasury."

"You are a good and true man, Sir Henry. All that is in me of friendship is yours."

He took her extended hand and raised it to his lips.

"Heaven bless and keep you. I shall pray for your happiness."

He went away into the hot, dusty avenue, bearing with him the vision of her as she said farewell to him, a vision the years would not obscure. The dark, haunting eyes; the sweet, humorous mouth; the wistful, searching look; he would see these, he thought, against the dimness of death itself.

Many things were growing clear to him, his perceptions sharpened by his love. Recalling every memory of Diana and of Justin, and fitting these into the facts furnished by Mrs. Craig, he believed now that Diana was in love with Justin.

Whether Justin reciprocated this feeling he could not even conjecture. His inexplicable engagement to Miss Bentley seemed to annul all romantic possibilities, just as a toothache debars serious sympathy.

He began to watch his friend with that closeness of scrutiny which is born of a dread that the thing sought for may, indeed, exist: a dread, one of whose elements was the fear of losing his own friendship for Justin, should he prove a rival. Sir Henry, despite his religious bent of mind, came of a line of "old fighting fellows," jealous of their prerogatives both in love and war. It was one thing to seek to restore to Diana the happiness which was her lawful heritage, another to clasp the hand in comradeship of the man who might represent that happiness. The baronet, viewing the possibility of a romance between Diana and Justin, suddenly feared his own primitive instincts. His ancestors had carved their way to sainthood with the sword.

Hopeless as he knew his own case was, jealousy gripping him, he attached himself to Justin's person with the patient persistence of a detective. He would go nowhere without him, not even to a week-end at Mrs. Craig's country house.

Justin, for his part, was only half-conscious of this espionage. Liking Sir Henry, and knowing that he himself could now never marry Diana, prisoner as he was in the grasp of an iron maiden, the close companionship of the baronet, if it could not cheer him, at least did not greatly disturb him. Though there were days when the possibility of a marriage between the Englishman and Diana leaping in red light across his imagination made him long to take his guest by the throat and hurl him into the street.

Diana's retirement to a sisterhood,

though only as a visitor, so far from weakening this possibility, seemed to Justin to strengthen it. She was not naturally religious. What could such an act mean, but that she had come to a high degree under Sir Henry's influence; that her refusal of him was but the first step to her final acceptance of his heart and name: an acceptance for which this brief contemplation of holy things was a preparation — the subtlest of all compliments to a religious-minded bridegroom.

But Sir Henry's dejection seemed to give the lie to this picture of Diana aproaching the altar by way of the shadowy cloister. The baronet's behavior and manner lacked that element of hope, as pervasive as sunshine, whose presence in the mind is as unmistakable as sunshine. He was dwelling, evidently, in a grayness which all Justin's jealousies could not color.

But even had he found his guest's presence oppressive, the greater oppression of his bond to Margaret would have annulled the other. His bi-weekly letters to the girl, still holding her office of secretary to Mrs. Craig, and living therefore at the country house; his occasional visits to her, from which he carried away only the memory of her inexplicable light-heartedness and half-veiled mockery of himself; these pressures of the chain seemed to fester his very soul. Across the torment in which he lived the vision of Diana passed and repassed with the gravity of an altarpiece, the mockery of a Columbine, and the wisdom of one who has visited many twilights.

Margaret, meanwhile, was thoroughly enjoying life. Though Diana in a sisterhood did not fit in with her plan of Justin's discomfiture, she was quite sure, being herself a creature of expedients, that her rival's retirement was but temporary. She was confident of Sir Henry's winning, for what woman of sense could resist Croftfield Manor and an inheritance of lace and jewels three hundred years old?

The disturbing elements in her peace were Hartley's impatience for the proclamation of the engagement and the necessity for concealing the great diamond, which had become to her almost a sentient thing, a great divinity whose anger might be aroused by its long seclusion from its rightful throne. She spent hours in her room that she might feast not only upon its beauty but upon its size.

Her impatience to wear it was almost overcoming her patience of revenge. Matters must soon be brought to a crisis, for Hartley was fretting over a concealment which cut him off from so many prerogatives of his courtship. She could only pacify him by telling him that he must not put upon her the character of a coquette or the charge of fickleness through his haste to proclaim her his. Loving her deeply and believing her an angel, he shrank naturally from such an injustice. Margaret further urged that if he continued unhappy and unsatisfied he might lose flesh, a process for which the little man would almost have undergone early Christian martyrdom.

The Bishop, whose theory of the whole situation was taking on a clarity disturbing to the Episcopal peace of mind, only betrayed his superior knowledge in the usual way such knowledge is betrayed—by perfect and complete silence. Not Mrs. Craig's "I wonders" regarding a state of affairs which was beginning to mystify even her clear, matronly mind, could draw from him as much as an innocent "Do you think so?"

Diana's statement that she was in love; Diana's proposed joining of a sisterhood; her actual residence in the sisters' house; these were the elements of a mystery which haunted Mrs. Craig. She loved the girl too well not to wish to aid her now; to extricate her from whatever difficulty she might be in.

She had paid more than one visit to the house of the sisterhood, which was only a few miles from her country-place, but on these occasions Diana's manner, though sweet and friendly, forbade by a certain dignity any intimate questioning.

Mrs. Craig resolved to make one more visit of investigation, exercising her right of a life-long friendship to ask the girl directly for whom she was giving up the joys of her natural heritage.

So one afternoon in late September she drove over the hills, faintly colored with early Autumn touches, to the rambling set of buildings which formed the house of the sisterhood. Here postulants and novices received the beginning of a training which was finished in the city house.

Diana, as a visitor, had full freedom to come and go, to linger in library, chapel or garden as she would. Mrs. Craig found her seated on a stone bench in a remote part of the gardens, reading, not a prayer-book, as might be expected, but some reports of the tenement-house commission; a work on sociology lay beside her.

Mrs. Craig smiled as, seating herself, she glanced at the title of the book.

"You will never be a mystic, Diana mia, no matter what habit you hide in."

"No, I am no mystic. I have told them here that I have only the grace of being practical, so I am allowed to prepare myself for my work in my own way."

"Your work among the poor may contradict the knowledge obtained from books."

"Doubtless, but I at least will have had some interesting reading."

Mrs. Craig took the reports away and clasped Diana's hands impulsively.

"Sweet, I can't see you go into the mists of philanthropy without crying out for the old sunlight; even the old gay heartlessness. The poor of the East Side don't need you, but the poor on the Avenue do."

"Ursula, I'm not leaving the poor on the Avenue, as you call them. I'm not leaving anyone, I hope. I couldn't bear that loneliness."

Her eyes looked toward the distant western hills, solemn and withdrawn in the late afternoon light.

"Will you be nearer us in spirit? I doubt it."

"Oh, don't say that!"

Pain was in her voice. Mrs. Craig saw her advantage.

"You are leaving the Summer roses, the sweetness of homely, tender things; you are leaving some great happiness, Diana, and you know it, for treatises on the tenements and dry books on social problems."

"Someone has to deal with them.

"Leave them to people who can make no homes; to women who can hold no children against their breasts—"

Diana rose to her feet pale and tragic.

"O, you torture me, Ursula! You torture me. Did you come here to do it!"

She stood for a moment looking with the appeal of despair into Mrs. Craig's astonished eyes, then sank on her knees by the stone bench and buried her face in her hands.

Mrs. Craig touched the soft hair tenderly.

"Diana of mine," she said in a voice that was not quite firm. "Do you think that I would come here to torture you, when I have no other wish but to make you happy?"

Diana made no reply, but she lifted her head at last and gazed into her friend's face.

"Dear, forgive me. I am not very happy these days—and I—"

"Diana, whom is it you love?"

"No one whom I can have—that is the whole of it—ask me nothing more, if you love me."

"Diana mia, I can't let it be this way."

The smile, reminiscent of so many

marvelous humors in this girl, again curved her lips.

"It is the only way. It will be wholesome and right and bracing for me in the end. There are other things in life but loving."

She put her hand on the sociology book as if it were a talisman, perhaps a straw to which she clung.

Mrs. Craig sighed and answered nothing; both had passed the gate beyond which speech is of little significance.

Their long silence brought them quietly back at last to the conventional and obvious topics. Diana volunteered to show her the gardens, then the library, which possessed some illuminated missals of great value.

At the end of this tour of inspection Mrs. Craig ordered her carriage. While they were waiting Diana said:

"I want to give you something of mine to keep—to take out if you should ever doubt me; and, looking at it, to remember, and understand."

She left the room and returned with a bundle. Mrs. Craig took it and asked no questions. She held Diana long in her arms when she bade her goodbye.

On the way home, she opened the package. It contained a black silk domino, a little velvet mask and a little silver moon.

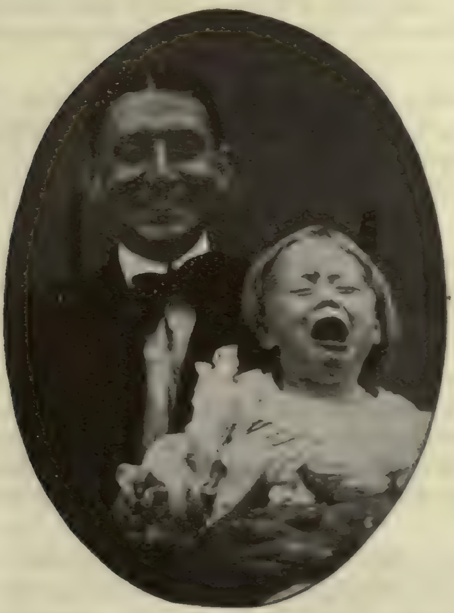
(TO BE CONCLUDED)

"PAPA"

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY

By NEWT. M. EVANS

ISOLA, MISSISSIPPI



"OUT OF THE WORLD"

(LETTER FROM A WESTERN RANCHMAN TO A HARVARD CLASSMATE IN BOSTON)

By ROBERTUS LOVE

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

YES, I know I'm "out of the world" here, as you fellows say back East,
For I'm fifty miles from a theater and forty miles from a priest;
And there isn't a dude within hearing, however so loud his dress,
Nor a woman of fashion and folly. . . . . But I'm happy, nevertheless.

I know that you can't comprehend it, you fellows who live in the Hub.
You'd be horribly shocked to hear me refer to my dinner as "grub."
And your specs would leap off your noses if I told you I never read
Except to find out about prices of cattle and coal and feed.

I've grown rather free and easy since I rowed in the eight on the Thames,
And cribbed for examinations, and flirted with fairies and dames;
Yes, I've chucked all my Harvard culture and its steering-gear overboard.
Out here that sort is a luxury that most of us can't afford.

Why, I've even forgotten my forbears—with a rugged and ruthless glee
I've applied the Washington hatchet to my ancient family tree.
Daddies don't count here in Kansas, where every man's measured out
According to what HE amounts to—and not whence he happens to sprout.

Yes, I've lightered my cargo of all things except what I need for the pull,
And I'm hitting a hot pace for winning, with the health and the heft of a bull.
I have freedom that's independence, and my claim and a cattle range
That's bigger than Massachusetts — and I tell you it's good, for a change!

Come out here, boy, and I'll show you how wide a fellow can grow,
When he severs tradition's hawsers and quits being pulled in tow.
I find things here to consider that I never did find in the books,
And I tell you that living "out of the world" is not half so bad as it looks.

You fellows stick there in New England and climb your ancestral trees,
And look with disdain on us heathen who reach hardly up to your knees
In the matter of family standing; but just let me give you a tip:
We're as proud of ourselves as the peacocks, and the rest of it ain't worth a rip!

Why, there's more real culture in Kansas, and more high thinking out here
(Of the nature that Emerson wrote of) in a day than you see in a year;
For we're building a new boat for Progress, and we're training the crew that will win:
And though we are "out of the world" now, when we want to we'll pull in!

AROUND THE ROCK

BEING SOME PERSONAL NOTES MADE IN AND ABOUT GIBRALTAR, THE FORTRESS KEY OF THE MIDDLE SEA

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, M. A., F. R. G. S.

AUTHOR OF "WHITE MAN'S AFRICA," "CHILDREN OF THE NATIONS," ETC.

IT happens to be Gibraltar — but it might have been Bermuda or Hong Kong, Capetown or Singapore — for wherever Great Britain plants her flag, there, too, she rears her dignified Government House, wherein she installs a representative of the king's rule, who gives garden parties; and there you see the bishop and all the other colonial functionaries dressed as for Hyde Park, no matter what the thermometer may say to the contrary. At the entrance gate paces the stolid "Tommy Atkins," to whom Hindo, Parsee, Chinaman and Spaniard are all one so long as the government provides him with beer and tobacco.

With Tommy Atkins we get sanitary inspection, well paved streets, quiet and efficient policemen and shops with honest goods at free trade prices.

My luggage had been plundered by some needy official of sunny Italy on the way from Munich to Genoa, and consequently it was mainly with a view to purchasing some much needed articles of wearing apparel that I tramped up the main street of Gibraltar one mild, sunshiny January day of 1903.

Up one street and down another I tramped until I had seen every blind alley and courtyard of this up-and-down town which leans against a big rock. Everywhere I found the broom of the public sweeper cleaning out the bad microbes and making room for the sweet, strong tonic of the sea salt. My friend Jose told me that all the sewage was taken away and burned — he took me out to see the place, for fear I might not believe him. Jose is a Spaniard by speech, but spurns the title so far as allegiance is concerned. He proudly claims the distinction of being a "rock scorpion," a citizen of Gibraltar, as we of Massachusetts revel in the name of Yankee; as the Frenchman of Louisiana brags of Creole blood, and as the native of Natal desires to be known as Afrikander.

Jose, by the way, accosted me in the office of the cable company. He flattered my vanity by mistaking me for Baltimore's most brilliant citizen, Stephen Bonsal, whose daring ride through Morocco is remembered throughout this part of the world. Jose was visibly cast down when I regretfully admitted that I was not the illustrious author for whom he mistook me, but when I boldly claimed acquaintance with his Baltimore benefactor, he offered me his house, his wife,—everything. This was something of an hospitable hyperbole, seeing that Jose was a bachelor. But I was none the less grateful to him. He took me to his home and I discovered that he was not merely the traditionally generous Spaniard, he was also the editor of a newspaper which had been known, in times of great popular excitement, to reach a sale of more than 900 copies in a single day.

Jose appealed to his foreman, who confirmed unhesitatingly this otherwise reckless statement. By way of additional proof, he waved me into the offices. There was a composing-room as big as the kitchen of a New York uptown flat. In this was a hand-press worked by two lads of about twelve years of age, who were grinding out handbills at the rate of one or two a minute. No one was in much hurry, least of all the youthful sub-editors at the crank handle. The foreman said he was glad that William McKinley was now president of Cuba, spoke cheerfully of Benjamin Franklin, for whom he entertained a high respect as a fellow craftsman—indeed, he went so far as to pronounce him the greatest of living Americans. I agreed with him, and ventured to think that Franklin would keep on living at the same rate for some time to come.

The editorial room was a hole in the wall, whose light came from a dark hallway; there was a chair and a small table. I saw no waste-basket—there was room for none—but the Rock of Gibraltar has many goats, and I have it on the word of Jose that a Christmas tree, including candles and tinware, was eaten by one such, and that, considering the high rent of floor space, a goat in the back yard is the means by which rejected manuscript may be most economically rendered harmless. Jose took me into his apartment and placed me at the feet of a beautiful and amiable lady. His niece, so he said. She smiled as I clumsily trampled upon her graceful Castilian mother tongue in my efforts to apologize for breaking in upon her morning hours. She said Spanish was easy to learn. I said: "No doubt, Senora, with a teacher like you." This caused her to show a large number of beautiful teeth, while she left between them just room enough for several soft chuckles.

"Do you think I would make a good teacher?" she laughed and looked at me out of the corners.

She said her name was Rita—anyway, she had big, beautiful, innocent eyes, and I told her I would rather stay and have Spanish lessons from her than go off hunting after statistics with her uncle.

"What will you give me if I teach you Spanish?" she said.

Jose was just then in the composing compound using profane language for the benefit of the rotary-press gang, and when that was attended to he was called aside by a messenger of the Eastern Telegraph Company; so I told Senora Rita that if she would keep on with her Spanish instruction she could make pretty much her own terms—unto the half of my stolen baggage.

Now it so happened that I had in my pocket tickets for the masked ball that night, and it so happened that Senora Rita adored dancing.

"And would the kind Senora teach the poor lone Yankee the Sevillana dance, as well as the speech of Castile!"

"We shall see—I can teach anything to a pupil who is simpatika!"

This was getting dangerous, for my Puritan bringing-up warned me that all pleasures here below are provided by the devil—that to be good you must cultivate whatever is uncomfortable. So I compromised by squeezing a ticket for the dance into her hand and then hurrying away with the garrulous Jose—to soak my head in a cold bath of statistics. While Jose was getting his hat she informed me that she sometimes carried a red rose in her left hand at the ball.

But it was all mighty interesting, and if I were Uncle Sam I would transplant that whole Jose outfit from Gibraltar and set it up in St. Louis. It would be as picturesque in its way as the caravels of Columbus at the Chicago World's Fair—and just as useful. It would not take much room, for there would be nothing much to transport—the hand-press, with the two boys, and the little sanctum chair and table—the whole would go in a couple of piano cases. The whole staff of editorial writers, reporters, dramatic critics, war correspondents, weather sharps, obituary novelists and book reviewers would take no more room than the genial limits of Jose himself, who is the Poobah of this whole concern.

He asked me if I had seen Linea. I said that I had been wrecked there—close to the bull ring—but was eager to see it from the land side. We chartered a plump little pony attached to a light phaeton and driven by another "rock scorpion"—a Spaniard who weighed 200 pounds — who appeared as proud upon his tiny box as though he were tooling the crack turnout at a coach parade. And that is a charming feature of Spain: this fine capacity to imagine yourself the center of the earth for the time being, and yet not be offensive. You meet a man on a donkey in the interior and get to talking with him, and soon you learn that he has the finest donkey of the province, and so far from envying any man, he it is who is satisfied that he is exciting the admiration, if not the envy, of his neighbors. If I met that same sort of an outfit in the mountains of Colorado or Nevada the cavalier would be sure to hold his burro in contempt, and would talk of the fine horse he meant to have when his mine had been developed. We Americans preach contentment, but we despise the people who are contented. The true Spaniard is thoroughly contented.

In Gibraltar I tried to find a lame mule, or one with signs of ill treatment. I looked in vain. From the plump little cab ponies to the long-legged mules dragging heavy freight for the ships in port, all come under the humanizing hypnotism of British law. In vain did I inquire for an unhappy dog, cat, donkey, horse or mule. At the entrance to Gibraltar is a warning from the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to the effect that man should be humane to animals. That sufficed — the police did the rest. There is the same sign at the entrance to Oran, but there it is a dead letter; it is not supported by public sentiment. In Linea the first mule I met was lame. But let me hasten to say in parenthesis that, as far as my observation goes, the average natural man is pretty much the same, whether in Spain or Servia, France or the United States. He who understands his horse is the one who gets the best work out of him, and mere selfishness induces the prudent driver to keep his animal in good condition. It is mainly in the cities—in Madrid, in Naples, Paris, Belgrade, Pekin and New York that we are struck with the harshness of men to their animals. If we look closer we will probably note that cruelty springs from ignorance rather than an intention to do harm; that in cities many people are permitted to take charge of animals who do not understand them, who do not own the animals they drive and who think that flogging is the way to add energy to a hungry and weary creature. Aside from the laws on the subject, the London cabby is perhaps the most humane of that fraternity, because he is accustomed to horses from childhood. The Paris cocher, on the other hand, is apt to be an unfrocked priest, or some such mysterious thing, who has taken to driving a cab as the last refuge in a life of failure.

We drove gaily down the splendid asphalt street which extends through Gibraltar to the gate of the fortress—a gate that has been guarded by Phoenicians, Romans, Moors, Spaniards and heaven knows how many others ever since the human race came down from its tree and commenced to plunder for a living. Today the gate is guarded by a regiment of long-service, stolid, well-tanned Britons who smoke short pipes and wear the khaki that has become fashionable since the Boer war. You can see the same Briton today in Ceylon and Bloemfontein, Barbadoes or Calcutta; every day he turns out to play football or cricket and doesn't know what homesickness is, for he has with him all that makes home dear to us.

I had a pass that permitted me to roam about freely until gun-fire, which is about dusk, when all the strangers have to leave Gibraltar excepting such as have special police permission to remain later. The last gun goes at about nine, and whoever is not home by that time may sleep outside the gates. Little things of this kind indicate that we take things seriously at Gibraltar.

So soon as we had passed the gate, we struck out upon a beautifully kept, broad, macademised highway leading to Spain across the so-called neutral territory, a strip barely a mile long and but a few hundred yards wide, on which no house may stand save sentry boxes at short intervals, which represent the joint supervision of Alfonso and John Bull. On the British side these boxes seemed as close together as the Venetian posts that mark the course of the Henley regatta. Between these closely planted stakes there pace incessantly a succession of sentinels in khaki, putties and broad-brimmed felt hats, guarding their rock from sea to sea, foot by foot.

The neutral zone is under Spanish control to the extent that to Spain is entrusted the work of local police. It was not difficult to discover the limit of British jurisdiction, even without reference to the uniforms of the sentry, for suddenly the beautifully macademised roadway ceased and there began a horrible bumpety-bump—the road became a wilderness of stones and mudholes. Then we knew that we were in Spain.

Linea could be seen distinctly ahead of us as our pony tugged us slowly along amidst a large crowd of Spaniards picking their way with difficulty down this horrible highway. The wealthier ones were astride of donkeys, or even in wagons, but the great majority, being day laborers, had to get over the ground as well as they could afoot.

Having some familiarity with Pekin, this visit to Linea was not much of a novelty, although interesting as an evidence of human capacity to survive filth and stench. Along this road was posted a succession of Spanish frontier guards mounted as dragoons on small horses who seemed very tired of standing listlessly at this dreary and malodorous work.

The Spaniards hereabouts are credited with a cordial aversion to the English, with a disposition to throw stones at them when they pass through the place on their way to polo or hunting or golf in the territory beyond the lines of sentinels. If this be true, and I have it on good authority, it confirms the maxim of Pudd'nhead Wilson that, as between a dog and a Spaniard, the difference is that a dog will not bite the hand of his benefactor.

When the British took the Rock of Gibraltar 300 years ago its most interesting inhabitants were the scorpions, which have furnished the nickname for the genuine inhabitants. British liberty and law have since attracted a population closely suggesting that of Hong Kong in density and prosperity. In each case there is not standing-room for all those who wish to crowd in, and consequently the great bulk of would-be British subjects have to find board and lodging elsewhere. In Hong Kong they drip over the edges into sampans and live afloat under the protection of the harbor police. At Gibraltar they tramp away each evening and return the following morning, enriching by their earnings Linea and other places in the neighborhood.

Gibraltar is officially credited with a population of about 20,000. It would be 200,000 were there room. The rock grows nothing—Hong Kong is equally barren. But in each case freedom of trade and liberality in administration have attracted all the population that can possibly be accommodated. Rents in Gibraltar are relatively high. So they are in Hong Kong, and for the same reason.

Linea is merely the nearest Spanish suburb of Gibraltar. The whole population of the place, 60,000, lives from British wages, or smuggling, or by raising things for the Gibraltar market. Each morning there migrate into British territory some 8,000 Spanish workmen, who find employment in the dockyards, in the quarries, in still further strengthening a fortress already credited with invulnerability. Each evening this Spanish proletariat rolls back again, taking along the dollars that delight the shopkeepers of Spain. Beside these day laborers, Gibraltar has a thousand or more Spanish domestic servants whose families live in Linea, and to this we must add the army of market people who each day drive in their little donkeys laden with vegetables, milk, butter, chickens and other table necessaries. No wonder, then, that this little Linea has a population of at least 60,000, to say nothing of many other places in the neighborhood whose prosperity depends upon the British guard to barren rock.

We bumped and floundered along through the "neutral territory" at a slow walk, for fear of breaking our springs, and at length reached the Spanish cordon — consisting of barbed wire stretched the whole way across from the Mediterranean to the inner harbor. There was, beside, a lane of sentinels in Spanish uniforms, who paced listlessly from one box to the other. It seemed very grotesque and wasteful; unworthy of a Christian nation.

At the Spanish line we were stopped by gendarmes and frontier soldiers, who informed us that our Gibraltar carriage was not allowed to pass into Spanish territory unless we paid a tax of three dollars. With a politeness suggesting irony, we were informed that this payment would entitle us to remain in Linea for three months! One glance at the streets convinced me that thirty minutes there would load me with microbes enough to start a bacteriological laboratory, so I waived this offer and the little fat Gibraltar pony waited for us outside the gates.

Jose knew the customs chief, and so we were spared the "massage" to which our fellow travelers were subjected. This treatment consists in a search of the traveler's person — highly undignified and almost as humiliating as that of New York. Each arrival at Linea is compelled to hold up his arms while the official fumbles his pockets, his sleeves, his undershirt and the territory between his legs. This is the preliminary search. After going a few paces he is searched again by another functionary, after which he is permitted to go home. Every night some 8,000 of poor, tired people have to wait in line until each can be searched.

In New York our returning passengers are searched in the same manner—men and women; moreover, insult is added to injury, for the American is first compelled to sign a declaration that he has nothing contraband in his baggage, and then he is tacitly accused of perjury by having his baggage shaken out over the steamer wharf by a gang of licensed ruffians who sit in judgment as to what articles of underwear an American lady should have as her outfit.

However, this is a digression, and it is liable to make me unpopular with politicians who think that protectionism is a fine growth of American flavor. They would be much surprised to find in Spain fellow protectionists who argue just as they do regarding the beauties of the tariff.

Tariff, by the way, is a Spanish thing — the word as well as the idea. It comes from the fort called Tariffa, not far from Gibraltar — it was the Moorish port through which customs tribute was collected some thousand years ago. The name has stuck, and now symbolizes our form of raising revenue.

The streets of Linea were, if possible, worse than the road over which we had just traveled. Though it was a fine, breezy day, the stench suggested Canton or the canals of Manila. True it is that my visit to Manila was in August of 1898, but Major Irons of the United States army assures me that the smells about the Pasig have altered but slightly either in intensity or quality since the city changed hands.

Linea does not exist officially. So far as Madrid is concerned, the fiction is maintained that along this line that separates Spanish from British jurisdiction there is nothing save a small garrison of 300 soldiers and functionaries who are there to prevent smuggling. It would be a most damaging and unpatriotic admission to make—that the presence of England on this Spanish rock could call into life a prosperous town of 60,000 inhabitants, to say nothing of a flourishing hinterland of as many again! So the government of Alfonso treats this city as non-existent; refuses to have the streets cleaned; refuses to allow the Gibraltar government to build a good road; refuses to allow a tram-line from one place to the other; refuses to build a lighthouse; refuses everything that could add to the comfort of the people who pay the taxes—in other words, acts on the policy that dirt and disease, vice and crime being the things most distasteful to a decent British community, it must be good policy to encourage these. Linea is a good sample of this policy.

All the convicts who have served their time in the Spanish penal colonies on the Morocco shore opposite are dumped out on the beach nearest to Gibraltar and there given permission to start life anew in their own way. This may involve a certain period of residence in Linea. Jose thinks that there are good and bad in Linea as well as in all other towns, and I am sure he means what he says. But even though Linea be no worse than other towns, it has a name which discourages desirable people from settling there for educational purposes.

Jose was so kind as to present me to various notables of the place—the chief of police, the head of the municipal council amongst others, but I did not extract much that was edifying from them. They are credited with drawing their salary mainly through smugglers.

Of course there was a church in Linea — a shabby thing with broken windows — also a market full of evil smells, likewise a bull-ring with a chapel, wherein the toreador can obtain absolution prior to torturing the bull. On paper, Linea has almost everything attributed to an orthodox Spanish town; it needs only one thing—a good scrubbing with carbolic soap and annexation to Gibraltar.

From Linea we drove back across the neutral belt of mud and stones and then along the line of British pickets, past a racetrack and football field to the edge of the sea, and so on under the rock until the road went no further—for we had reached the little fishing village of Catalan (or St. Catherine, as the soldiers call it.)

Here was a little community — only a few hundred nestling in a wrinkle of the great rock — practically the same people in language, religion, traditions and appearance as the people of Linea a bare mile away. Yet in Catalan there was health—a tidy church, clean streets, well dressed people, street lamps well trimmed, a good supply of water, of which I drank gratefully. We called on the village priest and found him teaching his school with the assistance of a big girl and an earnest-looking young man—for it was a mixed school, all in one room. The padre had something which looked like a razor strop in one hand, and his pupils looked interested in him and their work. He was a cheery, energetic Spaniard (by extraction), and explained to me that they were preparing for examinations. He said there was much emulation because when the new docks should be finished there would be much demand for well trained young men in clerical positions. He was, therefore, laying much stress upon the English language, and particularly upon arithmetic and problems in weights and measures of English and other standards. The padre's flock looked half English and half Spanish, owing to much intermarriage between the men of the garrison and the rock maidens. Indeed, looking about the schoolroom, it was a human picture which might have been duplicated in Ireland — even in England.

A small detachment of the garrison regiment is stationed here — about fifty, I should say. They were all seasoned married men, relieved every three months. The padre found them very well behaved and said they never had quarrels in the place. To me Catalan seemed more like a little Clovelly of Devonshire than anything belonging to Spain.

Of course we went to see what we could of the fortress itself: enough to make us appreciate the strength of the place; for this great rock, which has some resemblance to Anthony's Nose in the Hudson Highlands, is carved out inside into galleries which wind about and open out now and then at holes big enough to allow the guns to be aimed; and these guns, it is needless to say, are the best that money can buy or brains put in position. Gibraltar once stood a siege of more than three years and she is ready for another. She has broad parts of the rock prepared to receive rainwater and pass it on into subterranean tanks, as at Aden. She has food stored up ready for an emergency and a port full of men-of-war and coal.

As we drove once more over the well kept asphalt, a boy ran out of the Eastern Telegraph Company's office with a message calling Jose at once to Cadiz — and that night Rita gave me her first lesson. The moon was full and we strolled under the palms of the beautiful Alameda after the dancing had come to an end. Below us lay the men-of-war in the harbor; the bells could be plainly heard announcing the middle watch. Far away stretched the blue Mediterranean to the Atlas mountains on the African shore; above us the vast, protecting fortress.

FOREST HYMN

By ALOYSIUS COLL

CONNELLSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

THE year is young and tender where I stand,
  Communing with the oak and larch and pine,
Where hoary ages wave the magic wand
  Of spawn and corm, and spore and root and spine!

What is a year to these—the forest kings,
  The patriarchs of frost and rain and wind?—
By grain of sand and sip of gravel springs
  They build their bulk by inches, rind on rind!

By pinch of pollen dust, and hint of dew,
  Fillet of fiber, knur and breaking bud,
The sloth of time has reared the oak and yew,
  And sweetened every heart with silver blood.

For every hoyden breeze that lifts the screen
  Of Summer leaves to Autumn's gust of grief,
There comes a virgin blush of pink and green—
  A blossom of the Springtime, and a leaf.

Till now, in stolid grace, the murmuring trees
  Proclaim by little circles in the wood
How many Summers of the centuries,
  Reborn with every season, they have stood.

Behold! how many circles, from the shell,
  The shuttle of age has woven to the core
Of these great oaks, whose acorns rose and fell
  To rib the homes of men that are no more!—

Whose seed, grown old the patriarchs of seed,
  Have pillared cities long ago decayed,
While these, the forest kings, yet bloom and bleed,
  Magnificent, eternal, undismayed!

O Master of the mountain and the mole!
  O Lord of beating heart and bursting bud!
Why give the stolid oak, without a soul,
  Without the sacred fire of flesh and blood,

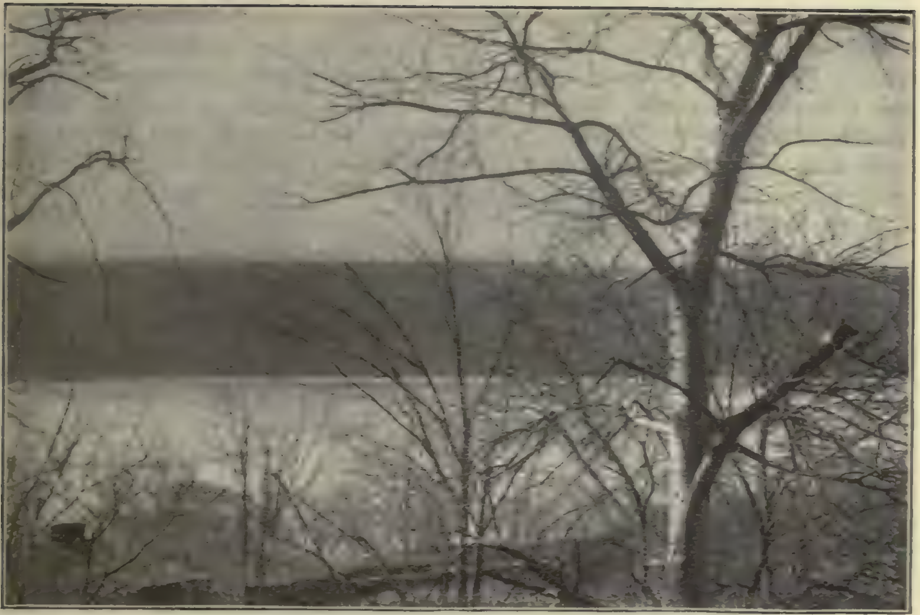
The noble use of years on golden years,
  While breathing man, corroded with the rust
Of early age and mildew of his tears,
  Falls in the storm and crumbles to the dust?

Give him—the least and humblest of his kind—
  The multiplying years of yonder oak—
And he'll outwonder sun and rain and wind,
  The flight of clouds, and star and thunder-stroke.

The giants of the gulch and plain and hill
  That gave his father's fathers gentle shade—
He hacks into the fragments of his will,
  And levels to the mosses with his blade.

He pounds to pulp the marvels of an age,
  That saw the scions of his breed decay,
And prints upon them, as a vesper page,
  His proud achievement of a single day!

O Forester of the saplings and the trees!
  O Master of the mountain and the mole!
Why nerve the stolid oak with centuries,
  And stint the flying moments of the soul?



THE POTOMAC AT ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, FROM THE SOUTH VERANDAH OF PROSPECT COTTAGE, WHERE MRS. SOUTHWORTH LIVED AND DIED

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH AT PROSPECT COTTAGE

"AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE"

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Author of "South Sea Idyls," Exits and Entrances," etc.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

WHEN I was quite a boy of sixteen, far away from my California home and desperately homesick, I used to spend my weekly allowance of pocket-money—it was never enough to worry me—in the purchase of the New York Ledger and other family story papers. I felt that I must do this or perish; my mind should be occupied, my imagination fired and fed or I would go mad in my exile.

The truth is, I found western New York so slow after the lawlessness and vigilance committees of my loved San Francisco that a tonic, a stimulant of some kind was necessary to reawaken my interest in life; therefore I devoured the New York Ledger and adored its then famous contributors.

This devotion, coupled with the pastoral beauties of Genesee county, in the midst of which the seminary I attended was set—to say nothing of love's young dream — bred in me a desire to woo the muse and an indescribable longing which I fear was none other than a thirst for fame. In my vanity I aspired to heaven, even the seventh heaven of literary immortality; ambition swelled me to undue proportions: vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself landed me in the correspondents' column of the venerable Waverly Magazine of Boston, Massachusetts, where my versicles were accepted but providentially never printed.

It was in the dear old Ledger I was proud to meet and become familiar with Emerson Bennett and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., those noble progenitors of the prolific tribe of latter-day American historical novelists; they made their successes as fine in their way, and sometimes finer, than any of the ephemeral literary sensations of the modern Historical Homeopathists.

Of all the contributors to the Ledger of that period there was one who was queen of my heart. Did I not hang breathlessly from week's end to week's end, awaiting the deliverance of the beautiful heroine from evil and the inevitable soul-satisfying reward of virtue? Western New York in the late fifties would have been for me a desert waste but for the witchery of a certain pen and the trust I reposed in the magic hand that wielded it. My cheek has rivaled the lily, my heart stopped and my eyes filled as I shared in the adventures of Capitola the Madcap. Devil's Hoof, Devil's Run and Hurricane Hall—were not these the favorite haunts of my fancy? The weekly instalments of these stories was all that made my tiresome school-days endurable, so long as a story was continued in our next.

Consider, then, with what pleasure I read in the bound copy of the well-worn book lying open before me, the copy recopyrighted thirty years after the first appearance of the story in the New York Ledger, that: "'The Hidden Hand, or Capitola the Madcap' is by all odds the most popular story ever published. We doubt if, in all the range and realm of literature, there has ever been a heroine who could vie with the captivating madcap Capitola in exciting the admiration of readers, or winning and keeping their hearts. She is so bright, so spirited, so sagacious, so dauntless, and yet so innocent and childlike, that she at once takes all readers captive and holds them enchained by her fascinations clear to the last page of the narrative. Millions of copies of 'The Hidden Hand' have been sold," etc., etc.

Does this not warrant me in the confession of my youthful literary loves? What though it be the publisher's notice I quote from; we know that even publishers may have their preferences; that they are human, tempted alike as we are.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth was one of the most popular novelists of her time. It seemed to me, when I first began to read her, that she was the greatest writer of — well, of all time. Again and again in my boyish enthusiasm I said to myself:—"If I could only know her or even see her, or know or see someone who knows or has seen her, it would make me proud and happy for a long while to come."

I did not, at the moment, write to her and loudly proclaim my passion, which I now think remarkable, for a little later the autograph fever seized me and I went so far out of my head as to write to almost everybody, and thus to make many precious friends whom I was never to know in the flesh.

Ages ago, George William Curtis said, in a letter to me: "One of the chief joys of authorship is the knowledge it brings us of unknown friends." Later I was personally to learn how very true that is. I now feel certain that had I then written to my literary goddess, she would have smiled upon me and made my homesick heart the happier for it.

I left school and went drifting about in the world. My knowledge of books increased; my taste broadened; I began to look back upon those school-days and the Ledger literature as half-for-

To Professor Charles Warren Stoddard
With the love of -
Emma D E N Southworth

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH

gotten dreams. Years rolled by—O, so many of them—and it came my turn to be called doctor and professor. Now, I always hated school and feared my masters; I hate and fear them still with youthful enthusiasm, and the irony of fate was never better exemplified than when it set me up in a chair of English literature at an ill-starred university where, if I did nothing worthier, I at least lulled my listeners to slumber. If anybody dared to waken anybody else in my class I didn't care for him after that. Is it not written, "He giveth His beloved sleep"?

One day when driving with a friend in a suburb of Washington, D. C.,—it was one of those ethereal Spring days that make the climate of the District of Columbia almost endurable, for the moment—she said to me: "Have you been to see Mrs. Southworth yet?" I had not and confessed the fact. "Then let us call on her," added my friend, and immediately one of the smartest turnouts in the capital of the nation was heading for good old Georgetown. It was more than a dozen years ago when we passed the college gates and drew up at the brow of a hill where the grass-grown street ran violently down a steep place onto the aqueduct, and so escaped dry-shod to the farther shore under Arlington Heights.

On our right as we faced the river nestled a cottage that had become a kind of shrine. I say "nestled" because the cottage was half hidden among the branches of the trees that embowered it and looked as cosy as a dove-cote in its airy grove. It hung upon the very brink of the hill; its lower story is below the street in the rear of it, but jutting out into a terraced garden, from whose ultimate hedges one might have cast oneself headlong into the canal that borders the edge of the northern shore of the Potomac. Its western windows were bathed in the sunset glow and the river, far below it, was a river of life and light; its eastern windows opened on breezy heights where the goats skipped nimbly in a tree-filled, vacant lot; the south verandah, up among the treetops, hung like a fairy gallery before the Virginia slopes, and in the deep valley between them flowed the noble Potomac, famed in song and story. Above the aqueduct the river lost itself among the verdant hills; below, it spread like a wilderness of waters as it wended its way toward the distant Chesapeake.

From the leafy heights of Georgetown we looked down upon that crustaceous swamp which is the heart of the City of Magnificent Distances and the haunt of malaria, mosquitoes and mugwumps; and where for the moment flourishes the ever-boiling-over politician who is laboring under the disadvantage of an ingrowing reputation that may eventually become extremely painful.

What a blessed relief to turn again to the modest nest among the trees where peace hovered her innocent brood. No one was stirring there; the cottage seemed under the spell of enchantment. I looked down into the lower garden. A flock of sparrows fluttered to the ground like a handful of withered leaves and there waltzed and capered fitfully; if there ever was a feathered hoodlum it must have been the English sparrow. We were summoned to the cottage door; we entered; how simple, how serene was everything; in that house the atmosphere was subtle and magnetic; it took me in its arms and covered me as with a garment.

She who gave us welcome entered with a stately but noiseless tread; she might have stepped out of one of her own romances of old plantation days, so fine she was and with such distinction; tall, slender, a little bent as if in eagerness to receive you; a beautiful, pale face, silver hair hidden under a fold of lace that fell upon her bosom; eyes limpid and melting with sympathy; a low, sweet voice; her whole air giving one the impression of softest silk, old laces and sweet lavender. The very woman for such a home, dove-like and delightful.

O! school-boy days and school-boy dreams, how the memory of you rushed back upon me and turned me hot and scarlet and struck me dumb!

How fortunate for me that I have one of those patent breakable hearts that are warranted to last indefinitely under any possible strain. It was a pleasant call we made and a quiet one. I felt myself irresistibly drawn to this exquisitely feminine woman; one must needs call her lady, for she had the air of a chatelaine of the old school, one who was indeed in the new world of today, but not of it. There were little rests and pauses in the easy flow of the conversation when the silence was sympathetic and seemed only to bring us the nearer together.

Out of the sky above us fell the crystal notes of the chimes of old Georgetown; they were tolling off the harmonious quarter-hours and they made music night and day; in those days it was all that broke the silence of the little city that was a city before Washington was dreamed of, and is still that capital's port of entry; but now, alas! the march of progress has cast its blight upon it and the electric juggernauts go howling through the streets at too frequent intervals, screaming like fearful oaths.

The house was quiet then; we had not even dreamed of the inevitable innovations that are continually burying tradition and the picturesque out of sight. I thought only of its gentle and winning mistress who was born in Washington, D. C., in 1819, was educated there, taught some years in the public schools, and then, to earn more money for the increasing expenses of the household, began to write. It was all an experiment, but a wonderfully successful one.

Her first novel, "Retribution," was published in 1849. In 1853 she purchased Prospect Cottage, and it was her heart's best home until she breathed her last beneath its moss-grown roof in 1899. She was absent from it for a time, in Yonkers on the Hudson and in London, but here the best part of her life was passed and here she wrote most of her three score volumes of fiction. Her industry was amazing; she sometimes produced three novels in a year. Even while she was busy during the day in the schoolroom, she wrote far into the night at home, for the whole burden of the family fell upon her shoulders and she bore it bravely even to the end.

In sitting with this gentle lady, her thin, pale hands folded upon her lap, and her face illumined with expectation as she listened eagerly to your slightest word, it was difficult to realize that she was the author of novels bearing these sensational titles:—"The Phantom Wedding", "Ishmael, or In the Depths", "The Fatal Secret", "The Spectre Lover", "A Beautiful Fiend", "Cruel as the Grave", "The Lost Heiress", "Prince of Darkness", "The Gipsy's Prophecy, or The Bride of an Evening", "The Haunted Homestead", "India, the Pearl of Pearl River", "The Mystery of Dark Hollow", "The Curse of Clifton", "The Spectre", "The Missing Bride, or Miriam the Avenger," etc., etc.

The stories were extremely interesting and most of them admirable pictures of life in the Sunny South before the war. Their sale must have been enormous, and the complete uniform edition published by the Petersons of Philadelphia was for many years in great demand. The books, a number of them, are still to be found at the book-stalls all over the country, in paper covers, embellished in the modern fashion and looking, in spite of their years, as spruce as their rivals of a season. Many of them have been translated into French, German, Spanish and other languages, and they have been reprinted at intervals in London, Paris, Leipsic, Madrid and Montreal.

Ours was a heart-to-heart talk in very truth and with no need of any headline to call attention to it. She wrote:—

> "PROSPECT COTTAGE,
> "21st Mch—1893.
>
> "Well, My Poet, My "Light at Eventide":—Will I stop writing to you, now that I have seen you? No. It would be much more natural that you should stop writing to the gray old woman. We are Souls. I felt as I sat near you in closer contact with a soul than ever before in my life. But you are comparatively a young man and you may come to think it a bore for an aged woman to write to you very often. I will write just as often as you wish and no oftener. We have some friends as well as some thoughts and feelings in common. It is of friends

> I wish to ask you: Grace Greenwood — thirty years ago I used to exchange visits with her at her old home—one of the old mansions on Capitol Hill in Washington. In those days houses were not numbered, nor were they until the great renovation of the city after the war. * * * "

Two pages of this letter are followed by four pages of postscript concluding thus: —"Do tell me! Here is a real woman's postscript, longer and more important than the letter from your aged and loving friend."

A little later she wrote:—

> "My Precious Friend — Where is Grace Greenwood? At that name is called up before my 'mind's eye,' not the august grand dame she must be at this time, (1894) but the tall, slender, lithe, young Diana she was in 1850—with dark hair and dark eyes; superb figure in tight-fitting riding dress 'all buttoned up before' with glittering steel buttons—audacious, beautiful, terrible — can you imagine her so?
>
> "No! That you cannot, for you knew her later, when already she must have 'suffered a sea change into something rich and strange', judging by the letter and poem she gave you as a parting gift."

That parting gift referred to was delivered into my hands as I set sail on a South Sea voyage. It was a sealed envelope inscribed, "To be read in the saddest hour." We were hove-to for five days in a water-logged schooner, expecting to founder at any moment. This surely was the saddest hour. I broke seal and read:

"I have a presentiment that we shall never again meet in the flesh."

A poem fluttered at my feet; I rescued it and read:

"Beyond the parting and the meeting
　　I shall be soon:
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating
　　I shall be soon—"

and much more in that vein than was needful to tide me over the Styx. The rest of it I have told in the first chapter of "South Sea Idyls" entitled "In the Cradle of the Deep." Mrs. Southworth adds:

"Come to see me soon. The surroundings this month are beautiful. My daughter looking from a western window murmurs, 'It is ideally beautiful.' I say now, 'It is divinely beautiful.' It is not always so. Come soon."

I had begged my friend to write a volume of reminiscences, for her talk was delightfully chatty and her book should have been equally so. She wrote me:

"No. I have not written a line of reminiscences. You had better come and talk with me and store them up in your memory and make a gossipy paper after I have gone."

It was after that first brief call at Prospect Cottage, and its mistress and I had exchanged rather formal messages by post, that I went one lonely day to visit her. I had been thinking on my school days and the Ledger Literati and my first painful efforts at verse-making —how I used to hammer away at my halting lines, trying to make them sing —and of how those not ignoble aspirations culminated in my very first volume, a windfall of verses that might very properly have been entitled "Youthful Indiscretions." I seemed to have awakened from the old, old dream at last and to have found it all true. I did not see Mrs. Southworth very often. She was a great sufferer from fleshly ills toward the end of her life, and I, very busy and living almost a Sabbath day's journey from the cottage, could not easily make the pilgrimage; therefore, we exchanged familiar letters pretty frequently and enjoyed a companionship

PROSPECT COTTAGE, GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, THE HOME OF MRS. SOUTHWORTH — EASTERN FRONT

that was hearty and wholesome and free from all conventionality.

I desire to quote generously from her share in this correspondence, for thus the reader may gain a pretty fair knowledge of her mind and heart, and these both did her credit. She was of a deeply religious nature, chari-

PROSPECT COTTAGE — SOUTHERN FRONT

table to all, and full of loving kindness.

"PROSPECT COTTAGE,
"TUESDAY EVENING,
"MARCH 7th—1893.

"My Dear Friend: 'My Light at Eventide.' I wish I knew the Hawaiian equivalent for that phrase, for, if I did, I would give it to you for a name. 'Light at Eventide!' That is what you seem to me, who have outlived—on this earth at least —all my dear friends of childhood, of youth, of middle age! Yes, even the dear schoolboys who used to gather around me at Christmas and mid-Summer holidays, or at Inauguration Parades or grand Military Reviews. There are but two out of nineteen that are now living—only two—sic transit.

"When I came back to my old cottage home, after thirteen years absence, I found a changed world. I felt like another Rip Van Winkle. Yet I was not melancholy. There is always God — God our Father; God our lovely, yea! our most loving and Beloved. He sent me 'Light at Eventide'; and even if He had sent me no one, I should still have been far from melancholy, resting at His feet, under the shadow of His wing. All the loving Word of God is full of invitation to His poor, needy children: 'Come,' 'Draw nigh,' 'Seek,' 'Knock,' 'Ask.' And Oh! how generous, how tender, how loving, how responsive to all our seeking! Love of God and love of our neighbors—these are the sure cure of melancholy.

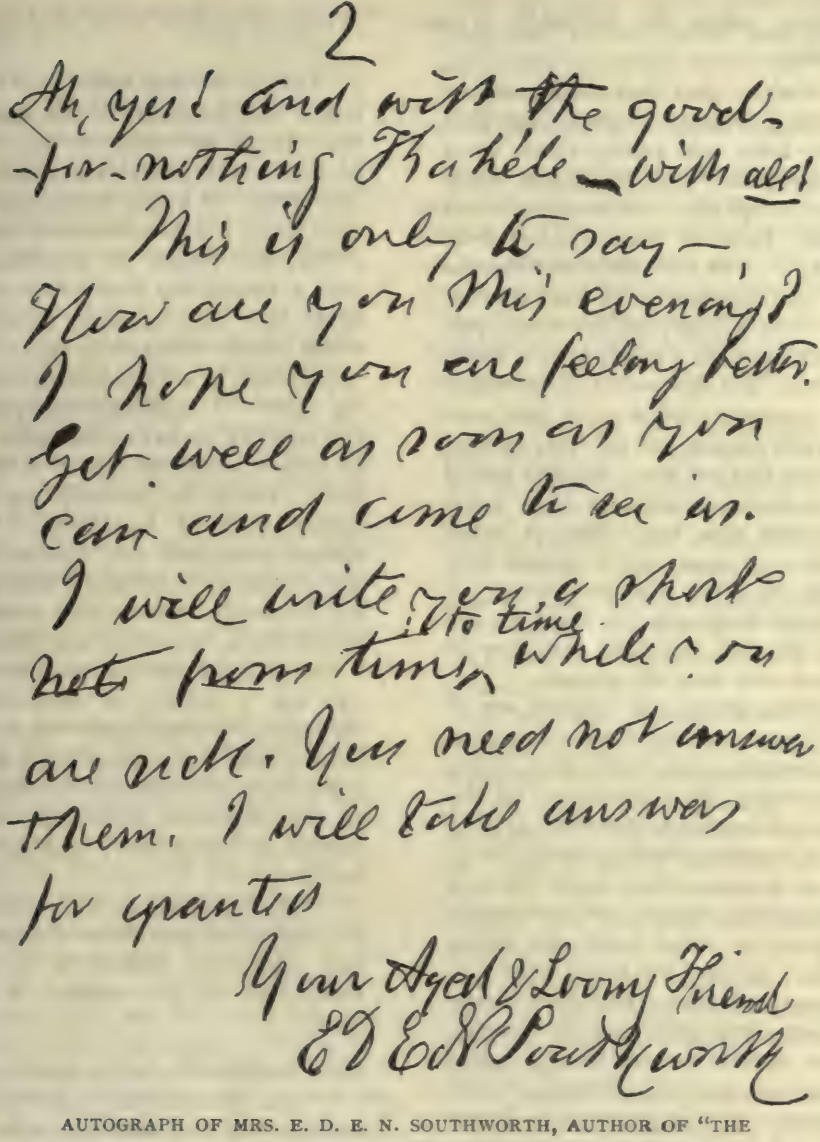
"By the way, I ought not to have answered your letter touching 'melancholy', on a postal card. It was indiscreet. It might have annoyed you. It was certainly an act of thoughtlessness unworthy of my age."

This gentle lady, in her girlish letters and in her engaging talk, returned again and again to the days of her youth, in spirit, at least, and was never more entertaining than when recalling her pleasant intercourse with the gallant students of old Georgetown. They knew the charm of her personality and found an ever welcome at the hands of the hostess of Prospect Cottage. She writes me: —

"I will tell you now of my dear schoolboy friends, and how in the long ago I became such a schoolboy with them. I will tell you one anecdote to show this. It was Christmas; a bright, sharp, cold day; the ground covered with snow and the snow frozen, the slope of the hill in front of the cottage affording fine sledding opportunities. I was coming home from church, all muffled in furs, and saw my schoolboys not sledding or skating but just sliding on the ice at the top of the hill in front of the Cottage. They all called to me with one voice, 'Oh, come and slide! Oh, do come and slide! It's splendid!' and they meant it.

"One of my schoolboys was a young Cuban. When New Year's Day came, my son, who was a medical student at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons and was home for the vacation, took them all to the president's levee. They left in a body, I standing in the porch to see them off. Suddenly the hot-blooded Cuban turned, saw me, rushed back and, seizing my hand, devoured it with kisses, amid a torrent of 'bellissima', 'carissima', and even 'illustrissima', and ever so many other 'issimas', before he tore himself away. Alas! he died a patriot's and a hero's death in the last attempted revolution in his native isle."

I can easily imagine how young Cuba might fall at the feet of one so gracious



2

Ah, yes! and with the good-
-for-nothing Rahélé — with all!

This is only to say —
How are you this evening?
I hope you are feeling better.
Get well as soon as you
can and come to see us.
I will write you a short
note from time to time while you
are sick. You need not answer
them. I will take answers
for granted

Your Aged & Loving Friend
E D E N Southworth

AUTOGRAPH OF MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND" ETC., ETC.

and queenly; and that even the Georgetown boys, with the heyday in the blood and the anguished football face glossed with corporeal humidity, in her bright presence might become as innocuous as the little human orchids, plucked from the lap of the nursery, who are as punctiliously polite as if they had been bred in the rarely refining atmosphere of a certain Boston continuous performance that shall be nameless.

It was the intense sympathy of Mrs. Southworth that drew to her so many and such close friends. She was utterly unselfish in her loves; was one of the few who could love her neighbors as herself without any distressing mental, moral or physical results. In proof of this statement I do not apologize for making public the following private epistle:

"When your last book came—well! I snapped it up as eagerly as my little pet terrier snaps up a sugar plum! Not an elegant simile but an apt one. 'A Troubled Heart and How It Was Comforted at Last.' The title fascinates me and it certainly has all of your readers. 'I was a lonely child'—Ah, yes! and you were a lonely boy, a lonely youth, and are now a lonely man. It scarcely needed your little note to tell me that you are 'very lonely.' I feel that you are. But why should you be lonely when so many warm-hearted men and—what is better still—so many sweet women love you so truly and so purely? I should think your life would be full of the life and love that flow in upon you from all around.

"Sometimes you impress me as a joyous young spirit—eternally, essentially young—who has by some mischance been incarnated on this planet, this 'sorrowful star,' as some sad poet has called our lovely Earth, and that you have never been at home here, though you have sought 'home' in many lands and among many peoples, but found it not; because all your experience everywhere, from childhood to maturity, has been to quench the joyousness and age the youthfulness of your spirit—all your experience, except that of the love of men and women, and this should comfort if it cannot gladden you.

* * * *

"As a child you were hurried away to the funeral of a youth who was a stranger to you—for the experience, I suppose—and doomed to hear that dismal dirge:

"'I would not live always, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.'

"Let me tell you that I met and talked with the author of that hymn. He was the Reverend Dr. Mueller, president of St. Luke's hospital in New York. It was in the Spring of 1876 when I was received by him; a fine, tall, bright, old gentleman; with a refined and genial face, and silver hair covered with a little, round, black velvet skull-cap. He was dressed in a long, priestly-looking gown. I expressed my pride and pleasure in having the honor of an interview with the author of that hymn—which, by the way, in my morbid youth I had loved. He smiled indulgently and gave me to understand, in words that I shall not try to recall, that he had written that hymn in his youth and during a time of great sorrow; and that it was not a healthy or wholesome utterance and had better not have been written. He composed it during a night-watch beside the corpse of his betrothed bride; he was faithful to her memory and never married.

"When I saw him he was a cheerful, cordial old gentleman of eighty, and even then looked as if he would like to 'live always' if he could."

Mrs. Southworth had a happy sense of humor, and sometimes twitted me upon never having married; with her, as with all of my friends and acquaintances, there was always the everlasting Why? Bless their hearts! Wild horses shall not drag from me the dead secret that—I snore.

In these latter days when she was often a prisoner in her cottage on the cliff, her soul was as free as a bird. To show how lavish she was of praise, and praise of her fellow writers, let me quote a few lines from her letters to me, though I confess that the act seems an immodest one:— *

> "You have a magician's power of taking me with you wherever you go. Time, space, locality are annihilated. No longer an invalid in the hut on the hill, I am a wanderer dreaming amid the tropical beauty of Southern isles, under the splendor of Southern skies.
>
> "Last Winter I went to Egypt with you. Before that to the South Sea Islands. But the most vivid impression is that of the Leper Isle of Molokai. You, yourself, who were there in the flesh, did not see it all more plainly than I who went in the spirit. I can shut my eyes now and in an instant stand upon the brink of that 'cataract of verdure — breaking here and there into a foam of flowers'— or in any other chosen scene—and see and hear it all.
>
> "I do not understand it. In reading Bayard Taylor, or even Humboldt, I read only; but with you I am transported—I go with you. * *
>
> "Are you still confined to your bed by illness, and do you find it dull? Well, I cannot prescribe for the illness, but I may for the dullness — read your own book! It is your child, a beautiful and gracious child and has won for you much love and praise. Fondle it. Look through it with my eyes. Renew your intercourse with dear Kana-Ana; with poor Joe of Lahoina; with hapless Taboo; with devoted Hua-Manu; with quaint Hoky Poky; and with the graceful, sinuous, brilliant Zebra who expired in his own flames. Ah yes! and with the good for nothing Kahele — with them all!
>
> "This is only to say how are you this evening? I hope you are feeling better. Get well and come to see us.
>
> "I will write you a short note from time to time while you are sick. You need not answer them. I will take answers for granted.
>
> "Your Aged and Loving Friend."

Surely the following bit of autobiography is not without interest for all friends of Mrs. Southworth and readers of her works. She had sent me autograph copies of her once famous novels, "The Hidden Hand, or Capitola the Madcap" and "Miriam the Avenger, or the Missing Bride." She wrote:

> "So glad you have the books at last, though, as I said before, they are an offering of weak lemonade in return for sparkling champagne. This is sincere—not a mere fantastical flattery. Your book is a delightful book, and at frequent intervals during the reading I think, "Ah! what a delicious book!" I am a literary epicure.
>
> "I selected 'Miriam' and 'The Hidden Hand' purposely for you. They are the two sprightliest books I ever wrote. After reading your delightful 'South Sea Idyls' as far as 'The House of the Sun' — at which I have just arrived—I concluded that you had had tragedy and melodrama enough in your real life. If you had been jolly—like Dickens' boy, 'jolly under difficulties',—I might have sent you something else.
>
> "I wrote 'The Hidden Hand' under the most distressing circumstances. Yes, the sprightliest, most captivating book I ever wrote — though not by far the best — was written when my only sister was dying of consumption, my son an invalid, I, myself, sick with chronic bronchitis, and I had to work for them all.
>
> "I used to come from the sickroom of my sister and sit down at my writing desk in this little parlor,

and immediately it seemed as if I had escaped from Hades into some sort of a joyous child's paradise, when I took my pen and continued the story of Capitola. The story was also published in England, and while it was yet running through the New York Ledger and the London Guide, my English publishers made me a good offer to go to England and write there. I accepted the offer, went, taking my two children with me. The story was perhaps more popular there than here. There were boats on the Thames called the Capitolas and Black Donalds; there were ladies' hats called Capitolas. When the serial was finished it was dramatized and played at two theaters in London at the same time—at the Strand and at the Grecian Temple on the Surrey side of the Thames.

"That unhappy lunatic Wilkes Booth, then a very young man, took the part of Black Donald at the Grecian Temple. The story was very well dramatized in five long acts—no less could do it justice—and done far, far better than it has ever been put on the stage in this country. I spent nearly three years in England—having left home in the Spring of 1859. I returned in the Spring of '62.

"You were a schoolboy in those days and Oh! how I wish that I had known you then. I used to have happy Christmas house-parties of schoolboys, sons and wards of northern friends who would come down to spend their holidays with me at Prospect Cottage, and with whom I could myself be a schoolboy for the time being.

"Ah! those were happy days, and would have been happier if I could have had the one warm-hearted schoolboy whom I was fated not to know until he had become a man and I an aged woman.

"You would have enjoyed those Christmas Holidays with my schoolboy guests, I know; you might have enjoyed them more than any of the others, for they have probably forgotten me as I have lost sight of them all."

Again she wrote me:—

"Beloved Friend—

"How nice it is to be seventy-four and privileged to use terms of endearment to whom one loves.

* * * *

"The fact is, you are dislocated. It is bad enough to have a dislocated joint, but to have one's whole individuality dislocated is horrible. You will be dislocated until you come to a decision. You are strangely alone. You should be

A Benedict or a Brother,
One or the other.

* * * *

"I feel that in my late letters I have been writing morbidly to a man already too morbid. I had been writing to you of your invisible Guardian Angel, when in fact what you really needed was an angel of flesh and blood; and I meant to tell you so and advise you on your 'outing' to keep your eyes open and look about for that angel. You should have a wife, a family, a fireside. Mysticism is not wholesome for a man in his prime; he belongs to this world. * * *

"The work of demolition is still going on; the surroundings look like the day after the day of judgment, whe the old heavens and earth have been destroyed and the new heavens and earth have not yet been created, and all around are wreck and ruin.

"'O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade —'

where the whinny of the half-dying horses, the yell of the heartless drivers, the thud of the striking axe, the crash of the falling tree, and the thunder of the exploding blast are not heard; where the quake of the tortured earth is not felt and the flying rock are not feared — is the last aspiration of your loving friend. * * * *

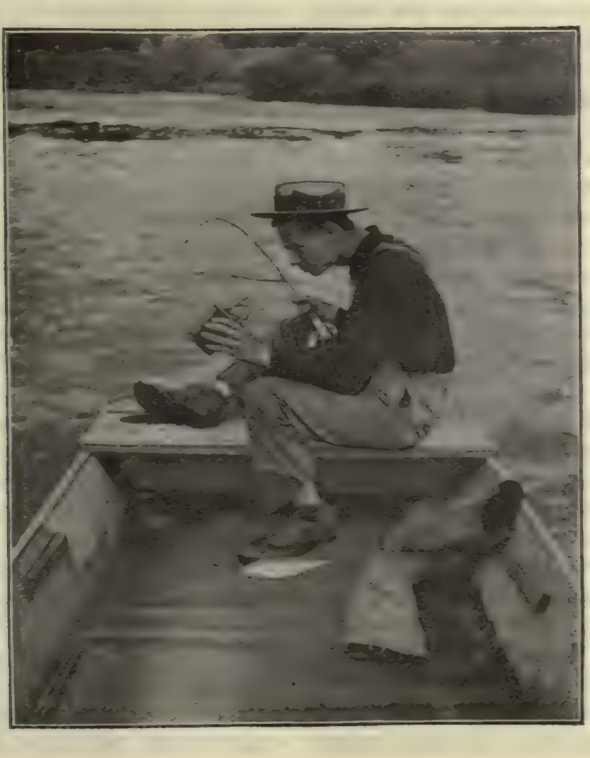
"This blue pencil must already — without words — have told its tale; I am no longer able to sit up and write with a pen. I am lying on my bed and writing on a pad. I have been losing strength all Summer and Autumn and am still losing it even faster this Autumn. Yet no one ever faded away more sweetly and painlessly than I — no pain, but little fever, and no sleepless nights. Sometimes I do lie awake for an hour or two in the long nights, but there is my closest and sweetest union with the Lord: the room is dark, the silence perfect, the solitude unbroken, and the child can get close to the Heavenly Father."

So passed from earth one of the gentlest of spirits — yet spirited withal — brave, loving, hopeful through eighty beautiful years.

"OUT OF BAIT" ❧ Photographic Study

By FRED A. ELLIOTT

CHENANGO FORKS, NEW YORK



LOVE BLOWETH WHERE IT LISTETH

By CHRISTOBELLE VAN ASMUS BUNTING

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

"RIDING to hounds is becoming quite American."

"Yes," and Anne Howard toyed languidly with a lace ruffle of her gown.

"Do you like riding?"

"Oh, I'm rather fond of it. I don't go in for sport much, though."

"So Beatrice Van Allen told me."

"Did she?" Jack Shelby tried to appear disinterested.

"You used to be awfully fond of her?" Anne questioned. "She was fond of you, too."

"Yes," he replied, taking Anne's cup and placing it on a table. "I suppose that's the way it looked."

"I must be going. It has been warm today, hasn't it?"

"Yes, very," and Jack Shelby smiled at her as Anne Howard walked away. She stopped before leaving and spoke to one or two on her way out.

"I hate receptions," she confided to Mrs. Potter, as they came down the steps together.

"Oh, my dear!" Mrs. Potter returned. "I'm afraid our American girl is growing very mannish."

"Well," Anne retorted, "so long as we have plenty of effeminate men, it doesn't much matter."

Mrs. Potter tried to be shocked, but from force of habit she smiled deceitfully.

Anne walked home. Her thoughts were disconnected. She was sure of but one thing, and that was her entire discontent. She was young, too. It seemed incongruous.

The time was early Summer, when the lilac bushes hang full of honey and fragrance. She felt that sweet dreaminess that early flowers bring. The soft South wind was full of story. She fancied a country road dotted with dandelions and great large tree-boughs forming an arch overhead. A little white bridge was in the distance, spanning a tiny, purling stream. Birds sang everywhere. Then—she sighed heavily as she opened the gate and came up the walk. At the door her mother met her.

"Why did you not drive home, my dear?" she asked. The Browns' carriage was just going by.

"I didn't care to. It is such a pretty walk."

"You are quite late, Anne," she said reprovingly. "You must hurry, dear, and dress before dinner."

"I am dressed." Anne looked at her mother wonderingly.

"But did I not tell you we are going to the opera? Your father has asked Mr. Sterling, and I have invited some others to join us."

"What shall I wear?" Anne asked dejectedly.

"How foolish you are, child! How should I know? Are you an infant that I should direct every little thing you do? Dress suitably, my dear; that is all I can say."

Anne walked upstairs to her own little sanctum.

"Even this is not what I wish it," she said, closing the door; and then she threw herself on a Turkish couch by the window. It was some minutes before she moved. When she looked at a little brass clock it was just one hour before dinner. Anne glanced out the window and saw Mr. Sterling coming up the walk.

"There is nothing else to do," she said hopelessly. She dressed hurriedly and went down.

⁂

Mr. Howard had a kind heart, but his daughter did not know it. Had she, things might have been different. Mr. Howard judged all women by his wife. He believed he was doing the right thing to help on the suit when Mr. Ralph Sterling, capitalist, showed a desire to be attentive to his daughter. Mrs. Howard had pointed out that Sterling was the desirable suitor. She had made Mr. Howard understand long ago that unless a man had money he counted for naught in the eyes of a woman—he believed, all women. There was no disputing Sterling's standing. It was a matter of Dun and Bradstreet, and Mrs. Howard saw to it that her husband lost no time finding it out. She had even gone so far as to mention Mr. Sterling to her daughter in a decidedly pointed way. Mrs. Howard had ended by saying:

"You are aware, my dear, that it is hazardous to be a bud at the end of a second season."

Anne had smiled almost cynically—but a closer glance would have betrayed pathos.

She told a young teacher once, whom she had met in the mountains, that she hated society. The country girl had looked at her almost with envy.

"What I should like would be to find a friend. I know that the only reason I have admirers is because I am so circumstanced. It's not me they care for; it's what I seem to be; and I am not really what I appear at all."

Anne had expressed a wish to her mother to have Miss Read visit them, but Mrs. Howard discouraged the idea disdainfully.

"You remind me of your paternal grandmother, Anne. Please don't be like her," she added petulantly. "She was always having some questionable person visiting her. By questionable I mean, of course, respectable—nothing at all but respectable. People must have something beside respectability, my dear—I mean people who count. One never knows what a person like Miss Read, for instance, might do. They are so tactless—these people, and blunt."

"If you mean honest," said Anne, "well, yes; she is that."

"Well, my dear, I suppose that is it, really; and one can't afford to be too honest nowadays, you know. One must be able to cover some things. No, dear, don't take up with people out of your own set. They become a great burden generally. They always have some petty ambition that they make one feel one is responsible for. Take the advice of an older head, my dear," and Mrs. Howard stroked her daughter's hair, as she came and stood beside her. "You will thank me for it."

And so it came that Anne did not ask Miss Read to the Howard home.

II

The Howards went north into Canada for the Summer, and Mr. Sterling went also. Anne knew why, and so she was not surprised when her mother said one evening before dinner:

"Has Mr. Sterling spoken to you, Anne, dear?"

"No," she answered, "not yet. I suppose I have hardly been gracious enough. I am undecided, mother."

"You are so foolish, child. I have done everything for you, and yet you are so ungrateful. Perhaps you may have had petty excuses before, but pray tell me, what can be your reason now? A girl must marry, or become a trial to everyone. Attractive old maids are scarce, my dear. I am convinced that you could never fill that role. It would be dreadful, too, to have to chaperon you many more seasons. Have some pride, Anne. Consider your mother. What fault have you to find with Mr. Sterling?"

"None—particularly."

"Well, then, why object?"

"I don't love him."

"Oh, dear!" and Mrs. Howard

sighed. She was relieved, at the same time impatient. "Is that all?" she said again.

"About all. The truth is, I hardly know the man. I don't dislike him, but I certainly do not feel like marrying him. I am sure some girls marry for love. Why can't I?"

"Well, who is this Apollo you dream about?" Mrs. Howard was anxious. She was going over in her own mind any "questionable person" they might have met. At Anne's reply she breathed more easily.

"Why, no one. I've never cared for anyone. I have never met any real people. They are all so unnatural. Sincere people never seem to take to us, somehow. I have fancied a man who is a man—not one who is forever drinking tea and complimenting women. I would like just to meet a man who would do things. Some one who really cares and is—honest."

"Oh, come, my dear." Mrs. Howard turned the leaves in a book rapidly. "Don't get morbid. It's alarming in one so pretty and young as you are. There's a dear! It's only in fiction where one finds 'real people.' One must be content in life not to be miserable. If one is more fortunate than that, one is extremely blessed. No, believe me, my dear, it is as you say — all 'fancy.' Mr. Sterling is a desirable man. Most girls would be delighted at your opportunity. Why, ever since we met him at Alexandria he has been most attentive to you. Do you not recall how obliging he was about the cabin? Then later, when we met him formally in London, he was so gracious. He is really a fine man. It is a pity we are leaving tomorrow. After speaking to your father so long ago, I felt sure he would have asked you before our return. Then she added disappointedly: "It looks so much better to announce these things away from home. He might speak yet," and Mrs. Howard picked up a brush at Anne's dressing-table and smoothed her hair.

"Come down soon, won't you, dear?" she asked coaxingly as she turned and went out the door.

Mr. Sterling did not speak before the departure. Anne liked him for it. She knew he had asked her father, and she admired his silence toward her. She recalled twice, at least, when they were quite alone and he might have told her. One day in particular when they were riding and she had to drop behind to adjust her saddle. He had been very kind. A strap on the girth had broken and he suggested they return by a short cut through a crossroad, which they did. She wondered why he had not spoken then as they walked along. She liked him for not doing so. "He must see," she reflected, "that I do not care for him."

Another time on the links, when she struck her ankle, he had helped her, and they had driven to the house together. He had one redeeming quality: Anne knew him to be a gentleman.

⁂

One night about a month after their return Mrs. Howard asked Mr. Sterling to dinner. Anne had gone into the conservatory and she was standing there when Mr. Sterling came in. He surprised her, for she believed no one knew she was there. He had not thought to find her, either. He showed it.

"Good evening," she said, "come in and I will find you a boutonnet."

"Thank you," and he came toward her.

"There are not many flowers left," she observed, picking a fuschia. "Do you know what this stands for?"

"No, will you tell me?"

"It means unrequited affection," she answered hastily.

"One could hardly hope for more," and Mr. Sterling fastened the flower in his coat.

It came about most naturally, and he asked her there to be his wife. He knew she did not love him. He did not ask for that, but when she said "yes," there seemed to be feeling in the little word. He did not draw her to him, as she had fancied he would when he came—her prince. Instead he bowed low and kissed her hand. And somehow she felt very grateful toward him.

As Anne had given so little, she felt no desire to accept much. It was purely a social affair all through. Of course she went in no company without Mr. Sterling, but on the other hand she did not find herself with him without a company. She discovered quite by accident one day that he did not care for "pink teas." She was more gracious when they met again. Sometimes Anne wondered what he did care for.

The thing that made her like him least was his willingness, or eagerness even, to marry her when he knew her so little.

"If it were necessary from any point of view at all," she meditated, "I could forgive him, but there is no reason whatever why he should marry me—and most of all, I am anything in the wide world but what he imagines." She could not remember five times when they had conversed alone, and those times their conversation had been most general.

"Oh, why couldn't he have been different from the rest! I shall marry, and it will go on the same—just the same—forever."

The thought came to her that some day, somewhere, some time she might meet a man whom she really loved. What then? The idea stayed in her mind so strongly that she spoke to her mother about it.

"What an unlikely person you are, Anne," her mother had said. "Those things never happen except to people unbalanced. You are not going in for scandal are you, my dear?"

Anne looked her disgust.

"Of course not," continued Mrs. Howard. "It is only hysterical people who do unheard-of things like that. My dear, there is no such thing, really. There have been cases, of course, but they are not moral ones. I do not fear for you."

She left Anne thinking it over.

"Perhaps she is right," Anne said aloud, "but I don't believe it."

III

It was to be a June affair—the wedding. Hardly one month now. They were going everywhere, it seemed to Anne, on their bridal tour. How different from what she would have chosen. In fact, her mother had planned almost everything. Anne simply had to agree. That was all.

"If I had only one friend—someone who could help me; but I am powerless to do anything except what is planned for me. What resources have I?" she asked herself bitterly.

And it was quite true, too.

⁂

One day about a week before the wedding Anne left word that if anyone asked for her she was going out and would not be back till dinner.

When Mrs. Howard heard this, she was quite vexed. She hoped to have had a good talk with Anne today. There was much she had to discuss. The time was so short now. "How provoking!" she said querulously.

Anne had taken herself out a country road where she was quite alone. She was sitting beside a tiny stream. It was a lazy day in June and birds sang everywhere. She took out a little book and read some; then she sat and watched the fishes. She knew she was happier far than she was generally, but still she felt very lonely. It came to her all over again how empty her life had been—how smoothly things had gone for her—not one interesting ripple in her whole existence. Why could it not have been different? Why couldn't something come to mar the tiresome tranquility?

Looking up she saw someone on the road. Before she realized it, she had waved her whip at him, and he had dismounted and was leading his horse toward her. She was sorry directly that she had let him intrude.

"I did not expect to find you away out here, Mr. Sterling," and she colored slightly.

"I come this way often," he answered, tying his horse near hers. "Were you reading?" He picked up her book.

"No," she said, "I was dreaming."

He did not ask her, as he did always, if he might sit there beside her, but seating himself at her feet, he asked instead: "Why haven't we come here before?"

He pulled some long blades of grass and then he looked up at her and smiled kindly. Anne could not explain it, but she knew she had never until then liked him so well.

"I don't know," she said; "I didn't suppose you cared for — well, for solitude."

"Didn't you? Well, you could hardly know, I suppose. I will tell you something," and he looked straight at her, "I knew you did. I knew you must care for things like this — the brook, for instance."

"Oh, I love a brook," she said eagerly; "to me there is nothing so sweet—the sea is mighty, but the brook is tender."

"You are right; the brook is like your nature—and mine."

She looked up and their eyes met.

"Who told you about me?" she asked abruptly.

"You did."

"I?" she questioned.

"Do you remember one day last Summer we were going for a sail? We stood apart from the others, while they were rigging the boat. I asked you whom you were named for, and do you recall what you said?"

"What did I say?"

"You said that you were named for your grandmother. 'I like the name,' you went on. 'It is the only thing I have ever had or known that I felt was honest. I wonder sometimes how it ever happened my name was not in keeping with the other things about me.'"

"And you remembered that? What did you think of me for speaking so?"

"Shall I tell you?"

She did not answer. She seemed far away; then she brought herself back suddenly.

"Did you think me morbid?" she asked again.

"No," and he smiled. "I thought I should like to take you far away with me—somewhere, where no one else was—just we two—and then I should tell you many honest things. I wished with my whole heart that the little sailboat were a stronger one and belonged to just two persons and that they were going to cruise away together."

"And you never told me?'

"I tried to, Anne, and you would not let me; but I knew I should tell you some day."

She did not remember his ever having called her Anne. It never sounded like this, at least. The horses pawed the sod beyond the tree; the fishes were flitting to and fro beneath the rocks; the birds sang on; it was just the same—the same? No; there was not one familiar thing in thought or view. To Anne it was all changed. It was stranger than any fairy tale she had ever heard. And then he opened her book and read softly:

"There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
But in its hues and fragrance tells a tale
Of thee."

"How strange," she said, leaning toward him, as she rested on the palm of one hand, "that you really have a soul!"

"And you thought I had none?"

"I did not even dream of such a thing. And to think," she whispered slowly, "that you—"

"That I love you!" He reached for her hand.

"And I—"

"And you will love me, too," he said, with his eyes close to hers.

He rose and helped her to her feet, and led her toward the horses.

"Where are we going?" Anne asked, smiling.

"I am going to take you home," and they rode away together.

❧

There was great consternation at the Howard home, when dinner time came and Anne had not come in. Mrs. Howard was quite beside herself when a messenger brought word of her daughter's elopement with Mr. Sterling.

"It was a dreadful shock," said Mrs. Howard to Mrs. Potter afterward. "Even now I can't explain it. Anne is a peculiar child."

"And you had to recall the invitations?" Mrs. Potter went on.

"Yes, that was the worst of it; and I hate a scene so. Of course, there was a great deal of talk. It was all so provokingly unnecessary, too."

"When are they coming back?" Mrs. Potter asked again.

"I am sure I've no idea. They have gone to some unheard-of place in the mountains. Won't you have some tea?" Mrs. Howard asked suddenly.

"No, thanks," Mrs. Potter returned, rising. "I must be getting back."

"Scandalous!" she murmured to herself as she got into her carriage. "Drive to Mrs. Black's," she said aloud.

It was quite dark when Mrs. Potter reached her own home.

AN IDLE ONE

Cora A. Matson Dolson

HER friends the linen spread to bleach;
  Their bright pails glisten in the sun;
Their ways of thrift she will not reach —
    She is an idle one.

When down the morning path she goes,
  I deem it is in loving quest
To train some wayward vine she knows,
    Or find a robin's nest.

She loves to loiter where the bee
  Makes dreamy music all day long
'Round berry bloom or locust tree,
    And steal it for her song.

She lists the red-winged blackbird's call,
  And all the nested boughs she knows;
And where beside the low stone wall
    Blossoms the sweet wild rose.

The house plants crowd her window pane,
  She loves to watch them in the sun;
Her sewing basket calls in vain—
    She is an idle one.

But when the one her heart holds dear
  Comes home beneath the waning light,
Perhaps he deems it joy to hear
    Her finished song at night.

JAPANESE STAFF OFFICERS STUDYING THE POSITION OF THE ENEMY IN MANCHURIA
Photographed for the National Magazine by a Japanese Officer

A PAGE FROM THE BOOK OF WAR

By J. GORDON SMITH

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

NIGHT: seated about a camp-fire beneath a dun elm that spread over the low mud wall of the compound of a puny village were some hundred Japanese soldiers — the commissariat guard overlooking the relay depot which the line of sleds, drawn by bullocks and mules driven by plodding and indifferent Chinese, had established about five miles south of Anshantien. The light of the flickering camp-fire glowed on the bronzed faces; the moon, almost hidden by the saddle-like mountains, which stood like gloomy sentinels on either side of the valley, paled the deep blue of the sky beyond, and in the ghostly light the soldiers sat listening to the story-teller Kuroda, who told tales of old Japan, of spirits and warriors, samurai and statesmen, tales which ever attracted the rapt attention of the listeners.

It was a tale of heroism that he told; the story-tellers I heard in the field ever told of heroism. It is beneficial to the morale of the troops, though these glory-loving, fighting men need little inspiration.

Crack! The sentry's rifle sounded sharply. Again; then again it cracked. See! He was running toward the camp.

"Rokoko-jin," he shouted. "Russians!"

There were horsemen dashing toward

the village, their swords flashing and gleaming in the partial darkness.

Quickly the alarm sounded. A bugler stood high on a mud wall of the Chinese house; his notes rang sharp and clear. Quick, into the house. Captain Yasahura recognized that to fight in the open against such odds was impossible. With walls of mud a foot thick, great windows of wooden fretwork pasted over with paper, and a bricked-up "kang," a dais used as a bed, with a fire of kowliang stalks built beneath, a Manchu house offers little protection, but I have seen many of these houses, with loop-holes poked through the caked mud, desperately held.

A low mud wall bounding the compound, with stable and granary in corners, the rest an open space, offered a first defence, as it were a castle wall about an insecure castle.

Into such a house flocked the company of Captain Yasahura with their accoutrements, hastily secured. The piled mats of rice, boxes of ammunition, tubs of dried fish, stores of meat, salmon, biscuit — the food for men and guns which awaited the coming of the sleds from Anshantien — had, perforce, to be abandoned. Cossacks in growing numbers were circling about the little company, so that their line became closer and closer.

From behind the mud walls, with reassuring shouts, though all saw the vast number of their foemen — there were 3,000 Cossacks — the Japanese fired, seeking to protect the stores in their keeping, but in vain.

Soon the night was lit by leaping flame; the piles of stores in the village road had been fired. Ammunition was crackling and exploding.

The bright light, so near to the walls, revealed the brave defenders at the outer wall and the carbines of the Cossacks poured a heavy fire. With shrieks, groans, cries of "Banzai!" the defenders returned the fire. As men fell, hit by the bullets of the Cossacks, others dashed across the open yard to drag them to the temporary shelter of the Chinese house, where the tables of the long-since-fled owner were converted into operating slabs on which the wounded were laid.

Outside, the rifles flashed, the wild cries of the Cossacks and the answering shouts of the defenders, now wild as the men of Nippon Denji ever become when intoxicated with the blood-lust of battle, made savage din; the flames leaped, ammunition spluttered and crackled. Inside, determined men kept their eyes strained on the indistinctly seen horde that circled about at every side of the doomed house; surgeons, quietly and coolly, with the deliberation as of a hospital of the home-land, used knife and scalpel when necessary, ever seeking, though, to avoid operation if possible; white-smocked assistants stood by with ready jars of water secured at risk of their lives by dashes through a fire-zone to the compound well — and wrapped taut the lint bandages around the wounded heads and limbs. Then men slid from the tables, blood-stained, weak, but still determined to fight again.

Like fire, the only way to stop a Japanese from fighting is to extinguish him.

O oki no kami . . . See!

Russian riders, swinging over the sides of their galloping horses, were circling closer to the wall with torches in their hands, throwing firebrands toward the thatch of the house. Many were killed. the slain horses fell upon others and pinioned the suffering bodies to the frozen earth. Still others came with more firebrands.

The place was on fire. A wisp of smoke, then a crackling on the thatch, and the brave defenders knew the beginning of the end had come. They were in extremis. They had been fighting for hours. It was now near morning; already streaks of gray were shooting into the sky beyond the saddle-mountains. And the end had come. Nothing remained but to dash out amongst the Russian horde and die fighting.

Yet there were things to be done before that. The enemy must not learn to what regiment they belonged; the men of Osaka did not wish that. All shoulder-straps with the tell-tale numbers must be burned, all documents were to be destroyed, and the flag—the proud rising sun flag with the purple border of the regiment—was also to be burned lest it fall into the hands of the foe. Those who had portraits of the Tenshi Sama must take care lest these fall into the hands of the ruthless Cossack. Their names would feel the disgrace even beyond the grave.

"Sayonara, good friends; a gallant death." So the soldiers shouted one to another. Then they dashed out—to death.

But the Cossacks were evidently not well-informed of their small number. The Russians fell back at their coming. The circle widened, but the riders at the rear, now unprotected, dismounted and swarmed over the mud wall and into the burning house.

Captain Yasahura ordered his men back when he saw them. If they were to die—and die they obviously must—it were better to fall while fighting to regain the house. So they charged—a forlorn hope. Bayonet against sword and spear they fought, and in a few minutes a mad scramble at the back door, torn from its frame and splintered, ended a melee which cost many lives.

It was a horrible scene within that burning charnel-house. Russian and Japanese were heaped together, asprawl and bruised, the living squirming beneath the dead.

Rescue was impossible; the flames grew apace. The building was soon hopelessly involved; the heat intense. The fight was over. Nothing remained but sauve qui peut. Those who could should save themselves, cried Captain Yasahura; they could tell others of the fight. Those at Osaka would be glad to hear of it; the stain that was once upon the soldiers of the city was now long since wiped out with the blood of brave men. No Japanese would ever call the soldiers of Osaka cowards again. Nanshan and the Kinshiu Maru had wiped out the past.

Captain Yasahura was wounded. His bandaged forehead was red with dried blood, his splintered knee made him limp with pain. He knelt with several others, helpless with their wounds, and died as Samurai of old Japan—by hari-kari.

To each soldier the Japanese army headquarters sends a paper fan. These fans, white with a red ball—the rising sun—upon them, are highly prized. With his ever-ready pencil—no Japanese officer is ever without a pencil in his tunic pocket—the wounded officer knelt quietly, placidly, though the nearing circle of Cossacks shouted wildly and the cracking of their carbines rattled in unison with the noise of the destroying ammunition, and he wrote a poem, scrawling the ideographs on the fan.

"Soon I cease to be;—
One fond memory I would keep
When beyond this world.
  Is there, then, no way for me
  Just once more to meet with thee?"

Only in the world beyond the grave, the shade-land of departed spirits, he would see her again.

Banzai—banzai—Tenno Heike . . . . banzai . . . Three times the little throng repeated the shout. They cheered emperor and home, then, tearing their tunics open, they dashed swords or bayonets into their stomachs and disemboweled themselves. With their life's blood trickling away, their intestines bared by the wounds they made, they staggered to their feet, weakly, with death upon them, and leaped into the flames of the burning house.

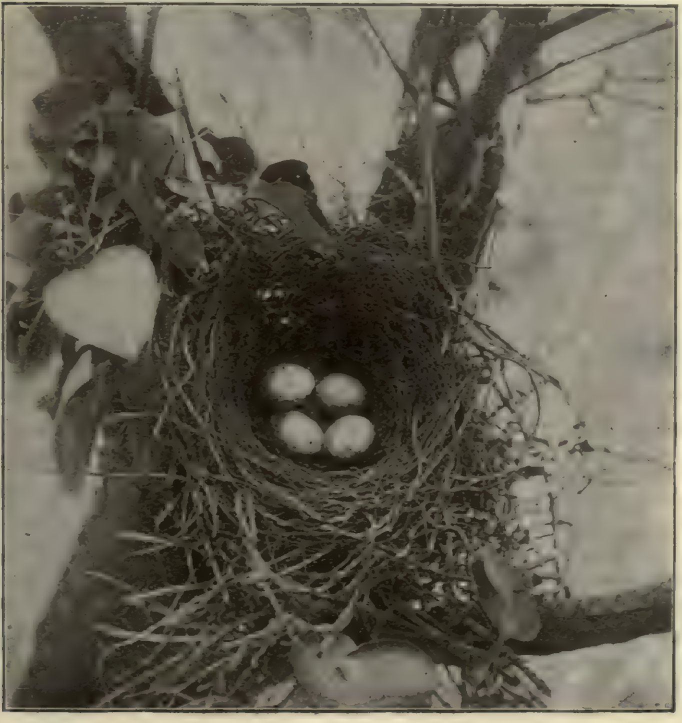
Some survivors hid themselves, others dashed into the night, some to find death at the hands of the encircling Cossacks, a few to escape to Anshantien to tell the tale of death to a vengeful detachment guarding a larger depot for the commissariat line. A few reached Yinkow, even, having struggled, footsore and worn, from village to village, living on the pittances of millet given them by Manchus who could ill spare the food. A lieutenant, with a few men, were all that reached Anshantien. All told tales replete with horror.

One Namba, a surgeon, thinking himself safe because of the Red Cross bandage on his arm, gave himself to the Cossacks when the gallant Captain Yasahura and others committed hari-kari at the close of the forlorn fight. The surgeon was ruthlessly cut down by a Cossack, and his bleeding form, still animate, was carried to the burning building and cast into the pyre which was cremating the brave officers who died so gallantly.

At daylight the raiders rode away, leaving two pyres, one of the destroyed stores, the other the crematory which held the ashes of Captain Yasahura and some of his men.

A few days later a burial party came to seek for bones amongst the ashes, that they might be sent to Japan for interment. And in May, when the shades of dead soldiers assemble again at the patriots' shrine in Tokio, thousands will do honor to those who died. The shades will rejoice—that is the popular belief.

BLUE JAY'S NEST ❧ Photographic Study



LOLA LA FOLLETTE
Half-tone engraving by Charles Ricker

BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By HELEN ARTHUR
NEW YORK CITY

XVII

LOLA LA FOLLETTE

TO call this an interview would be a misnomer; it is a sermon: the text, Lola La Follette, and the concluding prayer will be that other budding actresses may be given the saving grace of good, old-fashioned common-sense. Attend, all stage-struck girls, and know that the rules which govern this profession are the same as for any other.

The day I went to see this young woman — whose father, as governor of Wisconsin and now senator, has been such a dramatic figure in politics—I went (as I discovered later she well knew) because of the magic of that name.

Beside myself, there was awaiting her a well-known writer on dramatic subjects, who had been sent by one of the great daily newspapers to write up his "impressions."

I watched her as he explained the object—she was so little impressed by the importance of the man and the big daily he represented. She said simply:

"You must know how little being in the papers counts to one used to public life, and how easily taken in I should be were I to think that you are here except because of the fact that 'I am my father's daughter.' "

A mild protest from the man, but she continued:

"If that isn't the reason, why aren't you elsewhere interviewing the other women whose parts exceed my one-line role—that's all it is, you know."

The newspaper man's voice rose hopefully:

"But, Miss LaFollette, you must confess that, for you to leave a life of so much social attraction for the hardships of the stage is enough to stamp you as a person of individuality."

"Thank you, but it doesn't seem so to me. I have to begin. I chose the stage, and I am glad that I have the opportunity to watch and study Miss Rehan, the greatest American comedienne. There is no more to be said on the subject because so far that's all there is to my career."

But still he persisted—he tried to draw her out—visions of head-lines seemed to be his. "Which way does your ambition lead you—to tragedy or comedy?"

And here it was this young person from the West laughed out loud.

"Please, please don't ask me such questions. How can I say without appearing ridiculous? Remember, my career is only three months old. To be sure, I do not consider myself cast for heroic parts. I am of medium height and my nose turns up."

He rose to go; he had found the sort of girl who couldn't be cajoled into furnishing material, but he made one last attempt.

"I've your photograph. Won't you sign it?"

And this is where I saw Miss LaFollette summon her courage to bear her out in a resolution.

"I am sorry, but I cannot unless you will send me a typewritten copy of what your paper is going to say about me. It isn't that I mind so much, but I must remember that foolish things apparently emanating from me bring discredit upon my parents and my training."

He turned disappointedly to the door, but as he did he held out his hand and said:

"Thank you for your frankness, and as I can't promise for my paper, I won't ask anything further. I've met with so few young girls who have adopted the stage and were at the outset unspoiled and well balanced, that I am more than glad to have met another."

Miss LaFollette thanked him, and after the hall door closed on him she came slowly back into the room and said:

"Do you suppose he did get my point of view, or has he left considering me a self-sufficient Miss?"

"I cannot vouch for him," said I, "but I learned to avoid the mistake of trying a formal interview."

"Thank goodness!" said she, and with that we proceeded to forget all about material for "copy" and just became pleasantly acquainted, for we were both interested in many of the same things and, incidentally, we both came from Wisconsin.

❧

XVIII

BONNIE MAGIN

THERE is a semi-mythical creature who habits the pages of many of our novels, is often seen as "the Adven-

BONNIE MAGIN
Half-tone engraving by Charles Ricker

turess" in modern plays—not to mention that she is the subject of much discussion in the evening newspapers; a strange, fascinating personage, never abroad before noon, whose decided preferences are for orchids, diamonds and champagne. There are only certain places where she exists, and in REALITY is not one of them. Her name never stands alone; it is followed by the dire description, "Music-Hall Dancer."

Gay as her life may be in fiction, actually it is most simple and ordinary.

Of this genus is Bonnie Magin, "Metropolitan Favorite"; and as I watched her dance I realized that the price she paid for popularity was much heavier than for the others, for the audience demanded dances by way of encore, and never did the smiling Miss Magin refuse.

After "The Big Chief and Little Maid" dance I was told that Miss Magin had a "long wait," and could see me. "A long wait" was barely the length of time ordinarily had between dances at a cotillion.

Up two flights of steep, iron stairs I climbed, and into her tiny dressing-room I crowded. It was no larger than a fair-sized closet—one side was mirror, two were hung with dresses and the fourth was door. This "Hole in the Wall," as Miss Magin called it, was shared by Aimee Angles, that clever dancer and mimic, and was further filled by a large and correspondingly genial maid, and when the door closed on me Miss Magin was certainly subject to my close scrutiny.

She was just removing her war-paint, and changing her costume from that of the primitive North American Indian to the more modern garb of a sophomore in Backwater college.

She had looked at me and said encouragingly, "Think you can squeeze in here? We aren't exactly fixed for visitors, but we are hospitably inclined, and ready to answer questions. According to the old-fashioned idea, this Indian rig ought to be about right for me — I'm from Chicago. I came to New York on a visit—circumstance is a queer thing, isn't it? I just happened along with a girl who came down to this theater to see about an engagement. I was nothing but a youngster — braids hanging down my back. The girl was talking to Mr. Joe Weber, and probably more to notice me than for any other reason he said: 'You want a position, too? Come down and I'll give you one.' I ook him then and there at his word. I was wild about a stage career. In the Summer, I had gone out in a small opera company which was playing 'Pinafore' and kindred operas in Illinois towns. The musical director was Gustave Luders, who has since become well known as joint author with George Ade in 'The Prince of Pilsen' and 'The Sho-Gun.' I received ten dollars a week—seemed 'bigger money' to me than any I have had since. I was soon given a small part; the lines, my first ones, how well I remember them! I, a tiny figure, darted in at the left stage and breathlessly announced, 'A message from Palermo. Sent with urgency and delivered with alacrity.' For this I got two dollars a week more, which must have swamped the treasury, for the company lasted only about six weeks.

"However, that first trial was enough to fire my ambition, and to be at Weber-Field's was like a dream come true. Except for one season, I have been there ever since, and it is almost like home to me."

"Did you learn fancy dancing?"

"Do you mean did I ever take lessons? Mercy, no, I never took a lesson in my life! I was the kind of a girl that liked dancing better than studying — the kind like Theodora in Grace George's play. What is it she says—'With a decent orchestra and a sympathetic partner, I could waltz into eternity.'

"The stage manager arranges our dances, though many times our steps are born on the inspiration of the moment. I originated that pretty little 'Rosie Dance'. Remember it?

"Rosie, you are my posie,
You are my heart's desire."

There is so much exhilaration in dancing, the music and the rythm just go to my head, and even if I am tired I forget it all when I am dancing. But I don't want to be a dancer and nothing else; that is the great trouble—to work

DRINA DE WOLFE
Half-tone engraving by Charles Ricker

away from your specialty. I have a part in 'The College Widower' — our heroic endeavor to parody George Ade, so the program states, and we did extract some smiles from him when he saw it the other day. My part is small, yet when ambition sleeps I am happy enough and glad that persons inquire at the box-office if I am still dancing here. Sometimes they get the name wrong, to be sure, and ask for 'Maginnis.'

"How about 'Bony'?" put in little Miss Angeles?

"Well, I guess not," ejaculated the maid, who spoke as one having authority.

XIX

DRINA DEWOLFE

SUCCESS on the stage has sometimes been won by reason of one preeminent gift; beauty opens one door to success, money another, persistence, rightly directed, a third, while magnetism and intellectuality will break down any barriers.

Many win with much against them—how happy the few with things in their favor. If one is in earnest, hindrances matter not save for the time spent in surmounting them. Considering all these things, surely Drina DeWolfe's fairy godmother seems to have been lavish with her favors—beauty, wealth and personality have been given to Miss DeWolfe.

Just a few short years on the stage, and today she is Arnold Daly's leading woman; playing the Shaw roles which require subtlety in analysis calculated to baffle the most keen; interpreting parts which grip because of their fidelity to nature and yet others which must be played in the lightest comedy spirit.

In "You Never Can Tell," Miss DeWolfe is the first to take liberties with the Irish playwright whose written word is law—she has dressed "Gloria" after her own idea of the part. "White is for her — this young creature just emerging from girlhood; but even were Mr. Shaw and I to disagree on that point, at least I should be grotesque (and she turned to her manuscript part) in a skirt and jacket dress of saffron brown cloth, with a blouse of sea-green silk—I with my red hair and blue eyes."

I looked hastily at her hair;— yes, red it is, but the shade which is at once the delight and despair of artists. Physically she seemed so much like the Gloria of Mr. Shaw's description that her portrayal was good because it was Miss De Wolfe herself.

"Indeed no, I am most unlike Gloria Clandon; she and life were but on beginning terms, while I — but what matters it? Knowledge after all is the essential thing." Her eyes wandered to her dressing-table and she leaned toward it and picked up a large photograph—it was one of Sarah Bernhardt.

"She knows life in its entirety—that's why she is great — and Duse, too. I met Madame Bernhardt in France and she is my idol and my inspiration. I go each Summer to Paris to study with French masters, playing role after role under their direction—Magda, La Tosca, Camille. During the Summer days I work with them, and in the evenings I watch the great artistes at the Comedie or elsewhere—it is a genuine vacation, the only kind I care about.

"I was born in London, and my first part was played in the Provinces with Lily Langtry. I was Lady Stornaway in 'The Degenerates.' My first name, Alexandrina, was too long for program purposes and so you see what is left of it. I didn't come to America with Mrs. Langtry. I married, and it was not until later that my mother, my small son and myself decided on New York as a home.

"The parts I've played have been small comedy roles. I feel encouraged when I think I was even noticed in them and I do not intend to perpetuate them by names. I am sure the method of playing part after part is the best one. It was Mrs. Leslie Carter's, and see what a triumph 'Adrea' is because of her preparation."

How soon ambition has taught Drina DeWolfe the lesson of work, and how fortunate that to her splendid endowment she has added the one essential — the desire for progression—the controlling spirit of work.

THE LADY MARY'S GARDEN

By EDITH RICHMOND BLANCHARD
WEST NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

IT was noon of an April day in Boston, the first real Spring day of the year, for the Winter had encroached audaciously long upon the months assigned to his gentle successor. Gray, windy heavens and a chill atmosphere that was always permeated by a sharp, easterly tang had seemed to have become settled and enduring conditions. The sudden revelation of a sky of Italian blueness, the brilliancy of unclouded sunlight, and a warm westerly breeze that caressed where its rough brother had buffeted, these proofs of her presence which the season so suddenly produced, came most delightfully like a surprise to the city folk. It is true that down town, in the tangle of crooked streets, forever noisy with the rumble of heavy drays, the clang of electric cars and the less distinct but pervasive sounds of many voices and of hurrying feet, there were few changes which Spring could work in token of her gentle advent, few people who could stop to heed her coming; but in more leisurely districts, where the tide of life flowed less turbidly, there was no doubting the transformation.

Boylston street, stretching away in a broad, sunny vista to the gray church tower clear-etched against the azure, seemed to have no kinship with the bleak thoroughfare down which but yesterday pedestrians had struggled with bowed shoulders and heads bent low to avoid the gusts. The gay, wide-windowed shops, which by way of recompense the genius of trade has prepared for the fashionable residents that its invasions have dispersed, spread out before the throng strolling idly past them, wares fit to satisfy the dearest luxuries of extravagance. Here were to be seen wondrous triumphs of the milliner's skill, frivolous marvels of lawn and lace; queer curios gathered from every corner of the Old World; costly bits of furniture over whose polished and inlaid surfaces soft-hued tapestries trailed with effective carelessness; strangely beautiful displays of the exquisite handiwork of far Japan; miniature picture galleries where copies of the old masters vied with the works of more modern disciples of art in wooing the attention of the passer-by.

It was in front of one of these last-named stores that a young woman was standing, gazing with an expression of fascinated absorption at a certain picture in the window before her.

It was not often that Mary Melvin wandered so far up town in her noon hour. Usually, when she had lunched at the little restaurant which she patronized because, in spite of its limited menus, neatness and cheapness proved saving features, she would do a little shopping or take an extra turn about the block, returning to her work long before her time for leisure had elapsed. There was little inducement to remain out of doors, even though the dreary office offered no cheer and though the persistent, petulant click of her typewriter became unspeakably wearisome at times. But today the warm, soft air stirring in her veins the vague "wanderlust" of Spring, had led her feet away from the dusty, grimy business blocks. She had loitered past the shop windows, gazing in at their bright displays with an almost childish interest but at the same time with an indefinite, unreasonable sense of dissatisfaction dominating her thoughts. She wished there were not so many loud-tongued folk to push and jostle one, so many noisy vehicles to go clattering on their way up and down the street; she was suddenly acutely conscious of the weary monotony of small wage-earning, and impatient of a life bounded by stone walls and brick pavements. If only she could go somewhere out of the reach of this bustle and confusion, somewhere to drain Spring's proffered elixir without sharing the draft with a multitude.

It was while her mind was still throbbing with these desires that her glance fell on the picture in the store window. To another it might not have seemed in the least remarkable, either in regard to its subject or execution, but it burst upon Mary Melvin's vision like a sudden actual revelation of her heart's longing. It was the picture of a garden, or rather of a bit of garden. On an oddly carved wooden settle by the side of a fountain which poured its white cascade into a broad, marble basin, sat a lady in a quaint, old-fashioned gown; her hands were idly clasped in her lap and her eyes gazed dreamily into the blue depths above the sunny flower plots. "The Lady Mary's Garden," the artist had called his work, and though he had treated his idea conventionally and though a critic might have called in question his technique, yet the Lady Mary's face wore such a rare expression of perfect and gentle content that through it an irresistible charm was lent to the whole composition. Mary Melvin drew in her breath with a sigh that was almost a sob. "Dear Lady Mary, you are just what I want to be. If you would let me into your garden;" she said softly to herself, "if only I might sit and watch the fountain and the flowers for a little while with nothing in all the world for my hands to do!"

She did not notice that her attitude of engrossing interest had attracted others, who peered curiously over her shoulder to discover the source of her attention. A girl's shrill treble broke relentlessly in upon the harmony of her dream. "Why, it's that picture of the woman with the queer clothes on. I don't see anything much to that, do you, Bessie?"

Mary Melvin moved quickly away from the window. She crossed the street to avoid overhearing further comments, and almost unconsciously turned in at the wide-flung gate of the Public Garden. A warm, earthy smell greeted her as she entered, for the great flower-beds were being relieved of their dark, Winter coverings and men were kneeling before each one clearing away the loam from the close, unbroken ranks of saffron-tipped tulip shoots. There was more passing than usual on the board-walks, the lure of the sunshine having led many to the Garden who seldom visited it, but the cabined, cramped feeling which the throng on the street had aroused within her did not return to Mary Melvin now. Here there were at least no immediate limitations to one's breathing space. After a moment she turned off the main avenue into a little path that led circuitously to an unfrequented part of the place and sat down to rest on a settee by the empty basin of one of the smaller fountains. The evergreen trees, set about the back of the garden seats in Winter to afford somewhat of protection from the wind, had not yet been removed and she felt almost secluded under cover of their sheltering screen. A couple of sparrows hopped fearlessly across the path at her feet and fluttering to the fountain's rim cheeped saucily as they regarded her with black, beady eyes. But Mary Melvin did not heed them, though she gazed fixedly down upon them from the depths of the brown study into which she had suddenly fallen. Surely it was not them she addressed when, after the lapse of several moments, she spoke softly but decidedly as though to reassure a hesitating listener:

"I am going to be Lady Mary, and this shall be my garden. I know perfectly well that it is childish and silly to pretend that it is my own; I know I am not at all like that other Mary, but I am utterly tired of the dismal concreteness of my doings. I want the same dear, romantic opportunities that other women have, and since they will never come of themselves to me, then I must make them for myself. I simply cannot do without them any more. It will be very lovely here when the grass is green and the fountain is playing, and, besides, people seldom come to this corner. I must not stay longer now," she added quickly, as a distant clock struck the hour, "today I am just humdrum Mary Melvin, late for her work in a dingy down-town office, but tomorrow — tomorrow the Lady Mary will visit her garden."

It was one noon five or six weeks later that the proprietor of the "dingy down-town office," having watched from the corner of his eye until Mary Melvin's slim figure disappeared down the corridor to the elevator, turned quickly in his swivel chair and addressed his assistant, a dressy youth who lounged indolently at a desk near by.

"I wonder what's got into Miss Melvin, George. Something has come over her the last few weeks. She doesn't talk any more than she ever did, but she seems brighter, has more animation, you know. Haven't you noticed it?"

"I've noticed she stays out to lunch twice as long as she used to," snapped the assistant crossly.

It was not agreeable for him to reflect upon the fact that Miss Melvin's prolonged absence at noon had deprived him of an extra half-hour which in the course of time he had come to consider his natural right.

"Perhaps she has a man on the string," the proprietor suggested sagely.

"She? O Lord, no!"

The vision of the dashing lady of his own choice, with her attendant graces of rustling gowns, flashing trinkets and elaborate ringlets, came swiftly into the assistant's mind and rendered the thought of interest in Miss Melvin absolutely absurd. The proprietor of the dingy office, not having any such standard to judge by, however, was not convinced. "She's not a bad-looking girl," he said as he turned back to his work.

That day, on her way to the Garden, Mary Melvin stopped at a pastry cook's and purchased some seed cookies.

"For my doves," she said, laughing to herself as she crossed the Common. She did not blush at her own folly any more, as she had so often done in the first week of its indulgence. She rather took increasing delight in encouraging it. Her little dream domain, shut in by the sheltering wall of pretense with which she had surrounded it, had become so secure that its lack of actual barriers and its inability to exclude invaders no longer disturbed her. During the first few days she had had the place entirely to herself, and when the increasing warmth of the season brought more people to the Garden, a few of whom trespassed on the Lady Mary's enclosure, possession had become so established an idea that she considered in the light of gracious hospitality those who intruded upon her. Now as she went quickly down the familiar little path and took her accustomed seat on the green settee which, though it lacked its former shelter of evergreens, was yet in a measure protected and shaded by a great beech just behind it, her eyes lingered lovingly on the familiar surroundings.

"How lovely it is," she said to herself. "Last night's rain has made everything so fresh and sweet. Even here I can smell mignonette in that bed beyond the elm."

She drew a seed cookie out of the bag, and, crumbling it, threw it in bits to a sparrow that had hopped pertly toward her.

"Why, the kind-faced gentleman is here early," she went on as the rustle of a newspaper attracted her attention, "and there is the wistful little girl with the troublesome baby. I wonder what has become of poor Patience; she has not been here for almost a week."

The Lady Mary crumbled another cookie, for on discovering the feast prepared, the pert little sparrow had cheeped frantically to his confreres and they had answered en masse to his call.

"That's all you can have; the rest are for the wistful little girl," the Lady Mary said at last, when the third cookie had been scattered. She folded her hands in her lap and with a delightful feeling of indolence watched the little flock, which was disposed to grow quarrelsome over her bounty.

A young man and a girl came slowly down the path beside which she sat and stopped to rest on a seat not far from her own. The Lady Mary glanced up at them, casually at first, then with increasing interest.

"Why, it's Patience," she said to herself, "though the name doesn't fit her in the least, now. She looks as though 'Felicity' would suit her better. I suppose that big fellow is her sweetheart."

As if to confirm her surmise, the sound of the girl's voice came to her clearly across the intervening space:

"I wanted you to come here, Jim, because I used to come here a lot when you were away. It's so nice and quiet. Oh my, but I did feel blue sometimes! You don't know how I missed you."

"Don't I know? well now, Matty, I rather guess I do," a manly voice broke in heartily. "If it hadn't been that I was sure it would mean such a fine thing for us, I guess I'd have been back a good long time before I did get away. But that's all past and we've a fine chance to forget it with the good luck that's come our way."

With a woman's curiosity, the Lady Mary was conjecturing in what the good luck might consist, but as the pair rose to go a few moments later another remark attracted her attention:

"That's the lady that I told you always comes here, Jim. She has a real pleasant face, and I used to wonder if she had a beau, same as me, and came here to think about him."

The Lady Mary did not catch the man's reply, but she felt suddenly lonesome as she watched the two disappear out of sight beyond the trees. In some strange way the girl's happiness seemed to have absorbed into itself all the sunshine and beauty of the day.

"No, I have no beau, Patience," the Lady Mary said softly. "I have never had a beau in all my life."

She sat in silence for a long time after that, and not until it came time to go did a smile steal back to her lips again. "But I had never had a garden before," she said hesitatingly. "I don't see why I couldn't—" just then she caught the glance of the kind-faced gentleman and she went away without finishing her sentence.

It was a hot July day and the kind-faced gentleman was very warm indeed as he took his accustomed seat, and, removing his hat, patted the little bald spot on his head with his handkerchief. He spread his newspaper out across his knees as usual, and having found his glasses in his waistcoat pocket, adjusted them thoughtfully and read three headlines and half a column. At the end of the half-column, he dropped his paper to his knees again and looked critically over his glasses. It may have been the heat that confused him, but things did not look quite the same in the garden as they usually did. Surely the fountain and grass and trees were no different; perhaps it was that there were fewer people about, though there were never many. The little girl and the fussy baby were absent, but they often missed a day. What could have happened, though, to the young lady who, on a pleasant day, never failed to occupy the green settee on the further side of the fountain. She was a trig little woman, the kind-faced gentleman reflected, and had exceedingly nice eyes.

One windy day when his paper had blown away toward her seat, she had rescued it and restored it to him with such a pleasant smile as he came hurrying after it. It was strange she had not come today.

The kind-faced gentleman was becoming most unreasonably anxious when the sight of a blue-clad figure on the path suddenly relieved him. She came hurrying, in spite of the heat, and dropped breathless on the green settee, never noticing the loss of her handkerchief, which had fallen at the bend in the walk. The kind-faced gentleman viewed the bit of lawn doubtfully and then went over to pick it up. It was a plain little handkerchief with a tiny "M. M." embroidered in one corner.

"I hope her name is Mary," he was thinking most inconsequently, as he approached the green settee.

Her back was turned to him, and though there was no one else near, she seemed to be addressing someone.

"I am sorry I'm late, dearest. I couldn't seem to get away," she was saying softly. The kind-faced gentleman scuffed his foot warningly.

"I beg your pardon, I think you dropped this," he said as she looked up quickly.

The young lady's face flooded with color. "Oh, thank you," she breathed, taking the handkerchief and crushing it between her palms. In spite of the feeling of self-conscious embarrassment which evidently possessed her, she lifted her eyes defiantly to meet his, but the man's face betrayed no slightest trace of amusement. She hesitated, and then—

"You must think me queer to be talking this way to myself," she said; "indeed it is quite natural you should; but you see, I get rather lonely at times, and so I pretend,—it is very childish, of course,—I pretend that someone else is here."

The kind-faced gentleman gazed gravely down upon her.

"You are fortunate if you have discovered a plan to keep you from being lonesome," he answered. "I know by experience that it is the most dismal feeling in the world. I've been East two years now, and I'm not yet acclimated to the frigidity of a Boston boarding house."

He stopped abruptly and then went on:

"I am John Barrett, with Gordon Carter & Co., but don't think I am trying to introduce myself. I want you to know that I shall not attempt to disturb you because we have spoken together."

Without giving an opportunity for reply, he turned quickly on his heel and went back to his seat beyond the fountain. He took up his paper again and with apparently absorbing interest read through the three headlines and the half-column. When he had done this for the eleventh time, he folded the paper carefully and, shoving it into his pocket, went away without another glance in the lady's direction.

The wistful little girl who cared for the troublesome baby found it very pleasant in the Garden on a certain noon in early Fall. She had rolled the baby's carriage back and forth before the bench on which she sat until his desperately wide-open eyes had veiled their china-blue depths; until his periodic whimper had been lost in a gentle, even breathing. These remarkable events having taken place, the little girl heaved a great sigh of relief. She must still keep the carriage moving if she wished to preserve the spell, but she was free to give her attention elsewhere. She wished she had brought along the beautiful fairy book that her sister had taken out of the public library for her, but such a thing as the baby's sleeping was a wholly unforeseen occurrence. She buttoned her little jacket more tightly about her, for there was a foretaste of the approaching cold in the air, and fell to watching the lady and gentleman who were slowly walking to and fro on the path beside which she sat. They were a very nice lady and gentleman, as the little girl knew, for she had seen them often and often. For a long time they had not seemed to be acquainted at all, but after awhile they had nodded pleasantly and spoken to each other just as they did to her when they passed her. Then one day she had heard the gentleman ask the lady if she had noticed a strange plant over beyond the pond, and the lady had walked away with him to find it. After that they had frequently talked together and the child, who was a kindly little soul, thought it very fine to see them so friendly. She watched them admiringly as they passed and repassed before her now, fragments of their conversation reaching her from time to time. "It's growing almost too cold to visit the garden," the lady was saying, "and yet it has been so pleasant here I hate to go back to the old, lonesome way again."

The little girl wondered what the "old, lonesome way" was, but the gentleman evidently knew, for "I wish you never would," he answered. The lady drew in her breath quickly as he spoke, but he could not have seen her, for his eyes were fixed on the sand at his feet and he continued talking in a voice so low that the little girl could not hear as they moved away, though she caught his words as they turned and approached her once more:

"Perhaps it seems impossible to you that I should have come to care so much, but since it is true, since I know I could keep you from ever being lonesome again, would you be afraid to let me try — would you—" but here again the little girl lost the rest of his sentence, though she was most anxious to learn whether the lady was inclined to let him do what he seemed so set on attempting. She earnestly hoped she would oblige him, for he was such a kind gentleman. The little girl recalled affectionately the bright pennies and the bags of candy that had often found their way into her lap. She felt sure that if the lady knew how good he was she would never refuse him anything. Perhaps if someone were to tell her about him,— the little girl was not by nature officious, but the memories of the pennies and the candy weighed on her grateful heart. She stopped rolling the baby's carriage and timidly approached the pair who were coming slowly in her direction. They were very serious appearing and so utterly oblivious of her presence that she dreaded to speak: but she mustered up sufficient courage to lay a small hand beseechingly on the lady's arm.

"Oh, would you mind,— would it be very hard to do what he wants you to? because he has been very nice to me and the baby and we wish you could."

Mary Melvin looked down in amazement at the little figure before her. Then after a moment, she stooped and gently kissed the wee, wistful face. "Why, yes, dear,—why, yes, I'm going to," she said.

It was just at that second that the baby, suddenly awakening from his nap and missing his faithful guardian, set up a piercing shriek of protest at her desertion. In a panic of concern the little girl flew to console him, but only by immediate and speedy departure from the scene of his fright could he be persuaded to become quiet once more. So the little girl never knew what happened when the Lady Mary said "yes" to the kind-faced gentleman in her garden.

The Home

MAY IN THE FLOWER GARDEN

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

SO many things need doing this month that the one who is going to have a fine garden must hustle. Seeds will be sown in the open ground, seedlings transplanted, old pot-plants bedded out, and many other things done.

The very first requisite for success is a well prepared soil, and that means one deeply worked, finely pulverized and well enriched. Do not expect success if the soil is worked but two or three inches in depth and the roots compelled to force their way through hard-pan below that. The plant MUST be able to send its roots down into the soil easily and quickly if luxuriant foliage and perfect blossoms are to be secured.

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Have the soil in the seed-beds as fine as possible and scatter the seed lightly over it. Use a salt or pepper shaker, and in case of very fine (dust-like) seeds, mix them thoroughly with fine sand. This makes it possible to distribute them more evenly and the seedling plants are more easily transplanted.

With ordinary plants do not try to separate the seedlings to single plants, if doing so is going to loosen all the soil, but transplant in little clumps—two or three seedlings in each—and when growth is well established pinch off all but the strongest one. In case of very rare or costly seed try to save each plant, even though loosening the soil retards their growth somewhat.

Sometimes, after all possible care has been taken in preparing the soil and sowing the seed, a heavy rain will cause a crust to form over the surface, through which the tiny plants cannot break. To avoid this it is wise to scatter a light mulch over the seed bed—fine grass clippings; leaves, or anything which will offer no resistance to the plants. A heavy rain may wash transplanted seedlings loose from the soil, if not entirely out of it, and this, too, must be watched for and the damage at once repaired.

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When bedding out old plants, cut the tops back rather closely, to force a branching habit of growth and secure compact, bushy plants which will produce many blossoms. The branches cut off may be easily rooted and fine, new, free-blooming plants secured. Use them to make a cut-and-come-again bed in every nook and corner of the premises, where every blossom may be cut without thought of spoiling appearances. The more you cut of most flowers, the more you have.

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Get plenty of vines started early. Don't leave an old fence, shed or stump without vines to make it beautiful, or at least less unsightly. If there is an unpleasant view in any direction get some posts set, stretch poultry netting between them and plant quick-growing vines of different kinds.

Every locality has its native vines, which under cultivation reach a condition of beauty that is surprising. There is almost no limit to the varieties to be had from the florists, some of them growing twenty-five feet or more from seed planted in the open ground in May. Lima beans are as "ornamental" as many of the vines classed as such, and there are other food-producing vines which may be made to serve as both useful and ornamental when there is not plenty of space for both classes.

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As soon as the chrysanthemums are well sprouted take up the clumps of roots, pull them apart, and plant one sprout in a place, in very rich soil. This is the first step toward fine blooms and plenty of them next Fall.

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Peonies will bloom during the month and every bloom should be cut off. If left on, the effort to produce seed will have a marked effect on the number and quality of the blooms produced next year.

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Watch all vines and see that they have strong supports and are carefully trained as soon as the first runners start. If permitted to get twisted and matted together they must be left so, or probably be badly broken and set back in the attempt to straighten them.

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Get the stock of insecticides ready for use and remember that it is easier to keep insects away than to drive them away after they get a foothold. Here, if anywhere, "eternal vigilance is the price of success" and the "ounce of prevention better than a pound of cure," for the enemy often comes with the very first leaves.

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Getting fine seeds grown to the point where the plants are ready for the final transplanting means work and constant watchfulness, but cooperation makes it much easier—and vastly more interesting. Let each member of a group of friends grow enough of one or two kinds for all, and when ready for the final placing, divide them with the others.

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Do not empty pots and put them away dirty, for the chances are that they will never get cleaned, and when cold weather comes plants will be hustled into them, with all their pores clogged with old dirt, and absolutely unfit for use. When all the plants are bedded out, put the empty pots in a tub of water; let soak a few hours; scrub with an old whisk-broom, and drain dry. It takes but a little time and the plants do enough better in them to pay for the trouble.

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Appropriate a strong basket and fit it out with all the small tools needed in the garden; keep it where it can be picked up without "going after it" and many odd moments will be spent in the garden which would not be if the tools had to be brought together each time.

In the basket keep gloves, shears, trowels (including a steel pen for tiny seedlings) and a thin teaspoon for a second size, hammer, tacks, strings and such things as are needed in caring for the vines; a steel table-fork to use as a spading-fork, and—well, anything and everything which can be made to answer a purpose.

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Do not depend entirely on blossoms for the color scheme of the garden, but include as many plants having colored or varigated foliage as is possible. The one who called coleus the gardener's paint-brush made no mistake, and even among vines, the introduction of a few having variegated foliage adds vastly to the effectiveness of the collection.

MUDDER'S BIRFDAY CAKE

By JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

Author of "The Story of Live Dolls"

TOLEDO, OHIO

"HERE are the candles, Daddy," cried Helen, as she rushed into the pantry, her face beaming with joy.

Daddy welcomed her with delight and both surveyed the mammoth cake with the greatest satisfaction; and no wonder, for whoever saw such a cake? And what a time Annie had had to keep it a secret!

Daddy had asked her if she could possibly make a birthday cake and keep it from her mistress. He told her of the many efforts he had made, in that direction, year after year, until it had finally grown to be a joke in the family. He was really annoyed over the fact that she always found it out in some way.

"Now, Annie," he said earnestly, "if you think you can do it, all right. If not, I'll buy one, for I am determined to succeed this time!"

Annie tossed her head scornfully and cried: "Buy a cake! Sure 'twouldn't be fit for the dogs if ye did! Lave it to me, sir, and the mistress won't even sniff it!"

And here it was in all its white purity, and the mistress hadn't even had one whiff of its spicy odor!

And it was a work of art, indeed! Her name, "Violet," was written in lavender candies on the snowy surface and the intervening spaces were filled with artistic and intricate patterns of scroll work. In the center was to be a nodding bunch of the beautiful flowers for which she was named, filling the air with their sweet perfume.

And now came the crowning delight of placing the candles, and as this final performance was achieved, Helen gleefully danced about, but was admonished by Daddy, who said softly, "Be quiet, dear, you might disturb Mother's nap, and Harvey may hear and he would tell and spoil it all."

As they stood off to admire the result, they were suddenly startled by a clear, sweet, baby voice exclaiming in tones of suppressed delight: "Makin' a birfday cake for Mudder, Daddy?"

Both turned with a gesture of despair to behold little Harvey's sweet, shining face peering up at them.

"Ain't it pretty!" he cried, "and won't she be glad! Hold me up, Daddy, so I can see it gooder."

Daddy held him up and let him admire it to his heart's content.

"Light the candles, won't you, Daddy; I want to see how it'll look, it's so pretty," he pleaded.

"No, darling, not now; Mudder might smell the smoke, and this is a secret. Now listen, Harvey, while I tell you about it. You know this is Mudder's birfday, don't you?"

"Course I do! Didn't I wake her up kissing her thirty-two times this morning? I even knew it yesterday, 'at it was goin' to be today!"

"Well, dear, Papa and Helen wanted to s'prise her with this cake; and when she was out calling, Annie made it and frosted it, and put all these pretty candies on it, and Helen went to the store and bought the candles, and Mudder don't even know it yet, and here it is already, and we must be sure not to tell her."

"Course not, Daddy; Sister, don't you tell Mudder 'bout the cake, coz it's a secret," he said severely to Helen.

"No, darling, Sister won't tell."

"That's a good girl," he said patronizingly. "Daddy, you won't happen to tell, will you?"

"No, Daddy wouldn't tell for the world."

"Let me down, Daddy, and I'll run and tell Annie not to tell, and then that's all," and he tried to wriggle out of Daddy's arms.

Daddy held him fast and said earnestly, "No, I told Annie and she promised, and now Harvey, you won't tell, will you?"

"Oh, no, course I won't tell," he said emphatically. "I wouldn't tell her for nothin'. Why, Daddy, it would just spoil it all if I told."

"That's Daddy's good boy! And now kiss me goodbye, and when I come home we'll all sit down to dinner and eat our nice roast beef and 'tato, and then Annie will bring in the ice cream and the cake with the candles all blazing like a Christmas tree, and won't Mudder be happy and surprised, and won't she be proud of her big boy 'cause he knew it all the time and didn't tell."

"Won't she though," echoed Harvey, clapping his little hands as he thought of the joyful surprise in store for his beloved mother and of her pride in such a remarkable boy.

"Goodbye, Daddy; don't be aflaid, I won't tell."

As Daddy hurried down the steps the door opened softly and this sweet message floated after him:

"Daddy, hadn't you better buy Mudder a box of candy?"

He nodded and shook a warning finger at the boy as he passed down the street, satisfied that he had made the child understand the importance of keeping the secret. He was such a trusty little fellow, he said to himself thoughtfully, no danger of his telling.

At six p. m. he hastened joyfully up the steps, opened the door and heard the usual heavenly greeting: "Daddy's come, Mudder!" And then his beloved boy was in his arms, with his little soft face pressed close to his own, and his yellow curls brushing his cheek.

"Where's Mudder, dear?" Daddy whispered.

"She's putting on her pretty blue dress we like so well and you just ought to see her," he prattled in silvery tones. "She's goin' to wear the new hankercher you gave her, and she has a new bow in her hair. She looks awful sweet!"

"Of course she does, and you didn't tell her our nice little secret, did you, dear?" he asked anxiously.

The boy looked proudly into his face, his beautiful eyes so clear and bright illuminating his whole countenance as he realized the supreme joy that was about to thrill his father's heart, and cried in triumphant tones, "I only told her once, Daddy — did you bring the candy?"

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

"AM I HUNGRY? WELL! WELL!"

Photograph by Mandeville, Lowville, New York

KEROSENE AS A HOME REMEDY

By MRS. J. H. SMITH

Houston, Texas

TOOTHACHE — Cotton saturated with kerosene and placed in the tooth, often affords immediate relief.

CROUP — Kerosene has been used in croup with success. It may be taken internally and applied externally.

BURNS — Cloths saturated with kerosene and applied to burns exclude the air and bring desired relief from pain.

CLEANSING THE SCALP — A little kerosene introduced into glycerine constitutes an ointment that will speedily remove dandruff and contribute to a clean and healthy scalp.

MIXING COOKING MATERIALS

By A. C. E.

Ludlow, Vermont

Get everything needed ready first: pans for cooking, drippings to grease them; measure sugar and put into a bowl; if spices are to be used measure those and mix into sugar; break the eggs ready for beating; if raisins are needed pick them over, measure, and cover with hot water.

See to the fire, wash your hands and begin by putting a sieve over a large bowl; measure the flour into sieve; into flour put baking-powder or soda, and sift through together, dry, even if your recipe says to dissolve soda in hot water, milk or molasses. After sifting, mix the dry flour thoroughly with your hands. Then rub into flour the quantity of shortening needed, whether butter, lard or drippings. Rub till the mixture seems like coarse meal, always with your hands. Now add sugar, salt and spices, and mix quickly. Next, grease the pans and wash your hands, as the rest of the mixing is done with a spoon. Turn off the water from the raisins and dredge with flour. Beat the eggs and add to mixture in bowl, next the milk, rinsing with it the bowl in which the eggs were beaten, then put in molasses if that is used. Beat all together with spoon very hard for two or three minutes, and lastly, add the floured raisins.

Every recipe can be put together this way, whether for biscuits, gingerbread, or cake, and for the latter especially, it is a great saving of time.

A HOME WATER PLANT

By MRS. L. H. WHITSON

Harrington, Tennessee

A young machinist, wishing to have modern bath conveniences in his new cottage which was too far out to be reached by the city waterworks, accomplished his purpose in this way:

An ordinary, large range tank and force pump were placed in the cellar, the latter attached to wall with pipe leading out to large cistern in the yard. The tank has small air guage at bottom to denote the pressure at all times, and a check valve at side to which a large bicycle pump is attached when more air is needed in the tank. Also fitted with the necessary piping leading up to the bathroom and the kitchen sink.

Thus the compressed air in the top of the tank becomes the required force for sending the water above.

A large bath water-heater, fitted with gasolene burner, is fastened to the wall in bathroom over the tub, thus economizing space and solving the problem of having hot water at very slight expense, and on a few minutes notice.

The tank being placed on end, drain pipe put in the corner, and pump on the wall, all complete, takes up but very little space in the cellar. By pumping up to a good pressure, (say 60 or 80 pounds, which takes about five minutes,) twice a week, the water flows as freely as could be desired; gushing forth from the faucets as though pumped by an engine at the motor house.

WASHING BLANKETS

By JOSEPHINE WETHERLY

Emporia, Kansas

No blanket should be put away after a Winter's use without either a thorough airing, if it has been little used, or a good washing if much used. If carefully washed, blankets or in fact any woolen clothes, will not shrink a particle. Choose a day when the sun is not too hot and there is a good breeze blowing, so that the articles will dry all in one day. Make a good suds of hot, soft water, Ivory or castile soap, and borax in the proportion of one teaspoonful to every gallon of water. Shake the blankets well to remove all loose fuzz and then soak in the hot suds for about fifteen minutes; then press the blanket against the sides of the tub and squeeze and press well with the hands. Never rub on a washboard or use soap directly upon the article.

The first water must be well squeezed out, not twisted, hence a wringer is better than the hands. Rinse carefully in one or even two waters as hot as the first but containing no soap. A little borax is allowable, however. Again run carefully through a wringer and pull corners well into place and hang where the air will blow directly through it. When about half dry, pat the water out of the lower edge, take down and rehang with the lower side up this time.

Another cleansing way is to use amonia in the hot water instead of white soap and borax; in other respects the process is the same.

Do not hang blankets out of doors in freezing weather. Dry upon clothes-bars about a stove or over a furnace. And do not try to wash blankets when you are doing the general washing. They are enough in themselves for any woman.

To my thinking no woolens should be ironed but simply pulled and patted into shape.

Blankets, when not in use, should be neatly folded and placed between sheets of soft paper in chests, trunks or upon shelves with bags of camphor to keep out the moths. Refold in new creases two or three times during the year, and air frequently.

A SOAP SECRET

By MRS. C. W. TILDEN

Los Angeles, California

My soaps, both kitchen and toilet, last me twice as long as they do most folks and this is the secret of it: I buy a half dozen cakes at a time and dry them thoroughly in the sun for a week or so, turning them occasionally. Then I lay them away in a good dry place and behold! when used, they shed lather satisfactorily but will not wash away like "green" soap.

A LITTLE GIRL'S HELP

By ESTA GRIFFIN

Creston, Iowa

If you will put a tack in the end of your broom and tie a string on that and hang it up so it will not touch the floor, it will not wear out so quickly.

CLEANING WALL-PAPER

By MRS. M. J. WOOD

Mobile, Alabama

Take the inside of a two-pound loaf or rye bread two-thirds done, add two ounces of naptha and a tablespoonful of salt, knead together until it becomes a dough, then apply to wall paper.

THE FAIRY COOKER

By H. B. W.

Los Gatos, California

Two pails are needed—one a deep wooden pail, (a 25-cent candy pail is good) and a three or four-quart granite ware pail with a tight-fitting cover. Pack excelsior tightly in the bottom and around the inside of the wooden pail, making a nest for the granite pail. A variety of articles, such as oatmeal, rice, macaroni, tomatoes, soup, etc., can be cooked to perfection in the Cooker if they are cooked five or six minutes over the fire in the granite pail and placed at once (while boiling hot and tightly covered) in the excelsior nest in the wooden pail, and the tops of both pails covered with heavy cloths to keep the heat in. Oatmeal boiled a few minutes in the evening and left over night in the Cooker comes out in the morning like blanc-mange ready for breakfast. Macaroni, rice, tomatoes or soup, cooked on the stove a few minutes after breakfast and placed in the Cooker will be found ready for the noon dinner. Meat can also be cooked in this way but may need a second heating after a few hours and returning to the Cooker. No housekeeper who has once tried the Fairy Cooker will wish to part with it for it saves fuel, needs no watching and cooks to perfection.

SYRUP FOR SWEET PICKLES

By MRS. A. H. PRICE

Rural Retreat, Virginia

To seven and one-half pounds fruit, three and one-half pounds sugar and one pint vinegar add cloves, spice, cinnamon (stick) and mace to suit taste. Boil until it makes a thick syrup, then add the fruit and cook until tender. This is nice for peaches, pears, cherries and Damson plums.

SLIPS FROM TEA ROSES

By A. S. ROYER

Bentonville, Arkansas

Slips from Tea Roses can be easily started. Plant deep and place a glass jar over them; leave them remain so for three months, when they will be nicely rooted and can be transplanted.

A CHEAP FLAVORING

By MRS. D. W. LEARY

Mattoax, Virginia

A spray of green peach-tree leaves, dropped into a kettle of milk, when it is put on the stove, and allowed to stay until the milk comes to a boil, imparts a most delicate pistach flavor. This is a war-time expedient, used by a Virginia house-keeper, which is even now found very convenient, when the vanilla bottle is empty, and there is no opportunity to go to a drug-store.

AN IMPROVED SINK PUMP

By A. H. PERKINS

Providence, Rhode Island

When the sink becomes clogged, I simply let some water run in it, until about two or three inches deep, then lay the palm of my hand flat over the drain hole and force the water out by working my hand up and down, quickly. The pressure forces all obstructions through the drain pipe. Then pour boiling water through to melt all grease. The above advice was given by a plumber, and has proved good.

TO CLEAN A WATCH

By JESSE HATFIELD

Seattle, Washington

Take the works out of the case. Allow them to lie completely submerged in benzine from eight to twelve hours. If possible, start the watch going; the action of the wheels will work the dirt out. After removing the works allow the benzine to evaporate before placing them in the case. This is harmless to the most delicate works. I have cleaned my own many times.

CLEANS PAN BOTTOMS

By M. B. M.

Springfield, Missouri

To remove black from the bottoms of kettles, pans, etc., apply common soda with a damp cloth. It will instantly clean them and keep them as bright as new.

KENTUCKY CORN PONE

By POLLY ROMINE

Latonia, Kentucky

Sift one quart meal. Salt to taste, pour over meal boiling water, enough to make a stiff dough, stirring all the time. Dip hands in dish of cold water and mould dough in pones. Bake in greased bread pan, in hot oven, till well browned.

MUD STAINS ON BLACK

By MRS. E. N. COOPER

Billings, Montana

To clean mud stains from black dress goods rub with a slice of raw potato.

THE BOY'S RUBBER BOOTS

By HATTIE C. MOFFITT

Battle Creek, Michigan

When the small boy comes in with his rubber boots full of snow or other dampness, stuff them with old newspapers and leave several hours. The papers will absorb all the dampness, leaving the boots perfectly dry.

A BATCH OF LITTLE HELPS

By MRS. B. L.

Brooklyn, New York

Borax and water will brighten oilcloth.

Beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons clean and smooth.

A little soda added to boiling vegetables will hasten their cooking and add to their tenderness.

When you wish to beat eggs quickly add a pinch of salt.

A good cleaner for gold or silver jewelry is a teaspoonful of ammonia in a cupful of water.

By adding a few drops of vinegar to the water when poaching eggs they will set more quickly and perfectly.

A little salad oil gradually added when mixing mustard for the table is a great improvement.

A cloth dipped in the white of an egg will brighten leather chairs and bindings.

A small piece of charcoal in a pot of boiling cabbage absorbs the odor.

A strong solution of nitric acid in an ounce of soft water will whiten piano keys.

OILING THE CLOCK

By M. C. A.

Boonville, Missouri

When the clock begins to lose time or rebel at doing its work it needs a lubricator. Put a little coal oil in a small vessel, set it inside the clock and close the door. As the oil evaporates it will moisten the machinery and overcome the trouble.

A small clock may be laid over a saucer or plate containing a little oil and enclosed in a tin bucket.

GIFT FOR A BRIDE

By ESTELLA C. SAECKER

Lake Mills, Wisconsin

If you are wondering what you can give that dear friend of yours who is to be married soon, that will really be of use to her, try this: Gather together your best recipes for making all kinds of good things to eat. Be sure to choose only those which you, yourself, have tested. Buy a well bound blank book and copy these recipes as neatly as possible. It is best to group them, as in any recipe book. If you like, paint or sketch the word 'Recipes' on the cover. This little book will always prove an acceptable gift to a housekeeper, young or old.

MENDING CRACKS IN STOVES

By G. C.

Warren, Maine

Use two parts good wood ashes and one part salt; moisten with water enough to make a thick batter and apply quickly.

FOR SHOE NEATNESS

By MRS. E. F. NUTTING

Groton, Massachusetts

My laced boots and shoes never looked neat because the tongue was continually slipping to one side. The idea came to me to cut two slits about a quarter of an inch long and nearly a quarter of an inch apart in the end of the tongue close to the top eyelet (on either side) so the shoelace can be run through it before passing into the top eyelet. Now my shoe tongues are always in place. My friends who have tried this method are warm in praise of it.

TO CAN WINTER VEGETABLES

By MRS. R. I. CREELMAN

Georgetown, Ontario

Prepare the corn, peas, or beans the same as in cooking for the table. Cover them with cold water and let them boil five minutes. Pour them in a colendar to drain then fill your jars, packing them tightly. Fill the jars with boiling water to every cupful of which a teaspoonful of salt has been added. Seal the jars tightly and steam four hours. This recipe never fails if correctly followed.

KEEPS CIDER SWEET

By CORA M. FETTER

Walden, New York

One cupful of whole mustard seed thrown into a barrel of sweet cider will preserve the sweetness of the cider.

COPPERAS FOR PLANTS

By J. G.

Catskill, New York

Some time ago I read the statement that copperas would make plants bloom in profusion. I asked a florist about it and he told me that copperas is a powerful fertilizer but that it ultimately poisons the earth, and so must be used carefully. It is possible that the potted plants which we sometimes buy and which never look the same afterwards have been forced in this way.

MAPLE SUGAR FROSTING

By MRS. R. H. HAZELTON

Lebanon, New Hampshire

The most delicious frosting you ever ate is made by boiling maple sugar till it forms a soft ball in water; turn it slowly on a well-beaten white of an egg and beat till cool.

A DOUGHNUT HINT

By M. C. B.

Cumberland, Nova Scotia

When making doughnuts of sour cream or buttermilk put in enough soda to neutralize the acid in the milk; then to each quart of flour put in one teaspoonful of cream of tarter and see how fluffy your doughnuts will be.

SEASONING VEGETABLES

By MISS MARTHA E. HACKLEY

Stanford, Kentucky

In the southern country kitchen it is the custom usually to "season" the pot of cabbage, string beans, turnip greens, or parsnips, by cooking a generous slice of fat pork (jowl or side meat) with them. The vegetables are "seasoned" all right by this method, but unfortunately they impart their own taste to the meat, and this is not relished by many. Cook the meat in one pot and the vegetables in another. When the meat is about done, pour off its grease and juices, add them to the vegetable pot and cook the vegetable a few minutes longer. It will be as well seasoned as though the meat were cooked with it, and the meat will not be disagreeably flavored. In addition several kinds of vegetables may be seasoned with the one piece of meat, by dividing the juices and grease.

PAPERING OVER WHITEWASH

By M. S. H.

Saratoga Springs, New York

When wishing to paint or paper a wall that has been whitewashed, the wall should be first washed with hot vinegar. Then apply a coat of thin glue with a broad paint brush. After this dries, the wall may be either papered or painted.

FOR CATARRHAL COLDS

By HELEN TUCKER LORD

Readfield, Maine

Dissolve one teaspoonful of powdered borax, one teaspoonful of saleratus and one teaspoonful of pure glycerine in one pint of tepid water, and inhale every ten minutes until relieved. This is a positive and speedy remedy for catarrhal colds.

THE AIR OF A SICK-ROOM

By MRS. MARION I. MORIN

North Brookfield, Massachusetts

A few drops of oil of lavender poured into a glass of very hot water will purify the air of a room almost instantly from cooking odors; the effect is especially refreshing in a sick-room.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

By MRS. N. B. T.

Brewer, Maine

In cutting a waist lining lay the pattern across the cloth (not on bias) and it will not stretch as when cut lengthwise of the goods.

FOR WHOOPING COUGH

By M. FULCOMER

Blue Springs, Nebraska

Chestnut leaves steeped in a porcelain dish or bowl, are a sure specific for whooping cough, breaking it up quickly. Children like to drink it—so pleasant. One man said it cured him of quick consumption.

BREAKFAST FOODS

By H. L. WEBBER

Wenona, Illinois

Cook Cream of Wheat, or any similar wheat food, in a steam cooker as the directions on box cover state, then put in dishes and while the food is still hot place a piece of butter the size of a walnut in each dish, and sugar; now stir the butter and sugar well in the food and serve. (You may cream if you wish but it is not necessary.) I find this a great improvement in wheat food.

WASHING BLANKETS

By MRS. S. B. MESSENGER

San Antonio, Texas

For one pair of blankets dissolve one-half bar of soap; when thoroughly melted add one tablespoon of borax and two of ammonia. Add the mixture to a sufficient quantity of water (already softened with one tablespoon of borax) to cover two blankets. Let the blankets remain in the suds one hour without rubbing, rinse thoroughly and hang up without wringing; this prevents harshness and shrinking.

ESSENTIAL OILS

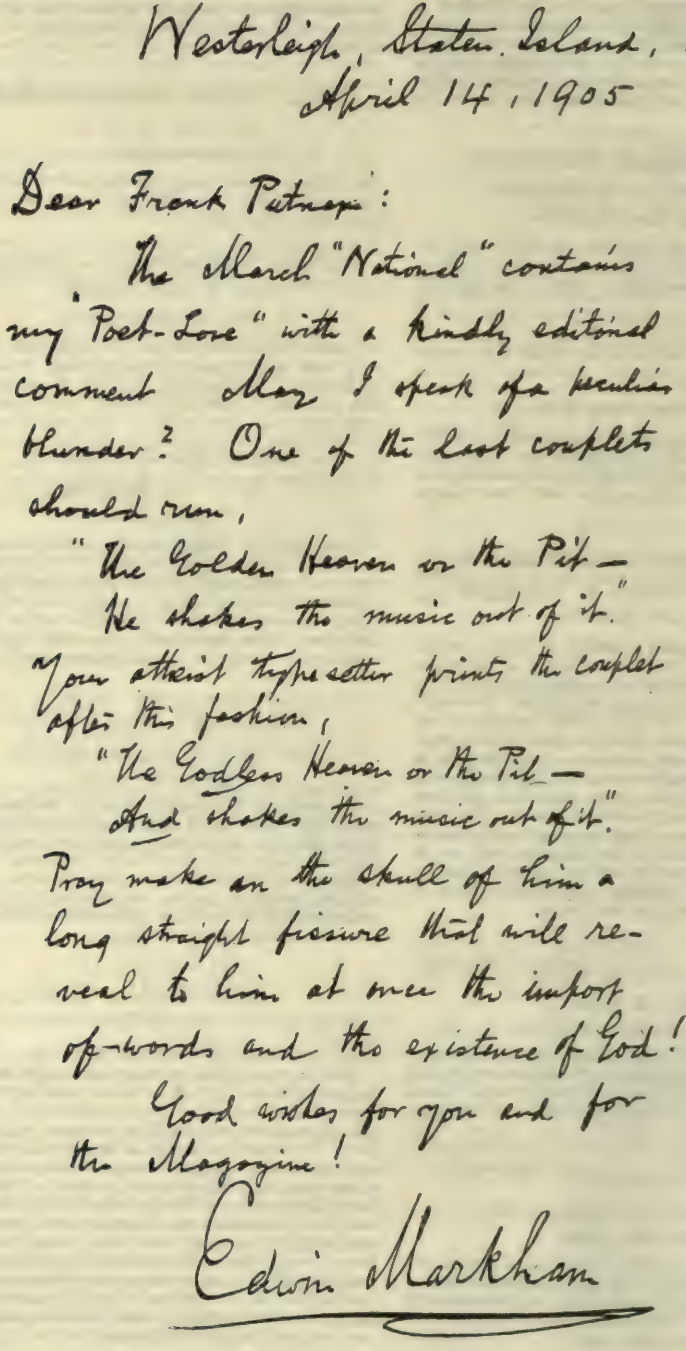
By G. M.

Waverly, Iowa

The oils from which perfumes and toilet waters are made may be easily made at home by taking two tablespoonsful of pure glycerine and placing the fragrant part of the plant, whether it be blossom, leaf or stem, in it. Put in only as much as the oil will well cover, set it on the back part of the range or where it will keep quite warm, and stir and press it often for twenty-four hours then press out the parts and put in fresh ones and treat in the same way for twenty-four hours longer, and repeat the process twice more, when you should have a very strong oil of whatever plant you have used. This oil is used exactly as the expensive oils you buy are used in making all toilet waters and perfumes. It never gets rancid and is so inexpensive that any one may have all they want of it.

A CORRECTION

By Edwin Markham



Westerleigh, Staten Island, N.Y.
April 14, 1905

Dear Frank Putnam:

The March "National" contains my "Poet-Love" with a kindly editorial comment. May I speak of a peculiar blunder? One of the last couplets should run,

"The Golden Heaven or the Pit —
He shakes the music out of it."

Your atheist typesetter prints the couplet after this fashion,

"The *Godless* Heaven or the Pit —
And shakes the music out of it".

Pray make on the skull of him a long straight fissure that will reveal to him at once the import of words and the existence of God!

Good wishes for you and for the Magazine!

Edwin Markham

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

THIRTY-SEVEN

WELL, we certainly have had a busy and an interesting month in this little old world of ours since the last writing. It seems to me that life grows more interesting with every month that passes. Thirty-seven is a most agreeable age, when you come to think of it: the fevers of youth safely concluded and the blood restored to vigorous normal activity; the brain swept clear of many obscuring and troublesome illusions and delusions; the bodily frame settled down into clean, firm muscularity; the eyes not yet altogether unable to make out the color of a wild bird or the curve of a pretty ankle; the palate still capable of distinguishing pleasurably between sauerkraut and clover honey; the hearing unimpaired by east winds; the hands able as ever to give and take comfort in the hearty grip of friendship,—all these desirable conditions accruing to oneself, and then, in one's environment, a corresponding degree of health and felicity gained and held by one's nearest and dearest—I tell you it makes one feel that whatever losses have gone before or may come later, Thirty-seven is a year to be marked with a red letter.

—

HAPPINESS

I have been trying to figure out a general condition of happiness, and I reach the conclusion that it consists mainly in the ability to march with one's own generation, neither deploring the progress the generation makes, nor grumbling because it doesn't make more. We can understand best the men and women of our own age, or near it. Dr. Osler spoke truth when he said that most men cease to be receptive to new ideas after forty; hence our elders in the fifties and sixties and seventies, say, who have ably guided the affairs of the world during the decades immediately ahead of us, will often seem to us to move less rapidly than we think they should, toward new industrial conditions. And the generation immediately behind us—the restless chaps in their twenties, are putting more pressure upon us from the rear than we are able to believe is wholly justified.

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YOUNG MEN

In industry as in war the revolutions are wrought, the great battles fought, by the young men. Scores of thousands of the soldiers in the northern armies during the Civil war were less than twenty years of age when they entered the service. It is safe to say that a majority of the voters who supported Judge Dunne in Chicago last month—(when that city elected him mayor with a mandate to take over the street railways and operate them for the public benefit)—were under thirty years of age.

—

THE WICKEDNESS OF AGE

I used to believe there was some

special brand of wickedness in the graybearded fellows who owned and operated the banks, the great newspapers, the public service corporations, etc., — a sublimated greediness no taint of which polluted the pure minds of the rest of us who did not own any banks, or newspapers, or railways; something in them that made them stubbornly and even hatefully unwilling to stand aside and let social progress continue in the larger interest of all the people. The wickedness of these old fellows, as I now see, was nothing worse than that "being sot in one's way" which pretty certainly comes to all of us with advancing years. How can they doubt, having reached prosperity with gray hairs, that the system by which they prospered—and prosper—is the best system human brains can devise? They cannot. But younger men, figuring from new viewpoints, and including in their calculations powers released by new inventions and discoveries of the human mind, new revelations of human sympathy responding to the cry of human need,—these young men determine and announce that the system by which the living graybeards prospered will not serve the generations following them. New conditions demand new social codes to meet and solve them.

A FORECAST

As a case in point, I should say that the Chicago election, with its PRACTICALLY UNANIMOUS VOTE FOR PUBLIC OWNERSHIP—(you remember that Harlan also pledged himself to it "at the earliest practicable day," and that the socialist nominee received over 20,000 votes) — and its 25,000 plurality for IMMEDIATE public ownership, is sure proof that the younger voters of the great cities, at least, have decided upon a public industrial partnership along the same lines as our public political partnership that has endured since the foundation of the federal constitution. I believe that, given opportunity, every great city in America would vote for public ownership of its public utilities. New York will do it within five years. Philadelphia, "corrupt and contented," may lag behind the others. Boston, with far and away the best street car service in any of the big Eastern cities, will vote for public ownership at the first opportunity. The Hub will try first for public ownership of gas, in respect to which her consumers have long suffered heavy over-charges.

IN SMALL CITIES, TOO

Nor is the spirit of the new generation manifest only in the large cities. Waterloo, Iowa, with eighteen to twenty thousand inhabitants, all well-to-do; seat of one hundred and twenty factories; always hitherto solidly republican, or nearly so, gave one-third of her total vote in the latest local election to the socialist nominees. All the socialism they reckon on is public ownership of public utilities — indeed, no other feature of socialism is likely to make much headway in this country in our lifetime.

PROGRESS

No use for the older men to get angry about it: they have had their day: we fellows in the middle group will have our day, only in turn to be relegated to the shelf by our sons behind us.

I am glad of it all. We no longer burn our social pioneers at the stake, and we persecute them with less of intolerant meanness in every succeeding generation. Who knows but that sometime we may get sense enough to honor our benefactors while they still live?

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD" IN NEW ENGLAND, TO WHICH THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS RETURN EVERY YEAR FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY

SUMMER PLAYGROUNDS OF AMERICA

By THOMAS F. ANDERSON

SOMEONE has lately written, apropos of the remarkable growth of the American vacation habit, that Winter and Summer, for purposes of the personal comfort of the race, are gradually joining hands through the perfection of modern travel, adding the wish: "May the tendency develop until the world shall become essentially one bright Summer land for all!"

How true this statement is, and how near this wish has already come to fulfillment, only those who are connected with transportation interests, who manage the great tourist agencies or who control the countless hotels at the different Summer and Winter resorts, have any adequate knowledge.

The growth that has taken place during the last quarter of a century in this newest of our national industries and activities (viewing it in the commercial sense) is something astonishing.

So universal has become this habit of indulging in a periodical change of scene and associations that it sometimes seems as if two out of every three of the inhabitants of the United States are nowadays addicted to the "vacation" custom.

In the case of the majority of us, to miss this annual holiday in the hill country or at the seashore is to lose something important and unreplaceable out of our lives. We look forward to our yearly Summer or Winter respite as something that is as much our due as if it were guaranteed to us by the Constitution, and we are very jealous of our rights with respect to the enjoyment of it.

This popularly accepted and altogether

commendable custom has worked something akin to a revolution in railroad and steamship methods, has transformed the hotel business, stimulated the artistic genius of the printer, given a new dignity to the vocation of the photographer, added an impressive array of modern adjectives to the English lexicon, encouraged nature study in its broadest sense, inspired the multitude with new and uplifting theories of living and put into active circulation millions of dollars that otherwise would have lain dormant.

And yet the vacation habit, with all its long train of commercial, financial, mental and physical benefits, is only in its embryo stage.

With the increase of wealth and population, the growing congestion in our large centers and the development of that distinctly human craving for an occasional opportunity to "commune" with Mother Nature, the habit will take an even greater hold upon our people, so that in future the individual who, like a certain noted New York financier, persistently refuses to take an annual vacation, will be looked upon with scorn, if not with actual suspicion.

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How vast has grown the area of our American vacation playground while this popular habit has been fixing itself upon our people! Think what it means in square miles and air-line flights, when both our Summer and our Winter pleasure grounds are grouped together, not taking into account at all the remoter foreign field.

Almost every state in the North and East boasts of its Summer resort, and Canada is one great Summer-and-Winter playground, from Atlantic to Pacific. Foremost of all the Summer category is New England, which plumes itself, and with reason, upon being the national Summer vacation headquarters. For the purposes of an ideal Summer holiday it has much that other sections lack, and it is likely to retain its prestige forever. Some of its peaks in the White, Franconia and Green mountain ranges have an altitude of from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. Many of its lakes are 1,000 feet above the ocean, and its coast line from New London to Bar Harbor is one long, unbroken chain of vacation resorts.

In Maine alone there are 9,000,000 acres of woodland and forests, 3,800 square miles of lakes and rivers and 2,500 miles of shore line. Counting the sportsmen — and this is "the sportsmen's paradise" — it is estimated that 250,000 persons annually visit the Pine Tree state for pleasure and recreation.

New Hampshire—first of all the northern Summer states with respect to the social development of the vacation idea — entertains in its 2,000 hotels and boarding houses something like 150,000 rest-seekers annually and derives from their presence an income of about $8,000,000 a year.

It has been estimated by a careful statistician, Dr. Charles H. Bangs, that the Summer tourists who visit New England alone and scatter over Cape Cod, the Berkshires, the mountains, the lake resorts, the Maine wilderness, the rural sections and along the sea-coast, spend every year for vacation purposes $40,000,000.

There are no reliable statistics covering the country as a whole, but it would seem tolerably safe to state that 10,000,000 Americans enjoy a vacation trip of some sort every year, and in doing so expend at least $500,000,000.

This is why hotel managers are building million-dollar hostelries where once there was naught but primitive forest or arid sands, and why transportation companies are vying with each other in the production of luxurious rolling stock and pleasure craft and filling the newspapers and magazines with seductive advertisements that are in themselves almost a substitute for a vacation trip.

Great as is its prestige, and popular as it is with rest-seekers from all of the western and southern and middle states, New England is by no means "the whole thing."

New York has its Adirondacks and its Catskills, its Saratoga, its Hudson, its Long Island, its Lake George and its Chautauqua. Niagara belongs to the nation.

LAKE ONOTA, A NEW ENGLAND BEAUTY SPOT

Pennsylvania has its Delaware Water Gap and its Alleghanies; New Jersey its Atlantic City and Asbury Park, and Michigan its Put-in-Bay and resorts around the shores of the Great Lakes. The Pacific Northwest, too, possesses many choice Summer centers, and the Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canyon must not be overlooked. A trip over the Great Lakes by comfortable steamer is also one of the delights of Summer travel.

In Canada the Land of Evangeline, the Bras d'Or Lakes, Prince Edward Island, the St. John river, Bay Chaleur, the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers, the Laurentian country, Quebec, Montreal, the Ottawa Valley, the Muskoka Lakes region, the Algonquin Park, the Nipissing and Temiskaming districts, the Canadian Rockies, the Columbia river and the Pacific coast resorts are a few of the attractions. Newfoundland, Alaska and even Labrador are also to be added to the list.

The Winter playground, too, is also a vast and growing one. There is California, Florida and Mexico, North Carolina and Georgia; and immense and increasing numbers go annually to Bermuda, Jamaica, Cuba, Nassau, Porto Rico and other parts of the West Indies in order to exchange the blizzards and icicles of the north for the balmy air and perfumed islands of the tropics.

Some find even this great field too cramped for them, and in Summer they hie to northern Europe and in Winter to the Mediterranean. All mankind seems possessed with a consuming desire to see the world, and people begrudge no expenditure so little as that which gives them the subtle pleasure derived from travel.

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As a general proposition, vacationists may be differentiated into three principal classes—those who go to stay in one place in order to rest, those who go to one particular place to "have a good time," and those who keep constantly on the move, either from their own restless propensities or for education and pleasure.

Some prefer the mountains as a resting place and could not remain a day content at the seashore. Others like better the lakeside, or the rough camp in the wilderness; others find vacation life on a farm the most to their liking, and yet others taste alternately the delights of each.

There are vacationists, too, who come under a special classification, like some species of bugs and plants, including fishermen, hunters, artists, botanists and the like, who combine respite from their vocations with the enjoyment of their favorite pastimes or avocations.

What the average "Summer boarder," as they call the vacationist in the New England country, has left his happy home for is, first of all, a change—a change of scene, of faces, of breakfast table topics and of general surroundings. He craves, for a brief spell, emancipation from the rules, restraints and conventions of city life. He wants especially to forget business cares, home worries and social duties, and the mere thought of the woods and lakes, of mountains and seashore, restores his sick mind as medicine cures his bodily ailments.

Even the office boy demands his "rights" when vacation time comes around, and usually he gets them nowadays.

The outing habit has brought about its refinements of pleasure, too. We find this represented in luxurious and costly steam yachts, in which the rich idle away their prolonged holiday season along the coast, or in foreign lands; and in palatial private cars, those smooth-running "land yachts" in which the millionaire can comfortably tour the entire continent, from Lake St. John to the City of Mexico. The butler, the valet, the maid, and sometimes even the family physician, accompany the

IN THE PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE HILLS

happy parties on these vacation cruises de luxe.

There are cosy house-boats, too, that cost as much as many a church; and in various other ways can the wealthy enjoy their high-priced and exclusive holiday pleasure.

The tendency of the wealthy classes to build and occupy princely country residences as a part of their general Summer vacation scheme is another notable manifestation of this popular spirit of change.

This has resulted in the building up of such famous communities as Newport, Lenox, Beverly Farms, Bar Harbor, Buzzards Bay and Dublin. The owners of many of these so-called Summer residences have grown to find them so attractive that they nowadays reside in them the greater part of the year.

To give a list of the leading vacation "resorts" that have sprung into popularity of late years, as the result of the patronage of the million rather than of the millionaires, would require pages of this magazine. Some of these resorts, like Saratoga, Atlantic City and Old Orchard, are cosmopolitan in their population, as they are kaleidoscopic in their life. Others, more quiet and sedate in their demeanor and infinitely more restful, are patronized largely by artists; others by literary folk. Just as the general vacation field itself has been thrown open in response to a demand, so there have been developed resting places that appeal to special classes of vacation seekers.

The late Charles A. Dana said that there are newspapers for sensible people and newspapers for fools; and so it has come to pass that there are vacation resorts for the weary and the wise and vacation resorts for the frivolous.

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And what have the great transportation systems been doing to aid in the exploitation of these Summer and Winter playgrounds? Everything. Had it not been for the railroads our 80,000,000 of people would not know as much as they do know today about the rural attractions of our wonderful land, and had they been disposed to follow the process rather than to lead it, things would be vastly different in our Summer playgrounds today.

There is scarcely one of our big railroad systems that does not have in its territory something in the shape of a Summer or Winter vacation resort, and these companies have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in publishing and circulating illustrated literature setting forth the attractions of these resorts. Literary talent of the highest type has been engaged to prepare this seductive advertising matter, and some of the larger roads issue Summer vacation "libraries" of fifteen to twenty-five publications.

Special departments of photography have been instituted, lecturers are sent forth to depict the scenic beauties of the road's territory on the stereopticon screen; urbane traveling passenger agents supplement these efforts with effective personal work; "traveling libraries" of photographic views are sent the rounds of clubs, reading-rooms and Y. M. C. A. associations; liberal advertising space is purchased in newspapers and magazines; resort "bureaus" have been established; framed pictures and transparencies have been sent broadcast, and in various other ingenious and expensive ways the railroads have been doing their share in the upbuilding of this wonderful vacation "business."

In respect to the physical comforts and conveniences of traveling, great things have also been done by the railroads. Faster train schedules, more luxurious cars, improved dining service and station accommodations have all come into existence in consequence of this universal desire to get out and about. Traveling to and fro from the vacation resorts is something vastly different now to what it was thirty or forty years ago, and those who rush across the continent on the sumptuous "limited" tourist trains to California, Mexico or Florida have special reason to know it.

SNAPSHOTS AT QUAINT OLD PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD

The steamship and steamboat lines have also done their share in popularizing this kind of travel. This is particularly true of those running between Boston and the Maritime Provinces, along the New England coast, through Long Island Sound, up and down the Hudson river and across the Great Lakes. Tourist travel to Jamaica, Cuba, Porto Rico and other parts of the West Indies is just beginning to disclose its possibilities.

The growth of tourist travel to Europe, as everybody knows, has been phenomenal. Winter excursions to Mediterranean points and Egypt are especially popular just now, and one of the most notable outgrowths of this department of travel has been the establishment of a highly successful steamship service between Boston and the Mediterranean, something that would have been hardly thought possible five or ten years ago.

Another very important factor in the propagation of the travel germ has been the private tourist agency. The number of these agencies has increased rapidly in the last ten or fifteen years, and one or two of the largest of them have a world-wide reputation. They make a business of conducting parties of from twenty-five to 150 to all parts of the continent and to foreign countries "under personal escort," and through their excellent and progressive methods have done much to encourage vacation travel, especially on the part of those who like to get all the comforts of life while away from home.

Summer or Winter, there is hardly a day when a "personally conducted" party, under the auspices of these agencies, does not leave one of our large cities bound for some national vacation playground. They have spent large sums in advertising their tours, some of them maintaining regular departments for that work, and both the transportation lines and the hotels have benefitted greatly from their enterprise.

Latterly a number of the big railroads have organized their own tourist departments, just as some have their own dining, parlor and sleeping car service, but there will always be a field fcr the private tourist agency as long as the railroads of the country remain separate units.

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The effect that the growth of tourist travel has had upon resort hotels has been something little short of startling. Where wayside "inns" once offered modest entertainment to the occasional traveler a few years ago, there now stand buildings that are nothing less than modern palaces, and some of them rise where no one dreamed a dozen tourists would ever be seen.

Money enough to pay off the national debt of some countries has been lavished on these marvelous triumphs of architecture and house furnishing, and more than one of them has cost in excess of a couple of million dollars. The acme of luxury and refinement has been reached in such celebrated hostelries as the "Ponce de Leon" at St. Augustine, the "Royal Poiniciana" at Palm Beach, the "Hotel del Coronado" at Coronado Beach, the "Hotel del Monte" at Monterey, the "Hotel Champlain" at Bluff Point, the "Chateau Frontenac" at Quebec, and the "Mount Washington" in the White Mountains. It would seem as if the limit of human invention had surely been reached in the decorations and appointments of these magnificent caravanseries, and their existence stands for the fact that the traveling public in these days is willing to pay liberally for first class accommodations.

Invention has also been taxed in providing recreations and pastimes for the guests of these hostelries. All the largest of them have their golf courses, tennis courts, swimming pools, and bicycle paths. Coaching parades, concerts, dances, illustrated lectures, bowling, whist tournaments and a hundred and one other pastimes are indulged in, and automobiling can be enjoyed just as well on the white beach at Ormond as on the splendid roads of Bar Harbor or in the glens of the White Mountains. Good roads, too, are following rapidly in the wake of the Summer and Winter resorter.

In fine, the management of a Summer or Winter hotel has come to be one of the high arts. An outgrowth has been the appearance of the feminine hotel "introducer," whose duty it is to bring guests together and see that everybody has a good time, and the resort hotel has even attained the distinction of forming the background of one of William D. Howells' novels.

Best of all, this desire of the populace to bury its cares for a few days, or weeks, amid the mountains or the wilderness is indirectly aiding in the all-important movement looking to the preservation of our forests from the axe of the lumberman. The nation needs these forests for the conservation of its water supply, so vital to our industrial well-being; but the vacationist also needs them, and applauds the splendid work of the government in transforming these vast tracts of woodland into national reservations.

Already, since 1891, the United States has taken about 60,000,000 acres of forest land, all of it west of the Dakotas, and it is to acquire 1,000,000 more acres in the White Mountain region at a cost $5,000,000. All this means much to the rest-seeker of the year 2,000.

Good railroad and steamship service, excellent hotels, and the mountains, forests and seashore left as the Almighty intended they should remain—these are what "the people of tired cities" are enjoying in their Summer and Winter outings today, and it is our sacred duty to see to it that posterity is no less fortunate.

Thanks to the potent influence of the vacation spirit that is now so universally moving us,

> "Our own familiar world, not yet half known,
> Nor loved enough,"

is destined to be better understood and appreciated in the future than it has been in the past.

To what extent our leading transportation companies are helping in this good work is briefly set forth in the following pages.

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New England is the greatest of all our popular Summer vacation sections, and Boston is its chief gateway. That city owes its prestige in this respect not only to the fact that it is such an important railroad center, but to the more widely known fact of its great historic interest.

Thousands of those who annually travel from the South and West to the mountains and the seashore count the stay of a few hours or days in Boston en route as one of the most enjoyable incidents of their vacation.

Boston is growing in favor, too, as a "convention city," and it holds its own with numerous rivals in that class. The Modern Athens certainly is most admirably adapted to such a purpose, and its urban and suburban attractions are so potent that the business that brings such gatherings together oftimes fills a secondary place in the minds of the delegates.

No city on the continent has such a variety to offer in the way of historic shrines, outdoor and indoor amusements, parks, seashore resorts and local land and water excursions.

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Of the railroads centering in Boston and furnishing transportation facilities for the vast annual influx of rest-seekers from other sections of the country, the Boston & Maine system is one of the most important.

Giving direct access to the Summer resorts of four New England states and all of Eastern Canada, this big and well managed railroad system sends forth its glittering steel highways to the mountains, the lakes, the seashore, the wilderness and the historic Meccas of a wide-spreading territory.

It taps a Summer pleasure ground that is within a day's journey for 10,000,000 people, takes a legion of fishermen and big-game hunters bent on a sojourn in the Maine woods on the first stage of their journey, and even brings from the West many whom business and pleasure send on a voyage across the Atlantic, and whose choice of a point of departure is Boston.

SURF EFFECT AT MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

It is, indeed, difficult to summarize the vacation possibilities of the Boston & Maine territory in a few words. The millionaire and the workingman are alike served by it, and every year it is being invaded by additional thousands of tourists.

The Boston & Maine is practically the only railroad that serves the famous vacation and "Old Home Week" state of New Hampshire, and it also runs through the most attractive portions of Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont, and for a few miles in New York and the Province of Quebec.

It also controls, although it does not operate, the Maine Central railroad, through which it reaches the vast vacation and sporting region of the Pine Tree State, including Bar Harbor, Poland Spring and all the more notable Maine resorts.

PICTURESQUE PROFILE NOTCH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Boston & Maine is also the initial line out of Boston for passenger traffic to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, known geographically as the Maritime Provinces, and likewise to Newfoundland and Labrador. These are all very popular Summer sections, and may properly be grouped in the Boston & Maine jurisdiction.

All of the White and Franconia mountains, and a part of the Green mountain section in Vermont, are included in the territory of this great system. The White and Franconia ranges, which lie in New Hampshire, comprise about 812,000 acres, and among their multitude of peaks are five which rise over 5,000 feet above the sea level. Mount Washington, the monarch of them all, and the objective point of many tourists, is more than 6,000 feet high.

These mountains yet retain about 200,000 acres of virgin forests, and they are fairly studded with Summer resorts, ranging from a single large hotel to a town with a Summer population of 10,000.

Quiet and remote though this elevated region is, it fairly bubbles over with social life of the gayest type, and coaching parades, automobile runs, golf and tennis tournaments, balls and various other forms of amusement help to keep away the "blues" as efficaciously as the mountain ozone deals with the hay fever or malaria germs.

The more important centers are the White Mountains proper, which includes the Crawford, Mt. Pleasant, Fabyan, Twin Mountain and Summit Houses and the palatial new Mt. Washington Hotel; Bethlehem, Maplewood, Jefferson, Gorham, Randolph, Lancaster, and Franconia, Sugar Hill, North Woodstock, Profile House, Campton, Plymouth, Holderness, Dixville Notch, Intervale, Jackson, and North Conway—each of these centers having its own individuality and special clientele.

The lofty mountain peaks in Boston & Maine territory have their complement in innumerable beautiful lakes, all of them "resorts" and scattered about like flashing sapphires in emerald settings.

The largest, and in some respects the most beautiful of these lakes, is Winnipesaukee, in New Hampshire, around the shores of which are a dozen or so flourishing Summer settlements, while its three hundred lovely islets are covered with camps.

The list may be lengthened out with Sunapee, Asquam, Dublin, Willoughby, Memphremagog, Champlain, Newfound, Massawippi and a score of smaller but not less charming lakes, where thousands of "Summer boarders" annually taste the delights of healthful outdoor life in the New England and Canadian playgrounds and forget, for the time being, the very existence of sun-baked cities.

In the Merrimac, Connecticut, Nashua, Pemigewasset, Saco, Ammonoosuc, Concord, Charles, Deerfield and other rivers, the Boston & Maine possesses another delightful collection of Nature's jewels. These are the particular delight of the artist and canoeist, and some of them rival in beauty the best that the continent can produce.

Beginning with the very confines of Boston, and stretching eastward almost without break to Portland, is a string of peerless seashore resorts linked together by the rails of this system. They include such well known vacation centers as Nahant, Swampscott, Magnolia, Gloucester, Rockport, Essex, Ipswich, Salisbury, Hampton, Rye, Portsmouth, Kittery, the Isles of Shoals, York, Ogunquit, Wells, Kennebunkport, Old Orchard, Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth, and Portland, with the still longer stretch of Maine Central railroad resorts beyond.

The famous North Shore and Cape Ann are included in this category, and artist and artisan, poet and pork-packer, are to be found enjoying the sands and the surf, the salty breezes and the sea-changes of this remarkable and cosmopolitan stretch of coast.

No railroad in America reaches a larger number of towns and cities of historic significance, among the more notable of such places being Concord, Lexington, Cambridge, Medford, Haverhill, Amesbury, Salem, Marblehead, Danvers and Ipswich.

In its work of exploiting this vast vacation ground, the Boston & Maine passenger department is to be credited with having produced as fine and extensive a "library" of Summer literature as any American railroad has ever issued.

Every department of this great Summer playground is represented by some special publication, and hundreds of thousands of copies of books and illustrated portfolios have been sent to every part of the continent.

PANORAMA OF LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Last season, in answer to requests by mail, 100,000 pieces of advertising matter were sent out, and in one day there were 1,545 requests for a single special publication received.

The Boston & Maine system embraces some 2,300 miles of track. There are very few of these miles that the Summer tourist will find at all monotonous.

Even the Winter scenery of New England is beginning to appeal to the residents of cities, and so general has become the practice of taking a brief vacation while the snow is on the ground that a score or more of resort hotels in New Hampshire and Vermont are nowadays keeping "open house" all the year round.

This is simply another illustration of the remarkable growth of the "vacation habit."

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The part which the great New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad plays in the Summer tourist traffic of New England, albeit there are neither mountains nor "big game" districts in its territory, is a very important one.

In bringing people from New York and the South to the resorts of the East and the North this system provides both rail and water transportation, and both are heavily taxed during the height of the season. To many the trip through Long Island Sound on one of the several steamboat lines of this company is in itself a pleasant vacation journey, and the rush for accommodations on these palatial floating hotels is one of the most striking features of American tourist travel.

A FAVORITE VIEW IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

If the steamboats of the "New Haven" system—and the world cannot show another such fleet—are popular with the traveling public, its through trains, rivaling in speed and luxury any the continent possesses, are not less so. The company's fastest expresses run between Boston and New York on a five-hour schedule, and while they form an important link in the chain of east and north bound Summer transportation, they fill an equally important function when the

Winter hegira from New England to the South begins.

The "New Haven" system is something more than a link between a great city and the mountains of New Hampshire and the sea-coast of Maine, however, for it has its own resort sections, and exceedingly popular ones at that.

Not only does it give access to the various Long Island Sound resorts, including New London, Watch Hill and Block Island, but it takes in fashionable Newport, Narragansett Bay, Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, Cape Cod, historic Plymouth, the so-called South Shore and the vacation region of interior Connecticut. Its rails also run from New York to its own hill country, in the restful and charming Berkshires, where Lenox, Great Barrington, Stockbridge and other more or less exclusive resorts have for years attracted society and wealth.

The most marvelous development of all has taken place in the Cape Cod and South Shore sections, both of which have simply undergone a transformation since they were first "discovered" by the vacationist thirty or thirty-five years ago.

The greatest growth in travel to these sandy and breeze-swept sections has been in the last fifteen years. Summer hotels, not a few of them of most elaborate character, have blossomed forth in all parts of this region, and hundreds of business men residing in Boston and other large cities have erected expensive Summer places for themselves there, and today have their own private "subscription" trains to take them to and fro. During high tide of Summer outing travel an average of 3,000 persons a day, largely of the tourist class, leave Boston for "the Cape" and the South Shore.

On Saturdays extra trains are run, and the number of passengers is increased to 4,000. It is well nigh impossible to secure sufficient parlor car equipment to meet the demand. Every year, too, brings a decided increase in the number of patrons.

THOUSANDS GO TO OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE

And yet there are some who think that the Summer travel in that particular direction has only just begun.

The centers that absorb the greater part of these vacation seekers are, for the most part, located directly on the seashore, and include Buzzard's Bay, Falmouth, Woods Hole, Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Chatham, Hyannis, Orleans, Barnstable, Provincetown, Harwich, Onset, Bourne, Marshfield, Scituate, Duxbury, Plymouth, Cohasset, Hull and a score of other popular resorts.

People flock to these places from every state in the Union, and ere they depart again they add materially to the per capita circulation.

In this part of the New York, New Haven & Hartford territory the most interesting places, from the standpoint of the historic and quaint, are Plymouth and its world-famous Rock, Provincetown, at the tip end of Cape Cod, and the home of the hardy fishermen and sailors, and ocean-bound Nantucket.

The Berkshire resorts reached by the system are constantly growing in popularity, and are especially beloved for their magnificent Autumn foliage. An excellent train service from New York to these points is maintained.

The passenger traffic department of this company has pursued a wise and liberal policy in building up this Summer vacation business, and every facility is today afforded the tourist, be his journey ten miles in length or 200.

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The Boston & Albany railroad (leased to the New York Central & Hudson River road) may be termed a trans-continental line, inasmuch as it is directly connected with the great Vanderbilt system, one of the dominating forces in American transportation.

This means that patrons of the Boston & Albany are given the best of facilities for getting to not only the attractive Summer sections in the territory of the Boston & Albany itself but to the Adirondack and Catskill mountains, Lakes George, Champlain and Chatauqua, Niagara Falls and the Great Lakes and the various western and Pacific coast resorts.

The Boston & Albany road threads the loveliest part of Massachusetts, and the fame of its beautiful station buildings and grounds has been spread far and wide. This was one of the pioneer roads in the splendid work of railroad landscape gardening, and it is to be doubted if there is in the world today a railroad that has made greater progress in this respect.

The finest examples of this combination of artistic buildings and garden-like surroundings are found on its Brookline circuit out of Boston, but in every mile of the road this pleasing aesthetic spirit is manifest. One scarcely realizes he is on a railroad, so artistic is every detail of right of way that meets the eye.

Over this "railroad beautiful" thousands of Summer tourists annually travel to the lovely Berkshires, or beyond; to be followed in Winter by another host destined for California, the Grand Canyon or the sunny South.

The Berkshire hills are truly a place to loaf and invite one's soul, and they are every year growing more popular with city people.

The journey thither takes the tourist from the magnificent South Terminal in Boston along and across the Charles river, through charming Wellesley, the Framingham lake region, Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Charlton, Springfield, and into the heart of the green hills where Chester, Becket, Middlefield, Hinsdale and other beauteous resorts figuratively stand with open arms and welcome the wearied denizen of the metropolis.

This is the ideal vacation country, filled with comfortable hotels and boarding houses and hospitable farmhouses and fairly running riot with picturesque scenery. For driving or tramping it has no equal.

A branch line runs through the heart of the Berkshire hills to North Adams, sentineled by Greylock Mountain, the highest hill in Massachusetts, and surrounded by a score of attractive Summer towns.

Beyond Pittsfield the line continues westward to the Albany Gateway, where the main line of the New York Central is joined.

One of the most important features of vacation travel over the Boston & Albany road is the regular departures of specially conducted parties to Niagara Falls, Canada, California, Yellowstone Park, Washington, Mexico and other points under the auspices of the well known Raymond & Whitcomb Company.

These parties are made up of the most substantial class of people, and they are sometimes so large that they are sent out in special trains of from five to ten cars. These "specials" are among the most luxurious trains that are run, including stateroom, dining and observation cars of the most modern type, and are vestibuled throughout.

The departure of one of these trains with its happy throng of passengers is always one of the most interesting incidents of railroad life in Boston.

Tourists who travel in this way have their every want anticipated. They ride in the finest cars obtainable, stop at the best hotels, see all the principal "sights" en route without the slightest personal inconvenience or discomfort, and are brought safely home again under the guidance of courteous and intelligent conductors.

This is a phase of American pleasure travel that is growing in popularity every year.

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As a popular Summer pleasure ground, the great state of New York is, in a way, a replica of New England. It has its seashore resorts along the Long Island coast, its wilderness and mountain region in the Adirondacks and Catskills, its Summer social center at Saratoga and its beautiful river scenery along the banks of the Hudson.

History and legend also weave their spell throughout the entire length and breadth of this empire-commonwealth. The continent's greatest metropolis is within its borders, but so also is the most primitive country hamlet.

Most of New York's resorts are linked together by the rails of the splendid New York Central system, whose four-track line and "Four-Track News" are alike household words throughout the country. The more than 11,000 miles of track controlled by the company tap nearly a dozen different states having more than half the population of the country.

They embrace twelve or thirteen different large roads, giving direct access to New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago and other important cities, and from each of these teeming centers transport thousands of rest-seekers to a multitude of Summer resorts located either in their own territory or in that of connecting lines.

Hence, the New York Central is an important feeder not only to the Adirondacks and the attractive playgrounds around the shores of the Great Lakes, but to the resorts of New England, Canada, the South and the Pacific coast.

The patron of the New York Central road, on Summer vacation trip intent, has a most bewildering assortment of places to choose from. In his perplexity, the company places at his disposal a most excellent assortment of Summer vacation literature, from which, if he really knows the kind of place he seeks, he can readily make his choice. This notable "Four-Track Series" of vacation booklets is not the least im-

SCENES IN AND AROUND FASHIONABLE NEWPORT

portant creation of the New York Central's active passenger department.

The main lines of this enterprising transportation system run along both banks of the noble Hudson river to Albany and thence deflect westward. Nominally, they end at Buffalo, but in reality they extend as far west as Chicago and St. Louis, representing an air-line distance from New York of more than 1,000 miles.

The territory through which they run is fairly gridironed by these New York Central lines, especially west of Lake Erie. They run east as far as Boston, north to Montreal, west to the Mississippi river and south by the coal regions of Pennsylvania and the Ohio river.

Leaving New York city for the North or West, the tourist by the New York Central route is given a glimpse of the Palisades of the Hudson and all the other scenic glories of that splendid river. The route lies through or opposite historic Newburg and Fishkill; West Point, with its famous military college; the beautiful Highlands of the Hudson and the Catskill mountains region of Rip Van Winkle memory and much beloved of rest-seekers.

Beyond lie Albany, the interesting state capital, Saratoga and its beautiful lake, lovely Lake George and historic Lake Champlain, the balsamic, health-giving Adirondack mountians, with Saranac lake, Lake Placid, Raquette lake, Au Sable Chasm and all the rest of its beauty spots and natural wonders.

North of this region lie the St. Lawrence river, Montreal, Quebec and the innumerable Canadian resorts, and farther west are Oneida and Seneca lakes, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Gorge, and

POLAND SPRINGS HOTEL, SOUTH POLAND, MAINE

the picturesque Summer resorts of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie and Lake Michigan, not forgetting that other great vacation-time Mecca, Chautauqua lake.

The "Central" lines also reach into the Berkshires, the Green Mountains of Vermont and other parts of the New England playground, while to the south are the romantic Summer regions of northern Pennsylvania and the Alleghanies. The pastoral beauty of the Mohawk valley, through which the main line of the New York Central runs, would alone commend the road as a vacation route.

Tourists by this line can enjoy every facility, comfort and luxury that money can provide. The through trains of the "Central" are proverbially palatial. The same term is applicable to the leading hotels at many of the resorts which are reached by them. At others, the five-dollar-a-week farm boarding house furnishes its "old-home" hospitality to those who cannot afford the five-dollar-a-day hostelry.

Fishing, shooting, boating, bathing

HOTEL SAM-O-SET, ROCKLAND, MAINE

and all the known pastimes and sports of the out-doors lover may be enjoyed in the New York Central Summer territory, and in the Adirondacks and elsewhere Winter pastimes may also be indulged in.

NIAGARA FALLS, THE NATIONAL MECCA

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The sunset side of the Hudson, one of the most charming sections of the state, is opened up by the West Shore railroad, one of the Vanderbilt lines, and its connections.

Within an hour's journey of New York City is Rockland Lake Park, situated in the midst of a picturesque water system.

West Point, seat of the United States Military Academy,is one of the country's great show places, most charmingly located and having a commanding view of the Hudson. Thousands annually come here to enjoy the dress parades and other features of military life in which our future generals shine and most of the distinguished visitors from other countries are taken here as a part of their American sight-seeing tour.

Historic Newburg, in which is the building once occupied by Washington as headquarters, is ten miles farther up the river and the route also lies along the base of Dunderberg, Crow Nest and Storm King mountains.

At Kingston connection is made with the Wallkill Valley railroad, over which the tourist is taken through one of the most fertile and lovely valleys in the state of New York. Placid, rock-bound Lake Mohonk is also reached by this route, and here one is apt to find some of the most prominent of the country's intellectual lights.

The wonderful Catksill mountains, sacred to the memory of Rip Van Winkle and abounding in superb scenery and fine air, are also on the line of the West Shore road. Kaaterskill lake is one of the objective points here, and all through this picturesque system of hills and valleys, some of the former with an altitude of 2,500 feet, is to be found a Summer playground almost primitive in its character. Saratoga and Niagara

IN THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON

LOOKING UP THE HUDSON FROM WEST POINT

Falls are also reached by the West Shore.

One of the most direct and interesting routes to the Adirondack mountains is the Delaware & Hudson railroad.

From the Albany Gateway this line runs through the most romantic part of northern New York, touching Lake George, skirting the west shore of Lake Champlain and making detours to Au Sable Chasm and Lake Placid. Saratoga, Luzerne, Fort Edward, Rutland, Fort Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Bluff Point, Plattsburg and other places of pleasant memory lie within its territory, and it also reaches Montreal by its Grand Trunk connection.

This "railroad picturesque" also runs through an interesting territory southwest of Albany, giving access to Sharon Springs and other resorts in central New York. The D. & H. is very proud of its own particular "playgrounds," and with ample justification.

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Few, even among those who live in the crowded metropolis, realize how big and inviting a Summer playground Long Island is. It has for years been a sort of hot weather safety-valve for Greater New York and much of the credit for its wonderful development as a resort section is due to the enterprising management of the Long Island railroad.

This sea-girt retreat, which contains most of what New York has to offer in the way of ocean resorts, is 122 miles long and varies from eight to twenty miles in width. It contains about 1,500 square miles and most of the island is attractive in scenery and swept by cool and uncontaminated air. It is no wonder so many thousands fly to it from the heat and uproar of the cities. Nowhere are there better opportunities for surf-bathing, boating, fishing, bicycling, automobiling and the other popular outdoor diversions.

ROCK OF AGES, NIAGARA FALLS

It is a vacation country of many surprises, too, for each of its different geographical sections, the South Shore, the North Shore and the Central section, has its special characteristics.

The North shore, lying along the

Sound, is the most precipitous side, and the South shore or ocean side, extending from Coney Island to Montauk Point, is one unbroken stretch of beach resorts. There are forty or fifty of these Summer settlements, including Sheepshead Bay, Manhattan Beach, Far Rockaway, Babylon, Sayville, Patchogue, Moriches, Westhampton and Sag Harbor.

Oyster Bay, the home of President Roosevelt, Sea Cliff, Great Neck, Whitestone, Flushing, Hempstead, Greenport and Shelter Island are a few of the better known of these North Shore and central sections of this attractive garden of the Atlantic.

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If one would realize to what enormous proportions the vacation business of our largest railroad systems has grown, let him take up and peruse the ponderous 300-page publication issued by the Pennsylvania railroad and entitled "Summer Excursion Routes."

Here is a book — not a "booklet," mind you—containing a list of tours to every section of the continent, illustrated with half-tone photographic views and inset with extensive maps, the weight of which is almost burdensome and the cost of which is sufficient to send an entire family on a vacation trip around the world.

This imposing tome contains a list of nearly 800 different resorts in the United States and Canada suitable for those who wish to spend a Summer holiday, many of them reached directly by the Pennsylvania system and the remainder by its railroad and steamship connections. For the purpose of advertising the country's principal Winter resorts, another publication of almost as large proportions is issued by the company.

This serves to illustrate not only the remarkable increase of out-door playgrounds, compared with the known resorts of a generation ago, but the extent to which the printer's art must necessarily be availed of by the modern transportation company.

The Pennsylvania railroad, vast of mileage and diversified of scenery, and considered by many to be the greatest of the world's railroads, has a particularly important duty to perform with respect to the vacationist, and most successfully does it discharge it.

Not only does the company furnish every possible facility for the transportation of the ordinary traveler, but it has gone into the "personally conducted" tourist business on a large scale. On its special tours to the national capital alone it has carried many thousands of patrons, and this branch of its business has come to be one of the most important in its passenger department. The company's Washington tours are especially popular with New England people.

Of all the great vacation regions in Pennsylvania railroad territory proper, none is more popular than the long, sandy stretch of New Jersey coast, stretching from Long Branch on the north to Cape May on the south.

A half-dozen branch lines deflect from Philadelphia and the main stem of the system to this wave-washed reach of Atlantic shore, giving direct connection to Asbury Park, Sea Girt, Barnegat City, Atlantic City and the other popular resorts in Barneget Bay, Absecon, Long, and Brigantine beaches. Atlantic City is the Summer metropolis of this cool and delightful refuge from the heated interior, and nowhere along the coast is there to be found a more cosmopolitan multitude of Summer sojourners. The bathing hour here is one of the world's most notable outdoor sights. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else. Hundreds of thousands take a "dip" in the salt water or go on dress parade on the famous board-walk at Atlantic City every year, and it may be said that the "season" here is perpetual.

Golf, yachting and attendance on the annual horse show are but a few of the local pastimes. Lesser amusements of infinite variety abound.

The Pennsylvania railroad reaches Delaware Water Gap, Chautauqua Lake, Bedford Springs, Watkins Glen, Sodus Point, Lake Nephawin and a score of other resorts and sanatoriums in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Virginia and Maryland, and introduces the tourist to the finest glories of the Susquehanna, Delaware and Juniata rivers, Lycoming Creek and other beautiful streams that help to transform this part of the country into a natural Summer playground.

The territory covered by the main line and branches of the Lehigh Valley railroad, in the states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York, embraces diversified playgrounds. Nature has been most kind in preparing here for man that which is most suitable or pleasing, no matter to what recreation the inclination may turn.

New Jersey offers its seashore resorts for those who like the gayeties of a social Summer life, and its less assuming country life amid the surroundings of the farm, the orchard and the wild-flower-fringed country lanes, where automobiling, golf and tennis rank first among the pastimes in popular favor.

Pennsylvania, more ambitious in the character of its interior resorts, but without the seashore, gives us its Glen Summit Springs, airy, indeed, and delightful, enjoying an elevation of two thousand feet above sea level, on the summit of Nescopec Mountain, four hours by train from New York; its Paxinosa, also a mountain resort; its "Switzerland of America" region, in which are found Mauch Chunk, Glen Onoko and other delightful spots, and its mid-mountain lakes on the wooded borders of which hotels and cottages invitingly appear for the accommodation of all who seek.

Central-western New York is graced with a network of lakes, charming in their settings of forest and vineyard-covered slopes and affording delightful and varied entertainment. Seneca, the most pretentious in size, stretches away from the beautiful city of Geneva for a distance of forty miles to the south, where it receives the waters which come tumbling down from Watkins Glen. Upon its shores, laved by its cool waters and fanned by delightful breezes, summering places nestle in many nooks and wave coquettish greetings to the passing yachts and passenger steamers which ply the waters of the lake.

Cayuga, that beautiful water upon which the oarsmen of Cornell University have so often rowed to victory, is here, smaller, but not least in importance. Its fifty-six miles of shore line each Summer teems with the pleasures that arise in response to the united efforts of its many Summer visitors who spend, in cottages, in palatial Summer homes or in hotels, the entire season within sound of the gently lapping waves upon the beach.

Owasco is diminutive in its twelve miles of length, but entrancing in its beauty. Its shores are lined with Summer cottages, and pleasure craft in great number are found upon its waters each year. It is set between hills, and fruit farms and orchards extend almost to the water's edge, while here and there beautiful cascades break from rocky glens which reach back into the hills and tempt one to explore their hidden depths.

Then to the north the great lakes, Ontario and Erie, form a fitting boundary to this region, and Niagara Falls, ever wonderful, standing as a mighty guard and claiming each year the rapture of hundreds of thousands of tourists who appreciate the sublimity of Nature's handiwork.

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One of the most notable outcomes of the American travel habit has been the appearance on the Great Lakes of passenger steamships that are, to all intents and purposes, ocean liners. The Northern Steamship company is the enterprising concern that first gave the public the chance to enjoy the delights of a fresh water "trip abroad" with all the comforts of the real thing, and it is the present ambition of thousands to some day make this novel trip on one of these superb steamships.

Few people realize how vast in area are these northern lakes of ours, and what beauties of scenery and uniqueness of experience they unfold.

The steamships of this interesting line run between Buffalo and Duluth. They leave the former city in the evening, touching first at Cleveland, where sufficient time is given passengers for a short drive through that beautiful city. The next stop is at Detroit, another charming metropolis with most delightful surroundings. From here the steamer, carrying perhaps 400 or 500 passengers, proceeds through Lake St. Clair by means of the government-built canal, and thence across the placid surface of Lake Huron.

Mackinac Island, one of the gems of the lake region, is the next point of call. It contains a number of historic landmarks, including the old Jesuit monastery and the warehouse of that Astor who founded the great New York family fortune through barter with the Indians a century and more ago.

Usually the east-bound sister ship of the line is passed about this point, the meeting being marked by all the excitement of a similar occurrence at sea.

The passage of the famous Sault Ste. Marie canal from Lake Huron to Lake Superior, an ascent of twenty feet, forms one of the most interesting incidents of the trip. Five times as many vessels and twice the tonnage pass through here annually as through the Suez canal, and the tourist at this point gets an impressive object lesson in regard to the growth of American inland commerce. Visitors frequently shoot the rapids here, in canoes guided by Indians.

The run across Lake Superior, a veritable fresh water ocean, carries the tourist for a time entirely out of sight of land. The air is cool and bracing, the water is 1,000 feet deep, and as one watches a little group playing shuffleboard on the promenade deck, it is hard to realize that the voyage is being made on a lake and not on the Atlantic or the Pacific.

Few passengers set foot upon the shore at Duluth without promising themselves the pleasure of another glorious trip across these blue and breezy "unsalted seas."

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There is always a certain fascination in visiting a country over which floats another flag, and the interest is enhanced if to this difference in political conditions are added a varied scenery and the glamor of a romantic past.

"The Land of Evangeline," as the province of Nova Scotia is known in tourist literature, is a country that comes under all these heads, and it serves to illustrate two things: the power of a poet's fancy, and the fact that practically all of the great Dominion of Canada is a natural retreat for the seeker after rest and health.

Nova Scotia, although but a comparatively small section of Canada, may be properly selected as an example of what judicious advertising will do for a Summer resort, provided it has the climate and scenic attraction to make that advertising valid.

Years ago, Henry W. Longfellow was told the legend of Evangeline, the Acadian maid, and her expatriated lover. He wove the story into a poem that has become one of the classics of the English language. Longfellow builded better than he knew. He had never even seen this "Land of Evangeline," but he wrote, with remarkable accuracy of scenic detail, a story in verse that appealed at once to the popular imagination, and at the same time he practically

MT. RUNDLE, A TYPICAL BIT OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

"made" a new Summer resort; for even the unquestioned beauty of Nova Scotia's scenery would never have drawn the public in such numbers to admire it, had it not been for the atmosphere of romance and pathos with which the Cambridge poet's "Evangeline" surrounded it.

Longfellow laid the foundation of Nova Scotia's prosperity as a Summer resort, and Charles Dudley Warner and other celebrities of the pen came after him and joined the publicity bureau.

Tourists have always sought in vain for any tangible evidence of Evangeline's occupancy of her enchanted land, or of the reality of her existence; but the search will always be kept up, like the quest of the Holy Grail, and always there will be some to whom Evangeline and Gabriel will be sweet actualities. It is an innocent delusion, and can never do anyone any harm.

We know, however, that the Acadian farmers did live at Grand Pre, whence they were expelled by British edict in 1755, and we know, too, that the country where they so peacefully resided, "on the shores of the Basin of Minas," is one of the most charming Summer playgrounds in the world. It embraces breeze-swept Grand Pre itself, the pretty college town of Wolfville, the peaceful and fertile Gaspereau and Cornwallis valleys, the amber-tinted Minas Basin and its surrounding purple hills, the sentinelling promontory of Blomidon and the marvelous panorama from Look-Off.

Here is a veritable Elysium, and it has its counterpart in the seventy-mile Annapolis valley, with its acres of apple orchards, redolent in June and ruddy in September and in the charming, historic town of Annapolis Royal, and Digby, the delightful.

All of these popular summering places, together with Yarmouth, Weymouth, Kentville, Windsor and Halifax, the Garrison City, are reached by the Dominion Atlantic Railway, the "Land of Evangeline Route," which maintains lines of fast and modern express steamships between Boston and Yarmouth and New York and Yarmouth, the Boston service being practically a daily one in Summer. The famous "Flying Bluenose" express connects at Yarmouth with these steamships and runs on a rapid schedule between that place and Halifax. One can travel on this line with the acme of comfort, enjoying the dual treat of a bracing ocean voyage and a railroad journey through one of America s garden spots.

This same company also maintains a fast steamship service across the Bay of Fundy, between St. John and Digby, thus giving tourists access to the Land of Evangeline through another attractive gateway.

Other portions of the Summer playground in this pretty province of the mayflower are reached by the Halifax & Southwestern railway, a local line, and by the Intercolonial railway.

This latter line is owned by the government of Canada and connects Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal and other important points in the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec. It runs through eastern Nova Scotia to the Straits of Canso (to be crossed by a great steel bridge some time in the near future), and bisects the island of Cape Breton, which is part of the province of Nova Scotia and a sort of Canadian Scottish Highlands. The scenery of the Bras d'Or lakes region there is superb, and the inhabitants scarcely know what a hot wave means.

Cape Breton forms part of one of the popular tourist routes to Newfoundland, a section that is attracting much attention just now. Historic Louisburg is in its eastern portion.

A division of the Intercolonial railway also traverses the lovely and fertile province of Prince Edward Island, called, on account of its situation and its beauty, "The Garden of the Gulf." This is one of the most perfect of retreats from the stress and turmoil of city life, and in late years it has become exceedingly popular with American tourists. It lies in the southern part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and is separated from Nova Scotia by the Strait of Northumberland.

To follow the main line of the Intercolonial railway from Montreal to Halifax or vice versa, is to receive a revelation of Canadian scenery and life. In this agreeable scenic panorama appear the lovely Wentworth, Metapedia and Restigouche valleys, Bedford Basin, Bay Chaleur, the Kenebecassis, St. John and St. Lawrence rivers, the blue Laurentian mountains, the heights of Montmorenci and Quebec, the farm lands of the Quebec habitants and the picturesque city of Montreal.

The scenery along the shores of the mighty St. Lawrence, where are Little Metis, Bic, Cacouna and other popular watering places, is particularly impressive, and to the thoughtful tourist this part of the journey cannot fail to recall the memory of Jacques Cartier, Champlain and the other courageous French explorers who were among the first to make the acquaintance of this delightful part of the world.

The Intercolonial system performs a special service to that class of the public which prefers to take its outings in the form of fishing or hunting excursions. The province of New Brunswick is one of the largest and finest big game preserves on the continent, and its wilderness streams, like the Restigouche and Tobique, furnish sport for the angler that is without a rival anywhere. The salmon fishing is particularly fine. Hundreds of Americans annually visit the forests of New Brunswick in quest of rest and sport.

Physically, the region is a continuation of the northern Maine wilderness, which it adjoins, and it is famous as the best moose-hunting ground in this part of the country. Deer and caribou also abound there.

In considering this part of Canada as a Summer playground, the part performed in the transportation of tourists by the Quebec Central railway must not be overlooked. This important link connects at Sherbrooke, Quebec, with the Canadian Pacific, Boston & Maine and Grand Trunk systems, and runs to the city of Quebec, or rather to Levis opposite, with a branch line to the Megantic lakes region.

It is one of the most picturesque routes in the North, traversing the delightful Chaudiere and St. Francis river valleys, part of the route over which Benedict Arnold marched to Quebec in 1775, his sadly decimated army being obliged to devour their dogs and even their moccasins before the survivors reached their journey's end.

The route lies through the most interesting section of the historic Eastern Townships. All is peace and beauty wherever one's glance may be directed through the car window, and there is little to remind the tourist of "frenzied finance," or any other disturbing symptom of modern city life.

The Quebec & Lake St. John railway is another line that is closely related to tourist travel in the Quebec region, for by it is reached the world-famous Saguenay river whose scenery has so often been compared with that of Norway. The trip up the Saguenay has for years figured in the Summer itineraries of the American tourist agencies.

Among the notable points of interest included in the Quebec & Lake St. John route are Lorette, the Jacques Cartier river, Lake St. Joseph, St. Raymond, Riviere a Pierre, the Batiscan river, Lake Edward, Lake Kiskisink, Lake Bouchette, the Ouiatchouan Falls, Lake

BEAUTIFUL BANFF, IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

St. John, Chicoutimi and Ha! Ha! Bay.

There is nothing in America quite like the "stupendous chasm" known as the Saguenay river, which runs for sixty-five miles through the lofty Laurentian plateau and which has for its unchanging sentinels those majestic promontories, capes Trinity and Eternity.

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It would be difficult to name a transportation company that plays a more important part in world tourist travel than the great Canadian Pacific railway, a system comparatively so new that it seems as if it had been created but yesterday.

There is only one other railway in existence that can transport a passenger such a distance in an air line over its own rails as the Canadian Pacific, and that railway does not run in the American Hemisphere.

Not only does the "C. P." stretch its glittering steel 3,500 miles across the entire breadth of the continent, but it maintains an express service of modern steamships on both the Atlantic and the Pacific, thus linking Europe with the Orient, and being enabled to ticket tourists through from Liverpool to Japan, China and Australia.

To describe in detail the Summer playground served by the railroad portion of this gigantic system alone would be a formidable task. The seashore, the great cities, the sea-like lakes, the shadowy wilderness, the vast rolling plains and wheat fields, the rushing rivers and the giant mountains of Canada all dovetail into the scheme of this remarkable railway like changing films of a moving picture, and constitute a Summer and Winter playground that half the population of the world might wander in and yet lead semi-solitary lives.

There is something refreshing and mentally invigorating in the very name of Canada, and during the past decade that picturesque northern country has been invaded by thousands of vacationists from this side of the imaginary border. This great human stream, satisfied at first with the eastern and central sections of the Dominion, has been steadily pushing its way westward, until today the formerly remote and inaccessible "Canadian Rockies" figure almost as prominently in Summer outings as the Yellowstone Park does.

The Canadian Pacific railway, the management of which is one of the most stupendous tasks ever committed to the hands of transportation experts, has done much to exploit this new outing country. In opening up new tourist territory, building sumptuous hotels where once but a track-walker's shanty stood, putting on fast and palatial "imperial limited" trains, importing Swiss guides for its mountain resorts, building houseboats for its lake settlements and flooding the world with attractive advertising literature, this enterprising concern has performed miracles, and it is now beginning to receive its reward.

On the eastern end of its transcontinental line it serves the shore resorts of New Brunswick and takes the tourist up and down the banks of the beautiful St. John river and through the New Brunswick and Maine wilderness, past Moosehead and Megantic with their wealth of game and fish, and thence to Montreal and Quebec and the St. Lawrence region.

Its rails run from Montreal through the picturesque Ottawa Valley into the haunts of the lumberman and the miner, and from this point every mile opens up new visions to the devotee of the rod, rifle and paddle, for here is one of the greatest lake and river and wilderness countries in the whole world.

Lake Timagaming and the glorious "Algonquin Paradise," Lake Nipissing, Lake Nipigon and all the other noted centers of that marvelous forest preserve, not forgetting the "land of the Ojibways," where all the subtle romance of the misty past comes back with the open-air performance of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" by the descendants of that mythical hero and his Minnehaha, are all to be reached by the Canadian Pacific.

This is the country where the Indian birch-bark canoe was first fashioned, and nowhere on the continent are such opportunities for canoeing, fishing and shooting expeditions afforded.

Ere the tourist tires of the forest and the Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company posts, he is being whirled around the picturesque north shore of Lake Superior, whose green combers crashing upon jagged cliffs bear a startling likeness to the ocean's salty surf. The impressive scenery of this inland sea reaches its climax in the vicinity of Jackfish Bay, and is fresh in memory long after the train has rolled onward into the great grain-growing and prairie country of Manitoba and Assiniboia.

The crescendo of the Canadian Pacific's scenic symphony comes with the passage through its five or six hundred miles of mountains, however. Here the tourist lingers, awestruck, in the shadow of mighty, snow-clad peaks; gazes, fascinated, upon emerald lakes above the clouds and massive glaciers; rushes shudderingly through awful canons and chasms and gloomy tunnels or snowsheds; tramps with his Swiss guide along the precarious trails of precipitous mountains, or exchanges travel incidents with fellow guests upon the piazza of that most remarkable of all American hostelries, the Banff Springs hotel.

CHARMIMG LAKE LOUISE, LAGGAN, BRITISH COLUMBIA

The great Asulkan glacier, the Yoho valley, Lake Louise, Paradise Valley, the Shuswap and Arrow lakes and the many other noted resorts in and about the Rocky and Selkirk mountains, to say nothing of the Kootenay country and Vancouver and Victoria on the Pacific coast, all have their special attractions for the tourist, who will find that an entire Summer could be profitably devoted to this end of the Canadian Pacific system alone.

The "challenge of the mountains" is, in truth, a ringing one.

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To that delightful region in Canada known as the Highlands of Ontario, many Americans are nowadays repairing for rest and recreation. This comparatively new quarter of our continental playground is reached by the Grand Trunk system, and it makes a very attractive side trip from Niagara Falls or the beautiful Canadian city of Toronto —a place that is becoming more and more a rendezvous for tourists.

This elevated region contains hundreds of lakes, great and small, the largest groups being Muskoka and Kawartha lakes and the Lake of Bays. The Maganetawan river, midway between the Muskoka lakes and Lake Nipissing, and the picturesque Georgian Bay, with its 30,000 islands, are properly classed in their district also.

Nothing can exceed the romantic beauty of the Muskoka lakes, which are of immense extent and surounded by the almost primitive forest. At different points around their shores there have grown up Summer communities containing both modern hotels and large and expensive private residences, while a fleet of busy steamboats furnishes transportation facilities for the thousands of visitors that come to enjoy the fine scenery and fill their lungs with the bracing ozone.

Throughout all this magnificent vacation country the opportunities for fishing and hunting are boundless, and the piled-up deer and other game that are to be seen on the platform of any of the railroad stations hereabouts is pretty convincing proof that Maine is not the only "happy hunting ground" in the land.

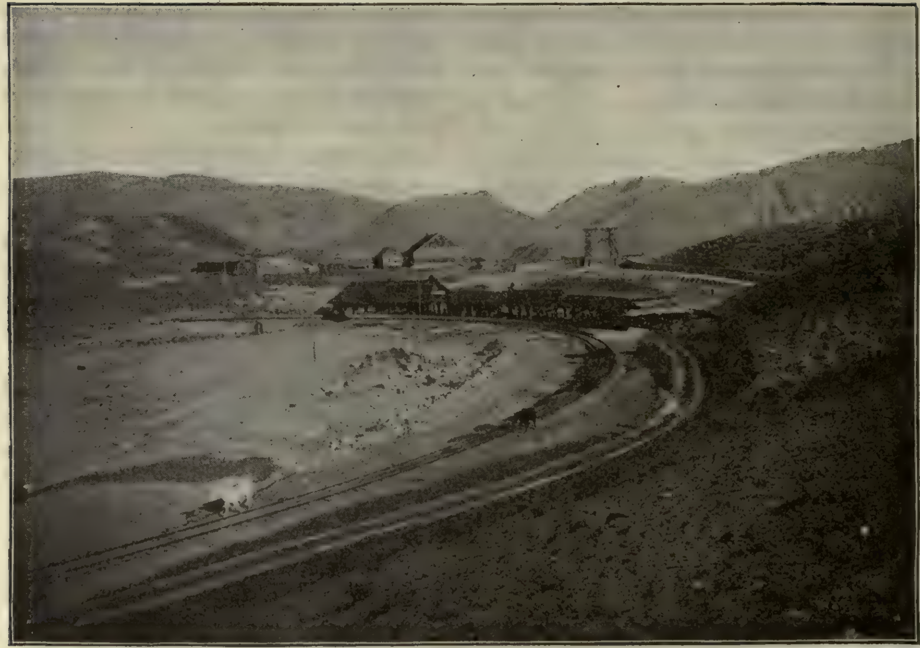
Some of the canoeing and camping disticts in this part of the province, like French river, are only just being opened up to the tourist. Other sections further south, like Lake Simcoe—a most beautiful sheet of water — have for some years been popular resorts.

The Grand Trunk railway is in every way entitled to rank high among the "scenic" and tourist lines of the country. It covers an immense territory, and the time is approaching when it will become the second Canadian transcontinental system, sharing even in the scenery of the far western Rockies.

Commencing at Portland, the road runs through one of the most picturesque parts of Maine, skirting the White mountains on the north and serving some of the most popular resorts of that region. It links Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Port Huron, Detroit, Toledo and Chicago, runs around the northern shore of Lake Ontario and touches North Bay, Massena Springs, Muskegon and other points, and through its Central Vermont railway connection bisects the Green Mountain State, Massachusetts and Connecticut and reaches Long Island Sound at New London.

One of the newest of the outing districts in Grand Trunk territory is the Temagami lakes country. These crystal-clear, forest-girt lakes remained in the "heart of the ancient wood" for nearly two centuries, until the railway builders went that way. The steel highway has opened up new and fresh trails for those who are tired of the old ones.

This new country—and the time is coming when there will be no new country to discover, even in Canada, — is reached by the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario railway, running from North Bay to Temagami. The latter point seventy-two miles north of North Bay, can be reached from Toronto in about nine hours, from Buffalo or Detroit in about fifteen hours, and from Chicago in about twenty-four hours. The fishing is excellent, the large gray lake trout being



ENTRANCE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK AT GARDNER, THE NORTHERN PACIFIC STATION IN THE FOREGROUND

plentiful in the deeper waters. Moose and deer are also numerous. For canoe trips and camping out the region is without a peer.

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Yellowstone Park is different. It isn't like anything else in all the world. Majestic and imposing, it is at the same time a paradise of rest and quiet, a recreation ground unsurpassed. And with all its magnificent beauty it belongs to all the people, for their rest and pleasure. The government of the United States controls and superintends it. Picturesque cavalrymen patrol it and keep the rich tourists from shooting the wild game. The government's control is not obtrusive or spectacular, but it is very effective. It results in lead seals on the locks of all the firearms that enter the park—unless they are carried by government officers or troops, and the penalty for breaking the seals—immediate ejectment—is enforced. The park embraces every variety of scenery: parts of it are covered with broad meadows and glades, while other portions exhibit the most rugged and forbidding of mountains. Side by side with quiet greens are raving geysers, turbulent mud pools, the paint pots, "steamers" and the thousand weird and marvelous natural phenomena suggesting that this limited area has been in its time a playground of the gods.

To construct roads was difficult, yet the government within three years has expended $750,000 in these and other betterments.

Among the hotels of the park there are two that deserve particular mention, Old Faithful Inn and the Yellowstone Lake Hotel. Old Faithful Inn is the creation of an architectural genius. The imposing building is made of boulders and logs. The forests of the park abound in freaky, abnormal tree growths. All sorts of irregularly formed limbs and bulging, warty boles are to be seen and of these, in large degree, wherever possible to use them, is Old Faithful Inn, and to them does it owe its quaint originality.

With each succeeding year the wild animals in the park become a more important feature of it. Here is really the only place where the public in general can see, unhampered and gratis, the animals of the forest and the wilds in their natural state. It has required years of experience for the elk, deer, antelopes and mountain sheep to become acquainted with the fact, in anything like large numbers, that in Yellowstone Park man is not evilly disposed toward them. The bears learned this long ago and have turned the knowledge to good account, as their fat bodies and sleek, shining coats abundantly testify. Now the other animals evince less and less timidity and it is a most delectable sight to see, as the coaches drive along the road, an elk or two slaking their thirst in the stream, or several deer quietly feeding in the woods near the road and so unconcerned as scarcely to notice the passing vehicle. The efforts to increase the buffalo herd by outside purchases and corral them where they can be fed and protected is meeting with success. They are corralled in a large pasture at Mammoth Hot Springs and appear to take kindly to the situation. The new herd was purchased in the Fall of 1902, and in exactly two years it had lost two and had gained twenty, a net gain of eighteen and increasing the herd to thirty-seven. Of the increase seventeen were by natural means and three were young calves caught on the range of the wild herd and brought to the corral pasture.

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Reverting for a moment to the subject printer's ink: In the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad company's

GRAND CANYON AND GORGE OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER formidable output of vacation literature, there are thirteen different illustrated booklets relating to as many outing sections. Chief among these are two distinct editions of a "Manual of Summer Resorts," one for the region east of New London and one for the region west of that place. In these books the intending tourist will find complete lists of hotels and boarding houses and all other essential vacation information.

"Plymouth as a Summer Resort" is one of the series that is in especial demand from all parts of the country, an indication of the widespread interest that is taken in the famous landing place of the Pilgrims and its immortal rock.

"Quaint Cape Cod and Its Summer Delights" is a title that sufficiently expresses itself, and all who are planning to visit that picturesque region of sand dunes and sea breezes will also want to tread upon the various neighboring resorts to which delightful side trips may be made.

These places are entertainingly described and photographically illustrated in "Martha's Vineyard: Its Attractions as a Summer Resort"; "Nantucket: An Island in the Ocean"; and "Along the South Shore," the latter section including one of the most popular of the Massachusetts ocean resorts and being sacred to the memory of the great Daniel Webster.

The company's other publications are: "The Berkshire and Litchfield Hills"; "Handbook of Newport, the 'Queen of Watering Places'"; "Watch Hill, Narragansett Pier and Block Island"; "Jamestown—Connecticut Island"; and "Along the North Shore of Long Island Sound," numbers one and two, the latter containing interesting sketches of the cities, towns and Summer resorts along that attractive section of the coast.

A MEMBER OF THE FLEET OF THE NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY, A TYPE OF THE STEAMSHIPS THAT BEAR THOUSANDS OF SUMMER PLEASURE-SEEKERS UP AND DOWN THE GREAT LAKES

The fact that elaborate publications of the character of those just described can be had by the public for the investment of a two-cent stamp is in itself a notable evidence of the enterprise which characterizes the modern railroad.

It would be easy to go on and expand the list of American "tourist lines" almost indefinitely. Perhaps the simpler way would be to take the entire list of railroads in "Poor's Manual" and republish it alphabetically, for, except a few of the roads in Ohio and Indiana, nearly every railroad in the United States, Canada and Mexico has something in the way of natural scenery or attributes of climate that justifies it in advertising itself as a "playground" road.

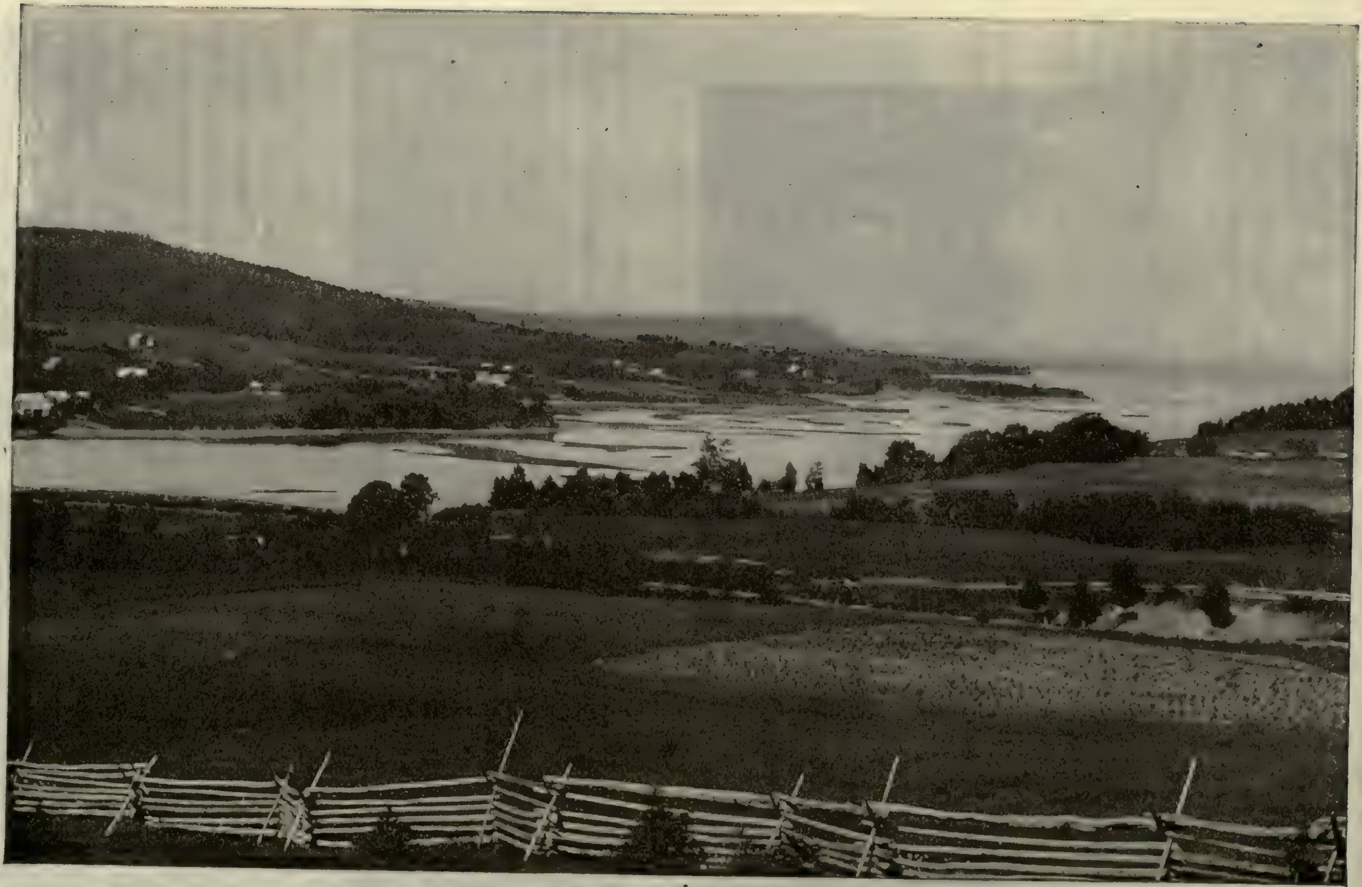
WITH PIPE AND ROD AND A BIRCH CANOE IN GRAND TRUNK WATERS

In Minnesota, Wisconsin and other parts of the Northwest, a majority of the people enjoy their annual Summer "loaf" around the shores of the myriad lakes with which this region is gemmed. Lake Minnetonka in Minnesota and Lake Geneva in Wisconsin will serve as fair types of these resting places, the first named of these two having a national reputation.

The shores of Lakes Superior and Michigan, too, are fairly studded with attractive vacation centers, like Marquette, Isle Royal and Presque Isle. It is at these places that the inhabitants of Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis and other large cities find their Summer sanitariums. Among the larger railroad systems that reach these and similar resorts are the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Chicago & Northwestern, Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, the Pere Marquette and the Wisconsin Central. Kilbourn and the Dells of Wisconsin present scenic attractions that few other sections of the country can match, and a list of the other important resorts in that territory would include Green Lake, Forest Lake, Waukesha, Devil's Lake, Golden Lake, Sturgeon Bay, Clear Lake and Lake Winnebago in Wisconsin. Some of these places, although immensely popular with local rest-seekers, are seldom heard of in the East.

It is worthy of note that some of the most artistic Summer resort literature that comes from the world's presses is issued by the progressive railroads that furnish transportation facilities to this delightful region.

The truly "scenic routes," however, are those which take the tourist to and from those world's wonders in the far West, the Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canon of Arizona "a mile deep, thirteen miles wide, 217 miles long and painted like a picture," the Yosemite Valley the Big Trees and the Royal Gorge. Add



PEREAU RIVER, IN THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF EVANGELINE

Niagara Falls to these, and you have the country's six preeminent natural attractions.

A half-dozen important railroad systems help to make the scenic charms of Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona and California accessible to the public, among them the "Santa Fe," the Southern Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Denver & Rio Grande, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and the Colorado Midland. To parts of this marvelous region—the playground of giants rather than of ordinary beings—there is both Summer and Winter tourist travel. It will be necessary to consider the latter in a separate article.

ISLAND VISTAS IN THE MUSKOKA LAKES REGION

It may be pertinent to remark that no road has waged a more splendid campaign of publicity with reference to this part of our national playground than has the Santa Fe.

The Northern Pacific railway, running from the Lake region to the Pacific coast and connecting there with its own line of monster tourist and freight steamships to the Orient, threads a remarkably picturesque section of the United States, including the territory in which lie Mts. Rainier and Baker, and sends several branch lines into equally picturesque Canadian territory.

Over this line one travels 2,000 miles through a country that is never monotonous, crossing the Rockies and reaching the Puget Sound region that will this year be the objective point for so many tourists, because of the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland.

To such roads as the Union Pacific, the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific, the Iron Mountain, the Chicago & Alton, the Big Four, the Nickle Plate, the Illinois Central, the Michigan Central, the Lake Shore, the Rock Island and the Chicago Great Western in that part of the country, and to the Baltimore & Ohio, the Lackawanna, the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern, the Erie, the Central of New Jersey and other eastern and southern roads not already mentioned, the Summer pleasure-seeker owes much.

There are scores of other popular resorts coming within this category that might properly be added to this already long list of hot-season playgrounds, did space admit of it.

It is a curious commentary on the individual point of view that some of the

BRINGING THE PROOF HOME WITH THEM

resorts in North Carolina to which northern tourists flock to get warm in Winter are invaded in the "good old Summertime" by hundreds of southerners who go thither to escape the heat.

There is more and more a tendency on the part of the southern people to come north in Summer, however, and there is a noticeable increase in Summer tourist travel from the middle West to the eastern seashore and mountain resorts. Some of the good people out that way have never even seen salt water.

With increasing prosperity and reading has come the desire to travel more extensively, and it looks as if the canny passenger department officials of the big railroads had not invested their money in printers' ink in vain.

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Supplementing the work that is being performed by the railroads, there are a number of important steamship lines, both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and on the great rivers, that are contributing their share toward the holiday-making of the American people, not counting those which, like the Fall River and Dominion Atlantic lines, are component parts of railroad systems.

Neither on the Rhine nor elsewhere has the Old World anything to compare with the palatial steamboats that ply up and down the Hudson river by day and night with their hundreds of contented passengers.

The day trip on the Hudson, by the way, is admitted to be one of the most enjoyable to be found on the continent, and many take it in preference to the ride by rail, in one direction, at any rate.

On the comfortable steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company one may travel from Toronto to the Saguenay river by way of Lake Ontario, the Thousand Islands, the Lachine Rapids, Montreal and Quebec. On the Delaware, Potomac, Susquehanna, St. John, Mississippi, Ohio, Columbia, Fraser and other of our lordly American rivers delightful journeys may also be taken. The steamboat lines running on the myriad lakes of the United States and Canada — plainly come under the head of "too numerous to mention."

One of the most important of the coastwise steamship lines catering to tourist business is the Eastern Steamship Company, which operates a large fleet of modern steamers between Boston and points in Maine and New Brunswick. Its principal termini are Portland, Bath, Bangor, Rockland, Eastport and St. John and every season it carries thousands of rest-seekers to and from these places. As a scenic route, it is one of the finest in the country.

Boston is one of the country's biggest vacation centers — a sort of Summer clearing house for all sorts and conditions of tourists — and the success of some of the local steamship lines has been phenomenal. One of the most successful of the lot is the Plant Line, which annually carries to and from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island enough people to populate a good-sized city.

The well known steamships of this line call at Halifax, the "garrison city" of Nova Scotia, and then convey the tourist through the beautiful scenery of the Strait of Canso to Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, already referred to as a part of the "Garden of the Gulf." It is one of the most interesting and invigorating coastwise voyages to be had.

Many tourists bound for that newest of the eastern vacation grounds, Newfoundland, travel by this route, changing to the Intercolonial railway at Hawkesbury. From North Sydney, on the other side of Cape Breton, they are conveyed in the Reid Newfoundland Company's yacht-like steamer "Bruce" across Cabot Strait to Port aux Basques, whence the same enterprising company's railway runs through and around the picturesque island to the city of St. John's, passing Bay of Islands and many of the other beauty spots of Newfoundland whose scenery makes justifiable the use of the word "grandeur."

Newfoundland is just being opened up to tourist travel, and it unquestionably has a great future. The scenery, particularly along the rocky coast and in the wonderful valley of the Humber river, is not to be matched in the eastern or northern part of our country, and for elk shooting and trout and salmon fishing it has no equal.

MILITARISM IS A DOMINATING FEATURE IN HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

Through the stories of Norman Duncan and other pioneers of Newfoundland literature, the general public is gradually becoming acquainted with the quaint characteristics of the Newfoundlanders and the "local color" of their wind-swept fishing hamlets.

PRESIDENTIAL RANGE, WHITE MOUNTAINS, FROM LANCASTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bleak, yet interesting Labrador, which is reached by the steamers of the Reid Newfoundland Company, has also been discovered by the omnipresent tourist; and, short as its season is, it will doubtless have its "Summer hotel" in the not distant future. It represents the eastern and northern limit of American tourist travel today, few but the members of scientific expeditions having the hardihood to keep on to Greenland, as yet.

The traveling public is more venturesome with respect to the opposite side of the continent, for the steamships that sail northward from Seattle, Vancouver and other Pacific coast cities carry others than those who are interested in the mining and allied industries of Alaska. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Savannah, Jacksonville and other large centers along the Atlantic coast have regular steamship connection by such lines as the Merchants & Miners', Boston & Philadelphia, Joy, Clyde, Old Dominion and Ocean lines, some of them interested in the transportation of northern tourists south, in Winter, or southern tourists north in Summer.

While the steamships of none of these lines could properly be designated "palatial," they nevertheless afford a cool and comfortable outing on old ocean that, once enjoyed, is always craved again.

The delicious idleness of life aboard ship, the salty tang of the air, the panorama of passing craft and vanishing shores, and the delightful sense of novelty and aloneness that marks this kind of a vacation trip will always appeal most potently to a large class of vacationists.

WHIPPING A LONELY STREAM FOR TROUT

This is truly an age of travel, but the travelers have hardly begun to bestir themselves as yet.

A GLIMPSE ACROSS THE GROUNDS OF THE SAVANNAH GOLF CLUB

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, A LEADER OF THE NEW SOUTH

By W. J. DONLAN

SECRETARY OF THE SAVANNAH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

ON May 12, 1791, George Washington visited Savannah and made an entry in his diary with particular reference to its commercial importance. He noted that the harbor was crowded with "square-rigged vessels," that great quantities of "lumber, cotton, hemp, etc.," were passing through the port. What surprises would be in store for the Father of his Country could he visit the same city and look upon the Greater Savannah! What interesting reading for his ancestors to compare his twentieth century observations with those made when the largest and most important city on the south Atlantic coast was beginning life.

Probably no part of our country is at the present time attracting more attention from the close observers of rapid development than the South. We read of our large and influential eastern financiers daily predicting wonderful results from this section, and investing largely in its properties. Witness the emigrant agents turning from the overcrowded and frigid Northwest to the less overdone and more temperate clime of Dixie, for future homes for their clients. The mere mention of figures of the wealth producing power of the southern states causes amazement to the uninformed; still the resources of the South are scarcely beginning to be developed.

It is therefore, a source of some gratification to the believers in the future greatness of our section casually to review the healthy and rapid progress of a twentieth century southern city like Savannah, which ranks prominently as a forcible example of what tireless, energetic citizens can do when imbued with the wonderful American spirit commonly called "push."

From a little handful of refugees it has grown to be the largest naval stores port in the world; the third largest cotton shipping port in the United States, with a foreign commerce running into the millions. Here are centered four of the largest railroad systems of the country. Its lines traverse some of the most productive states in the Union, rushing in thousands of tons of freight onto the docks of foreign steamship lines for export to all parts of the world. Several of the largest steamship lines of the United States are maintaining immense wharves for the handling of goods that are being brought in from the large Eastern centers for distribution to the Southeast through Savannah. All are being taxed to their utmost capacity. Small steamers are being replaced by larger and more powerful ones. The railroads are extending and improving their facilities, factories are humming on what was considered a few years ago waste land. Wholesalers and jobbers are increasing their sales forces, sending out men covering every southern state.

Our keen friends of the North, always watchful for opportunities, are coming here to share the advantages, and now we have some of the largest manufacturers in the world making Savannah their headquarters for the South, maintaining large branch houses and distributing depots. Towering steel skyscrapers are being erected on every side to supply the increased demand for office room.

Meanwhile the population grows wonderfully. The wise and efficient city and county authorities continue to increase every facility for the comfort of the citizens. New and magnificent roads are built and extended; parks and squares are beautified and improved; streets are paved and kept in immaculate condition; public libraries are provided; modern and commodious public school buildings are in every district; beautiful and delightful suburban resorts with excellent street car facilities are maintained. Is it any wonder then that everybody seems satisfied, that capital and labor work hand in hand and Savannah becomes greater each year?

NATIONAL BANK OF SAVANNAH BUILDING, NOW IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION

SAVANNAH'S MAGNIFICENT NEW CITY HALL, NOW NEARLY COMPLETED

THE GERMANIA BANK BUILDING, A MODERN BUSINESS BLOCK

Savannah's geographical situation is largely responsible for her preeminence. Situated on the Savannah river, eighteen miles from the sea, with a deep harbor, the terminal of four great railroad systems, with numerous foreign and coastwise steamship lines, she practically has at her command every opportunity for expanding her trade. The railroad and steamship terminals cover 750 acres with a wharf frontage of 25,000 feet, or nearly five miles. Her railroad lines gridiron ten states with a population of 16,000,000. Low freight rates have been a great factor in building up the commerce of Savannah. On account of the water competition these low rates are always assured, and during the past few years many large concerns which have been handicapped on account of their unfavorable locations with regard to freight rates have moved to Savannah, and large manufactures located in the eastern centers have come to this city to make it their distributing point for the cream of the southern trade. Two of the largest manufacturers in the country in their respective lines have opened such depots during the past four months.

The importance of the commerce of Savannah has been recognized for many years by the federal government, which has expended over $7,000,000 in the improvement of the harbor. There is now a depth of twenty-eight feet at mean high tide from the city to the sea, and through the energy of its mayor and commercial organizations congress has ordered a further survey and appropriation which will make the depth in the harbor thirty-two feet at high tide. This will afford an opportunity for additional increase in the commerce, as it has been the experience in the past that as the depth of water was increased the tonnage of foreign steamships passing through the port increased also.

The value of foreign exports from Savannah in 1900 was $49,530,255, while in 1904 it had jumped to $61,368,615, an increase of twenty-four per cent.

The tonnage passing out of the port of Savannah for 1900 was 2,263,225 tons, and in 1904 it was 3,356,000 tons, an increase of forty-three per cent.

The construction of the Panama canal will greatly strengthen the position of Savannah as the natural port of entry and export for the entire Southeast and a large portion of the western country. When this waterway is completed Savannah will be 750 miles nearer to it than New York, 250 miles nearer than Baltimore, and it will also be nearer than New Orleans or Galveston.

While Savannah is practically in the infancy of its industrial progress, it possesses quite a number of large, modern manufacturing establishments and the smaller ones are developing rapidly—steadily increasing the capital, output and wage-roll. Within the past five years the development in manufacturing at Savannah has been remarkable. During this time some of the largest and most important of its plants have been erected. There is indication that Savannah is to become one of the chief manufacturing centers of the South in the near future. One great advantage she possesses as a manufacturing point, in addition to her superior water and rail transportation facilities, is the mildness of her climate—work is never interfered with by extreme heat or cold. Capital and labor work harmoniously together, and strikes are unknown.

According to the United States census of 1900, there were 155 manufacturing establishments in Savannah. In 1904, from figures obtained by compilers of city directories, there were 350, or an increase of 125 per cent. In 1900, the number of hands employed were 2,780. In 1904, as near as can be ascertained, there are 6,500, an increase of 125 per cent. In 1900 the value of the output of manufacturing establishments was $6,000,000. In 1904, this had grown to $10,000,000, or an increase of sixty-six per cent. As an indication of its future, during this year seven new plants are under construction or to be built.

Savannah's manufactures now include fertilizer works, soap factories, breweries, machine shops, iron foundries, copper works, crate and box factories, pants factories, cigar factories, car works, locomotive works, broom factor-

VIEWS OF THE PLANT OF THE SOUTHERN COTTON OIL COMPANY OF SAVANNAH ies, candy factories, baking powder factories, sash, door and blind factories, mattress factories, rice mills, harness works, woodenware factories, coffin factories, rosin oil works, paint and varnish works, boot and shoe factories, canning factories, cotton seed oil works, excelsior factories, turpentine refining plants, etc.

As a southern financial center Savannah has long been in the front rank. The strength of her financial institutions and the conservative manner in which they are operated are well known in all large money centers of the country. Savannah has not known a bank failure in over half a century, and all her banking institutions are in a highly prosperous condition. The clearings for 1904 were $201,796,751, an increase over the previous year of $6,531,189. They are greater by many millions than any other city in Georgia, and these clearings show more forcibly than words the rapid growth of Savannah as a business center.

MIDWINTER SCENE IN FORSYTH PARK, SAVANNAH

Savannah has a population of 68,000, an increase over 1900 of twenty-four per cent. It has 160 miles of streets, seventy acres of public parks, and sixty miles of electric street railway.

The municipality is nearly square, and most of the streets are broad and run at right angles with each other. It is the most beautiful city in the South and is delightfully situated as a place of residence. No city in the country has such a wealth of foliage. Its parks and squares are adorned with statues, fountains and mounds, gigantic oaks, magnolias and palm trees, with here and there catalpas and banana trees. On account of its beauty it has attracted attention from visitors from all parts of the country.

The railroads have recognized its remarkable attractiveness as a tourist resort and this year for the first time tourist rates are maintained into Savannah. All during the season the hotels are crowded with strangers who come to spend the Winter. Savannah has good reason to be proud of the number and quality of her hotels. The DeSoto, Pulaski House, Screven House and the Forest City should be mentioned. Even as this is written—during the month of February, when the cities of the North and West are struggling with the snow, sleet, slush and frost—the squares and parks in Savannah are putting on their Spring attire. The dogwood blossoms are mingling their snowy petals with the dainty pink of the red bud. Over and around all, the early roses are shedding their unalloyed perfume. The glossy green jessamine is becoming starred with pale gold cups, their delicate fragrance mingling with the sweet roses. Stately oaks are adorning their Spring coats and will soon be a mass of dainty green, and everywhere the magnolias are drenching the air with the arduous sweetness.

Visitors are always charmed with the residences of Savannah. The architecture is varied and striking. Much of it is in the quaint fashion of bygone days, but with those characteristics that the art of the present day is eager to counterfeit.

Savannah is rich in historic memories; its society is cultured; art is patronized, and all the influences exist which make a city attractive. All classes are found as in other states, and the question of nativity, antecedents and political views create as few distinctions as will probably be found in any community in the world. The spirit of Savannahians makes strangers welcome, and they find plenty of friendly neighbors.

It is difficult to enumerate the many and varied advantages of life in Savannah. They are so great it is impossible to review them all in brief space. The climate is the best enjoyed by any city in the South. It can be properly called "made-to-order weather." The average annual temperature for the past quarter of a century for the seasons is as follows: Winter, fifty-two degrees; Spring, sixty-six degrees; Summer, eighty-one degrees; Autumn, fifty-seven degrees. Tourists have found Savannah the most enjoyable city in the South from December 1 to May 1. Ice, snow and sleet are unknown. Extreme heat is as unusual as extreme cold. A remarkable feature of the climate is the cool nights produced by the ocean breezes which arise in the late afternoon.

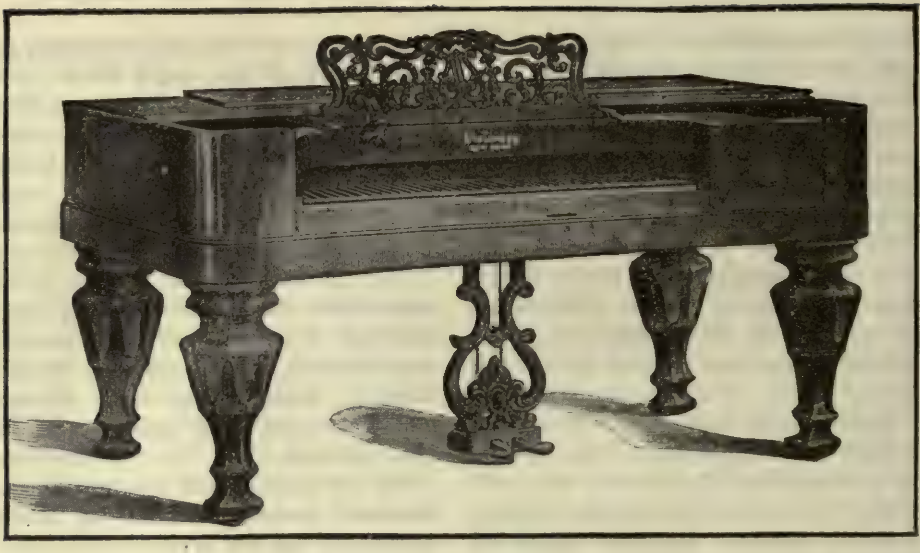
The health record of Savannah for the past fifteen years is a part of its history. The authorities have from year to year made liberal appropriations for the benefit of the city's health, and Savannah today is in the front rank with the cities of the South from a sanitary standpoint. Its death rate is less than four per cent. per annum. The supply of water is entirely from artesian wells.

The Savannahian is afforded every opportunity for pleasure during Summer and Winter. Surf bathing, still-water bathing, rowing, yachting, fishing, hunting, automobiling, road driving, golf—these and other pleasures are at his command.

For the number and popularity of its suburban resorts Savannah is hardly equalled by any city in the United States.

Is there any surprise, then, for the remarkable progress of Savannah? Here we have all the advantages of a metropolitan city, combined with none of its disadvantages. Every opportunity is therefore offered the energetic man to prosper. Anyone who comes to Savannah and casts his destiny with her citizens has every reason for success, for he is pinning his faith to a city whose future progress is to be even more marked than its wonderful past.

STEAMERS LOADING AT SAVANNAH, FOR EUROPE



MY MOTHER'S PIANO

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

IT was a bridal party traveling in a prairie schooner across the rolling green waves of the Iowa landscape, in the early sixties. The young people were starting out to build a new home on the banks of the Cedar. In that caravan, among the simple, homely household chattels, was a square Steinway piano, and what a romance hung about that instrument! The home was established. There were happy days of pioneering, when all life seemed rose-colored and the hours of hard work were full of inspiration. Iowa in those days was like a scroll of Paradise, a fertile spot of hidden wealth, that waited in the soil to be wrought out by the sturdy hands of the cultivator, rather than by the pick and shovel of the miner.

When that home had its family of four boys, prosperity seemed assured, but like a thunderbolt out of the blue came the panic of '73, with its thousands of financial failures, which meant broken health for the young husband and father. Then it was that the real heroism of the bride of a few years asserted itself. Aided by her Steinway piano, she set to work at once in that little village to earn a living for her family of boys and invalid husband. It was then that the pioneers of the prairies began to understand something of the wealth of music that lay hidden in that instrument. It is true the tuition fees were not high, and were usually paid in kind rather than in coin, but sufficient was provided to yield a simple livelihood. Hour after hour that mother sat at the piano counting time until she was hoarse, but many of her scholars have since won fame in their careers in the musical world. She labored faithfully to build a secure foundation and inspire her pupils with the fundamentals of true music. The work of the masters was taught in that little village in the far West.

It seemed especially appropriate that this class of music should be associated with Steinway pianos, for at that time, as always, these instruments held the foremost position in the piano world and could worthily voice the work of the masters. The Steinway stood then, as it ever has, for quality in the highest sense of the word.

Week after week the scholars came and went, driving in on farm wagons, long distances to come to the teacher who had a Steinway. At the conclusion of every term a concert was given in "Union" hall. This was the great event of the year, and intense excitement prevailed when the square piano was removed from its home to the hall. Sixteen or eighteen men were required to perform this sacred ceremony, and with solemn deliberation, many blankets and equipment made to order, the piano was moved. Never will those concerts be forgotten by that family, for as the boys reached the mature age of from five to seven years, they were made participants in the musical events that were so much enjoyed and are so well remembered by the people of that village. I remember playing, at the age of five, a violin solo, with a piano accompaniment by one whose very presence was an inspiring power when the first symptoms of stage fright appeared. How her eyes twinkled when her sons one by one won the plaudits of those kindly and beloved neighbors.

As time passed the boys left the old home, but the piano remained with the mother; and who shall tell of the lonely hours that were cheered by the presence of the Steinway! Who shall tell of the memories it brought back of the early struggles and early pleasures! How that piano must have filled her with the happy consciousness that not only in her own boys, but in the mind of every pupil who had studied with her, she had labored to implant a thirst for and an appreciation of the very best in music. Even in those early days she was a devoted admirer of Wagner, much to the scorn and disgust of some of her more musically pretentious, but well intentioned neighbors. Even in that little village there were rivalries and jealousies, but through it all there never was a time when the owner of the Steinway did not have her sure and certain triumph. The mentor in church music, the leader of choirs, the conductor of cantatas and operettas, she never had a day of idleness from the time she started out to teach the art she loved. But there was a mortgage on that home which it seemed impossible to lift. The boys went farther West and later on there came another pioneer trip—this time to the plains of North Dakota, and there in a little, rough shanty, twelve feet by twenty-four, the music of well known operas blended with the wild winds that blew around the humble home. Those were happy days, for the boys and their parents were once more united. When the young people had been established in a life career, the piano once more reigned supreme in the Iowa home, from which the mortgage had been lifted. Who that attended the musical festival, given to celebrate the release from debt, will ever forget it! Of course all the sons had returned. There were the old friends and neighbors of the early days—some of them tottering with age, who yet had ventured out to hear once more the strains from the well known piano, that was regarded as a complete orchestra for all these musical events. In the years that followed the sons were scattered again to the four corners of the nation, but never a Christmas passed without the performance of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" at the old home, and the difficult accompaniment was played by those beautiful hands that neither time nor toil seemed to wither.

As the years passed the boys brought home their brides, and the bride of many years ago played the wedding march for each in turn upon the old piano, whose ivory keys were now worn hollow by the continual practising of students and the many hours of playing by the owner. If there ever was an instrument cherished for the memories connected with it, from the time when it had been brought across the prairies in an ox team to the days when it pealed forth the wedding march, it was that Steinway Number 8649 that was brought to that new Western home from the far East. Who can estimate the power of this instrument and its influence upon the lives not only of that one family, but of the entire neighborhood? Who can measure the hours of comfort and solace it afforded when affliction and death visited that fireside? Of all the possessions that remain of that old home, nothing is so treasured as the piano with name set forth in gilt letters that gleam in the rosewood over the keyboard.

What words can paint the picture of those last days, when an incurable malady had set in, and the mother and music teacher reached out to play on the keyboard the "Swan Song" of Schubert. There was no gloom in that picture: the blue eyes still sparkled with hope and happiness that no illness could dim. What a tribute it is to her memory, when, even at this late day, we never hear her name mentioned except in terms of love and respect, and always with some allusion to the music she brought forth from her stalwart square piano. Can we ever forget the singing of those favorite hymns, as she was taken for the last time from her home! Those sacred words were sung by her four boys at her request, but sung in broken voices and with blinding tears, even while they realized what a blessing it was to have had such a mother.

But the harp was not yet unstrung. The well loved piano was taken to an island in far-off Lake Superior, and there, in a little cottage, it still awakens the echoes and recalls the tender memories of that beautiful and helpful life. There among the cedars and birch trees, in the historic spot close to where Father Marquette and his voyageurs landed in 1664, the Steinway piano yet peals forth its message to those who are taking days of rest in the Summer home. The tone of the piano is but little impaired by the forty years that have lapsed since it went forth, in all the pristine glory of its beautiful rosewood case and radiant white of its ivory keys, from the house of Steinway.

"SUNNY SLOPE," THE SUMMER COTTAGE WHERE THE OLD STEINWAY NOW CONTRIBUTES TO THE PLEASURE OF A THIRD GENERATION

LET'S TALK IT OVER

PLAYING, the spirit of playtime! Where do the American people go, and how do they play? Do we ever outgrow the desire and longing for play? How we used to take up the daily task of filling the wood-box and washing the dishes, cheerfully doing all the little, irksome duties in order to have time for play. How the recesses at school were looked forward to, and how the long Summer vacations were regarded as blooming oases in sandy deserts of drudgery and study. How our interest in the botany class grew as the course came to include strolls in the woods, so that we might get into touch and come face to face with Nature, instead of trying to dig out facts from between the green covers of various botanical treatises. There was life and sweet association as teacher and class took up plant, bulb, leaf or shrub and analyzed them. This was not study; it was play, and that was why we enjoyed it so much.

During the past decade the spirit of play has become still more prevalent. Among these modern, keener activities of life the desire for recreation has intensified rather than diminished, and the great danger now is that our play shall partake too much of the strenuous nature of our work. The active, restless businessman is apt to play at the same tempo at which he works, whereas common sense would suggest that he take his pleasure at an easier gait in order to get the full benefit of the vacation.

There should be a diminution, at least, in mental activity.

It is said that over one million dollars were expended last year in railway excursion tickets alone.

This means that that amount of money was spent in finding the places for playing, not taking into account what was spent by the would-be players after they had arrived at their selected holiday resorts. The time is coming when the usual two-weeks vacation in the year will be doubled and this, I think, will be a great advantage, since there is just as much necessity for a Winter fortnight as for the Summer playtime. Best of all, in this increasing interest in vacations in America, is the fact that the tendency is largely toward getting "back to Nature." It is amazing to observe how many people utilize their playtime in living "the simple life." A fortnight in the country, in the woods, on the farm, the tendency to make Summer homes of the abandoned farms of New England, that years ago furnished a livelihood for our sturdy forbears, all speak the spirit of the age. Even the millionaires desire simplicity.

The purpose of all this recreation is primarily to create "the happy habit." Did you ever think how easy it is to cultivate the spirit of happiness, despite the distressing and distracting duties of life? If one can put himself in tune with the spirit of the child at play, he has grasped the very essence of life.

"Hush! listen! 'tis the sky-lark's lay.
How sweet upon the daisied plain
To be a child again at play!"

We may be bewitched with the fascination of work, achievement and ambition, yet if we stop a minute and think we shall realize that it is all for the purpose of having a good time some day. The man who works and drudges day after day dreams of the time when he will not have to work so hard, or maybe will not have to work at all, but be free merely to rest upon his oars and drift down the river of time, plucking the flowers along the banks and gazing at the blue sky, or looking out over the placid waters. But this would not be life. Even endless playing would become irksome. It is the change of scene that makes the play interesting. It seems that play has always been "in style," for long ago Shakespeare declared that "All the world's a stage and men and women merely players." The example of our public men in seeking quiet retreats at the seashore or the mountains, or out on the farms, where they can rest and recuperate, and fill the reservoir with power and vitality which will carry them through the long months of work and achievement, is one that we all gladly seek to follow.

President Roosevelt has certainly "set a pace" in regard to vacations. While he gives his official duties a concentrated and vigorous attention, he does not neglect the play hour; even in his recreation season, when going about the country, he does not fail to keep in touch with the people and study their desires in the various sections through which he passes. It is thus that the president prepares himself for the important duties of Washington life.

But my heart goes out not only to the inhabitants of the city and the crowded tenements: I think, too, of the lonely farmers' wives scattered all over the country, who, year in and year out, cling to their work, faithfully performing irksome duties with a patience that is almost divine. It is the very people who reside there in the beautiful country resorts, to which the city visitors throng—it is these who need a holiday most. There, standing over the hot kitchen stove all through the Summer, too busy even to remember how tired she is, may be found the wife of the farmer who takes "Summer boarders." Let her have a change, even if it is to the stifling atmosphere of the city. Let her go somewhere that she can find the spirit of play, and though it be the hot streets, the change will be just as beneficial to her as the mountain breezes or the salt waves are to her city sisters.

The purpose of the Playground number is to reveal in a measure where the American people play—how they play—is it at golf or at raising tomatoes—at erecting stone fences or building a cottage in the forest? Is it with the few scattered visitors in the country or with the crowds at the seashore that the most pleasure is to be found? Is it better to bask in the sun and swim in the sea, or to go to the country and make hay? Or shall we climb the mountains? Wherever we go, we want to drink in that sense of complete change that invigorates mind and body. With very few exceptions it will be found that those who have achieved the most in life and have reached the largest results are those who have always taken time to play.

In these days the whole world is the playground of Americans. They think nothing of taking a recreation trip to Europe, Egypt, the Orient, the West Indies, or even the East Indies; they may be found en route to Hawaii, South America or South Africa. And every one of these voyagers brings home a direct benefit. As Bacon has well said, "Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience."

This number of the National is published with the hope that every reader may enjoy to the full his playtime for the Summer; not only that, but also that each reader may help somebody else to have a "good time." If we all realized how much good and pleasure it is possible to give other people, and at how little expense of time and trouble to ourselves, I am sure this would be a much better world.

How fine it would be if each one of us would take some little child, with pinched, pale face, and give him a real holiday. This would be more satisfactory than sending them off in groups and cargoes through the medium of the Fresh Air fund. Give yourself—that is quite as important as the fresh air or the fine sights for the little people. Go with them; see that they have something to think of when they return. Somebody has been good to you in the years gone by—just pay your obligation to humanity during the playtime of 1905.

* * *

AMONG the letters I received this month with great pleasure were those from Thomas F. Lockhart, of Wellington, Missouri. He has for many years been bed-ridden, yet his letters have in them a spirit of gladness and sunshine that is inspiring. Not their least interest for me is the fact that they nearly always contain some new subscriptions for the National.

This gentleman has written a book the pages of which are full of pathos. It tells something of the suffering of his life, yet through it runs that note of cheerfulness which is so welcome in all literature. Sometimes we fail to appreciate the blessings which have been bestowed upon us, and when a bed-ridden sufferer can see the bright side, it brings home to us the lesson of patience. Mr. Lockhart's book is published by himself, and will be sent to anyone who desires it on receipt of the price, fifteen cents. He is agent also for several other books. His disease is rheumatism, and he has been, as he says, "seventeen years in his mattress grave." I am proud to count Mr. Lockhart among the loyal and enthusiastic friends of the National, and I feel sure that many of our readers will enjoy making his acquaintance through his books.

* * *

MR. J. E. MARSDEN is the embodiment of American energy and "hustle," and is well fitted to fill his responsible position at the head of the Quaker City Cut Glass Company. If ever there was a man who threw his whole soul into a business undertaking, this is the man. Although when he first launched into the glass trade he knew comparatively little of the business, he set to work, "took off his coat" and mastered the details of the glass trade, serving several years apprenticeship in order fully to understand the fundamentals of

MR. J. E. MARSDEN, HEAD OF THE QUAKER CITY CUT GLASS COMPANY the work. Not only did he study the American manufactures, but he devoted ample time and close attention to the details of foreign production. He felt that our national ingenuity and ability could be adapted to American requirements, and pursuing this idea he soon built up a large business, and now has the distinction of being at the head of the finest glass manufactory in the country.

Many of the readers of the National will remember the exhibit in the Manufacturers' building at the World's Fair, and will at once recall the gigantic vase which attracted so much attention. This was but one splendid specimen of the large variety of products made by the Quaker City Cut Glass Company, and distributed all over the country. All this success has not come about without strenuous effort on the part of Mr. Marsden, and those who have seen most of him are impressed with the idea that even the beauty of the cut glass manufactured by this company would hardly have availed to build up so large a trade unassisted by the untiring energy and marked ability displayed in the career of Mr. Marsden.

Perhaps there is no manufacture more interesting and beautiful than the exquisite crystal of good cut glass; and when to the natural charm of this product lovely patterns are added, such as the famous Madame Du Barry, the show rooms of the Quaker City Cut Glass Company give the impression of a dream rather than a reality. Every beautiful and popular pattern may be found there.

There are few articles of household use or decoration that appeal more to the taste of the American woman than cut glass, and I believe that her love for this comes second only to her love for diamonds. The ladies at the Fair were all deeply interested in the doings of Mr. Marsden, who has developed this wonderful glass trade in the teeth of almost insurmountable obstacles, and whose brilliant success marks a page in the industrial advancement of our nation. It is his pet ambition that the American dinner table shall not only be well supplied with the best and most nutritious food, but that it shall also be adorned with such cut glass as will be a fitting emblem of the hospitality of the American hostess.

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ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL'S own story of how his sweetheart's wit and persistence helped him to find a market for the telephone, recently published in these pages, revives memories of Mr. Bell's early struggles to secure recognition for his invention. Mr. William E. Bryant of Boston says:

"I knew Mr. Bell when he was a professor in the Boston University, perfecting his father's system of visible speech for the deaf and dumb. He had often called on me, while I was night editor of the Boston Journal, bringing in items relative to his efforts to make the dumb speak. One evening in 1875, during his brief call, the professor told me something about his invention of the telephone. With a 'nose for news' which all journalists possess, I scented a highly interesting discovery, but did not appreciate its importance, classing it among the wonderful toys of the age. Neither did Bell appreciate the real value of his discovery. He had applied for his patent but had not yet received it, his papers having been sent to Washington a short time before his call on me. I wrote paragraphs about the 'toy' and submitted them to my chief, but they found their way into the waste-basket, the editor-in-chief classing them as 'puffs,' that should be paid for at the rate of a dollar a line, and at that time Bell did not have 'money to burn.' I was then contributing a weekly letter to a country paper, and the telephone furnished material for my next letter to the

Argus and Patriot, Montpelier, Vermont, and the professor purchased one hundred copies of the paper, which he distributed where he thought they would do the most good. Within a few months from the date of my first contribution to the Journal waste-basket my chief had issued orders to have every item relating to the telephone sent to him. He and the rest of the world had awakened to a partial realization that something out of the ordinary had happened.

MR. W. S. CAPPELLER, EDITOR OF THE MANSFIELD, OHIO, NEWS, AND PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

"It was during the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia that Sir William Thompson, the celebrated English electrician, whom Queen Victoria had knighted, came over to call on Professor Bell. One very warm night the professor came to my office and invited me to join his distinguished visitor in witnessing an experiment in long distance telephoning between Boston and New York. He had secured the use of the Mutual Union telegraph line that was afterwards absorbed by the Western Union, and after midnight began his experiments. I was unable to leave my post and reluctantly declined the invitation. That was the last time I saw Bell for several years. When we next met he no longer needed my poor assistance, as his invention had been recognized by the financial men of the world. Its value as an investment set State street in a ferment. Within three or four days the stock jumped up from $100 to $1,000 a share. The same stock I could have purchased of Bell three months before at a nominal figure. About this time young Gower, then a reporter on the Providence Press, joined Bell as a press agent, and managed some of his exhibitions of the telephone in large halls. He went to London and soon became a millionare, married Lillian Norton (Nordica) made an attempt to cross the British Channel in a balloon and was never heard from again.

"During Bell's early struggles to secure recognition, he met an enthusiastic believer in his invention, in the person of Mr. Roswell C. Downer, who was at that time a member of the firm of Stone & Downer, bankers and brokers. Young Downer, with Bell's assistance, put a private telegraph wire into working order from the State Street office of the banker to his residence in Somerville, and Mr. Downer thus became Bell's first customer, paying an annual rental of $300 for the use of the instrument. While the experiments were not very satisfactory they inspired the young man with faith in the future of this wonderful invention. Mr. Hubbard, Bell's father-in-law, offered Downer one-fourth interest in the telephone for $25,000. Mr. Downer urged his father and a wealthy friend to advance him the money but he was met with the stale suggestion, "It is a wild-cat scheme, and you would lose every dollar you might put into it." Imagine the chagrin of these worthy gentlemen when a few months later the tock sold for $1,000 a share."

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IN the various gatherings of editors from all parts of the country, there is no man who is better known than the genial, whole-souled and vigorous, go-ahead W. S. Cappeller of the Mansfield News, who has for years taken a conspicuous part in the politics of Ohio. If Mr. Cappeller has a weakness, it is his affection for his brother editors. He was president of the National Editorial Association and is now president of the National Republican Editorial Association; there are few editors scattered through our smaller cities who do not know and love Mr. Cappeller. He being naturally a very modest man, there was some difficulty in getting his portrait, and I only succeeded on condition that he should be allowed to hold in his hand a copy of his paper, the Mansfield News, in which he has been deeply interested for many years. Colonel Cappeller, in the language of his brother editors, is "a brick," and the next time his portrait is printed he will probably be wearing the epaulettes of even a higher distinction than an Ohio colonel.

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HAVE you sent in your "Heart-Throb" clipping yet?—a bit of an anecdote, a poem, a precept or a bright idea—your own, or clipped from book, magazine or newspaper—something brief and humanly interesting — not over 300 words, say.

Send it with fifty cents for a six-months' subscription, and enter your name, or the name of a friend, for a chance at one of the ten capital prizes, and the 830 minor prizes—all cash—that are to be distributed on or before September 1, this year, in this contest.

The first ten prizes, you remember, are piles of silver dollars as tall as the winning contributor. The total of the cash prizes is $10,000.

The money is on deposit in the First National Bank of Boston. The prizes are to be awarded by Admiral George Dewey and Senator William B. Allison of Iowa.

If you haven't yet sent in your favorite poem or anecdote, better do it now. If you have sent in one, send another for a relative or friend. We want to take them all into the National's family.

PAINES
PAINE FURNITURE COMPANY PAINE FURNITURE COMPANY
PAINE

THE LARGEST FURNITURE HOUSE IN AMERICA

THE PAINE FURNITURE COMPANY

WITH all the points of interest that one can find in Boston, I was amazed when a friend from the West told me that she found the establishment of the Paine Furniture Company more attractive than anything else. The fact that this is the largest furniture house in this country is, in itself, interesting; but when it is understood that in their spacious area—covering many acres—may be seen a collection of furniture that is equal almost to an international exposition, the admiration of strangers is, after all, not to be wondered at. This large store is regarded as one of the sights of the city, and no lady who is interested in pretty things, and desires the best for her home, will fail to go to Paine's. One of the predominating purposes of the average American of today is to have not only a home, but a beautiful home. As years go by and a man prospers, his ambition for his home grows with his wealth. Furniture, or in fact anything associated with home life, is always attractive, for the future of the nation depends very largely on family ties and home influences.

The attractions at the Paine Furniture Store are legion. One of the first to meet the eye is a marble stairway from the ground floor; this is a copy of that in the Doge's Palace in Venice. It is an enticing flight of some twenty steps to the first broad landing, with short ascents on the right and left to the second floor. Here may be found rugs and tapestries from the Orient, and house ornamentations brought from other parts of the world. In one corner I noticed a handsome Japanese cabinet of carved wood, showing a richness and luxuriance that might do honor to the Mikado's palace.

On another floor many sets of furniture were patterned in the antique style, several pieces displayed representing the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. Yet these beautiful pieces of furniture were by no means high in price. In other parts of the store the cosmopolitan character of the firm's business was set forth in household goods of various grades, suited down to the pocket of the poorest wage earner; for while unique curios and beautiful pieces of furniture are stocked by the Paine Furniture Company, they have a greater variety of the popular and reliable grades that stand the hard usages of everyday life, beside being pleasing to the eye.

Not many years ago, in this establishment, I chanced one day to meet Secretary John Hay, who was buying draperies for his home; while at the same time, near by, were a number of wage earners purchasing furniture for their homes. Apparently everyone knows that in this store, which has been an important factor in Boston's commercial life for seventy years, may be found reliable furniture that is suited both for the full purse and the purse only half full.

I was specially attracted by the furnishings for Summer homes. The old hickory and rustic goods have a charm all their own. The Mission or Arts and Crafts Manufactures are always interesting to linger over; while on every floor, arranged in every available corner, may be seen a bewildering array of chiffoniers, sofas, and chairs of almost every imaginable style and price. Among these miscellaneous pieces I noticed some of those comfortable, solid chairs that will permit the heaviest man to sit down and lean against their sturdy backs with never a creak of protest. And what a comfort such a chair is to stout, heavy people; for nothing is more trying than fragile furniture that one fears to make use of except with the utmost caution and many mental misgivings whether it will bear one's weight or succumb under the strain. The Paine Furniture Company do not consider merely the profits of the maker, but are equally interested in the satisfaction of the purchaser.

Another notable thing attracted my attention. I was astonished that in the heart of Boston it was possible to go through a mammoth establishment like this one and find nowhere a single evidence of dust. This is certainly a recommendation that will carry great weight with our neat and particular housekeepers. And this art of keeping the furniture in order is not merely an incidental, as the dusting is performed as daintily and systematically as it could be done in "my lady's boudoir."

The building in which the store is now located was erected forty years ago, and the builders seem to have had an insight into the future, for throughout the entire establishment may be found a most unusual style of modern utility for a building of that period. This air of modernity is something which appeals to a purchaser.

The amount of furniture sold by the Paine Company during a year is almost beyond belief. Not only are new homes furnished in all parts of New England, but the Company retain customers in almost every state of the Union. Many Southern and Western families who have Summer homes in New England appreciate the valuable information and suggestions which are freely afforded to all who write or call in person. It is comparatively easy to furnish a Summer home complete at the Paine Furniture Company's, for they can foretell one's needs in such matters with completeness and precision.

What a variety of incidents and stories could be told, if a full and true account of all that has befallen each piece of furniture sent out by such a firm as this could be revealed! How many homes, begun in humble circumstances and with but meagre furnishings, have grown grand as prosperity has enabled the purchase of all luxuries and comforts of the day! And how prized will be the handsome furniture now being made by the Paine Furniture Company when, in years to come, it will be regarded by coming generations as the best specimens of the early twentieth century.

"THEY CREATE A LONGING—AN UNQUENCHABLE DESIRE 'TO BE THERE'"

THE LAKE SHORE RAILROAD

ONE of the handsomest books published with a view of interesting Summer travelers is "The Ideal Vacation Land," issued by the passenger department of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railway at Cleveland, Ohio. Printed by the De Vinne Press, New York, it represents the acme of perfection in typography and letter press.

Attractive views of new scenes and new playgrounds for the people — places not traversed by the general tourist—known only to local visitors heretofore—have been overlooked by the general tide of travel. The illustrations are from actual photographs, and in looking over the book, one feels as though he were right on the spot and prepared to have a "good time." The reader almost feels the exhilaration of the breeze that ripples the surface of the mirrored lake, and the coolness of the shade as one admires the pictures of the beautiful woods.

The territory described extends from Angola, New York, to La Porte, Indiana, and covers the picturesque shore of Lake Erie, as well as the lakes, woods and rivers in the southern peninsula and northern Michigan. All this charming lake country is within easy reach of points in the Middle West.

Those who know Lake Erie, with its varying moods of sunshine and storm, need not be retold that it possesses charms all its own! Included in this country is the famous Lake Chatauqua—one of America's unrivalled resorts — where recreation hours are welded with golden chains of thought.

Put-In-Bay, Catawba Island and other places of great beauty are also described in this useful little book.

These inland lakes are a feature of the country that is particularly delightful. They vary in size from one or two up to eight or nine miles square in area. Most of them are fed by springs, have sandy bottoms and banks clothed with beautiful trees, making an ideal place for a short rest or a long vacation. These are the places in which the "grown-ups" may seek and recover the vivid exhilaration of youth, and youth itself stores up happy moments for the years to come!

"SANDY BOTTOMS AND BANKS CLOTHED WITH BEAUTIFUL TREES"

Dotted by beautiful camping-out sites, the ideal vacation grounds on the Lake Shore road provide economical, healthful and pleasurable retreats and playgrounds that afford an area for real playing. They create a longing—an unquenchable desire "to be there!" And the cost of reaching and remaining at these resorts is so reasonable that there is little difficulty in the way of satisfying this desire for rest and change.

If you make up your mind to go to one of these retreats in the lake country, write to Mr. Smith, General Passenger Agent, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad, at Cleveland, Ohio.

Sometimes the station is close to the desired destination; at other places a drive of from two to six or eight miles may be necessary to reach the stopping place; but everywhere alike in this favored country is the home atmosphere; every tree and shrub, every blade of green grass in the wide-stretching fields tells a story such as no painted pictures or words can adequately portray! All this must be seen and felt in order to be enjoyed, and the best thing to do is to select your pleasure spot and purchase a ticket on the Lake Shore road. Then you will be quite sure of finding a retreat that will adjust itself to the cravings and moods most likely to give you the full measure of your playtime.

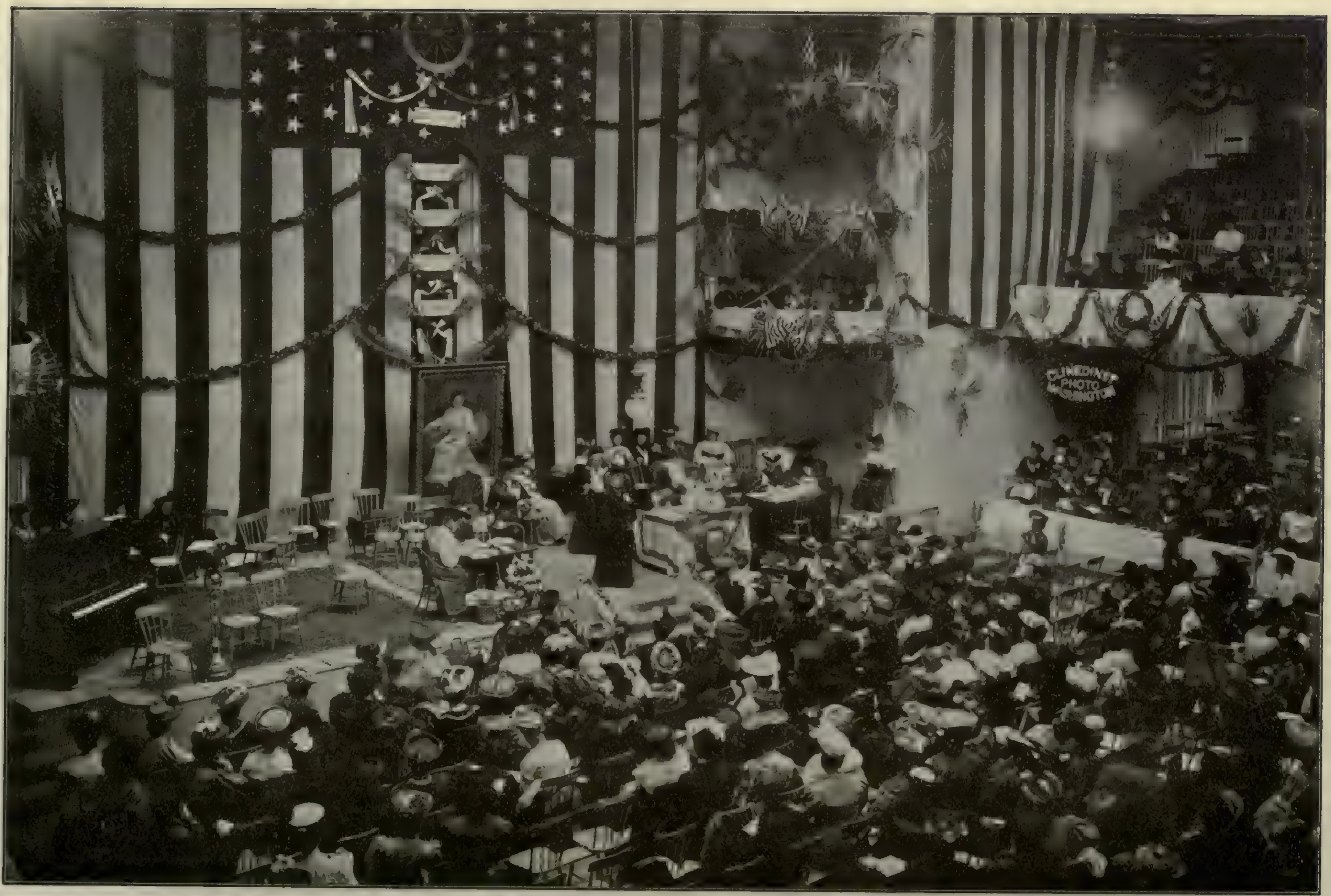
During the World's Fair at St. Louis, a number of these "Ideal Vacation Ground" booklets were given out at the National Magazine booth, and from the correspondence which we have received it may be said that few publications in railroad literature have awakened such a keen interest in looking up Summer playgrounds.

Send for it!

And mention the National, please.

"Then think I of deep shadows on the grass; of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass, the gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways."—*From Lowell's "To the Dandelion."*

Half-tone Engraved by Charles Ricker from a Photograph by G. H. Moek



DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN SESSION IN CONTINENTAL HALL AT WASHINGTON, MRS. FAIRBANKS PRESIDING

Photograph by Clinedinst

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

UNDER the shadow of the stately Washington monument was held one of the most notable gatherings of the year at the national capital. Nearly six hundred delegates from every country where a railroad is operated were present at the meeting of the International Railway Congress. For the first time in the history of the nation, government ground was utilized for exposition purposes under special act of congress last March. There were 350 exhibitors of all sorts of railway appliances.

The handsome buildings and booths recalled vividly the Exposition days at St. Louis. There was a whirr and buzz of activity and the air of fete day prevailed. The evolution of railway appliances is almost revolutionary.

JUDGE TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR, WHO WAS ACTING PRESIDENT DURING MR. ROOSEVELT'S ABSENCE FROM THE CAPITAL

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BETWEEN CONFEDERATE AND UNITED STATES FLAGS AT FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clogenson, Dallas

Every year, every month, and in fact every day, hour and minute witnesses the introduction and exploitation of some invention. In a handsome booth erected by the National Biscuit Company — beside which was a stunning locomotive made up of the different packages containing the products of this company—the initial meeting of the congress convened. This was the seventh meeting of the congress, which assembles once in five years, and the first ever held in the United States.

Promptly on schedule time, at twelve o'clock, Chairman Post called the convention to order and made a felicitious opening address. The success of the display on the Mall was largely due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Post, Mr. Moore and their associates. In a few brief months they had brought together an exhibit of its kind never excelled at any exposition. In the front seats were many prominent European railway men. There was a sprinkling of United States senators, justices of the supreme court and congressmen. The welcome by Commissioner McFarland had the ring of American hospitality. Secretary of the Navy Morton was one of the speakers whose personality was of keen interest to the assembled railway men, because of the prominent position which he has won in the railway world. His address was couched in the terse, business-like vernacular of the service, and it was easy to see he was the lion of the hour, as far as the railway men were concerned. The exposition was

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, DR. LAMBERT OF NEW YORK AND THEIR GUIDES ON THEIR WAY INTO THE HUNTING GROUNDS NEAR NEWCASTLE, COLORADO

From stereograph, copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

to him, as to all the other delegates, more than a mere display; it was a study of practical economic purposes.

Perhaps the most prominent figure in the congress was the man whose name is associated with railway development all over the world—Mr. George Westinghouse—the inventor of the Westinghouse air brake and the head of one of the largest establishments of its kind in the world. He was the presiding officer and filled the position with all the grace and tact with which he has won the railroad world to him in his business relations. His kind blue eyes, genial side whiskers and gracious, modest manner have a charm all their own.

Mr. Stuveysant Fish, president of the American section of the International Railway Congress, made a most stirring prediction concerning the use of electricity for railway locomotion.

The response by Mr. Lawrence of the London & Northwestern railway was a characteristic and graceful acknowledge on behalf of the foreigners of the hospitalities of the occasion, delivered in that quiet, easy, formal way which our British cousins adopt at the banquet board.

Secretary Taft was at his best, having left "the lid" at the war department. The wild winds of the Potomac blew through his straggling locks, and the sense of humor of the big man at the war department was infectious. He alluded to several appliances of railroads which were not exhibited. They were federal court injunctions, railroad rates and other matters of passing

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, SPEAKING TO AN IMMENSE CROWD IN FRONT OF THE HISTORIC ALAMO

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

importance at the senate investigation then in progress.

I had an interesting chat and walk through the grounds with the delegate from Greece. Everything seemed to interest him, from the automatic electric switches to the latest shape of a section man's shovel. There were switch lights, lanterns, miniature round-houses, air brakes, steel rails nickle alloyed and 100 pounds to the yard; oils, in fact everything utilized in the operation of a railroad was here represented. To the average person it was all of interest as an exhibit, but to the guests it was a lesson. My companion from Greece, Mr. P. Homere, a bright, intelligent railroad man, perhaps a descendant of Plato, who knows?—walked with me with eyes open. How different the conversation from that of early Athens—not exactly Platonic, for he was watching keenly every device that might be utilized on his railroad. Classic Athens had come to the new West to learn the art of the century—transportation.

What a story could be written of the years of labor and thought concentrated in the exhibits on this small plot of ground. It seemed like a continuous story, for inventions proceed step by step in a consecutive manner. There were chromatic block signal lights, electric frogs and switches before which these delegates stood watching every motion of lever or cog and absorbing a new idea, a new page in their life work.

The guests came in whirring automobiles, and even the automobile fever was apparent in the array of automobiles running on a railroad track like a merry-go-round.

There was a large attendance of ladies at the congress, indicating that today, as ever, the woman is the helpmeet of man. It was charming to see a daintily gloved woman, the wife of a prominent railroad man, point out understandingly technical points which my puzzled brain could not fathom.

The brilliance of the electrical display at night brought again to mind the Exposition days. It was not enough to display products, but processes were also shown here, and the ground upon which the Washington monument stands trembled with the activities of the age.

Contrast this scene with that of the day when George Washington decided where the nation's capitol should be located. Here were music and cakewalks, and at the main pavilion a troop of colored people gave many of the visitors a first glimpse of plantation life. About the booths were lights of all shades, from the ghastly purple of radium to the brilliant whiteness of electricity. Upon a huge map 100 feet square, prepared under the direction of the secretary of the navy, many of the cable stations of the world were indicated by electric bulbs, and the world indeed seemed small. In gay social array under the evening sky the throng awaited for the signal which was to tell the guests of a message sent around the earth. In a few moments, while the guests looked upon the electric bulbs, an answer was received; each man watching the one indicated as "home." The wildest dreams of a Jules Verne could not have forshadowed all this. At 11:55 p.m. Secretary Morton touched the magic button and before midnight the answer was returned like a fairy beacon signal. It seemed to me almost supernatural. In almost a twinkling of an eye, in the draught of a breath, as we sat under the starry canopy waiting, Mr. Roux of France felt that he had a message from home—through far-off Nome, threading its way under the great Pacific, then on around the Indian Ocean and up the Atlantic, banding the whole world together by the great unseen force of all time. King Electricity was crowned supreme, holding the regal scepter of light! Jewels of his own making sparkled, as delicate and dainty as the rosebud. One great sigh of wonderment came over the throng as they witnessed this pyrotechnic display flashing forth a revelation of world progress that means so much to mankind.

The delegates were formally welcomed by Vice President Fairbanks on the following day, on behalf of President Roosevelt, in a thoughtful and moderate address not lacking a pointed reference to pending questions at issue between the operators of American railways and the public they serve.

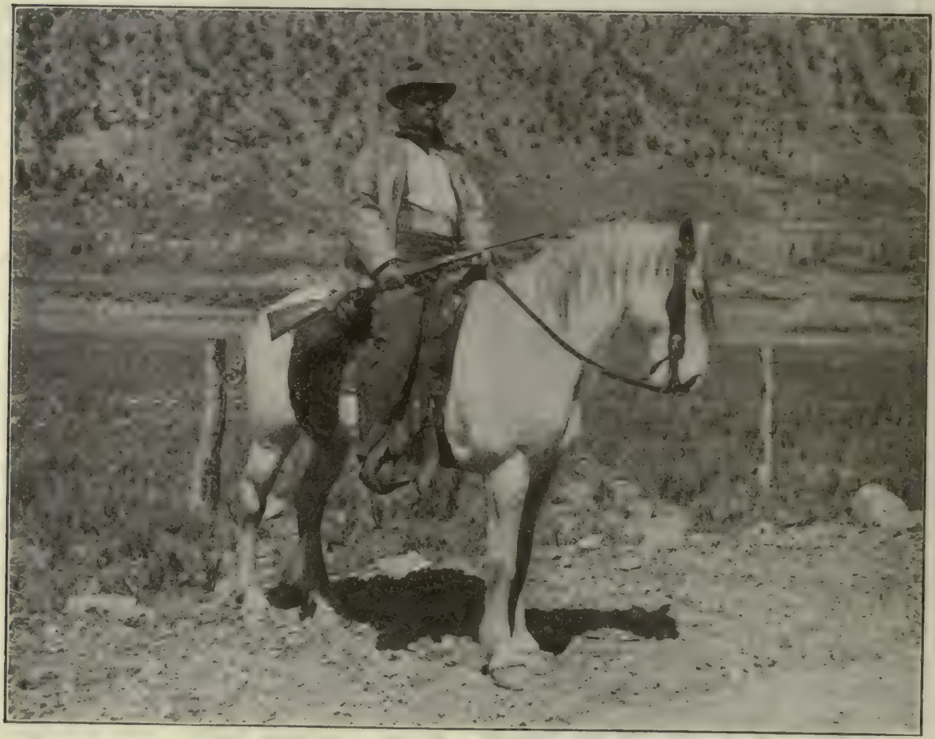
It was interesting to mingle with the social groups of railway men in the hotel lobbies and hear them tell over and over their experiences. The delegate from little Switzerland was having a well-defined argument with the representative from Germany on the subject of brake beams. To escape any suggestion of American proneness to boast, I quote the words of a prominent Australian railroad man in reference to our own railway battalions and commanders:

"It is not difficult to realize why America has made such progress in railroad affairs when your men conquer such obstacles as have been overcome in this country and then reduce the cost of transportation to nearly one-half of that in any other country. It is as much a question of men as it is of opportunity, for opportunity often comes when the men cannot be found. It proves that government ownership or operation is going to eliminate the strong, go-ahead, iniative force you have in America. We have not found it altogether a success."

THERE will be a touch of pathos in looking over the floor when the senate reconvenes. What a break in the ranks there has been during the past few years! The old guard has been a truly picturesque feature of our national life; when Senator Pettus of Alabama, eighty-four years of age, one of the survivors of the veterans, travels nearly a thousand miles to pay a final tribute to his friend Senator Platt, we can conceive the depth of personal regard which exists between the elder senators. The more one comes into contact with the members of the United States senate, the more one is convinced that no country ever was represented by a nobler type of men.

Who can forget the quiet strength and power of the stately Senator Orville Hitchcock Platt, whose erect form always reminded one of the towering elms at Washington, Connecticut, his home and birthplace. How well we remember the gleam of his kindly black eyes that would precede the clear comment that was always ready in any situation or event.

Modest to an extreme, kindly to a fault, Senator Platt was an American to the heart's core, and his memory will stand out prominently in the history of the legislative body in which he served his country so well. In the committee room, in the hotel lobbies, on the floor of the senate or in the cloak room, he was always the same genial gentleman; the dignity and stateliness of his carriage were modified by the kindly twinkle in his eye — that liquid twinkle that always reminded me of Senator Hanna, whom he resembled



THE PRESIDENT IN HUNTING RIG, "LOADED FOR B'AR"

From stereograph, copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

SENATOR SAMUEL H. PILES OF WASHINGTON CLOSES HIS EYES AS THE CAMERA SNAPS HIM

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

MR. B. M. CLINEDINST, PHOTOGRAPHER OF WASHINGTON NOTABLES, IN HIS POPE-HARTFORD CAR

THE DAUGHTERS OF SPEAKER CANNON MANAGE A BIG AUTOMOBILE WITH EASY SKILL

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

in many respects. In my last conversation with him he remarked:

"When I get home, among my native elms, I intend to write an article for you, and see if I can reach heights I have never attained before.

"By the way," he continued, "are you sure you would be willing to publish everything that a senator writes? You know senators sometimes make mistakes like ordinary mortals. You had better be careful about making rash requests for articles from us, or you may have occasion to regret it."

Senator Platt knew whereof he spoke, for he was a newspaper man in his early days. Like Senator Hanna, he seemed to have the knack of saying just the right thing at the right moment and knew how to give the newspaper boys a "story" that was just what they wanted. He had a horror of the joke about "wooden nutmegs," and said that he could not understand how anyone but a blockhead would ever mention such a thing in connection with his native state, Connecticut. He was devoted to his work, sensible, sound and sane all through,—one of the most thoughtful and kindly men I have ever met. I never can forget the way in which he always inquired about the progress of the National Magazine. On Inauguration Day he was waiting for some hours in the lobby of the senate for his carriage. Yet during all these leaden moments, which were so severe a test to human forbearance, he showed no impatience, but discussed with me his favorite topic of the cloture rule for the senate. Had he lived, he might have secured a revolution in the senate rules that would have been as noteworthy as his "Platt amendment" for Cuba. He was closely connected with the conduct of the Spanish-American war and with the freedom of Cuba; his notable amendment was a hinge on which turned one of our most important legislative periods.

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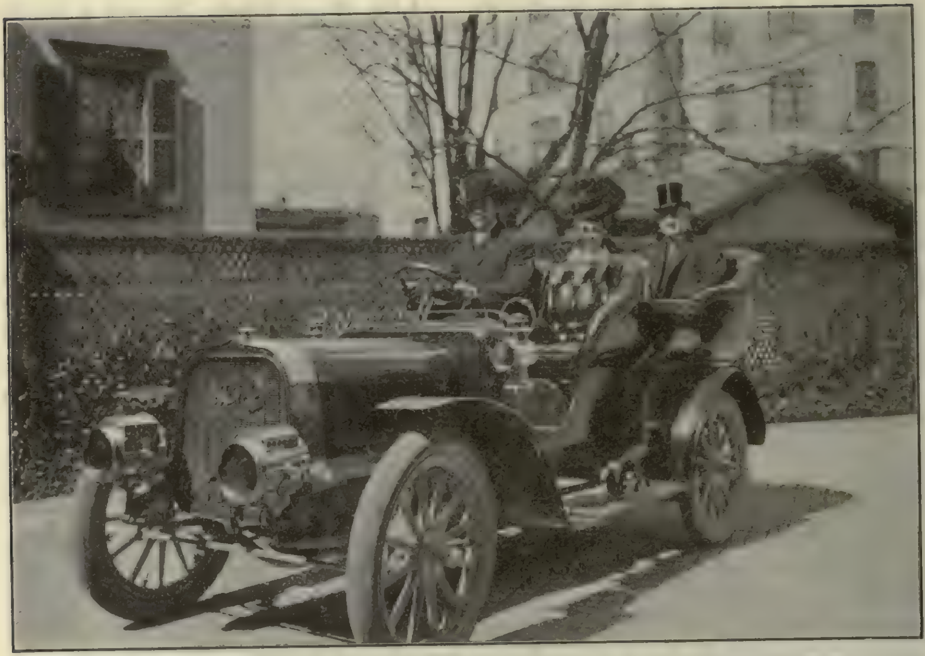
NOW General Fitzhugh Lee is gone. It seems but a few days ago that I met him at the banquet given on the birthday of President McKinley at Canton, Ohio, when he responded to a sentiment that he earnestly felt, speaking with breadth and fervor that were truly national. I think I never heard—I think there never was heard—a more tender and eloquent tribute paid to the memory of William McKinley than that spoken by General Fitzhugh Lee at this banquet.

Like Henry Grady, he was a leader of the new South, and heralded the dawn of a great future for his beloved native state, Virginia, the mother of presidents. He was deeply interested in the exposition that is to be held in Norfolk, commemorating the first settlement of the English in Jamestown in 1607. He practically gave his life for the advancement of his state, for this was the work in which he was engaged when he was stricken. He was very successful in interesting the Massachusetts people, the descendants of the Puritans who settled here in 1620. He desired them to join with the Old Dominion in arranging for the Jamestown Exposition.

The general was the scion of a distinguished family who have been conspicuous for generations in the history of our country. Bluff and hearty, good-

SENOR MANUEL ALVAREZ CALDERON, MINISTER FROM PERU, WITH HIS INTERESTING FAMILY

Photograph by Clinedinst



SENATOR AND MRS. CHAUNCY M. DEPEW TAKE THE AIR IN THE LATEST FASHION

Photograph by Clinedinst

SENATOR GEORGE SUTHERLAND OF UTAH DOESN'T GO FAST ENOUGH TO NEED GOGGLES

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natured and genial, he did honor to his ancestry. What music there was in his laughter! What fellowship in his handclasp! He was essentially a patriot, and his tribute to "Old Glory" at the McKinley banquet, and his allusion to his sons, all serving their country—one in the far-off Philippines—was a memorable expression of the growing and inspiring sentiment of the South that will soon lead America to forget that there is a South, a North, an East or a West.

Wrapped in the flag he loved, the general was given a soldier's honors. He was buried in Richmond, the onetime capital of the Confederacy in whose cause he fought like young Bayard, without fear and without reproach. When the wreaths of Memorial Day are strewn above the resting places of the dead, no tribute will be more richly deserved than the flowers that will grace the grave of General Fitzhugh Lee, emblematic of a life that will ever remain an inspiration to his countrymen.

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS IS A GOOD HORSEMAN, BUT NOT IN THE PRESIDENT'S CLASS, BY CONSIDERABLE

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

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FOR years past there has been a sort of tacit understanding that "Good Roads" are a "good thing." It has been, in fact, so tacit that nothing worthy of mention has been accomplished in the

FRIEHERR SPECK VON STERNBURG, AMBASSADOR OF GERMANY, ENJOYS A DECOROUS GALLOP NOW AND THEN

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

way of national legislation. Now that the subject is taken up under the direction cf Senator Latimer and Congressman Brownlow there is a promise of more than a tacit understanding. The hearings on the subject of roads and road-building furnish one of the most interesting documents that has been published by the government. The testimony is replete with startling comparisons and suggestions. We are a people who make our boast of having the biggest railroad systems, biggest buildings, biggest trusts and corporations—in fact, the biggest everything on earth—but we forget to add that we have also the poorest roads, considering the size and wealth of the country. We are left far behind by France, which has 23,000 miles of roadway built by the government, and even the little Swiss republic far surpasses us in road-building. There is no question that so vitally affects the welfare of the nation, and there are few questions on which apathy is so general.

No argument can possibly prevail against the necessity of good roads, and yet we sit down patiently with the bad roads of the United States, which are costing us hundreds of millions yearly. It was clearly brought out in the hearing that if a foreign foe should devastate our coast-line to the extent of $1,000,000 every time the sun rises and sets, the nation would arise as one man and put an end to the havoc, but we put up year in and year out with the lassitude of our legislature in regard to good roads, which is costing us so much.

We take a great deal of pride in the

coming completion of the Panama Canal, but the people need good roads quite as much as they need that canal. Over fifty millions of the government's money has gone into rivers and harbors of the country that have not half the traffic that the roads have. In many of the appropriations made for river traffic, the total amount of the traffic was less than the annual appropriation. Why not lay out some of this money on good roads?

Still the bad roadways of the country are permitted to increase the farmers' burden each year. Added to the loneliness of a farmer's life is the condition of the highways, that makes social contact almost impossible, at least for a large part of the year. Ever since this nation was established, the brunt of the burden has fallen upon the farmers, who have always been ready to help when called upon; yet there is no class in the country for whom so little has been done by the government. They have nearly a billion dollars' worth of corn to haul over those bad roads, $650,000,000 worth of hay, half a billion of cotton and half a billion of wheat, and yet at every point where this hauling has to be done there is a loss by bad roads that is equivalent to a tariff tax of twelve and one-half cents per ton, an expense which would be almost entirely avoided in a country like France, where good roads are provided.

In the recent investigation it was stated that sixty per cent. of the taxes of the nation are paid by the farmers, and they receive back less than ten per cent. of that. As has been often said, the progress or retrogression of the nation must needs be determined by the progress made in road-building.

Not long since I rode on the Appian Way from Rome, and as I passed over that pathway, used for centuries and centuries past, I thought of the handiwork of the men who are gone and of

SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM OF ILLINOIS, WHO OBEYS THE SPEED LAW

Photograph by Clinedinst

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN A. SULLIVAN OF MASSACHUSETTS

how their thoroughness has left this road as a perpetual inheritance to their country, a lasting monument to the industry and foresight of this sturdy people. A roadway that will survive the wear of centuries of travel is something worth constructing. It seems that Italians have always understood the art of making good roads, and in the old days of Julias Caesar the value of a perfect highway as a means of communication was so well understood that it was about the first thing they commenced upon when they had conquered a country. Anyone who has traveled in Wales will remember the magnificent Roman roads, that are as good now as when they were first constructed, centuries ago. We speak of our macadam with pride, but nothing can excel the fine surface of these old roads, over which it is indeed a pleasure to travel.

The influx of Italian immigration into this country ought to have a salutary influence on the building of good roads, for we have in them a corps of century trained road-builders. It is clear that some new means of road-building must be found, for the old-time system utilized throughout the country has certainly proved unsatisfactory. Probably first for the reason that those in charge have little or no knowledge of road-building, and next that it becomes an onerous and compulsory makeshift to provide for taxation which can never fructify into lasting results. In addition to these drawbacks, that system is looked upon as a form of slavery and an expiating of an offence—as it were—against the state. Associated with road work we have criminals wearing the ball and chain, and the independent farmers of our nation naturally object to being classed with these. The thing to be done now is to go at the problem of road-making in a practical and common-sense way.

REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES H. WEISSE OF WISCONSIN

Make it a matter of business — have roads built by road-builders and ditches dug by ditch-diggers, and let us stop "scratching gravel" in the futile and desultory fashion which has hitherto been called "road-building." I am familiar with a certain country district in New England where the farmers turned out at various times to put in the specified time on the making of a new road. At one time, the place having been assigned for a new road, one man arrived with a horse and cart and drove it back and forth until he had put in the time specified. A day or two after another man came with a bullock wagon. Seeing no sign of the farmers who were to help him, but noting the traces of the work accomplished by his predecessor on the ground, he cheerfully drove his wagon to and fro. On various other days the farmers deputed to this work straggled along—no two at the same time—and each one followed the plan of the first. After a while the decree of government had been fulfilled, but there was no road there, any more than there had been in the beginning.

REPRESENTATIVE W. P. BROWNLOW OF TENNESSEE, A LEADER IN THE GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT IN CONGRESS

REPRESENTATIVE HERSCHEL M. HOGG OF PUEBLO, COLORADO

It is not enough that Uncle Sam furnishes handsomely printed plans and specifications on road-building; the government should be interested at least to the extent of giving this matter substantial support. Let the states and the government unite in just proportion in making possible a system of national highways.

The illogical claim that the farmers should provide their own roads has long ago been exploded, and has taken its place with the discarded theory that the draymen and citizens who use the streets should provide their own thoroughfares.

MRS. G. V. HAMILTON, ELDER DAUGHTER OF GENERAL CHAFFEE

Photograph, copyright 1905, by G. V. Buck

The farmers serve the nation in hauling their products to the markets. The people have long recognized the need for better highways, and bulky petitions have been sent to Washington on this subject. These petitions have not been sufficient to stir up the government, and now the time has come for a specific effort—a uniting of all the people who are vitally interested. It is time for the farmers, owners of suburban homes, dwellers both in villages and cities—to say nothing of the ever zealous automobilist—to exert themselves in one unanimous demand, and this done, there should be no question about a good roads law of some kind passing at the next session of congress, despite the apparently futile efforts that have been made along these lines in years past.

It would be direct economy for the postal department to provide roads over which the carriers could make ten or fifteen more miles per day than they do now. The introduction of rural free delivery routes will bring the matter of good roads to the front as a direct necessity of the federal government and

MISS CHAFFEE, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL CHAFFEE

Photograph, copyright 1905, by G. V. Buck

it will now be a matter of actual effort, rather than of mere talk and discussion. The probabilities are that something positive along these lines will be enacted in the coming congress. Let "good roads" be something more than a mere empty phrase. Let Uncle Sam go at this proposition with the same vigor and spirit which he has shown in the undertaking of the Panama Canal, for it is right in line with this movement, and is quite as necessary for the development of the nation.

THE president won the hearts of the Texans by his heartiness and evident sincerity. More than one of their native orators alluded to him as "a pretty good democrat" during his visit to the Lone Star state—and that was the highest compliment they knew how to pay him. He gave them old-fashioned, straight talk on homely but vital subjects bearing on good citizenship, and they came out in immense numbers to hear him and meet him in every city he visited. One of our photographs

MRS. DONALD MCLEAN, THE NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT-GENERAL OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Photograph by Clinedinst

published in these pages shows him addressing a vast throng in front of the historic Alamo at San Antonio; and the country in that hour seemed to feel that the place was fitting: that Roosevelt, more than any other of our presidents, notwithstanding his New York City nativity, typifies the men who made Texas first a free republic and then a state of the Union. One enthusiastic Texan orator declared him the greatest president since Andrew Jackson. He certainly makes good with men of all sorts, wherever he goes, and convinces all of them that he means to live up to his motto, "A square deal for every man."

Both the Texas senators were conspicuous by their absence from the scene during the president's journey through their state. Mr. Bailey and Mr. Culberson went counter to the desire of their state and fought the president's program for speedy construction of the Isthmian canal at Panama. Their honesty of purpose was never in doubt for a minute, and Texas (since the canal bill went through in spite of them) will probably regard them with something of the same tolerant affection that Massachusetts was wont to display toward the late Senator Hoar when he followed his inner convictions rather than the desire of his party in his treatment of public measures.

Our pictures from Colorado show the president in hunting rig, on horseback, and apparently having the time of his life. He planned rather to avoid than to find opportunity for public speaking in Colorado: he went there to rough it in the mountains and forget his official burdens for a few days. His secretary, Mr. Loeb, remained in a near-by city, with one eye on the mountains and the other toward Washington. Very few facts from the outer world were allowed to trickle into the hunting camp where the president, with Dr. Lambert of New York and the guides, was doing things to bears, mountain lions and other varmints. It is understood that the president did keep pretty closely informed with regard to the progress of the war in the far East; he naturally hopes peace will dawn soon, and is not unlikely to be asked by both belligerents to help them settle details when the time comes. Whether he took any action in the row on between Mr. Bowen, our minister to Venezuela, and Mr. Loomis, our first assistant secretary of state, is not clear; at any rate he is likely to get that ugly quarrel cleared up in short order, now that he back is in his workshop.

Mr. Bowen charges that Mr. Loomis,

who preceded Bowen at Caracas, took pay from the asphalt company that has been having all the trouble with President Castro, the inference being, naturally, that Mr. Loomis, then minister to Venezuela, would help the asphalt company in its fight with Castro over matters that are now being judicially weighed in the courts of Venezuela. Mr. Loomis emphatically denies the charge and demands an investigation. Secretary Taft, as acting president, has ordered Mr. Bowen home and relieved him of his official duties pending the result of the inquiry.

Meantime, President Castro, who cordially hates both Loomis and Bowen, is probably chuckling over the prospect of killing two birds with one stone — it being understood that he supplied the information upon which Mr. Bowen made his charges against Mr. Loomis.

BIG railroad men from all parts of the country have been giving testimony before Senator Elkins' committee since adjournment, with reference to the pending bills designed to correct abuses and regulate rates.

The impression has been allowed to go out from the committee that, while congress will probably enact some measure restricting rebates and other forms of favoritism, it will not give any federal commission the power to make rates.

If the senate takes this attitude, the president must either modify his views or try to bring the senate forward to his position as he stated it some weeks ago. He said then, in substance, that a government commission should have power to suspend or modify rates found to be unjust, and to fix fair rates and conditions, which should stand pending an appeal to the courts by the railroads.

JUDGE EDWARD F. DUNNE, MAYOR OF CHICAGO, AND HIS BIG FAMILY OF HEALTHY, HAPPY CHILDREN

Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate, New York

REPRESENTATIVE FOSS OF ILLINOIS (REAR SEAT) STARTING FOR A SPIN

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

SENATOR BURKETT OF NEBRASKA (RIGHT SEAT) IN A GO-CART BUILT FOR TWO

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

CHICAGO AND MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

By MAYOR EDWARD F. DUNNE

FOLLOWING an expression of the people's will, three times emphasized at the ballot-box, Chicago has entered resolutely upon the advance toward final consummation of municipal ownership of its street railway lines. My pledge to the people is to bring about, at the earliest possible moment, municipal ownership and operation of the city's traction utilities.

As a preliminary step to the execution of this task with which I have been charged, I requested the Lord Provost of Glasgow that permission be granted the manager of the municipal tramway system of that Scottish city to visit Chicago. As a result of acquiesence, Mr. James Dalrymple comes to Chicago to give us the benefit of his advice, based upon actual experience in the operation of one of the oldest and most successful municipally-owned traction systems the world has known.

I have appointed as special counsel for the city in traction affairs Mr. Clarence S. Darrow, one of the distinguished members of the Chicago bar and for years a leader in the municipal ownership propaganda in this city. With these preliminaries Chicago enters upon the advance toward consummation of the municipal ownership plan which the people have approved at the ballot-box — purchase of the traction properties from their private owners by the city under a friendly agreement, if possible; by condemnation under the statute of eminent domain or other legal methods if necessary, or by the construction of new lines.

A Demonstrated Success

That municipal ownership and operation is no idle dream, no mere captivating fancy or alluring theory, but an actual, practical reality, now need no more be argued. The people of Chicago, as of many other cities, learned long ago that municipal ownership and operation is in practical force in more than a hundred cities in Great Britain; that it is in operation in many of the cities of Germany, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Italy and Australasia. Where it is in force it has resulted in reduced fares, in more rapid, constant and efficient service, in increased wages to traction employes, in general public satisfaction. In nearly every instance, I may add, it has contributed to the reduction of general taxes.

In the scores of cities of the world where municipal ownership and operation has become a reality under a civil service law, it has minimized municipal corruption. It has stamped out the briber and the boodler. It has taken franchise and special privilege seeking, breeder of official debauchery, out of politics.

Every important American city, within a decade, has been afflicted with "the traction problem." Nowhere has a franchise to a private corporation been more than a temporary abatement of ills. The only cities where the "traction question" has disappeared are those cities of Europe which have municipalized their street railway services. There transit development has been freed from the blight of speculative control, and goes forward steadily for the public welfare. With one or two exceptions, every important city of Great Britain now has adopted the policy of municipal management of local rapid transit. Leading continental cities have done likewise. And the nearer the inquirer approaches the spot where this movement actually is on, the more pronounced is the testimony in its favor. It is preeminently a movement of steady progress in civic conditions.

Chicago Last in Her Class

Of the six cities of the world which have approached or passed the 2,000,000 population mark—London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, New York and Chicago—all, save Chicago, have known public ownership of rapid transit facilities of recent years to some degree. Vienna operates its own street railways. Berlin now owns and operates two minor electric lines and has declared for no further tramway grants. Paris has provided for the municipal operation of the elaborate system of underground electric railways it is completing. New York owns twenty-four miles of subways and has taken over the ferry service to Staten Island. The London County Council gradually is securing possession of all tramway lines in the county, but a few weeks ago having determined to pay $16,500,000 for the physical property and $600,000 for four years' unexpired leases of the lines north of the Thames—lines heretofore leased to a private company for a rental of $110,000 annually.

Chicago, in part, has learned its municipal ownership lesson first hand. In a decade it has developed what is probably the greatest municipal electric lighting plant in the world, reducing the cost of electric light more than one-half. For fifty years it has operated its own water system, deriving a net annual profit of more than $1,500,000 and supplying its people with water at the cheapest rate known in any city in the state of Illinois, if not in the United States.

Eight Years on the Griddle

But for almost eight years Chicago had been kept on the traction griddle. It was during this period that there came the public awakening which resulted in the people declaring three times at the ballot-box for municipal ownership of these public utilities. Chicago's traction history may thus be traced in brief:

In 1859 the first franchise, for twenty-five years, was granted the Chicago City Railway Company. In 1865 the company, through open and notorious corruption of the state legislature, obtained the passage of the infamous ninety-nine-year act—the act over which much litigation has been waged and on which the corporations based a claim that their initial privileges were extended for a period of ninety-nine years. At the next session of the legislature this act was repealed. Thereafter, by constitutional amendment, any further street railway grants without the consent of the local authorities were prohibited, and by statute in 1874 such franchises were limited for the future to twenty years.

In 1883 the traction companies, offshoots of the original corporation and the latter, obtained a twenty-year extension of their franchises from the city council. Corruption charges were rife. In 1897 the traction companies went to the state legislature and by means well known to every citizen of Chicago, attempted to force the passage of the infamous Humphrey bill. They failed but did succeed in securing enactment of the notorious Allen law, allowing extension of franchises for fifty years. They sought the city council for consummation of this "grab" plan, but Chicago's citizens marched to the City Hall and forced a victory for civic decency and at the next session of the legislature the Allen law was repealed.

By a vote of 142,826 to 27,998 Chicago's electorate declared in April, 1902, for the public ownership of the street railways. A year later the state legislature passed the Mueller law under which the city was empowered to own and operate its own street car system. Another year passed and in April, 1904, by a vote of five to one—153,223 for to 30,279 against — Chicago's citizens adopted this law. At the same time, by a similar overwhelming vote, the people declared for proceeding "without delay to acquire ownership of the street railways under the powers conferred by the Mueller law." At the same time, by a vote of 120,863 to 48,200, the people directed the city council "instead of granting any franchises," to "proceed at once under the police powers" to "license the street railway companies until municipal ownership can be secured." Then, on April 4 last, came the final ballot declaration that "no franchise be granted any street railway company."

"Inefficiency and Indecency of Private Management"

While this traction history was making, Chicago learned, from bitter experience, the gross inefficiency and indecency of private management of public utilities. It learned that the chief aim of private ownership is to pay exorbitant dividends upon watered stocks: in the case of the Chicago City Railway Company the dividends averaged as high as forty-two per cent. annually for nineteen years. It was forced to submit to being jammed into miserably ill-lighted, ill-kept cars. It hung on straps on its way to work in the morning and on its way home at night. It underwent the collection of illegal double fares for years. It rode in cars the temperature of which would chill the living and preserve the dead. Private management of these utilities debauched over and over again the city's lawmakers and the lawmakers of the state. The bad service retarded the city's growth and depreciated real estate values. In short, Chicago found private ownership a ball and chain to its feet. And out of this came the declaration for municipal ownership. There have been but two serious obstacles set up by those who have opposed the city's taking its own—first, that Chicago has not the ready cash to take over the traction properties; second, that municipal operation will tend to create a "political machine."

It may be true that the city has not the ready cash to acquire or build a street-car system. But the way to the means is at hand. The Mueller law empowers the city to raise the necessary money by the issuance of interest-bearing certificates, or income bonds, which form a lien upon the street railway properties taken over by the municipality. Under this law three securities are assured the holders of these street-car certificates. First, the revenues or income to be derived from the street railway property, for the acquisition of which the certificates are issued; secondly, such certificates are secured by a mortgage or deed of trust upon "all street railway property acquired or to be acquired by the city;" thirdly, the certificates are secured by a grant in the mortgage or deed of trust of a privilege or "right to maintain and operate the street railway property for a period not exceeding twenty years from and after the date such property may have come into the possession of any person or corporation as the result of foreclosure proceedings."

Ninety Millions of Water

In round figures, the street railway companies of Chicago have stocks, bonds and other obligations and securities outstanding to an aggregate of more than $117,000,000. Yet reports of liberal engineering experts have placed the value of the companies' tangible properties at not to exceed $27,000,000. If private companies, with only the security offered by the tangible property and expired or expiring twenty-year franchises, (the majority secured in 1883) raised more than $117,000,000 upon $27,000,000 of actual property, what is to prevent the city of Chicago from raising the amount needed for municipalization of the lines on the triple security presented in support of the street-car certificates? Prominent financiers of New York, Chicago and other cities have asserted the prediction that these interest-bearing certificates will be many times over-subscribed when presented to the public.

The means at hand, the next step is the acquisition of street railway lines—purchased by agreement with the private owners, if possible; by condemnation or other lawful methods, if need be, or by building new lines. Condemnation proceedings, instituted under the statute of eminent domain, can be brought to final settlement before the highest court, so Judge Murray F. Tuley and other distinguished jurists and lawyers have agreed, within a period of one and one-half years.

The second objection worthy of attention was that municipal ownership and operation of the lines will "tend to build up a great political machine, in that employes of the roads under municipal operation would be placed in position by machine politicians and that the service they would give the public would be guided by the wishes of their political sponsors rather than the demands of the public."

Takes It Out of Politics

Friends of municipal operation demand that this operation shall be under clear, systematic, rigid civil service provision; that all employes shall be selected by a practical examination and that their selection shall be determined solely and exclusively by their capacity to perform the work required and not by their political character.

Municipal ownership and operation will take the "traction question" OUT of politics. Private ownership placed this question IN politics and seeks to hold it there, breeding corruption and debauchery. It is notorious that, under private ownership of the traction lines, any alderman or public official who is on good terms with the traction companies has placed his "friends" into positions furnished by the public service corporations—has used traction jobs as convenient berths for his followers.

Municipal ownership will take the "traction problem" out of politics and to a great extent stamp out public corruption. It will, as it has done in all European cities where established, bring satisfaction to the public, increased wages and reduced working hours to the employes, end street railway strikes, abate public strife and apprehension, remove the blight of speculative control, and provide the real solution of the "traction question." This goal Chicago resolutely advances to attain.

STORIES ABOUT PERSIAN WOMEN

By MARY A. CLARKE

CARLETON COLLEGE, NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA

I KNOW of no better way to get an idea of the women of Persia than by listening to the stories which the people tell among themselves.

If there is any race of people anywhere that does not make woman the butt of nine-tenths of its jokes, that people would have a right to think the Persian too hard upon woman, but it would ill become an American to express such an opinion. It is not true, of course, in America, where every woman is fully worthy of the high pedestal upon which man has placed her, but in Persia the force of these stories lies in the large amount of truth which they contain.

I have endeavored to recollect not only such stories as are entertaining in themselves, but also such as illustrate Persian character and give a fair idea of the stories which the people tell among themselves. The first one I have named

KHADIJA, THE VIRAGO

There once lived a Persian named Khodabaksh, whose wife, Khadija, was a great scold. One day in desperation Khodabaksh threw his wife into a dry well in the yard.

For some time afterward he lived happily, enjoying the peace and quiet of his home; but one day as he sat down to his dinner of curried rice he reluctantly admitted that it is well to have a woman in the house even if she is a scold. He was too poor to pay for a second wedding, so he determined to release Khadija—if she had survived her confinement in the well. Leaning over the well, he shouted: "Khadija!" A feeble voice responded. Khodabaksh quickly lowered a rope and drew up—a huge dragon. Before the man could recover from his astonishment, the Dragon began to pour forth thanks for release from "that dreadful woman," and in token of gratitude he offered to grant any request that Khodabaksh might make. While Khodabaksh still hesitated, the Dragon said:

"Let me tell you what to do. I will station myself before the royal palace and will eat all those who desire to go either in or out. The king will offer a reward to have me removed, but I will not stir until you come. Then I will glide away as if under a magic spell exerted by you."

To all this Khodabaksh readily agreed. The Dragon stationed himself at the gate of the palace. The king day by day increased the reward offered for his removal, and at length proclaimed:

"The man who will rid me of this monster shall receive my daughter in marriage, become my grand vizier and be made the richest man in my kingdom."

Upon this, Khodabaksh boldly approached the Dragon, whispered a few words in his ear, and lo! the Dragon quietly disappeared.

The king fulfilled his promise royally, and for a time Khodabaksh enjoyed his extraordinary good fortune. But at length there came to the court of the Shah a messenger from the king of a neighboring country, who said: "The Dragon that a few years ago so disturbed Your Majesty has been sitting for weeks before the gate of my royal master, and he begs that your most wise and learned vizier will come and relieve him, as he once relieved you."

Now the Dragon as he glided away had whispered to Khodabaksh, "This once I obey you, but never again will I do so."

Imagine, therefore, the dismay of the vizier when the king summoned him and informed him of the opportunity for winning fresh glory and renown. If he confessed the truth he would lose his wife, his wealth, his position—probably his head. But a Persian seldom betrays his feelings, if he wishes to conceal them, and nothing of the perturbation that Khodabaksh felt was visible in the courtly manner with which he bowed himself from the royal presence and prepared for his journey.

Arrived at his destination, Khodabaksh left his retinue at the city gate and alone and unarmed proceeded to the palace. As he approached, the Dragon began spitting fire, tearing up the ground, and in dreadful tones crying out: "I will never again obey you. I will never again obey you."

"Softly, my good friend," said Khodabaksh, "softly. I have not come to drive you from this place; only to tell you, confidentially, and in token of my gratitude, that Khadija is out of the well and is coming this way!"

⁂

INSTRUCTING AN AUTHOR

The following story shows the clever way in which Persian women sometimes outwit the most vigilant of husbands.

She stood hesitating by the street door. With one hand she balanced on her head a graceful water-jug; with the other she struggled to undo the heavy fastening of the door. The most casual observer of her action must have seen that even a clumsy Persian bolt would not necessarily detain her so long. The man who sat on the brick ledge by the door just across the narrow street was something more than a casual observer. An hour before, this man had been sitting by the pool where the women congregate to get water, to wash their clothes and to gossip. He was an author and he had been reading selections from his works, receiving from the woman and the passers-by small sums of money as a return for his entertainment.

There was nothing in the appearance of this particular woman that should have attracted his attention.

Like all Mohammedan women when upon the street, she was clad in a costume which completely hid both features and form.

There was nothing unusual in her appearance, but Ali — the reader — noticed several peculiar things in her conduct. When he first saw her she was standing at the upper end of the pool; soon she made her way to the lower end near which he was seated. Apparently she paid no attention to the reading, was not even aware of the presence of the reader, but Ali observed that it took her a long time to fill her jug. After it was filled, being apparently not pleased with the quality of the water, she slowly emptied the jug and refilled it. In lifting the jug to her head, also, her arm brushed aside her long veil. Was it accidental? Ali knew not. But he did know that in the instant before the veil fell, two black eyes had looked directly into his.

As soon as the woman was out of sight—Ali closed his book and sauntered down the street along which she had passed. Having turned a corner he ran rapidly after a woman carrying a water-jug whom he saw in the distance. Alas! he could not tell whether or not she was the woman whose eyes had challenged him to follow her. Her own husband, if he were not sure of her identity, would not dare to lift her veil or to speak to her upon the street.

Ali walked a few steps ahead of the woman in order to make his presence known, then fell back and followed her until she reached her own door. Seating himself in the opposite doorway, he watched with interest her prolonged efforts to withdraw the bar. Her actions convinced him that she was the woman he sought, but he began to fear that her courage would fail her at the last moment. The woman as she entered the yard turned quickly and said in a low tone, "Come in and read to me."

Having barred the gate behind them, and deposited her jug in a niche in the wall, the woman conducted her guest to the farther end of the courtyard, where there was a partition provided with a rug and cushions. Here, screened from the view of any curious persons on the neighboring housetops, she settled herself comfortably, partly threw aside her mantle, adjusted her veil so that her eyes were visible while the rest of her face was concealed and then bade the man read to her the most exciting chapter from his book.

"It is a book about women," said the author, "and I will read a chapter telling of the skillful way in which women deceive their husbands."

"That will be fine," said the woman. But as the reading proceeded, she showed signs of being bored and at length asked contemptuously, "What do you know about women?"

The man, thinking that she disbelieved the marvelous stories that he had told, hastened to assure her that he had had a great deal of experience with women, and that many whom he had known were quite capable of doing the things that he had related.

"Perhaps they are," said the woman scornfully, "but these things are stupid in the extreme. Now I could add a spicy chapter to your book. Why, I—" Here there came a violent knocking at the street door, and a man's voice was heard demanding entrance.

"Who is it?" asked Ali anxiously, noticing that the woman was much agitated.

"My husband," she replied. "I did not expect him until evening. If he finds you here he will kill you."

Ali, who had every reason to believe that the woman spoke the truth, implored her to save him. After a moment's thought the woman told him to get into a large box that stood in the yard.

All this time the knocking continued, while the husband cursed his wife and repeatedly ordered her to open the door instantly. After helping the man into the box, the woman locked it, then sauntered across the yard and withdrew the heavy fastening of the door. Her husband, fuming with rage, entered and demanded to know why she had kept him waiting.

"Because," said the woman indifferently, "a man was visiting me, and I stopped to hide him."

"And where have you hidden him?" asked the man, his anger at the fact itself partly counteracted by his amazement at the coolness with which his wife confessed it.

"In that box," she replied, "and here is the key."

But as the man sprang to snatch the key, his wife darted away. Then ensued a lively chase around the courtyard, the imprecations of the husband followed by the mocking laughter of the wife.

Meanwhile the feelings of the man in the box may be imagined. This woman who had laughed at his book and who had boasted of her own powers of strategy, had not the wit to attempt to save either herself or him.

At length the woman, seemingly exhausted, sank upon the ground and the key fell from her hand. As her husband snatched it angrily she laughed up in his face and said: "Philopena!"

With an oath the man threw the key at her and strode from the yard. As his footsteps died away in the distance the woman helped the author from his cramped position in the box, then handing him the volume, which she had concealed among the pillows, she asked demurely:

"Have you anything in your book as good as this?"

INSHA ALLAH

(God Willing)

A Persian always prefaces the expression of his determination to do something with the words "Insha Allah." The following story is told which illustrates the origin of this custom and also gives a picture of the henpecked husband.

"Aye, Fatima, I'm going to take a fat sheep to Ispahan today and sell it."

"Insha Allah," said Fatima reprovingly, as she placed the steaming "samovar" on the tray, and proceeded to pour her lord's tea. She rinsed the tea-glass in the brass basin with a great clatter and wiped it with ostentation. Her brother had once been "tea-pourer" to a great man of Ispahan, and from him Fatima had learned the art of serving tea in a manner that gave her social distinction in her village. She never exercised her highest art for her husband, however, except on occasions when she wished to impress him with her superiority. This was such an occasion.

Fatima was a pious woman, and Gulam Ali's boastful way of saying: "I am going to do—" shocked her, at least made her tremble lest Allah should prevent the accomplishment of the deed determined upon without recognition of His power. Fatima always said: "Insha Allah," and if asked, "Do you think it will rain?" raised her eyes to heaven and answered: "God knows."

A display of superiority on the part of his wife was as disagreeable to Gulam Ali as to other men, but Fatima's method of display involved the compensating circumstance of more sugar than she ordinarily allowed him. Usually he "toothed" his sugar, making one lump do for three glasses of tea, by biting off a small portion which he held in his mouth while drinking.

This morning accordingly he concealed his inclination to retort, and watched with satisfaction the effort of his wife to emphasize her religous convictions. Three large lumps of sugar almost filled the little tea-glass. Boiling water from the faucet of the "samovar" dripped slowly upon them until a thick syrup filled one-third of the glass. The tea-cosy was reverently removed from the teapot on top of the "samovar," and a layer of tea was poured above the syrup, whose consistency prevented the tea from readily mingling with it. The glass was then filled with hot water, which the strong tea upheld.

Gulam Ali, as he received the artistic little tea-glass filled with the vari-colored fluid, had the pleasure of knowing that the Shah himself would not be better served for breakfast. His gratification was marred, however, by Fatima's evident recognition of that fact. Three glasses of tea and vast quantities of thin bread were devoured by Gulam Ali in silence. One always feels more courageous after breakfast, so as he arose Gulam Ali remarked with increased confidence, "I'm going to take a fat sheep to Ispahan today and sell it."

"Insh—" but the rest of the word was drowned by the slamming of the door.

Half an hour later Gulam Ali shouted for Fatima to bolt the street door after him. Stepping out into the courtyard, she beheld her husband mounted on a white donkey, his ample cloak almost covering the little animal. Tied to the crupper was a large, black sheep. Its broad, fat tail swept the ground and was a serious impediment, but neither Gulam Ali nor the donkey would object to the slow pace which would be necessary in order that the sheep might keep up with them. From the sheep's neck hung a bell.

Fatima watched the little procession as it moved down the narrow street. Release from the confinement of the underground stable had an animating effect upon the donkey. Gulam Ali shared in the exhilarating sense of freedom. There was an air of unusual liveliness about both. At a turn of the crooked street, Gulam Ali raised himself in the stirrups, waved his hand, and shouted mockingly: "Aye, Fatima, I'm going—" but the remainder of the boast was lost in the rattling of the bolts. Gulam Ali's thoughts on this occasion were of the pleasantest nature. A journey of ten miles was an event in his life. His father had always done the little buying and selling that was necessary in their business. Now his father was dead, and Gulam Ali was making his first trip out into the great world. In addition to his sense of business responsibilities and escape from domestic tyranny, there was the satisfaction of being well dressed and riding a donkey of which even a priest might be proud. True, both the donkey and the long, ample "aba" were borrowed, but Gulam Ali was a true Persian, and these things disturbed him not. The green turban, which proclaimed him a lineal descendant of the Prophet, gained for him a respectful consideration from the passers-by, and as one after another, with his hand upon his breast, bowed low and poured his peace upon the traveler, the heart of the simple peasant glowed with pride.

As Gulam Ali entered the gate of Ispahan a man approached him and asked the direction to the Mosque of the Golden Dome. Gulam Ali was pleased to be taken for a resident of the city instead of the half-frightened peasant that he was, viewing the metropolis for the first time. Few Persians lack the wit to reply to a question without betraying their ignorance, and our friend was not numbered among these few. While the stranger detained him with one question after another, a second man came quietly up behind him, loosened the sheep, took the bell from its neck and tied it to the tail of the donkey and led the sheep away. The questioner, with a profusion of thanks and a last "God bless you," departed and the unsuspecting villager proceeded on his way to the bazaar, assured of the presence of the sheep by the tinkling of the bell behind him.

As he jogged along, dreaming of what he would do with the money obtained for the sheep, he was aroused by the laughter of a passer-by, who asked: "Why did you tie that bell to your donkey's tail?"

Looking around, Gulam Ali perceived his loss. The unfortunate man explained the situation to the stranger, who listened sympathetically and then asked:

"Was your sheep black, with a white face and two white feet?"

"Yes, yes," said Gulam Ali eagerly.

"It is evident," said the man, "that some 'loutie'* is playing a joke on you, but we will outwit him. As I came along this street just now I met a man leading such a sheep as you describe. If you go quickly you will overtake him; but, as the street is very narrow a little farther on, you would better leave your donkey with me."

Gulam Ali did so. He ran fast and far, and made many inquiries, but saw nothing of his sheep. Discouraged, he returned to the place where he had left his donkey, only to find that both donkey and man had disappeared.

Dazed by his double loss, he started for home. As he neared the gate of the city he saw a man peering into an open well, and weeping bitterly. Misfortune makes us tender-hearted, so Gulam Ali stopped to inquire the cause of the other's grief.

"Ah!" said the man, "I am ruined.

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*Ispahan is noted for its "louties," men who make a living by playing practical jokes.

My master is a great prince of Ispahan. He has recently met with reverses of fortune which obliged him to part with some of his jewels. He entrusted them to me. I was on my way to sell them when just at this place I stumbled, the casket flew from my girdle and fell into this well."

"But why did you not quickly descend and recover the casket?" asked Gulam Ali.

"Because," said the man, "I could not do so without getting dizzy. It would be as much as my life is worth to go down into this well. But if some other man would recover the jewels for me, I would reward him generously." Visions of more money than twenty sheep would bring danced before the eyes of Gulam Ali as he quickly divested himself of his clothing and descended into the well. He searched long and carefully, but found no casket. Neither, on his return to the mouth of the well, did he find his clothing.

Naked, cold and hungry, the poor man crept into the shadow of a ruined wall to wait for nightfall before returning home. At midnight Fatima heard a timid knock at the gate.

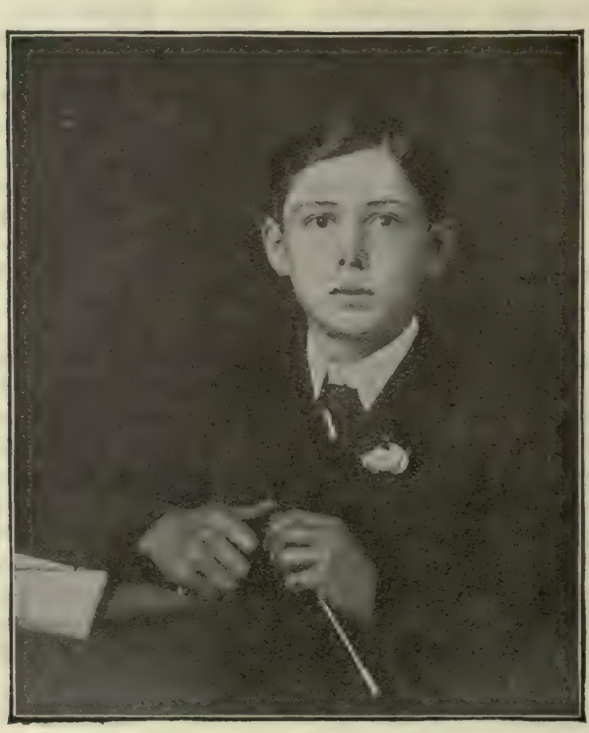
"Who is there?" she demanded.

And the benumbed Gulam Ali meekly replied, "Insha Allah, it is I."

"WE'LL FIGURE THAT OUT" ❧ Photographic Study

By W. G. MANDEVILLE

LOWVILLE, NEW YORK



Very sincerely yours
Rudyard Kipling

RUDYARD KIPLING AT NAULAKHA

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Author of "Islands of Tranquil Delight," "Exits and Entrances," etc.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

IT was a pretty climb up to Brattleboro and the day was passing fair. At the station I looked in vain for Rudyard Kipling, who had bidden me to be his guest at Naulakha. I searched in some anxiety for the young man who was all my fancy painted and more, too, before I had ever laid eyes on him; there was no Rudyard in the flesh within my horizon and I was almost in despair when a good samaritan said softly, "Are you looking for Mr. Kipling? There is his trap." There it was, to be sure, as English as English: a handsomely groomed cob, a smart cart, a smarter British coachman in livery on the high seat and all at my service, if you please.

We scattered H's by the way and were the observed of all observers until we got out of the hilly town and were well on the road to Naulakha.

A pretty land that, gloriously green,

and with hill and dale well wooded and a rushing river that is choked with logs in springtime.

Of course I might have known that a busy author has no time to meet an idle one at a way station—if I had only thought of it in season. I might have known, as well, that the fittest turnout in all Vermont could belong to none other than the gentleman farmer, who was so little understood by his neighbors on the other side of the fence that there came a crisis in his life and adventures, and like the Arab of the uncrowned American laureate, he silently stole away.

Perhaps no one knows just why affairs turned out as they did. Surely he never intruded upon the Brattleboronians, unless it were a small piece of his mind—and that more in sorrow than in anger—when they permitted a tiresome and tireless trolley to profane the most aristocratic and exclusive of their streets in the high and mighty residence quarter. Who that has a free soul would not chafe at such an innovation? Perhaps they gloried in their disgrace after they discovered that it pained the young man's pride in them. At any rate the breech widened and there was no rest for his soul or the sole of his foot until there was another postoffice on the railway map, and a time-table that hung upon the hem of his garment, as it were, down yonder in the lap of his meadows. He had only to wave his hand now and the steam-horse reared on its hind legs and stood panting while it waited for him to mount and alight.

His hail-fellows wanted the impromptu station to be called Kipling, as indeed it should have been, for it was his inspiration and resulted through his individual efforts; but he was too modest to lend his noble name to this mote in the eye of Brattleboro, and so the postoffice is called Wait—only this and nothing more.

As we went bowling over the country road on our way to Naulakha, I thought of the little note in my pocket—so very unlike the notes in other keys that have been attributed to him:—

> NAULAKHA,
> BRATTLEBORO,
> VERMONT,
>
> "JUNE 21, '95.
>
> You have but to let us know about when you are coming; to name the day, when you know it, a week or so in advance; and give us the N. Y. hour of departure of your train from the Grand Central, and welcome shall you be. I mention these homely details at length that when you find you can get away you may not say:— "They don't expect me and my coming suddenly might throw 'em out."
>
> Remember now not to go wandering by up the Massachusetts shore or playing in Beverly Farms or otherwise giving us the slip. I am concerned truly about the Californian business but I cannot say truthfully I shall be so sorry if it brings you here.

How very good all this seemed to me at that moment; I felt almost as if I were "on the road to Mandalay," where "the sun comes up like thunder, out of China 'cross the way."

The road climbed up the hill and dropped into little hollows beyond it. We passed the country school house—how still it was in vacation time—and the comfortable farm house where the Kiplings lived while Naulakha was being built; we threaded musical groves and came out upon a hill-top that was as good as a mountain-height for the great and glorious view that it commanded. Suddenly we turned an airy corner and dashed down the road between a villa and a stable, both trim and handsome and, best of all, very hospitable-looking and home-like.

This was Naulakha!

In the doorway waving a welcome stood Mr. and Mrs. Kipling, radiant with good cheer. The home was an ideal one, the realization of a cherished dream. The house has a wholesome, English air. It is ingeniously planned. The master's Den is upon the lower left above the basement. A door opens upon the verandah in the picture. From the verandah one descends into a terraced enclosure, where every sweet and homely flower was in blossom when I arrived, and where the butterflies and bees were evidently enjoying a garden party. A high wall upon the upper side of the garden shut it off from prying eyes; the road lay just beyond it; the garden sloped to the sunshine and lay open to all the winds of heaven; from its paths one could look upon wide vales and distant hills and bits of wildwood and acres and acres of grain; it was a lovely, restful and inviting view.

Now the art of it all is, and the charm of it, that the Den cannot be approached save through a great living-room, and there was always someone there to head off intruders. Mrs. Kipling was usually the guardian angel of the house. It was not unfrequently her unpleasant duty to refuse admittance to persistent interviewers. They did not, I believe, ever scale the wall, nor enter the garden, otherwise, and so the Den, while it seemed as careless of intrusion as all-out-of-doors, was in reality inviolate. It was my happiness to be ushered at once into the Den and to be offered its freedom so long as I remained a guest at Naulakha.

"You must not mind me," said R. K., wheeling about in his chair at the writing desk; "I shall not mind you. Help yourself to books. When I am not writing I shall chat with you."

That is just what he did. I found the originals of all those booklets he published in India, which are now so rare and bring such extravagant prices. I read while he wrote. From time to time I could hear him humming a little tune to himself and presently he would wheel 'round and read me the couplet he had just written in that rythm. Or perchance it was a bit of prose he read me. He seemed to have no fixed hours for composition but to be in the writing mood at almost any time, or even all the time. I think he was not easily disturbed; that he could write anywhere, at any time; that silence and solitude, and the fine frenzy were not necessary to him. I know he has written some of his ringing lyrics going at the rate of sixty miles an hour on the Limited Express.

NAULAKHA, THE HOME THAT RUDYARD KIPLING BUILT AT BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT

Then why does he so carefully guard himself against intruders? Because intruders are not necessarily interesting; they are apt to be a distraction, if nothing worse; and they rob him of time that is very precious to him. Every little while he would take a turn in the garden; this rested him after a spurt; or, if his spirit flagged a little, he would talk for a while and always delightfully. He never wasted words; whatever he said was said with neatness and dispatch.

Why did the reading public get the impression that he was discourteous and even boorish, especially in the treatment of the interviewer? He did not need the assistance of any interview to make his work known to the world; he, personally, chose not to be known. He felt that if an Englishman's house is his castle, his American home should serve him in the same stead; and that he had the right to privacy even if he were a transient guest at some hotel in town or country.

Here is a brief chapter in the new Calamities of Authors: A blizzard was furiously raging in the Green Mountains. Naulakha was snow-bound; no one thought of ploughing through the mile-long drifts that lay between Kipling and Brattleboro. No one? Yes, someone, just one only, did, and that one a woman. At the height of the storm there was a cry for help at the door of Naulakha. A half-frozen woman, young if not beautiful, was dug out of the buffalo robes in the depths of a livery sleigh and placed within a safe distance of the great fireplace in the living-room. Restoratives were applied; the reviving cup of tea thawed the tears upon her icy cheeks. Icy cheek? I should say so! The Lady of Naulakha was filled with pity, anxiety and surprise. To her questions the stranger answered:— "I have come to interview Rudyard Kipling!"

Then followed the following:—

"But you cannot interview Mr. Kipling."

"I must interview him. I have been sent all the way from New York to interview him for 'The Largest Circulation'; I insist upon interviewing him."

"It is quite impossible. He is engaged upon an important piece of work and shall not be interrupted."

"But I have come all the way from Brattleboro through this awful storm, and I insist upon seeing him."

"If you had telephoned me from Brattleboro, I might have spared you the journey."

"I cannot leave without seeing him!"

Mrs. Kipling touches the button. Enter butler. Mrs. K. to butler—"Johnson, see that this lady's conveyance is at the door at once. Permit me, madam, to escort you to the waiting-room. I am sorry you have had your trouble in vain. Good-day!"

There was no alternative; the journalist departed speechless with rage. In due season a full-page interview with Rudyard Kipling appeared in the Daily represented by the unwelcome visitor, and in it R. K. was made to say everything utterable or unutterable that was calculated to put him in the most unfavorable light before the public. I suppose the moral is that one should welcome one's interviewer with open arms and fill her with milk and honey. Surely this little note could not have been written by a man who is as brusque and bitter as Kipling has by some been thought to be:

> Now I've been wondering where that telegram of mine went to. Your note caught me in the midst of a mid-Summer's whirl and I wired you at a venture to catch you on the hop. "What did an acre of maniachs matter?" [I feared to find him in a crowd at a watering place and abandoned my visit to him.] I am grieved that you came not. Anyhow we could have shunted the bores into a cranberry bog while we confabulated. Your complete, not to say careful, silence heretofore persuaded me that you must have taken a trip to Mars or the moon. Now I rejoice to know you are within hail and trust we see each other in New York sometime before Spring. I think of going there and you may recollect an engagement, too.
>
> The Papers — I'm grateful to 'em — lied about my wife and her accident. It might have been a bad smash, but as it was, nothing happened beyond a mental disturbance — quite bad enough without desperate cables from Europe and consequent explanations. I'm very busy and this must be my excuse for a scratchy note; but, ere I send, get, steal if need-

> ful, Lafcadio Hearn's "Unfamiliar Japan." It's all you feel about the South Seas, but large.

One day when we were talking, Kipling suddenly said to me: "Why don't you write a novel?"

"I have written one," replied I.

"By Jove! I'd like to see it."

"You can if you wish to."

"When?"

"Now!"

"Where is it?"

KIPLING'S BOOKPLATE, DESIGNED BY HIS FATHER

"Upstairs in my room."

"Bring it to me at once!"

I brought it. He opened it upon the desk before him and dipped into it here and there. We sat for some time in silence; he reading and occasionally grunting a little grunt; I, with my heart in my throat, waiting for the verdict. The longer I waited the less hope I had that he might find something in my manuscript worth commending. The story was a story that lay hatching in my brain for twenty years before I put the first word of it on paper. When I at last began it, one Summer at York Harbor during the long vacation, it reeled itself off without effort and the writing of it was a joy. Once finished, I sealed my manuscript without rereading it, resolved that I would forget it for a year. At the end of the year I read a page or two with no visible emotion; sealed it again and returned it to the safety vault for another year of solitary confinement. When it was two years old I had it typewritten and was utterly at a loss as to its worth or unworth. I was on my way to California for the Summer, revisiting the old home after an absence of a dozen years. I resolved to take the story with me and submit it to the judgment of critical friends. On my way to the Pacific coast I swung off the track in order to visit Kipling at Naulakha, and that is why I was able to produce the manuscript on the instant.

I broke the anxious silence by saying:

"I am sure you see nothing in it."

Still turning the leaves, he said:

"My dear fellow, I can't tell you how much I see in it; but—" I had symptoms of heart failure — "it should be written all over again."

The Amateur Novelist is perhaps unduly sensitive. I know that at that moment I felt that if the thing must be rewritten, it was perhaps not worth rewriting; and that in any case I could not possibly rewrite it. I said as much and was laughed at; and then he gave me much judicious criticism, all of which I deeply appreciated, and made suggestions that were enlightening and which kindled a spark of hope within me. For my title, which now strikes me as having been quite idiotic, towit, "So Pleased to Have Met You," he substituted "For the Pleasure of His Company." My alleged hero's name, Paul Westoner, he objected to, and suggested another, which I gladly accepted. His local habitation, Galesborough, indicative of the climatic activity of San Francisco, was pronounced unfit, and for a sub-title Mr. Kipling proposed "An Affair of the Misty City." So the title page is his, and I am very grateful to him for it. I speak of this here because he did not lose interest in the story after I had taken it away with me; but wrote me so freely and fairly and so wisely that I wish to quote from these letters—they being, it seems to me, a kind of school-for-novelists, and throwing much light upon his interesting method of work.

I had returned from California to my Bungalow in Washington, D. C., and announced the fact to my friend. Busy as he was, he yet took time to write me often and such letters as anyone might be proud and happy to receive. Do they not show a vital interest in my poor efforts?

> All right. The trip to California gave you just the shake-up you needed and it would be absurd to expect a man to take in and give out at the same time. Now, *ere the stimulus dies out*, get you to work quietly on that novel. I've paved the way in London and my agent has been writeing to me to know about it, and I've told two or three men who are not likely to forget, I think, that there is a book called "For the Pleasure of His Company" somewhere in the background. I haven't lost my faith in you, for you are only as I am, damned lazy, and I propose to stir you up with a stick from time to time. This is the first warning. Send it along to me *chapter by chapter* and I will pour on your head such insults and outrages as shall make you work ferociously. Remember you've got to do it because you can do it splendidly. Wherefore lament not about coming to naught, but "preserve a cheerful countenance and a good exertion." Let's have the first chapter, typewritten, in one month please.

It was very slow work, for me, undoing in cold blood what I had done in a rush of enthusiasm. I found that my story, what there was of it was like a braid of three strands; I unbraided it and made each strand comparatively independent of the other, like a separate book; in each book the same story was told, but from a different point of view.

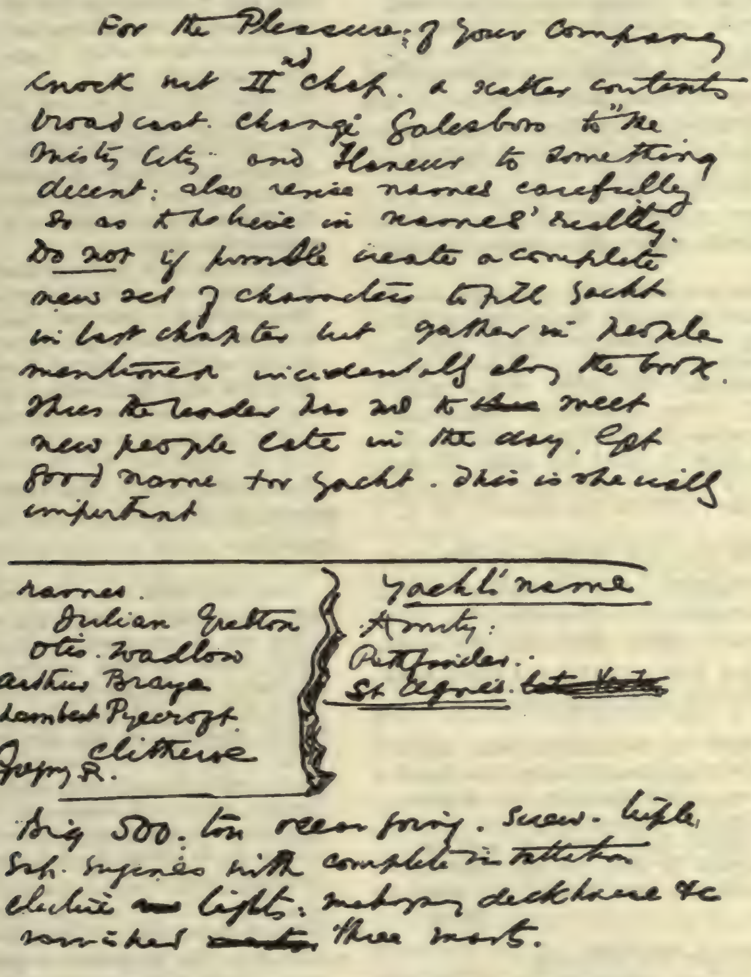
I was writing him with violet ink and in a rather blind hand, so I have been told. He says:

> Do not waste time in analine hieroglyphics, but send along the first chapter and we'll get to business.
>
> There is nothing wrong with Paul Westoner, (my hero's original name), but on the other hand there is nothing catching about it. Here are a few names that may come in handy sometime when you are naming characters. (Twenty names, all uncommon.) All these are fairly good; they are all at your service.
>
> I don't like "So Pleased to Have Met You" for the title of a whole novel. It's too long; but it would do exceedingly well for a chapter heading; why not use it for that and stick—as far as the name of the novel goes—to "For the Pleasure of His Company." R. K.

He suggested a new conclusion to

my tale—a conclusion with a yacht in it. Here are some data he forwarded to aid me:—

FOR THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY. Knock out second chapter and scatter contents broadcast. Change Galesborough to the "The Misty City," and Flaneur to something decent. Also revise names carefully so as to believe in names' reality. Do not, if possible, create a complete new set of characters to fill yacht in last chapter, but gather in people mentioned incidentally all along the book; thus the reader has not to meet new people late in the day. Get good name for yacht. This is especially important. Yacht names—Amity, Pathfinder, St. Agnes—late Ventnor. Names for characters — Julian, Gratton, Otis, Wardlow, Arthur, Braye, Lambert, Pycroft, Gregory R. Clitheroe. Big 500-ton ocean going, screw, triple expansion engines, with complete installation electric lights, mahogany deck house, varnished deck, three masts.



For the Pleasure of your Company

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names.
Julian Gratton
Otis. Wardlow
Arthur Braye
Lambert Pycroft.
Gregory R. Clitheroe

Yacht's name
Amity:
Pathfinder.
St Agnes. ~~late Ventnor~~

Big 500-ton ocean going. Screw. triple Exp. Engines with complete installation electric lights: mahogany deckhouse &c varnished three masts.

KIPLING'S SUGGESTION FOR THE REMODELING OF STODDARD'S NOVEL, "FOR THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY"

Somewhat later he was to visit England and wrote me thus:

Now let us talk Biz. I go across (the sea) I believe, for four or five weeks in

> July, returning at the end of August. Towards the end of September I expect you to ascend these hills joyously with "For the Pleasure of His Company," well and truly type-written, under your left arm. I hope and believe all good things will ensue in due course, but buckle thee down to the tale in the place where it was conceived and be of great good courage; for, as I have said, there is meat and marrow in the yarn.

Probably I should have accomplished nothing without the stimulus of his breezy letters; they filled my sails every time and I took a fresh start, full of new hope and courage.

I was puzzled upon some point and appealed to him. He hastened to reply:

> Your note just in. No, go straight ahead and put in the last chapter and send it along. I think the best title is "For the Pleasure of His Company;" and below, as sub-title, "An Affair of the Misty City." When I get the last chapter and your assurance that you don't want the stuff back to touch up again, I'll see if I can put the machinery in motion. But hurry with the last chapter. R. K.

When my new version of the story was completed I sent it to Mr. Kipling and awaited his criticism with what patience I could. I feared the manuscript had gone astray, for I heard nothing from him until this arrived:—

> Forgive my inexcusable delay in acknowledging your favor, but the Lord sent me a little daughter last Monday and since then things have been somewhat upside down here. As soon as I get settled I'll give you my noble verdict. Glad to hear you like your bungalow. R. K.

Later came the following:

> We've been down to Lakewood and the wife hasn't been well and I've been jogging at the tail end of a yarn to be illustrated. In addition I've been reading your tale many times — about thirty. It's rummy, queer, original, fascinating; and in places damn badly written, but I think something ought to come of it. Now are you willing I should send it over the water to be sold to publishers? If so, kindly let me know if you want the book back for one last polish, title, etc., and what you would take in the way of terms. I can't tell you how attractive the wild thing is. R. K.

Sometime afterward he wrote me thus:

> There is no accounting for publishers. One firm I've tried the tale on kick because the thing lacks form and cohesion. That is a matter which, it seems to me, you could easily give it. Now if I send the typed copy back so soon as it returns won't you go over it again and whack it into more connected shape for the base needs of the market? I haven't tried it in England yet, but this experiment in the American market shows us, I think, what buyers want.
>
> Don't you be in any way discouraged. It's merely a question of making the thing more of a story with less description, and that you ought to be able to do in a month. It may put the check on, but it will be, I think, only a temporary one and we must have horses shot under us if we expect to go anywhere.

Doubtless I felt disheartened and showed it in my letter to him. He replied:—

> Your last letter was a sad one — and truly I am nearly as sad as you are; but I beg you to reconsider your first decision about throwing up the sponge, and tackle the job anew. The man who wrote "South Sea Idyls" could write nearly anything he put his mind to. Take a big pull on yourself and solemnly walk through the novel anew. There's heaps and heaps in it, as I have always maintained: the only thing needed is to throw it into somewhat closer-knit shape. R. K.

That I never did. I felt that I could not do it. The book was a part of myself; my very being, and, as I cannot alter myself, I could not alter the book. He had done what he could for it and for me; doubtless he believed in me, and hoped that I might better the book and make a success of it. I laid it aside and endeavored to forget it, but it would not go out of my mind; there is so much of me in it that I felt obsessed so long as it lay unpublished.

To save myself, to have the path cleared before me so that I might be free to do something else, I gave it to Robertson of San Francisco, and he brought it out in a pretty volume that excited some diversity of opinion among the critics, and this is perhaps the pleasantest and most profitable fate that can befall an author.

Before we met I wrote and asked Kipling if he had a copy of "South Sea Idyls," and, if not, might I have the pleasure of sending him one. He replied:—

> I've heard and seen much of "South Sea Idyls" and a copy from the author is a gift indeed. This summer I missed —for the second time—taking a trip through that fairyland. Now I'll be dedependent on your eyes and will probably have a better time than if I'd plowed the South Pacific in a schooner to Apia.

I was glad of the privilege of sending him the "Idyls," and waited rather anxiously to hear if they had succeeded in interesting one to whom the world is his oyster. The answer came:—

> Your book has come, been read and read aloud. I don't think it was quite kind of you to send it. I'm settled down for a New England winter in a gray land, among an austere people, two hundred miles away from the blue water, and
>
> *Here you come with your old music* and give me as bad an attack of *go-fever* as I've had for a long time past. The mischief of it is that this time last year I was wandering around Auckland way and missed my steamer to those Islands of the Blessed. I had got over the disappointment but you've stirred me up again. It's too bad. You should keep vour Orient liquor for sober-headed folk instead of making a poor fellow who has "drunk delight of travel" to the lees hanker after fresh draughts.
>
> Go to! Your book is highly improper, and I doubt not immoral.
>
> What has the Hula-hula—or the John Kino, for the matter of that—to do with New England? There are no such things as cocoa-nut palms in the world, and the *lomi-lomi*—which we call *molish* in India—is a pure invention. A land where people do nothing, if such a land there be, is clearly a wicked land, and it is sinful beyond telling that a man should wear no clothes. Therefore you will see it follows that the South Seas never existed; and if they did, or do exist, I for one daren't believe in them just now. You have broken the peace of an ordered household and set two folks who are gypsies by birth or inheritance longing to take ship again and GET OUT.
>
> In return please to accept as an example my sober and continent verses ["Barrack Room Ballads"] which have nothing to do with roving and roystering or racketing on far-away beaches.
>
> Yours hungrily, admiringly and upsettedly, RUDYARD KIPLING.

It is thus the fond author casts his bread, even though it be but a crust, upon the waters, and it sometimes returns to him not water-logged, but spread thick with honey.

In the book of "Barrack Room Ballads" he sent me I find these lines quoted upon the title-page:—

"I ploughed the land with Horses
But my Heart was ill at ease
For the old sea-faring men
Came to me now and then
With their Sagas of the Seas."

That Kipling dearly loved Naulakha goes without saying. It was a house builded to his taste and planted upon a height of his own choosing. Together we climbed the wooded slopes about the place—he and she and I, and sometimes the delightfully old-fashioned little daughter, his eldest, who died unknown to him while he, himself, lay at death's door and all the world was hoping and praying for his recovery; we lay among the tall grass and talked and dreamed and schemed, with that glorious Summer sky above us and the

"Sunshine on the hills asleep."

I was piloted through the house by host and hostess, and perhaps the happiest hour of all was that we passed in quite the most delightful attic it was ever my privilege to explore. It was the whole top of the house, lit by sunny gable-windows, and had a certain gothic atmosphere that added a romantic charm. Many odds and ends were there, though the house was not an old one, but the object that first caught my eye and caused me to return to it again and again, as if the spell of its fascination were not to be resisted, was an old desk, black with age and no doubt rheumatic in every joint. Its lid was a solid panel but curved in the fashion of a roll-top desk. Across the length of it, cut deep in large letters such as schoolboys love to carve, was this legend:

OFT WAS I WEARY WHEN I TOILED AT THEE

So sang the galley-slave in a faultless verse; and so, in the hour of triumph, Rudyard Kipling graved upon the cover of the desk at which he won his fame.

He went to London a stranger from India; alone, unknown, discouraged, miserably ill; it was the brother of his bride-to-be who found and nourished his fainting spirit. Perhaps there never was a more beautiful fellowship than theirs, or a sadder one, for young Wolcott Ballestier, Jr., who wrote with him that admirable picture of life in the far East and far West, "Naulakha," died all too soon.

It was with real regret that I turned away from that Bungalow—it is built on the East Indian plan—and the Bungalow life we led there together for a few days. They said to me when I arrived, "You are not to dress for dinner—unless you prefer to. You must not mind if we do; we have to in order to retain the respect of our British-bred servants." And then Kipling, under his breath, "I wish I needn't!"

They went abroad presently; they were always going or coming, having, as he said, "the go-fever." Bye and bye came a letter from England, the last I shall take the liberty of quoting.

Is it not the letter of one in perfect health and spirits and whose heart is in the right place?

ARUNDEL HOUSE,
TISBURY,
WILTS, ENGLAND.

I rejoice to see your hand-writing again, *but* the company that have defaced and defiled the make-up of your book [" Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes "] should be killed by slow fires and fishbones and things. Knowing what manner of stuff would be inside it the flagrant covers made me very wroth. I have stripped off the hide and am sending the carcass in to a man I know on the P. M. G. (Pall Mall Gazette) to see if he doesn't like it too. Yes, it's a very tropic of colour and fragrance. Much do I wish, too, that you were here. Our wet and slobbering spring has suddenly taken a brace and the last three whole days have been really warm — even hot in places; with a faint blue-gray sky and the hay smelling like all England since the Conquest. My stays in England had been so short that I find I know very little of my own country outside London, and it's very amusing to go about.

We had an excursion the other day as wild as anything in a dream. Went down seaward through a flat and fatted country and suddenly found ourselves in the middle of Macbeth's blasted heath, half heather, half burned grass, with a low mist rolling in from the sea and an enchanted castle bobbing in and out of the haze and, somewhere out to the seaward, H. M. S. *Thunderer*, creeping to and fro and firing titanic guns.

England's a fine land, if she would only stop raining thrice a week. The wet and the damp make me want to be back in Vermont. When shall we see you in that place?

Alas! Never again, for it has passed into other hands.

A COMEDY OF MASKS

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

Author of "The Law of Life" and "The Port of Storms"
NEW YORK CITY

(Publication of this story was begun in January)

X

DURING these days Sir Henry was facing a fact which every hour of his association with Justin now seemed to make clearer. As one theory after another was ruled out, he knew at last that his friend was not only his rival, but his preferred rival. The inexplicable element remained the engagement of Margaret.

Yet even this might be understood by the light of certain supposition; Justin might be bound to the girl by some tie of honor which for him took the place of affection or interest. The very fact that he had once been engaged to her might have weight with his scrupulous nature, even though no love existed between them. This being the case, the only hope for Diana was the breaking down of a tie of honor—and to that he knew that neither she nor Justin would consent.

Sir Henry was not as a rule suspicious of others, being of too generous a nature himself to imagine meanness, but the fact was slowly penetrating his consciousness that Margaret's flirtation with the banker on shipboard was the result of something more than carelessness in the distributing of emotional favors—was a proof, indeed, that she was playing a double game for interests of her own.

The exposure of the game of a shifty woman was beneath a man's dignity, unless, indeed, the happiness of others could be thereby assured. Sir Henry made up his mind that he would not hesitate to expose Margaret's double-dealing, if he were quite sure of Justin's devotion to Diana, but he must first be quite sure.

He set small, uncomplicated Anglican traps for his friend, the best he could do, being, with all his scholarship, not over-keen or quick—at least not keen and quick in the American way; but Justin would not, or rather did not, walk into them. Neither by word nor look did he betray himself, going on grimly with whatever work or play was in hand, and answering no questions, spoken or unspoken.

The two men spent as much time out of doors together as Justin could spare from his work. Sir Henry was an enthusiastic golf player, a good shot, a patient fisherman and a fine sailor, but, as his companion loved the water, their chief amusement was maneuvering in the Narrows and in the lower bay with a sailboat of saucy dimensions and erratic disposition which bore the not inappropriate name of "The White Devil." This boat had been the terror of Margaret in the early days of her engagement, when she regarded it as a rival, who, with the aid of a wandering squall, might at any moment destroy her chances of an establishment, by tipping Justin into the bay after quite devilishly entangling him beyond rescue in the rigging.

The White Devil had done missionary work since its owner's return, by carrying him time and again, his depression, his revolt, his melancholy, his bitter anger against himself and life, far out toward the great blue ocean, and bringing back a lighter cargo—the peace which sky and sea inevitably give. But in performing the first part of this office, the White Devil often thrilled to the nervous, reckless movements of her guide. Justin's audacity, born of suffering, added to the boat's own capricious nature, gave to these trips an element of danger which sometimes interfered with Sir Henry's enjoyment, for he was too true a sportsman to take unnecessary risks. But he said nothing, only wondering how long the gods would ignore the challenge, and he resolved that when that time-limit was expired, he would be there also to receive his share of celestial attention. By no contriving could Justin go on these remedial trips alone. The saucy lady bore two to the sea, though apparently with every intention of getting rid of both.

On a warm afternoon in October, when the heavy haze over the horizon held thunder, they took the White Devil at her wharf on the East river and made as usual, though slowly, for there was little wind, for the lower bay. Sir Henry observing his companion closely saw that the black mood was on him; expressed, indeed, only in his impatient management of the boat, but still a cargo not to be lost, until the great sea beckoned.

The baronet smoked and steered in perfect silence, now and again turning his head to look at the receding skyscrapers, a vast, picturesque pile of buildings dreamlike in the October haze.

Soon the Statue was behind them, and out of the mist, Staten Island emerged, with its copper tints of Autumn and its low, rolling hills.

Justin was managing the sail cleverly, making every inch of canvas tell; and they went on peacefully enough, down the Narrows and toward the lower bay.

But the water was too smooth, the speed too slow and even, for Justin's impatience, and he saw with rejoicing the sun go under and into a bank of thunder cloud which threatened to bring both wind and rain.

"Shall we turn back?" said Sir Henry, but his tone was indifferent.

"When the fun's just beginning! Not a bit of it. We'll go down to the bay like greased lightning, if the wind ever gets out of that cloud."

The baronet smiled, as he flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"I wouldn't give the White Devil a chance to prove her name if I were you: she's the trickiest boat I ever sailed in; all speed and caprice. She'll be your undoing some day."

"Death by drowning is a simple way out."

"Death solves no problems," said Sir Henry. "You're too brave to be reckless; take a reef in that sail."

"Time enough yet," Justin said, glancing at the sky which was now almost entirely overcast, except for a narrow strip on the eastern horizon which let in a greenish glare of light, reflected on every sail on the dark waters. In this strange radiance which seemed that of some unnatural day, the objects on shore stood out with intense distinctness. Over everything was the hush that precedes the sweep of a great wind. Warm land odors mingled with the scent of the sea.

The green-black of the waters behind them was now flecked with white. The storm riding down from the Orange mountains was sweeping toward them with incredible rapidity. Boats were scampering in all directions to little harbors on the Long Island and Staten Island shores. Justin now began to take a reef in the sail.

"Make for shore," Sir Henry shouted.

"We'll ride out to sea on the blast—she won't touch water—she'll fly," Justin shouted back, a strange exultation in his manner.

"No, we'll not ride out to sea," cried Sir Henry, but his hand on the tiller was unavailing. The wind, catching the White Devil like a belated bird, seemed to lift her clear into the air—fly she did, almost a sentient thing in that whirl of wind and storm, as if the roar of the ocean called her.

They swept on, keeping somehow a direct course. Justin's face was white against the green gloom lit from time to time with vivid flashes of lightning. Orders were shouted across the tumult, though they could do little now but pray that no cross wind would complicate a situation growing every minute more perilous. Justin was realizing that his selfish, devil-may-care mood had deliberately brought his friend into grave danger.

Exactly what did happen they were never able afterwards to tell; but there was a sudden rush and roar, a horrible lurch of the boat, and then they were both struggling in the water with the capsized White Devil dragging her sail thirty feet from them, and the distance growing every moment wider.

Sir Henry came first to the surface, and as Justin rose he saw that the young man was unconscious and bleeding from a cut on the forehead. In two or three strokes he reached him, and, putting an arm about him, struck out for the Long Island shore.

He was a strong swimmer, but the tide was going out, and wind and wave were against him.

Burdened as he was, his surest hope was their rescue by possible witnesses of the accident. To reach the boat, driving to sea as fast as the hurricane could send it, was out of the question.

His greatest difficulty was keeping the unconscious Justin's head above the sweeping, swirling water; but in the middle of the battle, the young man opened his eyes, saw the situation, and tried feebly to strike out for himself.

"Stop that!" Sir Henry yelled, "or I'll knock you senseless again. I can manage if you don't struggle."

"Let me drop. You can't make it with me."

The ruling passion was strong in Sir Henry, even in the face of death. Now or never, he could know the truth. He would give up his own life before deserting Justin, but by strategy he could obtain the vital knowledge.

"Dead or alive, you have the advantage of me," he shouted, "but if I have to make it alone, have you a message for Diana?"

"Hers in hell or heaven! Now drop me and strike out!"

Sir Henry's grasp on him tightened.

"Drop you! when you have answered me! I'll not drop you for death or hell."

Only the winds and waves heard the strongest language that the gentle baronet had ever used. Justin was again unconscious.

An hour later he was stretched upon a bed in a hotel on the Staten Island shore whither rescuers had taken him and Sir Henry, who was himself unconscious when pulled into the boat, but whose grip on Justin had never loosened. He was the first to revive, and aided in applying remedies to his friend. These for some time seemed fruitless, but at last Justin opened his eyes.

"Is Diana safe?" he asked in the voice of a dreamer.

"Quite safe," Sir Henry said, bending over him.

On the evening of the next day the two men were seated in the library of Justin's suite of rooms. They had dined at a neighboring cafe and were now back for a quiet smoke together. Night had come on with a chilly rain, which made the wood-fire on the hearth comforting and cheerful.

For a while they sat in silence, each absorbed in his thoughts. Sir Henry's were of Diana, and of a message which he had received from her that morning: only the words "I thank you," but they were the last confirmation of his hopelessness, and of another's beatitude. To be loved by her, even though forever separated from her, was a great destiny.

That Justin's thoughts were also of her he knew. The time appeared ripe for the explanation, which he would demand as his only reward for his service of yesterday. What that service meant to Justin he could read in his friend's face turned continually to him in an ardor of unspoken gratitude. They who really love have little wish to die, though they may seek to heal their wounds by coquetries with death.

Sir Henry broke the silence.

"If you had been drowned yesterday, and I saved, I should have taken a message to Miss Mainwaring."

Justin put his hand to the cut on his forehead. It was a gesture he had frequently repeated since the accident, as if the whole event, being dream-like to him, he wished to prove its reality.

"That is not a possible supposition. If I had been drowned you would have been drowned, too. My arm and shoulder are black from your grip."

"We will suppose it, nevertheless; why could you not long ago have let me know in some way what it took an event like yesterday's to divulge."

"What would have been the use, Sir Henry? I am only a discarded suitor: and—and I have other reasons for not entering into rivalry with you."

"These are?"

"One includes all others. I am engaged to Margaret Bentley."

"In heaven's name, why!"

"Why is a man usually engaged to a woman?" Justin said wearily.

"Pardon me if I say your implication contains a falsehood. Whatever your motives the chief and usual one does not exist."

Justin smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"The chief motive may be absent, the fact remains."

"Of your engagement? Why will you ruin two lives?"

"My own counts little. As for Miss Bentley, I think I can say, at least, that she will not be miserable through me."

"I was not speaking of Miss Bentley."

"Of whom then?"

"Of Diana Mainwaring."

"What right have you to suppose that Miss Mainwaring is in any way affected by my engagement to Miss Bentley?"

"I believe that she loves you."

Justin smiled.

"It is a wonderful theory: one to make a man quite delirious with joy, should he dwell on it; but even supposing it true, by some wild freak of the imagination, what would be the difference? I am, in honor, bound to Miss Bentley. On the ground of honor, nothing further need be said to you, Sir Henry."

The baronet was silent.

"As for Miss Mainwaring: she, herself, dismissed me long ago."

"But the message you sent."

"The message stands."

Sir Henry made no further comment. The task before him seemed hopeless, but he had resolved to apply the last theory left to him.

Why he should wish to apply it he did not himself wholly understand. The jealousy that haunted his heart was constantly at war with his nobler love of Diana, leading him to desire above everything her happiness. One of his boyish ideals had been that love implies obligation — the obligation of increasing service so long as that service can aid the person loved. The ideal conceived over an old volume of "Morte D'Arthur," born in a dream-hour on some golden afternoon, like a flower that opens to soft winds: this ideal was come back, as is the nature of ideals—stern judges of the parent soul—to demand its life and its fulfillment through pain and sacrifice. Sir Henry had been trained to translate emotion into principle and principle into action. He accepted now the full responsibility of his training.

⁂

Margaret and Hartley had been for a walk together—an unusual event made possible by Mrs. Craig's absence for the day. In honor of it she wore the great diamond, which was exercising a power over her that threatened the existence even of her secret scheming for Justin's discomfiture; a power reinforced by Hartley's growing impatience.

"I have never been loved like this," she said to him, as they came back from the gardens, and she spoke truthfully. Justin's wooing had been more of pity than of ardor, though at the time he was not conscious that the coin he proffered was counterfeit.

"Ah, but you don't allow me to show all I feel," the little banker replied in a patient yet pleading voice. "I want to show not only you, but the world what I feel for you, Margaret."

She nodded approbation.

"You've been very good to protect me by this waiting. I really think you are a very self-sacrificing man, Philip. It means much to me, after being bound to a totally selfish one."

"Morris and Sir Henry had a narrow escape the other day."

"Yes, I read about it," Margaret said indifferently.

"I wonder why Sir Henry stays on?"

"He means to marry Miss Mainwaring, I suppose."

"Well, I wish him joy of her," the banker replied, gazing with admiration at Margaret. "I would as soon marry a witch."

"The witch is turned saint," she said with a sneer. "But I guess it won't last."

"She'd flirt with the sisters, rather than not flirt at all, — or with the Bishop."

"How could any woman care for him!" Margaret exclaimed.

"The Bishop's a good man; a very good man," Hartley said, "but I think she draws the wool over his eyes, too."

"Thank heaven our eyesight is clear —you're not going," she added, as the banker pulled out his watch.

"I'll have to start, my dearest, if I want to catch the 4:30. Now give me a good kiss—you aren't letting me go without a kiss?"

"O, you dear old tyrant—there! Does that satisfy you? Write tonight, won't you?"

"Do you really love me, little girl?"

"Love you!" Margaret sighed and gazed down at her diamond.

"You shall have a peck of those—if you like 'em. Look at me, dear. That's a good girl. Now kiss me again."

In another moment he was gone, his little fat legs carrying him off with incredible rapidity, as a baby's do. At the entrance of the gate he met the Bishop, evidently just coming from the train. The two shook hands cordially, though Hartley's manner was embarrassed.

"You have just left Mrs. Craig, I suppose," said the Bishop. "She's not expecting me. I ran out on a little matter of business."

"Mrs. Craig is — ah — Mrs. Craig seems not to be at home. I also came out unexpectedly on a — a little matter of business. Better turn back with me, Bishop."

"No, I think I'll wait for her. She will probably return for dinner. Miss Margaret is at home?"

The banker turned a fiery red.

"Yes—I believe she is—that is, I saw her a moment."

"Thank you; you'll have to hurry if it's the 4:30," the Bishop interrupted with a smile.

The banker, with a sigh of relief, started off; the Bishop entered the gardens, but did not walk toward the house. He had no desire to draw forth Margaret's somewhat prim and nervous expressions of hospitality.

He paced the flower-bordered paths, his head bowed in thought. That Hartley had come out purposely to see Margaret in the absence of Mrs. Craig, he had not the slightest doubt, nor had the girl's double game ever deceived him.

His only problem was how to bring her to acknowledge her engagement with the banker. The Bishop rarely interfered with the course of events, so implicit was his belief in the ultimate triumph of the good. Though understanding the situation almost from the first, he had quietly waited for the tangle to unsnarl itself, but now the time seemed ripe for the finger touch. He was determined that he would force Margaret to acknowledge her engagement before many days. Two lives should not be ruined because of the caprice of a jealous and revengeful woman. The Bishop, as a shepherd of souls, always rejoiced in the mating of those whose union promised to be another bulwark in that urbs beata toward the building of which so many generations had contributed of their highest wisdom, their fairest love. Such acceptable spirits as Diana's and Justin's: acceptable through what they aspired to be, rather than what they were, must not be deprived of their heritage of service. Married lovers were the very salt of society. To bring these two together was a duty.

The Bishop mused and planned, but discarded device after device as unsuitable. His wandering through the garden brought him at last to that portion of it where Hartley had parted from Margaret. The girl was seated on a stone bench, with her back to the Bishop, in an attitude of deep thought.

The October wind was chill, but she was evidently more concerned with the bright sunshine, for as he stood looking at her, and wondering if he should address her, she raised her left hand, turning it from side to side that she might watch the flashes of a superb diamond. Even at the distance he was from her, the Bishop could see that the stone was of unusual size and quality; her very back was entranced.

The sight of the great diamond at once presented a solution. The Bishop turned quickly and quietly away, the corners of his mouth twitching.

He had not gone very far when he met Sir Henry Marchmont; the baronet had just come over from the station.

"Mrs. Craig is missing all her friends today," the Bishop said, as he extended his hand. "Mr. Hartley left not a half hour ago. Why didn't you telephone for the cart?"

"I preferred to walk over," Sir Henry said. There was a solemnity in his manner which indicated that he was come on an errand of importance.

"I wanted to see Mrs. Craig very much, but I am delighted to find you here, Bishop. What I am come for, indeed, is perhaps better submitted to you, a priest, than to any other person."

The Bishop looked at him with friendly, inquiring eyes, but made no comment.

"I have rarely, I may say never, meddled with the private affairs of others, knowing how I would myself resent interference; but sometimes peculiar and extraordinary circumstances alter cases. I wish to speak to you of the engagement between Justin Morris and Miss Bentley."

The Bishop nodded assent, but still said nothing.

"My own suit is hopeless," Sir Henry said in a low voice, "but I have—I have Miss Mainwaring's happiness at heart. I believe, in fact I have almost certain knowledge, that she and Mr. Morris are deeply attached to each other—that they would marry were he free. An inexplicable engagement exists between him and Miss Bentley. Can you give me an explanation of it? Can you tell me if it is an irrevocable bond?"

"Come and sit down," said the Bishop, leading the way to a sheltered bench. "The bond is irrevocable, of course, so far as anything Justin Morris would do. Miss Bentley might be prevailed upon to break it,"—again his lips twitched—"if a strong enough inducement were offered her."

"Ah, but what inducement?"

"I would say any other suitor," said the Bishop, smiling.

For some moments Sir Henry was absorbed in his thoughts. The solemn look upon his face deepened.

"Bishop, I wish to make a revelation which may aid matters — to make it under the seal of your office, so to speak. On shipboard, one night, I stumbled across Mr. Hartley and Miss Bentley. They were — well, in a few words, they were embracing."

"You amaze me!" said the Bishop, but his eyes twinkled.

"The matter may have had no significance beyond a shipboard flirtation. On the other hand if we are looking for a suitor—"

The Bishop laughed.

"We have one at hand? Pardon me, Sir Henry, for my apparent levity and believe me that I appreciate your interest in a situation which long ago seemed to me an impossible one."

"I thought that so keen a man as yourself had probably not been unobservant of this curious complication. I felt in duty bound, therefore, to tell you of an incident which might be of use in straightening matters out."

"I appreciate your confidence, Sir Henry. May I give you in return a partial one? I have this afternoon stumbled upon some knowledge which I may be able to bring soon to the light. In that case the happiness of the two in whom we are most interested would, in all probability, be assured."

A look of pain came into Sir Henry's face; he turned his head away. His deep blue eyes gazed far beyond the scene before him.

"May I also express my appreciation," the Bishop said gently, "of this service you are rendering?"

"No service," the baronet interrupted curtly; "common humanity."

"Which is sometimes as uncommon as common sense. You saved Justin's life the other day. It would appear that you are saving it again."

"He is nothing to me," the baronet said shortly. "I mean in this relation —as a friend I admire him; but had I any chance, I would not spare him. It is for her."

The Bishop smiled.

"Your ancestors were at Arthur's court. Well! I will myself do all I can to insure her happiness. Will you aid me to this extent, that if Justin should be invited here soon you will urge him to come; will insist upon his coming?"

"I will do so."

"Thank you. I believe the matter will be concluded to the happiness of these two people; perhaps of two others."

"One woman doesn't deserve happiness, Bishop, if our theories are correct."

"Her happiness is, I think, in gems," the Bishop said musingly; "she doesn't deserve love, I admit, but we need not begrudge her a diamond. It is not a great destiny — the contemplation of a diamond."

He smiled again, and Sir Henry, heavy-hearted as he felt, answered the smile. Few could resist the Bishop's winning manner.

Sir Henry did not wait to see Mrs. Craig, seeming impatient to be gone, now that his errand was accomplished; so it came to pass that only herself and Margaret and the Bishop dined together. After the meal, Margaret, whose ring-finger was again bare, excused herself and went to her room to write letters.

Alone with his cousin in the library, the Bishop sat for a time reading. Mrs. Craig also read, but Diana's face came between her and the page. The memory of that last interview haunted her; mingled with the memory of another conversation when she had been, as she realized now, unjust and harsh to the woman she loved above all the women she had ever known.

The Bishop put his book down at last.

"Dear cousin, I have a favor to ask of you. I want you to do something for me."

Mrs. Craig's face lightened.

"How glad I am to hear you say that! You have asked so little of me these last months; making me feel my usefulness is over. I've been very jealous of your independence."

"Which existed only in your thought. You know how much I depend on your services."

"They're small enough. What is it you wish me to do? Is it the Girls' Friendly, or a missionary box, or a set of altar hangings, or a curate's new baby?"

"None of these things."

"What then?"

"I want you to give me a party."

"Give you a party!"

"Yes, a party," said the Bishop dreamily; "I am over fifty years of age, and no one ever gave me a party. My little sisters had one once, but I was spanked and put to bed for a premature consumption of cake. Now I wish you to give me one."

Mrs. Craig laughed.

"But what kind, your reverence? Curates or the curates' children — or fresh-air children, though it's late for them."

"Grown-ups," said the Bishop.

"What kind?"

"Your kind, the unlabelled kind — just nice people — your friends, you know." The Bishop nodded confidentially.

"Shall I enclose your card—say the party is for you?"

"No, you needn't say it's my party; but I haven't told you yet the particular sort of a party I want. It's to be a masked ball."

"Well, my dear, you are getting worldly!" Mrs. Craig exclaimed, not knowing if she could take him seriously.

"I have not exhausted this world, nor yet learned all my lessons from it. I want the guests to come in dominos and masks, or in fancy dress. I wish you to ask Justin and Sir Henry, and the Gaylords, and here are a few other names, mostly of the people in the neighborhood."

She took the list and glanced down at it.

"Why have you headed it with Mrs. Feverel?"

"I have a curiosity to see her jewels, and you have never had us here at the same time."

"What has gotten into you, Bishop?"

"A deep interest in masks," he answered, smiling; nor would he explain his intentions further.

Mrs. Craig wondered but obeyed. She had learned from long experience that even the Bishop's jests fitted in with his ample plans of life, his deep spiritual perspectives. To him no phase of man's existence was insignificant, trivial or hostile. Of his flock he demanded not their moments of religious emotion only, but the whole of their days grave or gay. That he should desire her to give a masked ball, whimsical as it seemed on the face of it, was the outcome, no doubt, of some reasonable design. She resolved that this party should be altogether a success. In compliment to him, its originator, she would tax all her resources of imagination to make of it, not a mere function in a conventional setting, but a beautiful spectacle, a fairy play. The great house and the lovely gardens, lovely even in late October, would be a picturesque background for a ball of masks.

Her invitations out, she devoted her days to plans of decoration, into which the elements of the unusual and the bizarre entered largely. It was to be an evening of surprises; of bewitching music that might serve as an accompaniment to strange adventures; of misleading lights, intoxicating perfumes and harlequin colors skilfully blended.

Margaret entered with enthusiasm into these designs. Possessing a good deal of executive ability, her aid during these days of preparation was really valuable. She herself was to impersonate a morning-glory, and her delight over the pink silk ruffles of her full short skirt, over her high peaked hat and long, gold wand wound with pink ribbons was that of a child with new toys.

The Bishop came often these days; and though Margaret was unconscious of it, he watched her closely, as if waiting the psychological moment for the sowing of a certain seed.

Margaret, on her part, had never found him so entertaining. The conversation turned on gems one evening at dinner. He had spoken at length on the subject, exhibiting a knowledge of precious stones, their values, qualities and peculiar dispositions that caused the girl to open her eyes in wonder. He explained to her, also, their ecclesiastical significance and why certain stones could be set into sacred vessels and ornaments, while others were debarred.

The next night the subject was renewed.

"You say Mrs. Feverel has accepted your invitation, Ursula?" the Bishop asked. "I hope she will wear some of her famous jewels. You may have heard," he added, turning to Margaret, "that she possesses a diamond of unusual size and beauty."

Margaret straightened up and caught her breath, as if to smother an impulsive word that had leaped to her lips.

"I have always wondered," Mrs. Craig said, "why she does not wear it as a pendant. It would be in better taste."

"How does she wear it?" Margaret asked.

"On a ring. You will see it no doubt on the night of the ball. She saves it for big occasions, when its supremacy can be actually proved."

Margaret moved uneasily in her seat, then straightened up again with a curious air of impregnable pride.

The Bishop sipped his coffee and launched into a little history of the famous diamonds of the world.

⁂

Justin and Sir Henry sent acceptances. Justin wrote to Mrs. Craig to know if a simple domino and mask could be worn in lieu of fancy dress. Under the conventional wording of the note she divined his indifference to the affair; part and parcel, it seemed to her, of his indifference to Margaret, the fact of which had stared her in the face ever since their return home. Sub-consciously, she knew more concerning the situation than she would consciously admit to herself. Such a recognition would be futile, since nothing could be done, but she knew now that she was the victim of her own chess playing.

On the night before the ball the Bishop sent a note to Diana, asking her to be prepared for a possible call from him next evening, but saying nothing of its object.

Margaret dressed early, that she might take a final survey of the rooms before the guests began to arrive. Standing before her mirror, she felt a thrill of satisfaction. The gown was lovely, pink and soft, and beruffled enough to give her the look of a morning-glory, without the interpretation of the artificial wreath about her shoulders. But her cup of complacency was not quite full. To possess the biggest diamond, she was sure, of all the guests, yet to be forced to let another bear off that honor, was almost an eclipse of the joy of the evening.

Why not wear it just on this occasion; hidden behind her pink satin mask, her personality merged in a flower-like gown, in the antic humors of a night of unreality, of disguises and double roles, she could easily escape the charges which the wearing of such a ring would, on any ordinary occasion, bring upon her. She must compare it with Mrs. Feverel's, though the test was almost a questioning of the superlative nature of Hartley's love.

Since she had known that he was to appear as Sir Walter Raleigh, she was doubly grateful that the engagement was still secret. She had no wish to be made ridiculous. The vision of an Elizabethan ruff about the banker's fat neck made her hesitate now as to the wisdom of wearing his diamond.

But the thought of Mrs. Feverel's jewel decided the question. She took the ring from its case and slipped it on her slender finger.

An hour later, the great rooms presented a picture so bizarre, yet withal so beautiful, that the Bishop, looking on, could only parallel it by his memories of a long-ago carnival in Venice. Against a background of pale gold walls, richly relieved here and there by banks of crimson roses, the actors in this drama of an evening moved rhythmically to music now wild and haunting, now deliriously gay, now sweet as an old ballad. Outside, in the gardens, colored lights loomed like flowers, their soft radiance mingling with the light of a big, gold moon.

The Bishop soon discovered the tall figures of Sir Henry and Justin in the throng, conspicuous not only by their height, but because of their plain black dominos, the majority of the company being in fancy dress.

When he made sure that Justin was present, he looked around for Margaret, almost perfectly confident of what he would see on her finger.

When he discovered her, she was standing near Mrs. Feverel, who, as an ice maiden, was glittering from head to foot with diamonds. On her finger she wore the most famous of her gems.

The Bishop came quietly up behind Margaret and looked over her shoulder. On the girl's hand shone the great diamond, which he had last seen catching the rays of the setting sun.

He did not hesitate an instant.

"My child," he said, "I wish to congratulate you on your engagement with Philip Hartley."

She wheeled around sharply, her eyes through her mask keen, piercing, hostile.

"I do not understand you, Bishop," she said in a voice which held all her latent antagonism to the churchman.

"Step into this conservatory a moment." His tone was commanding, and despite her reluctance she had to obey.

"Did you say you did not understand me?"

"Those were my words."

"I will make myself quite clear, then. You are to go at once to Mrs. Craig, and tell her of your engagement to Philip Hartley. If you do not go, I will."

His voice was firm and quiet.

"What right have you—" she began shrilly, but the Bishop's steady gaze was disconcerting.

"The right of my office to uncover a wrong, to remedy an injustice. You have for weeks been playing a double role. The diamond on your finger was scarcely needed as witness, though it makes assurance sure. The players will tonight unmask. When you take that bit of satin from your forehead, you must take also a lie from your soul."

"These are hard words," she said with a hysterical catch in her voice.

"You have been acting a lie for weeks, that you might ruin the happiness of two people. You have deceived a worthy man who sincerely loves you for an ignoble purpose of your own. I require you to end this deception tonight. You will go at once to Mrs. Craig."

"I will not," she said stubbornly, her hatred in her eyes.

"Then I will go at once to Philip Hartley."

She grew pale beneath her mask, knowing that the Bishop would be as good as his word.

"You don't know my reasons for concealing this engagement," she said in a resentful voice, "and of course you take an uncharitable view of the matter. It is the prerogative of the clergy, I believe."

He smiled.

"I will conduct you to Mrs. Craig."

The girl was trembling with anger, but she followed him. If he should tell Hartley, the little man would surely require of her the diamond. Part with it she could not.

They found Mrs. Craig welcoming a few late guests. He led Margaret to her.

"Ursula, Miss Bentley has come to you to announce her engagement to Philip Hartley."

Mrs. Craig looked from one to the other in astonishment.

"Margaret, is this true?"

"It is true," the girl answered with stiff lips.

Before Mrs. Craig had time to speak, the Bishop interrupted. "Is the carriage at the door, Ursula?"

"Yes."

"Keep Justin."

He went down the staircase like a light-hearted boy, and out into the beautiful night.

On the way to the sisters' house, he gave himself up to strange musings, born of the fantastic and beautiful scene which he had just left. What was life itself but a masked ball?—mankind seeking to hide its divinity; to play a thousand minor parts, but going home at dawn to the great reality.

When Diana entered the carriage her face in the moonlight was pale and intense with an unspoken question, but she said no word.

As they drove along the Bishop asked her:

"Are you not curious? Do you wish to know where you are going?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"You will take me where it is best for me to go."

"I am taking you to Mrs. Craig's. It is the night of her masked ball."

"I have no mask to wear," Diana said simply.

The Bishop understood the inner meaning of the words, but he pointed to a package.

"It contains a domino and mask. You will put them on for a little."

"Must I do this?" she said as a child might speak who wished not to fail in its obedience.

"Yes, for a little while," he answered gently. "Then you can be your real self."

She closed her eyes a moment and sighed.

"My real self! Bishop, can it ever be so in this world?"

"Sometimes heaven lets it be so; sometimes the gift of reality comes to us."

"To be taken away again," she said in a low voice.

"No, to keep forever."

She put a hand on his arm.

"Bishop, I am no longer very strong for suffering. Is it not best to turn back?"

"My child, you need have no fear. There are the distant lights already."

"Bishop, this may do harm to my calling, to my work. Are you sure we had better not go back?"

She spoke like one who dreads the next step lest it destroy a mirage of paradise.

"Trust me," he said.

"You would not have brought me to hurt me, would you?"

He turned away his head.

"Trust me," he said again.

And now the carriage had entered the gates. He saw that she was trembling violently. Taking the package, he undid it and shook out the folds of a domino and put a mask into her cold fingers.

"Put them on now. You are the last guest, and the most welcome."

He led her in by a side entrance, and through a corridor directly to the great ballroom and into the throng of masks, a slender, dark figure in that pageant of color.

"Wait here," he whispered, putting her into a palm-screened recess.

It was some moments before he could find Justin, but at last he recognized him where he stood apart, as withdrawn from the gaiety as a brother of the Misericordia. As he pressed forward to speak to him, a mask plucked him by the sleeve.

"Bishop, is it all right?"

He recognized Sir Henry.

"I have brought her here."

The mouth under the strip of black velvet tightened with pain.

"It will go well then?"

"I trust it will go well."

"I sail tomorrow. Give me your hand."

"We shall meet again."

"I hope so. It is goodbye now. I am leaving in a few moments."

"Before the unmasking?"

Sir Henry smiled.

"It is better for me to go masked."

He turned abruptly away. The Bishop went on to Justin, who greeted him with sincere warmth.

"Not masked, Bishop? Are you our conscience moving among us?"

"My mask is worn within, perhaps. Did you know," he added, "that the engagement is announced between Miss Bentley and Philip Hartley?"

Justin stared at him, his astonished catch of the breath the only comment he was capable of making. Was the Bishop joking? Was this a part of the evening's comedy?

The Bishop went on quietly:

"But there is someone here whom you alone have the right to unmask. She wears a black domino, and in her hair is a little silver moon."

Justin paused an instant, the whiteness of his face turning to radiant joy; paused as if, though he understood, he was too dazed to act.

"She is waiting for you."

He took the Bishop's hand in a strong grasp. In another moment he was making his way through the throng, casting eager glances right and left.

The Bishop followed him; touched his shoulder.

"In the recess by the south entrance," he said, then turned away as one whose part is over.

❦

Justin stood before her. The black cloak about her slender figure seemed to blend with the shadow in which she stood. Her eyes shone like stars through the mask; the mouth beneath the black velvet was sweet and tremulous.

"Diana!"

"Justin!"

"Come into the garden," he whispered. "No, this way is shorter—through this door."

As they stepped out upon a terrace flooded with moonlight, he removed his mask, then took her hand and led her down the steps into the flower-garden, into the shadow of the tall, clipped hedges; into the enchantment of the night.

He drew her into his arms, ecstatic with the beauty of the dream.

"Diana!—I have waited so long."

"It was long—long," she whispered. "Do we live, Justin! Take the mask from my face."

"Give me your lips, beloved."

"Not until the mask is from my face."

With trembling fingers, he untied the little silk cord that held the mask. As he took it she raised her face to his, full of love. Her eyes worshipped him.

It was not until they returned to the ballroom that she said, looking upon the fantastic company as one in paradise might gaze at those outside the gates:

"The comedy of masks is over."

"Sweet, it is over."

"But a greater one has begun — the divine comedy!"

"Of love."

"Of our love."

"And it will not end."

"No, it cannot end," she said, her voice seeming to blend with the music, "for the stage is set for an immortal play, and all the lovers of the world look on—and we—!"

"And we—"

THE END

THE BLUEBIRD

By HENRY L. KINER

GENESEO, ILLINOIS

FEATHERED flake of heaven's blue,
Blossomed song of dawning Springs,
Bearing violets on your back
And the sky upon your wings:

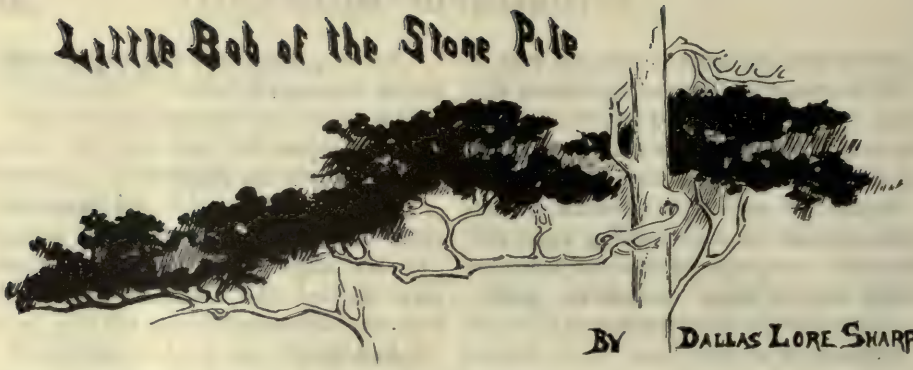
Irridescent sprite, you stole
Sapphires from my darling's eye;
Needn't say "Pe-wippy chip,
Got 'em rubbing 'gainst the sky."

O, you azure bumblebee,
How's the Daughter of the South?
"Pe-wippy chip, she's bluebell eyes;
Roses revel on her mouth."

O, you tiny turquoise tramp,
Did she send one rose to me?
"Pe-wippy, a winged violet
She sent, and that is me."

This cerulean visitor
Brings a heartache as he sings
Of the violets on his breast
And the sky upon his wings.

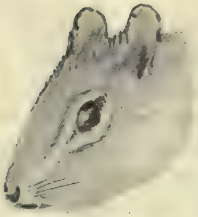
Little Bob of the Stone Pile



BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

Author of "Wild Life Near Home," "Roof and Meadow," etc.

SOUTH HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS



LITTLE BOB

I SAW next to nothing of little Bob this Spring until June-bug time. Then one morning I came upon him in his old stone wall by the orchard with a little pile of June-bug shells at his side. He had cleaned them out as he would have cleaned so many pig-nuts. Several times since the snow disappeared I had seen him dodging about the stones, but never before with leisure enough to sit up to a banquet of bugs.

A few mornings later and I understood why. The stone wall had suddenly become alive with squirrels, five of them, very young and very like little Bob, except as to tails. But Bob's stump tail, I am sure, was the result of an accident — a thrilling adventure with some cat or hawk, perhaps — and not a distinguishing family feature that could be passed on to his children, as we can pass on a stub nose, say. Bob, it seemed, had been busy of late, or in semi-retirement without the time or the desire for June-bugs and sunshine. But now he was back in society—on the top of the wall again.

Little Bob is a chipmunk, the most ordinary chipmunk in the world, except for this accidental tail, which in no wise marks him as extraordinary. But did I not say that this stub tail meant a thrilling adventure? a hair-breadth escape? Perhaps. And did I not imply that a thousand chipmunks had fallen at Bob's side and ten thousand at his right hand, but through his superior wisdom and agility he had escaped with only this insignificant loss of his tail? No. I did not imply that.

Had I the fine delicacy for a successful interview with Robert's parents, or the deep insight, the supernatural gift to get at the facts from little Bob, himself, I might find that he was a wonder; and so I might be able to add another wild animal to our marvelous literary zoo, or Bestiary. But I don't know squirrel (I have a speaking acquaintance with the language, to be sure); and limited as I am in my investigations to the daylight, the opera glasses and the rather prosy spade, I have been balked at every turn in my effort to make of little Bob the interesting literary and nature-study freak that he really ought to be.

Instead, he is entirely commonplace, or better, perhaps, entirely normal, ordinary; just like the score of other chipmunks about the farm. He has always acted exactly like a chipmunk, and that is what makes him interesting. In telling me his story, he is telling me the story of all his race. Can I not find the watching of little Bob worth while unless I discover in him some extraordinary trait of the polar bear or of the ostrich or some equally extraordinary trait that he has in common only with himself?

For instance, I came upon little Bob this Spring eating June-bugs. So far as my observations had gone this was something new, though I have no doubt but that just this observation has been recorded time and again. Now, did I discover a peculiar chipmunk with an abnormal insectivorous appetite, or simply come upon a chipmunk eating, at this season of the year, what chipmunks all over the farm were eating? Remembering what a pest the June-bugs are, is there any question, as a farmer, of what I hope this meant? or as a naturalist? It certainly makes the whole chipmunk family more interesting and of more economic value, perhaps, than we have heretofore thought it, to know that little Bob and the others devour June-bugs in any such quantities.

Little Bob's slab was covered with the hollow shells of the pestiferous beetles. I have some watching still to do when June-bug time comes round again, for I could not make out whether he had taken his prey alive or was eating the dead ones that were to be found here and there in the grass. If alive, then we would do well to take good care of our chipmunks.

A strong word needs to be said for the chipmunks, anyhow. In a recent magazine of very wide circulation, the family was roundly rated and condemned to annihilation for its wicked taste for bird's eggs and young birds. There were numerous photographs of the red squirrel showing him with eggs in his mouth. There were no such proofs of chipmunk's guilt, though he was counted equally bad and will doubtless suffer with chickaree the same fate by all who took the article seriously.

I believe that is a great mistake. Little Bob is not an inveterate sucker, else I should have found it out. Because I have never caught him at it does not mean that no one else ever has. It does mean, however, that if Bob robs at all he does it so seldom that we need not be alarmed nor call for his destruction.

There is scarcely a day in the nesting season that I do not see little Bob, yet I never noticed him even suspiciously near a bird's nest. In an apple tree, hardly six jumps from his stone pile, a brood of white-bellied swallows came to wing, while robins, chippies and red-eyed vireos—not to mention a cow-bird, that I wish he had eaten — have also hatched and flown away from nests that he might easily have rifled.

Not many times have I come upon chickaree red-handed — in the very act. But the black snake, the glittering fiend! And the dear house cats! If I run across a dozen black snakes in the early Summer, it is safe to say that six of them will be discovered by the cries of birds that they are robbing. Likewise the cats. But what creature larger than a June-bug was ever distressed by little Bob or any other chipmunk?

In a recent letter to me, Mr. Burroughs says: "No, I never knew the chipmunk to suck or destroy eggs of any kind, and I have never heard of any well authenticated instance of his doing so. The red squirrel is the sinner in this respect, and probably the gray squirrel also."

It will be difficult to find a true bill against him. He may occasionally err, just as I have known him at times to make a nuisance of himself; and just as I have known at times my children to make the same thing of themselves. When half a dozen chipmunks, that you have fed and petted all Summer on the veranda, take up their Winter quarters inside the closed cabin, and chew up your quilts, hammocks, tablecloths and whatever else there is of chewable properties, then they are anathema. The litter they made was dreadful. But instead of exterminating the chipmunks, root and branch, a big box was prepared the next Summer and lined with tin, in which the quilts and hammocks were successfully wintered.

But how real was the loss after all? Here is a rough log cabin on the side of Thorn Mountain. What sort of a tablecloth ought to be found in such a cabin if not one that has been artistically chewed up by chipmunks? Is it for fine linen and cut glass that we take to the woods in Summer? The chipmunks are well worth a tablecloth now and then, and (if the case is proved) an occasional nest of eggs. Well worth, beside these, all the oats that they can steal from my small patch.

Only it isn't stealing. I have watched little Bob carefully, and he doesn't act as if he were taking what he had no right to. He was not told to earn his oats in the sweat of his brow. Instead, he seems to understand that he is one of the innumerable factors ordained to make me sweat — a good and wholesome experience, so long as I get the necessary oats.

And I get them in spite of Bob; though I know he must have carried off, all told, as much as I could have eaten at a breakfast—a whole serving! But then, I don't need oats every morning of my life, nor does my horse need them either.

Aside from that, however, the actual loss of the oats is more than made good. Little Bob gives me real pleasure, and I am as willing to pay for it as I am for a ticket to "Pinafore" or the county fair. Is there a man with soul so dead that he wouldn't look twice at a heap of stones because this perfectly-moulded, richly-colored, exquisite little squirrel sits a-top of it? Why, a cat will do as much as that! Chipmunk, with his sleek, round form and black and white stripes, is the daintiest, most beautiful of all our squirrels.

He is the friendliest litttle sprite out of doors, too, friendlier even than chickadee. The two are very much alike, but however tame and confiding chickadee may become, he is still a bird, and despite his wings, belongs to a different and a lower order of beings. Little Bob is more than curious about me; he is interested. It is not my crumbs he wants, but my friendship. Chickadee can be coaxed to eat from my hand; little Bob can be taught to eat from my lips, sleep in my pocket and even come to be stroked. I have sometimes seen chickadee in Winter when he seemed to come to me out of very need for living companionship. But in the floodtide of Summer life little Bob will watch me from his stone pile and tag me along the fence with every show of friendship.

While the oat harvest lasted, I am sure little Bob disturbed no bird's nests. He had no time. Never before had there been an oat patch in his vicinity. This one was only six rail-lengths away.

I cut the oats as soon as they began to yellow and cocked them up, to cure for hay. It was necessary to let them make for about six days, and all of this time little Bob raced back and forth between the cocks and his stone pile. He might have have hidden his gleanings in a dozen crannies nearer at hand; but evidently he wanted his store where the family could get at it in bad weather without coming forth.

This is a family habit. Had I removed the stones and dug out the nest, I should have found a tunnel leading into the ground a few feet and opening into a chamber filled with a bulky grass nest capable of holding half a dozen squirrels, and adjoining this, through a short passageway, the storehouse of the oats.

How many trips little Bob made between this crib and the oat-patch, how many kernels he carried in his pouches at a trip, and how big a pile he had when all they grains were in, I should like to know. I might have killed him and numbered the contents of his pouches, but my scientific zeal does not quite reach that pitch any more. Just how many kernels of oats a chipmunk can stuff into his left cheek is really not worth the cost of his life, though I am sure that someone has already counted them. So have they counted the hairs on the tail of the dog of the child of the wife of the wild man of Borneo, or at least seriously guessed at the number. But this is thesis work for the doctors of philosophy, not a task for farmers and mere watchers in the woods.

Little Bob is in no danger because of my zeal for science, not that I should love to know, in terms of oats, the cubic capacity of his cheeks the less, but that I love the living little Bob, himself, the more.

A LITTLE PILE OF JUNE-BUGS AT HIS SIDE

He flatters me. I believe, to be Emersonian, that I am the great circumstance in little Bob's stone pile. He sits upon his high flat slab and awaits my coming as if I were a postman or a philosopher. He sits on the very edge of a crack, however, and if I take one step aside toward him he flips, and all there is left of him is a little angry squeak in the depths of the stones. But if I pass properly along without stopping or doing any other sudden thing, he sees me by, then usually follows, especially if I get well off and pause.

During a shower one day I halted under the large hickory just beyond his den. He came running after me, so interested that he forgot to look to his footing, and just opposite me slipped and bumped his nose hard against a stone—so hard that he sat up immediately and rubbed it. Another time he followed me across the garden to the wall along the road. Running this to its end, he climbed a post and continued over the middle strand of the barbed wire, wiggling, twisting, even grabbing the sharp barbs in his efforts to maintain his balance. He reached the middle between the two posts, then the sagging strand tripped him and he fell with a splash into a shallow pool below.

When the first heavy frosts come, little Bob, and his family, too, I believe, seek the nest in the ground below the stone pile. But they do not immediately go to sleep. The outer entrances have not yet been closed, so that there is plenty of fresh air and of course plenty of food—acorns, chestnuts, hickory nuts and oats. They doze quietly and eat, pushing the empty shells into some side passage, in order to keep the nest clean and sweet.

But the frost is creeping down through the earth overhead, the rains are filling up the outer doorways and shutting off the supply of fresh air. Though not sound sleepers, still, one day the family cuddles down and forgets to wake until the frost has begun to creep back toward the surface and down through the softened soil is felt the thrill of the waking Spring.

THE HANDICRAFTSMAN

By MARGARET ASHMUN
MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN

WITH steady eye, and firm, deft-muscled hand
He plies his task. Each skilful stroke and clean
Gives shape to that his inward sight has seen,
And fashions forth the perfect thing he planned ;
His handiwork's fair forms about him stand
In simple, solid honesty; serene
And calm his face, and dignified his mien,
His being, poised in cheerful self-command.

In this late era, ruled by greed and rage,
When labor, void of honor, whines in dole,
The master of his craft restores an age
When each man wrought what pleased him, strong and whole—
When joy of doing was its own best wage,
And all his work revealed the workman's soul.

MR. F. F. D. ALBERY, AUTHOR OF "MICHAEL RYAN," WHICH WILL RUN THROUGH THE NEXT FIVE NUMBERS OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MICHAEL RYAN, CAPITALIST

A STORY OF LABOR

By F. F. D. ALBERY

COLUMBUS, OHIO

I

IN THE BEGINNING

ALTHOUGH the sun shone kindly on it that June morning, and Mrs. Patrick Ryan went about her chores as usual, a dread silence pervaded the little shanty on the right of way of the great P. Q. R. S. railway, for old Pat Ryan's nose and old Pat Ryan's toes both pointed in the direction his soul was supposed to have taken, and the few who came to offer sympathy and condolence stepped on tiptoe, as though they might disturb his rest, and there was about the whole premises that silence unspeakable which proclaims our awe of the dread fact in the face of our constant boasting when it is not present.

In one corner sat little Mike, son and heir to the misfortune which had come upon the household, not quite comprehending it all, but yet impressed with the fact that something unusual and important had happened, for the Union had sent its committee and the Lodge its representative, who had all talked in subdued and impressive tones with the widow. Likewise, Father Clark, whom the small boy adored, had performed certain offices, and, this done, had taken time to pat him on his shock of wiry hair and had told him he was to be his mother's protector and reliance, now that the father was gone.

So, too, an official from the railroad had come to assure the poor widow that his large-hearted company would make it "all right" with her, for Ryan senior had lost his life in their service and by an accident which the company would eventually have to answer for, and they were bound to be generous with the widow and orphaned boy, as corporations always are under similar compulsion.

The boy wondered more when it came to the funeral, for there was a gorgeous band in uniform and long lines of men in certain bright-colored collars with much gold lace and a long procession of carriages and people at the church, leaving the impression of great importance of the deceased, which in his undeveloped mind did not correspond with the small, whitewashed dwelling on the right of way, where were neither pavements nor street lamps such as he knew existed in the big town on the other side of the bridge; and it did not strike him as quite in harmony, for the small boy had a large head, and, notwithstanding his bare feet and freckled nose, he reasoned well, like Plato in the book.

The generous officers of the railway company fixed things all right with the widow; that is, they convinced her of the uselessness of going to law about the matter, they pointed out the long delay and the uncertainty of such a course, and, having brought about the appointment of one of their own attorneys as administrator of the estate assumed, who after some hesitation consented to the plan, it was soon satisfactorily arranged and the whole matter settled to the entire approval of all concerned, and in less time than it takes to comprehend such a situation Mrs. Patrick Ryan and her small boy Mike were left with all funeral expenses paid and a few dollars on hand to battle alone with the world.

Thereafter it was, of course, impossible that Mike should be further educated. He must perforce go to work, and, through the same generous influence that had paid the funeral expenses and "settled" amicably with the widow, he was given a fine position with the District Telegraph company, in which their benefactors held stock, where he had only to work from seven in the morning till twelve at night and received three dollars per week for doing nothing but carrying light bundles and notes at distances ranging from one to five miles and from the best to the worst quarters of the city. But Mickey was a brave lad, and the thought that his mother got three dollars every Saturday night by his exertion buoyed him up at all hours of the day and night, and was consolation to his small and bruised body at those times when he would be held up and robbed by the toughs in the bad lands where he was compelled often to go; and his only fear after one of these encounters, in which he was nearly killed, was of being "laid off" and "docked" accordingly, lest the mother should suffer thereby. But he shirked no duty, was a good fighter when it was necessary to fight, and finally earned his position in the respect and confidence of his employers and the other boys. He liked all the boys in the District, but he was especially fond of Charlie Hall, a rather good-looking, clean sort of boy with a disposition to be melancholy at times. This boy read many books with bright covers, concerning cowboys and detectives and terrible adventures by land and sea, but had an unfortunate way of imagining slights and injuries which no one intended, and it was possibly on account of the fact that Mickey never worried himself about such trifles, and was always goodhumored, that this particular boy grew to depend upon the self-reliant little chap, who stood ever on his own feet and fought his own way.

Father Clark did not forget the small boy who had taken things so philosophically at the time of great distress, and himself offered to give him certain lessons if the time could be had, and it so happened that Mickey continued his work in a very irregular way in those elementary branches which are taught to small children in our public and parochial schools, the difference being, however, that with Mickey Ryan it was all pure gold which he acquired in this beautiful, free way, and whenever he had an opportunity of reciting to Father Clark that divine was simply astounded at the depth and scope of the boy's learning. His voluntary task became a source of infinite delight to him, and he looked forward to his weekly encounter with the boy with more pleasure than that of meeting his flock at the mission; his constant wonder was where the youngster got the time to cover so much ground. It was then not long before it was possible to branch out into rudimentary Latin — a study most dear to the earnest priest, for it meant the first step in the making of a new priest in his holy church, a prospect heartily concurred in by the mother, if it could only be. But the thought that her boy might ever be a priest seemed so impossible that she simply acquiesced in what Father Clark said about it and could only pray that it might some day come to pass.

Mickey began to use his learning at once and tried to impart some of it to the other boys, but it was barren and repellant soil, for the boys had too many other things to think of. Only Charlie Hall seemed willing to go in his direction, and with him, hand in hand, began one of those great boyish friendships which often pay for a lifetime of toil and hardships.

II

A RESCUE AND A REWARD

It was a beastly night. The rain drizzled down dismally and froze as it fell, making the pavements almost impassable and chilling one's bones to the marrow, as only dampness with cold can. It was not only what one would call raw; it was dispiriting, so that one was possessed of the bluest blues before the cold had really touched him. Into such an atmosphere, about the worst he had encountered since he entered the service of the "District" some years before, had Mickey plunged an hour ago to carry a note to one of those beautiful palaces of brilliant furnishings which are usually situated in some alley or once fashionable street now deserted. Having accomplished his errand, he was trudging along whistling a gay tune not quite in keeping with the dingy surroundings of the dilapidated street. He had scarcely left the place when his attention was attracted by the appearance of two men, one of whom carried a bundle which looked like a large package of clothes. They entered a side gate of one of the oldest and worst houses and the one with the free hands proceeded to unlock the door. Something prompted the messenger boy to watch, and as they were entering the dark hallway he heard a suppressed sob, as of a little child half smothered. His quick wit told him at once what had happened, for he and Charlie Hall had some time ago read a story about the kidnapping of a child. His temptation was to tell the first "cop" that he met, but some experience and much that he had heard satisfied him that it would not be best, so he hurried on to "District" headquarters. Once there, he asked for the night manager, whom he knew to be a man of kind heart as well as just views, and told him what had happened. The manager wasted no time, but, leaving the office in charge of his assistant, put on his storm coat and started with Mickey for police headquarters and was most fortunate in finding the chief himself. He listened to the boy's clever and careful statement and, calling half a dozen of his best men, went at once under Mickey's guidance to the tumble-down old house which was recognized as one of the worst dives in the city. The house was quietly surrounded and "pulled," as Mickey in his glee described it, and, after much trouble, the contents of the mysterious bundle discovered hidden away in a drygoods box in the cellar, around and on top of which coal had been piled so ingeniously as to deceive any but the shrewdest expert. The kidnappers had chosen to do their work in the cleverest possible way, the little girl having been decoyed from her home by a woman of their own gang, who had kept her concealed during the rest of the day. She had been conveyed late at night by the two men to the place where it was evident she was to be concealed until a ransom could be negotiated for, as her box prison was furnished with some quilts for warmth, and she had already been given something to eat and a cup of water. The keen intuition of the messenger boy had blocked the game. The little captive was returned to her home, four persons were sent to prison for long terms and Mickey was exalted.

The natural result followed, and the shrewd boy was taken into the great iron mills owned by the family which he had so signally benefitted, although the district messenger officials would have been only too glad to keep him, and the chief of police even hinted that he would make a grand detective. But Mickey could see to the top of the district service without standing on his toes, and the "force" had no attraction at all for him, while the great mills sang songs of joy and hope, of advancement and even wealth, which he only hoped the dear mother would live to share.

His own choice took him into the works, where he could practically learn the whole business of manufacturing.

By this time he was a stout, rosy lad who prided himself on his physical powers and, as he was able to do a man's work, his earnings soon jumped to as much in one day as the District paid in a whole week; while it was hard and grimy, it was wholesome and less dangerous, with better hours, so that he could devote an hour or two each evening to his studies with Father Clark.

One of his deepest joys later on was his success in getting a place beside him in the mill for his chum, Charley Hall, and as boys will when they love each other, the two made a strong team and each profited by the presence of the other.

It was now necessary for him to be near his work, and, as the generous corporation which had been the cause of his father's elimination from the family activity proposed that the widow should pay rent for the whitewashed shanty on the right of way, Michael Ryan (too old now to be called Mickey by any but his closest friends) insisted that his mother should move into a decent house in a decent neighborhood. It resulted in the widow's removal to one of those convenient little homes where sanitary conditions prevail and which stand like regiments in line in the neighborhood of a few of our great industrial establishments. It pleased the big, rosy boy immensely to see his mother settled in such a fine home, with gas and hydrant water and all those conveniences which she had never known or dreamed of in her hard life.

"Look here, mother," said he, "when you have to go out to the pump and pump a bucket of water, all you have to do is to turn this little brass thing in the sink, and there you are," and he laughed loud and long, but with a great lump in his throat at the thought that all these things meant ease and comfort and less, very much less hard work for his darling. Even the wash-tubs could be filled and emptied without labor and the mother wondered what she should do for exercise now that there was to be no more work.

But the proud son knew that it meant that the chances were thereby increased of keeping her with him to share the greater ease that was to come, for he never doubted his ability or the success of his future. It was always, "Wait, dearie, a few years and ye'll have a horse and buggy to ride in and a hired girl to help you, and then maybe ye'll feel like going back to the Old Sod to see the relation," and joy and pride filled his heart at the thought of what he would be able to do for her whom he loved more than all the world.

And how she doted on him, her big, fine Mickey who was always so full of jokes and fun, who was never tired and who sang from morning till night and thought himself the luckiest young man on the face of the earth.

III

THE UNION

The Amalgamated Association of United Iron and Steel Workers was organized, according to its charter, for the purpose of mutual protection and advancement. It held weekly meetings at its hall and discussed many matters of interest to its members, including methods of work and many subjects of undoubted advantage to the employers of labor. It must be admitted that it was not all the selfish concern of the employes, although the men did not at any time lose sight of the fact that their work and diligence and loyalty to the company were of the utmost importtance to it.

As is always the case in clubs, secret societies and legislative bodies, a small percentage of the members did the largest percentage of the talking, and these were, by their own admission, put down as leaders, although, it must be confessed, there was frequently neither logic nor good sense in what they said; and it was to be observed that the poorest workmen were often the most fluent speakers and those who invariably shirked in the work were most insistent upon shorter hours and more time for the men to spend with their families and to improve their minds. One man in particular, who was said to be cruel to his family at most times and never exemplary in his behavior, indulged in long harangues concerning the family relations and the necessity of preserving them at their best as a matter of actual advantage to the company. All these inconsistencies emphasized themselves in the clear vision of Michael Ryan as he sat and listened to the discussions in Local No. 14, of which he soon became a member, for loyalty to his kind was strong in his heart and he knew that improvement in many ways was as possible as it was necessary. He was somewhat impatient, however, with the protracted arguments upon the relations of the employer to the employe, and preferred those discussions in which all the men could take part, concerning the processes of making iron and steel, the operations of machinery and the proper arrangement of the shops and the working force. This was practical, the other theoretical and often far-fetched and did not enlist the interest and cooperation of the best men. For himself, he was satisfied with his position and the fact that the better workman he became the more he could earn and the nearer he came to the bosses. It seemed to him a waste of time to sit and listen to young Kitchen haranguing in a strident voice and working himself into a fury about the universal brotherhood of man, when old man Strauss, in his sonorous, persuasive bass, could give them all pointers of great value concerning the best methods of puddling; or tall, bony McGregor, with his delicious, double-knotted Highland, stood ready to give them the benefit of his experience in the mills of Scotland. It was all very well to prate of wrongs when wrongs existed, but whoever heard of any injustice in the mills of Kruger, Gill & Wamser? It seemed to him largely a personal matter, and he could not quite comprehend the theory upon which was founded the necessity for his staking his position upon the dissatisfaction of some lazy lout whose sole problem seemed to be to do just as little as possible. He was absolutely loyal to his fellow workman, but justice was so strong a feature in his make-up that he could not leave it wholly out of consideration, and the fact that the mill existed at all and gave employment to several hundred men seemed to compensate for much that might possibly be unsatisfactory to some of them. If there were no such establishment what would they all be doing? Himself perhaps a little higher up in the District, with possibly a few dollars more a week; or, had he chosen the other calling, a "fly cop" standing around some corner and telling people in majestic tones to "move on there," or pulling some small boy for throwing stones; but no outcome, no future to any of it, and he builded ever for the future. His work called forth all his manly qualities, physical strength, mentality, calculation and experiment. The thing which he did today in this way could be improved upon tomorrow by the adoption of another method, and his inventive faculties were already at work upon a roller, which, as he could see it in its perfected state, would lighten the labor of the men, make a better product and save money to the mill.

In all of these views he had had the active support and sympathy of Hall down to the present time, but a change had taken place; Hall's assent was less ready and hearty than it had been. Some agency was at work on his old friend which was stronger in influence than his own, and Ryan's heart went down as he observed the change. Hall had worked in a different gang with Kitchen and one or two other malcontents, and Ryan noted with sorrow that he talked much about the oppressed workman and his "share" of the earnings of his employer. He tried to stem the tide which had set in, and for a time was successful, but the influence of the malcontents was stronger and they gradually drifted apart on these questions, although Ryan's affection for his chum never faltered and he embraced every opportunity to get him back on what he was convinced was the right road.

One day when Ryan had taken him to task for drifting away from his moorings, Hall said:

"The men think you are yielding too much to the influence of capital. You do not associate with us as much as formerly, and in the meetings you never take the side of the men."

"There is just where they are mistaken," Ryan said. "I consider the side of the men to be that one which in the long run will be most beneficial and lasting. I have thought it all out, and do not favor any mere temporary advantage. We must all work together, men and masters; our interests are the same. There can be no divorce; we yield today, they yield tomorrow, but in the end no one has yielded. It is simply the pressure of one day adjusting itself to the counter pressure of another day. My employer is just as essential to me as I am to him, or as you are to me, or I to you. It is a great human body of which even the little finger cannot be cut off without deforming the whole body and making it less human and efficient. The little injustices that may show up now and then are gradually righted and in the end, in the course say of five, ten or twenty years, we have all profited by adjusting ourselves to circumstances. Suppose the mill were to shut down every time the market looks gloomy and unpromising? Suppose at the times when they are manufacturing at a loss they were to discharge all the men, as they would have a right to do? I tell you, my boy, there are two sides to the question. You and I have never done so well in all our lives before, and if we learn this business so that we can do our work better than anyone else there is no end to it. We can both live well and save money on our present wages and what more can we demand? We have no right to say that the man with a million dollars should have no more profit than you or I. The good God, for some reason, has picked him out and given him that great advantage, just as the man with great brains is singled out and given power over ordinary men. We have no right to quarrel with the Almighty and I am not going to do it. I can make five dollars any day, while your friend Kitchen is arguing it out to show that he ought to have five dollars for doing nothing. I tell you, Charlie, it's a bad lay, and I wish I could make you see it. Those fellows in your gang talk too much. It doesn't hurt anybody to work, but it does hurt lots of people to talk. My dear old mother and I are just as happy as we can be. We have all we want to eat. We've got $800 in the Loan and after a while we're going to buy a little home of our own. Come off, Charlie, and be sensible; drop those agitators and tend to your knitting. You'll save money and worry and you'll be a whole lot happier."

"But you don't take any interest in your fellow men," argued Hall. "You forget the rights of labor and the principles of the union, and you propose to let capital have its own way."

"Rights of labor be hanged!" said Ryan rather hotly. "I know my rights, and I don't propose to let Bill Kitchen tell me what they are; and as far as capital having its own way is concerned you might as well cut that out, for capital must have its own way or there would be no mills or railroads; and so far as my fellow workmen are concerned, if they'll all tend to their own jobs in the right way they won't need guardians and won't have any time to worry about me. They'll be tired enough at night to go to bed early, and they'll be glad to get up at daylight and go to work again. We ought all to thank God daily for sound bodies and the chance to work, and in feeling this way and acting accordingly I'm a better friend of labor than any of these disturbers, and, if you have a mind to, you may tell 'em so with my compliments."

"Ah, Mike," said Charlie, "I'm afraid we're come to the parting of the ways. I can't see things your way, and I don't see any prospect of rousing you. The men are all dissatisfied, and the more they figure on it and think about it and discuss it the worse it all seems. I can't see why one man should be worth a million dollars and another man at his side worth nothing, when both are equally industrious. The very proposition shows its own enormity; it is criminal and cannot be justified in any way."

And so for the time being they parted.

IV

A BLUNDER

We learn most through our blunders. This is what most people call experience, and when Mr. Michael Ryan, now a mature individual of two and twenty years, concluded that his improved roller was sufficiently developed, he decided to consult a patent lawyer, and, having had no experience whatever, he naturally determined to follow his own good judgment in the matter. After reading over carefully a number of advertisements, he picked out Mr. J. C. Shackelford, whose "ad" seemed most attractive, for Mr. Shakelford, beside having numerous and influential friends in and about Washington, left you to infer that he had some particular influence inside the patent office. Moreover, you were to pay nothing till the patent was granted, and then only the smallest fee—in fact merely a nominal one, his object being not to make money but to help those budding geniuses who could not afford to pay the exorbitant fees charged by some attorneys, especially certain ones lacking in experience, influence and ability.

Lured by such speciousness, our friend called one day upon Mr. Shackelford and was somewhat taken back at the profuse cordiality shown at a first meeting between strangers. He moreover was pained to note that the effusive gentleman's grammar was often at fault—a strange item, he thought, in the makeup of a lawyer, who, he supposed, of all men on earth, must be educated. Mr. Shackelford patted him frequently on the back and insisted that he was a genius but that there were certain conditions about his model and drawings that would have to be corrected by an expert, and only wound up when he had succeeded in getting Ryan to leave his work with him, accompanied by a "little deposit" of ten dollars to cover incidentals. It was not much, but it was the manner of it and the disappointment in finding the man so unlike the advertisement that made him feel dissatisfied and blue, and he went back to his work heavy-hearted for the first time in his whole life. Strive against it as he would, he could not feel that all was well, and when, some weeks after, he called to see his lawyer, he was told that his idea was not practical, or, if so, he would be infringing upon another invention for which a caveat was already on file in the patent office. Sore and broken, he took his model and drawings under his arm and returned them to his little workroom at home, where he had labored so many weary hours over his pet scheme that was to make him rich.

In the effort to cheer up and rid himself of the blues, he now went to work in the foundry harder than ever and tried to forget his ambition by hard blows and ceaseless toil. He allowed no one to talk to him about his hobby except the old mother at home, who said very little but much to the point. "Why don't you go, darlin', to the company's lawyers instead of thim snide fellows that advertise themselves all the time in the newspapers," said she. But, sensible as the advice seemed to him, he would only say:

"Oh, mother, it's no use. The luck's against me, and I'll go back to my job again. I can make a good living and more, and I guess that's enough and all I deserve."

But finally the mother, in the mother's way, the only way that nobody can explain, but in that quiet way that only mothers have, brought him out of himself, and little by little induced him to go back to his model. It had been neglected for some time — a time of self condemnation and self criticism—a time of purification that had brought him to the heights, and he could now look at his work with the eye of a critic having no selfish interest in it. When Michael Ryan, critic and expert, came now to examine the work of that other Michael Ryan, enthusiast and lunatic, he was compelled to pronounce it good. He failed to see wherein it was crude. He failed to see wherein it would not work and produce the results he wanted, and he failed to see wherein it interfered with any other machine of its kind, for he had heard of all and knew the most of them by heart. The mother was right. He would go to the firm first, and through them to its lawyers.

To reach Mr. Kruger, the practical machine man of the firm, it was necessary to pass barriers, doors and gates of fine cabinet work and ground glass with much ringing of bells and passing of cards and waiting in outside rooms, as though you were approaching the king of some land of iron and cinders; but once in the holy of holies there appeared a very plain man with a large head and genial smile, who said in a soft voice: "Sit down, please; I'll be through presently."

Ryan sat down and waited. When his turn came he explained in a few words the object of his visit and was delighted to hear this important, dignified man say that the matter was one which could not be satisfactorily discussed in a few minutes, and as the time during office hours was all taken up, would he please return at four o'clock. At that hour he found all of the members of the firm, who had undoubtedly been advised to be present. They listened patiently, asked many questions, and in a frank, manly way gave him the impression that his invention was one of importance and should be at once patented. They made an appointment for him with their attorney, who, without wasting words, turned him over to a young man in the office of about his own age with instructions to at once prepare a caveat and to then go about making a proper application for letters patent. There were no flourishes and no attempts to impress him with the importance of the profession, but only plain, matter-of-fact business methods which it seemed to him anyone—even himself with no training in law matters, might have followed as well—and it was soon over and he dismissed.

The next day he was sent for by the firm and told that they regarded his invention of so much importance that they were prepared to make him one of two propositions. They would either pay him a gross sum, to be agreed upon when his machine had shown that it would do what he claimed for it, or they would make him a member of the firm on the basis of the earning capacity of it. But first the patent must be obtained and the invention tested.

Ryan's faith in his invention was anchored in years of hard work and observation, and, while profoundly moved by the sincerity and generosity of his employers, he preferred to wait and see how it all came out. There would then be time enough, and so it was left.

He seemed now, however, to have reached the high point of his journey—the grown man's work with danger and wounds and possible defeat in it. Heretofore, with his strong, cheerful will and large comprehensiveness, he had conquered easily, but, having reached man's estate, it was henceforth to be a man's battle with all the terrible risks and disappointments and bitterness from which he dare not shrink even if he so desired. But he did not so desire. He was proud of the fact that his sword was his own and that he had reached the age of the sword. Sympathy up to this time had made his life easy for him, with no life-and death-struggle, no desertion of friends, no ingratitude of those whom he had benefitted. But he had turned the corner, and the very first thing he encountered was an ugly fact in the shape of treachery, as he at once suspected, for the attorneys soon reported to him that a caveat was already on file covering the same invention. So strong, however, was his conviction that there was something wrong about the whole thing, that he requested an investigation and was not surprised to learn that the caveat had been filed after his first visit to Mr. Shackelford. He was now so certain of his ground that he went to the firm, explained all, including his theory of what had occurred, and was told that the firm's resources were at his command to ferret out the fraud and that the attorneys would be instructed so to proceed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DIAMOND HOOF

By HENRY L. KINER

GENESEO, ILLINOIS

SWISH, swat! The swish was caused by the sudden cutting of the darkening air by a mule's leg; the swat by the impact of the mule's hoof against a ledge of granite.

"Dod gast ye," growled the tall man. He picked up the bit of quartz to fire it at the mule.

Then he gave a yell at least four miles long. Perhaps it was forty miles. Sound travels far in the foothills of the Rockies.

Then he fainted.

Then all the conscious life that remained within the vast horizon was one lame mule, blind of one eye. The other eye had been blind from time immemorial. The lame hind leg had been caused by recent impact with granite.

This mule was a millionaire!

His one calm eye surveyed a tract yellowed by untold gold!

He was the sole possessor!

He sniffed indifferently at the tall form of his master, becoming indistinct in the dusk.

He was doing his stubborn best to rectify an impression that he had missed his mark, for the first time in his life. He saw the man lying there. Nothing but the kick could have downed him. Yet the mule felt, when he attempted to step on the hoof he had fired with, that there must be some mistake.

His one eye grew green. Visions of innumerable thumpings arose in his godless memory.

The mule is the only animal that God never made.

Why should he not turn and kick out the brains of this relentless man, who had hammered his ribs, and pounded his head, and kicked his belly over hundreds of miles of desert?

But, in a dim way, horse sense,—his only legacy from a long maternal line of ancestors, struggled through red passion and green revenge. He could not use the lame leg to kick with. He could not stand on the lame leg while he kicked with the other.

He turned and began munching at a sage bush.

The long man lay there still. Very still.

A creek brawled over the rocks a few rods away.

The man had selected this place for his night camp, because of this creek. It would supply water for himself and his mule.

The mule, being athirst, hobbled down to the creek, and drank. As he drank he saw the long form of his master slowly toiling on hands and knees down the declivity to the stream.

His one eye observed that his master drank feverishly, ravenously, as if to drain this ditch of a creek of every crystal drop.

Then his dull comprehension was changed to apprehension.

His master arose and executed a tremendous war dance, so suddenly and energetically that the mule, being wise in his day and generation,—a legacy from a long line of dams—went sidewise in an instinctive effort to make distance between his master and himself.

In an ecstasy of joy, the man, not realizing the lameness of the mule — (in fact he had been dead to the world since the lameness had occurred) — in an ecstasy of joy, the man suddenly set his shoulder against the mule's rear, and heaved him into the creek. It was pure ecstasy. Nothing more.

He loved the mule. All old grudges were gone. He loved all the world and the red, rising moon and the eternal stars that now smiled down upon him.

His horizons had widened with expanding hope. Whereas, but a few lost minutes ago, himself and his mule and the ravine through which the creek ran had been his entire world, now the entire world was his. It took in the oceans and continents. It embraced the home of aged parents in the East and a girl whom he associated with a gate.

All the hard frontiers of his nature, hard with frozen hopes, melted into one universal benevolence. He even helped the struggling mule out of the creek.

"Poor devil, you are a cripple," he said with concentrated observance, as the beast clattered painfully over the rocks. "We'll call this Cripple Creek."

And it was so.

A soul had sundered its sepulchre. From the narrow confines of a daily coffin, crowded with dead hopes, bankrupt enthusiasms and the ghosts of bygone anticipations; from the contemplation of an endless procession of colorless tomorrows, he had suddenly burst, bright, bewildered, effulgent, upon a wondering world, and himself!

Herein is the true story of the finding of the great Cripple Creek mines in Colorado. Other versions have been given; but this is the correct one.

The mule is still living.

The man is not dead.

Suppose the mule had mauled the man's head in, somehow, in the gloaming that night!

HAECKEL'S "WONDERS OF LIFE"

A REVIEW BY "AN IGNORAMUS"

HE was a great biologist
  Of learning and research,
Who couldn't bear religious Kant,
  And scorned to go to church;

And as for the philosopher
  Who taught that man is Soul—
The body but a garment fair
  Moulded to fit the whole;—

He Hackeled out that silly creed,
  With several cognate theses,
And eschatology he clawed,
  Till it was all in pieces.

His whole life long a student, he
  Had conned the matter well,
With scalpel keen and microscope,
  Retort and crucible;

And his discoveries had proved
  Man has no dual state,—
The soul is merely functional,
  And shares the body's fate;—

Its powers are but developments
  Social and otherwise,
Of instinct, in ancestral bugs
  And archetypal flies:—

And as to life—that's simple, too,—
  'Twas inorganic matter
Fused erst in incandescent heat,
  And transformed by the latter

Into cyanogen, that mixed
  While cooling through the ages,
With oxygen and hydrogen
  And salt—by easy stages,

Until it albumen became,
  (Crossing a bridgeless chasm,
Objectors claim,) and so at last
  We had the living plasm.

But, inter nos, our physicist
  (Who was not there, we know,
When all this mixing up took place,
  So many years ago),

Is not so sure of this, perhaps,
As that the soul neuronic,
In the phronema has become,
(With limitations) chronic;

Or that placental mammals sprang
(Sub rosa, we're "that same,")
From parentage of primates, who
Have tertiary fame;—

That man is not creation's crown,
Nor plastic forces quitters,
But nature (whate'er nature be,)
Will keep on making "critturs,"—

New types, surpassing far, our own,
Their end, like ours, to perish,
Ad infinitum:— What a creed
For you and me to cherish!

What then is life worth?—law?—or love?
Or faith in fellow men?
And what mean goodness, honor, truth,
If Good has never been?

Hug thou thy wisdom cortical,
Biologist most sage!
And rate me as an idiot
Below the average,

The while I dream my foolish dream
That Life and Love are one,
Whether in earth, or sea, or air,
Or in the burning sun;

Or wheresoe'er this universe
Of law-engirdled matter
Sees stars arise with splendor new,
Or worlds to fragments shatter;—

Let me still dream that back of law,
In majesty enshrined,
Bides the Law-Maker, infinite,
The all-controlling Mind,

Whose realm the finite can but guess,
Nor touch its hither shore,
Though still the scientist may ply
Poor "nature's" laboring oar;—

That all the mysteries which rise
To cloud our little day,—
Life's sorrow, suffering, and sin,
Will yet be cleared away;—

And complex threads that tangle faith,
Twine in one shining strand,
And seeming discords blend at length,
Unisonant and grand;—

Yes, let me dream His greatness proved
Whose are all things that be,
In that supernal Love has stooped
To dower with love e'en me;

While still I hold with steadfast trust
The hope doubt cannot shake,
My life shall live forevermore,
Somewhere—for love's dear sake!

MAJOR GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD, U. S. A. (RETIRED)
Photograph by Pach, New York City

LINCOLN'S MONUMENT IN THE MOUNTAINS

By MAJOR GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD

YOUR readers will ask, "What sort of a monument is there erected to Abraham Lincoln in the mountains?"

I answer that the monument to which I refer is a young university, with all the vigor and virility of youth in it. I believe and our people generally think that a school, a college, or a university is the best possible monument to Abraham Lincoln. The people do enjoy looking at those rugged features of Abraham Lincoln as they appear in paintings all over the land, and also in busts carved out or molded to represent him, such for example as the one that I saw yesterday here in New York — a fine work of art which is just finished by A. Lincoln Seligman. All the artists endeavor to portray the features of this noblest of men. Some catch striking phases of his being—peculiar characteristics, often singular and descriptive. The bust of Mr. Seligman clearly reveals the great strain which was put upon Lincoln to create those deep lines on a haggard background. The curves around his mouth in the bronze show something of the gentleness of his nature and how he cared for suffering humanity while he was forced to carry on the great war, at the same time when he was loving peace better than war, and when he loved even his enemies. But, after all, no monument in stone or in bronze or in marble or on the canvas can ever do more than indicate a little of the superb man whom now all nations praise, and all parties revere. I once wrote, and love to repeat it, towit: that the word University is a deserved honor to Lincoln, and it is a proper place to set it up, down there in that corner of the three states, Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia. It is in the hill country, on the border of which, 100 miles away, Lincoln was born.

An old log church, about as big as Lincoln's own log house, the house where Lincoln first saw the light, stands near the bright little village of Cumberland Gap. It is old, indeed, and decaying, and will not last much longer. Beside it, when I was young, (more than sixty years ago) at least once a year during his political life, Henry Clay, with features as strange and marked as those of Lincoln himself, stood here. The little church was close behind him. The lofty hills and mountains rose all around him; the mists were there and the sunshine, making beautiful pictures to half-veil and crown their crests. The Gap across the well-defined range was also high up to his right hand. What a remarkable place for the orator! There were not two hundred people who dwelt in the village at that time—men, women and children all together. Prior to Clay's coming, the mountaineers had come down into that valley from every direction. They came on horses and mules. There were no roads for wagons then, and the trails were rough, in places almost impassable. I can see them now before my mind's eye illustrated from my varied mountain experience, with never less than two persons on a horse or on the back of a mule, and often three and four clinging to each other and the mane—father, mother and children. Their dress was peculiar: the broad hats, the color of the earth, drawn down over the eyes of men with bony fingers and long limbs; the women in deep sunbonnets, hiding themselves within them, with their white

THE NEW PHYSICAL SCIENCE LABORATORY

AVERY HALL, DORMITORY FOR YOUNG WOMEN

capes floating over their shoulders and the children often hatless and always barefooted. Somtimes five thousand came, and sometimes more. Henry Clay, always pleading for internal improvements, stretched forth his hand and told them of the future, when wagon roads would exist, and in time railways would creep in under the mountain ranges, and also telegraph lines would bring to them all the news of America.

A little more than eight years ago five friends, to set up a real monument, sat upon the porch of what is now "Harrow Hall"; this was within six hundred yards of the spot which Henry Clay consecrated with his patriotic appeals and wonderful predictions. The wagon roads had come before our visit. The armies of the Union had met the armies of the Confederacy right there,—sometimes one prevailing and sometimes the other, for all were Americans; they were about equally matched. They cleared out the stones for their wagons and they dug deep trenches to cover their men from the rifles and cannon of their adversaries. The railroads, too, have come and are running under the long mountain range and branching off close to the little log church; the wires stretching from post to post are heavy with the news not only of America but of all the world every hour of every day. The Harrow Hall is filled with young pupils and is a part of the academic and normal instruction of the "Lincoln Memorial University."

GRANT-LEE HALL, DORMITORY FOR YOUNG MEN

One mile northward in the direction of Knoxville, which is sixty-five miles off, we find the main part of the great University. Henry Clay could hardly have dreamed of such a thing. Begun as a hotel with a pretentious name,

A "FRONT YARD" SCENE NEAR CUMBERLAND GAP

"Four Seasons," we find there now a most beautiful stretch of land of about six hundred acres; excellent land, like rolling prairie, dotted with handsome buildings, and, in the season for them, covered with crops of all kinds of farm produce; with a garden upon it of ten acres, with macadamized roads in all directions bequeathed by the hotel people; macadamized paths and highways, which the great engineer George Waring laid out, finished and left there. There is the Grant-Lee Hall with its high tower, which was once a hotel-sanitarium. There are the barns and outhouses which go with the farm land. There are the mills for grinding the corn, for sawing the logs and for cutting out the shingles. There is the new dormitory for young women, put up by the Honorable Samuel P. Avery and his noble wife, of New York, a generous and choice gift to the mountain youth.

There are several points of view from which you can take in pictures of this consecrated country, consecrated as a monument to Abraham Lincoln, and dedicated to purposes that were near to his heart. The mountain people were cut off for a hundred years from the ordinary privileges which the rest of us had enjoyed. They were talked against by aristocratic men and women. Even the slaves, because mountain folk owned no slaves, contemned them and laughed at them, giving them names which were calculated to depress and degrade them. They had also themselves to overcome the old custom of the Scottish Highlanders to inherit feuds, the patriarchal methods of clans, and the ways of the heads of households where the chief always has defended his interests, his family, or his clan with the rifle. Never mind how it came about, they fought for us in the Revolution at King's Mountain. Thousands of them hastened to our help when we most needed them, in the great Civil war for the preservation of the Union. They gave up to us all they could gather. They stripped themselves, sacrificing their homes, often their families and their lives. No wonder that Abraham Lincoln praised them so in his last interview with me during the Fall of 1863, when I was going out there to campaign in that vast mountain country. I learned to love them myself; they came to meet me by the thousands as I marched northward from Chattanooga. * * * But those days are over; they are with us now — Confederate and Union together. We are in the same board of directors. We have worked night and day to build up an institution where those can come who have never had any opportunities for knowledge from books. They do now come and we have four hundred and twenty-five of these young people getting their knowledge in Harrow Hall, in Grant-Lee Hall, and in Avery Hall, and out yonder in the gardens — knowledge of an industrial kind. They are on the farm, learning how to do farming as it ought to be done, and also in the mills. It seems like an immense beehive of activity. Our commercial department covers every instruction necessary for commercial knowledge, both for girls and boys. The telegraphy, the typewriting, the stenography, the typesetting are models of industrial enterprise. The work for the girls keeps apace with the work for the boys, so we begin to be proud of what we call our "industrial department."

My last visit showed me a teacher, a young lady who had just returned from a school which she had been teaching for twelve weeks. She came back for more knowledge, and I watched with curious interest one of our teachers as she instructed this young teacher in normal methods. I learned that the young lady had had eighty-three pupils, the most of whom began their education with her. I wish my readers could see her log school house out there in the mountains, where the eighty-three boys and girls were eagerly at work trying to make the most of themselves in their simple way. Over one hundred and fifty of such teachers have already gone from us into the various valleys to teach in districts more or less destitute.

My last visit revealed to me several other things: how the president, Dr. Stooksbury, and his good wife, really his first assistant, went from Grant-Lee Hall to Avery Hall, about an eighth of a mile, to be at breakfast with their students every day before sunrise; how professors and teachers were thus early with them on hand to work all day at their several tasks; how the professor of hygiene, a young woman from North Carolina, cared for the health of the institution and of the country where the teachers went. The hospital was not quite done, but it will be much needed whenever the varioloid, the measles or any other contagious diseases come nigh. In Avery Hall the young people have the right sort of religious exercises in their chapel—the brief reading of the scripture — the sacred music and the prayers. All denominations are represented and it is indeed a high-toned exercise for all in every moral and spiritual aspect.

Our readers will enjoy knowing that the mountaineers are very fond of music. They have had, and still have, under different competent teachers, an excellent orchestra, teachers and scholars working together; and the mountain voices are clear and resonant. Mrs. Patterson, Miss Larry, and now Miss Edwards have each shown what can be done with instruments and with the voice. The results are highly gratifying. Our college societies (two in number) appeal to the boys' love for debate. The students of the Newton high school of Massachusetts and our young men will soon have a joint discussion of the important question—"Is a classical educational course an essential part of a college curriculum?" The Lincoln and Newton scholars will come together at Newton, Massachusetts, about the twenty-second or twenty-third of May. I am glad of this. I wish to see the grand-children of those mountaineers whom Abraham Lincoln loved and trusted demonstrate their ability to cope with our New England youth, and show how worthy they are of all the contributions which the Eastern people have made and are making to their intellectual and industrial up-building.

Oliver Otis Howard
Maj-Genl. U. S. Army
(Retired)

WIDOW MACHREE

By SAMUEL LOVER

WIDOW MACHREE! it's no wonder you frown —
Och hone, widow machree;
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown —
Och hone! widow machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl —
Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, now the summer is come —
Och hone! widow machree —
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! widow machree!

See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares —
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish —
Och hone! widow machree.

Widow machree, and when winter comes in —
Och hone! widow machree —
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! widow machree.
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! widow machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld —
Och hone! widow machree —
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld,
Och hone! widow machree!
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled;
Could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, "Och hone! widow machree!"

Then take my advice, darling widow machree —
Och hone! widow machree —
And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
Och hone! widow machree!
You'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure Hope is no liar
In whispering to me,
That the ghosts would depart
When you'd me near your heart —
Och hone! widow machree.

THE HAWK AND THE CHICKEN

By GRIEG LAPHAM

DENVER, COLORADO

"NOW, Josiah," said Mrs. Britten as she handed Mr. Knapp his third cup of coffee, "it ain't that I don't believe in marrying more than once, me having had three husbands myself and I'm not saying but what I'd be willing to give up my freedom again if I felt it to be my duty, but to be outspoken as you know is my custom, what I object to is the one you've picked out to be your wife—if she will." Mrs. Britten spoke the last three words with an emphasis, and the old man opposite her moved uneasily in his chair.

Receiving no reply, she continued: "When sister Martha learned that she could live but a short time, she says to me, 'Jane, if Josiah marries again, as he's pretty liable to do, try to persuade him not to marry someone that can't cook.' That struck me as real generous and loving and thoughtful in Martha, to be thinking of another wife for you. So remembering her words, I've said what little I've said, and I'm going to say what little I've got to say, even if it does cause me a good deal of pain."

"Wal now, Jane," interrupted Josiah, "'pears to me the little you've said off and on's been a good deal. If it causes you so much pain, jes' drop the subject. I'm willin' you should."

But Mrs. Britten went on without heeding the interruption: "As I was saying, it's very unpleasant for me to speak to you on this subject, but my duty to my poor dead sister drives me to it. Why, Josiah, Mary herself told me she'd never made nothing but cake. Cake, Josiah, for a steady diet, and you so troubled with dyspepsy!

"Then, too, Mary's only a little girl, ain't nineteen yet, and here you're sixty-four. Yes you be, Josiah, and you don't look a mite younger, either. Why on earth don't you ask somebody who's had experience in matrimony and cooking to be your wife? What do you find so attractive in a shy little girl like Mary, who can't even cook?"

"Wal, Jane," replied Josiah Knapp looking slyly at his sister-in-law, "don't you know that old hawks like young chickens?"

Mrs. Britten looked at him scornfully and said: "And don't you know, Josiah Knapp, that young chickens don't like old hawks?"

Josiah rose from the table and made his way toward the door. "But, Jane," he said, "the hawk often catches the chicken, eh?" And without waiting for a reply, he went out and started for the barn. But he paused for a moment or two at the flower bed, and, having selected the gayest blossom he could find, he drew it through his buttonhole.

Mrs. Britten watched him as he drove away, a few minutes later. Then she returned to her dish-washing. "I'm afraid," she said to herself with a sigh, "that Mary won't have the spirit and sense to refuse him. Her uncle and anut think it's a good match—and land knows it is, as far as money is concerned—and Mary's that soft and yielding she won't know how to refuse him, and then, poor child." But the tear she wiped from her eye was not a tear of sympathy for Mary. Mrs. Britten had had her own plans and hopes, and they seemed destined not to be realized.

While Josiah Knapp was driving the three miles that lay between his farm and that of George Hawkins, the uncle of Mary Durfee, he decided that some time during the day he would ask the girl to be his wife. He felt very sure that Mary would say yes, if for no other reason than that she would not dare to say no. So cheerful and confident did he feel that he even whistled a little and impatiently urged on his horse. "Truly," he thought, "I feel quite young. This courtin' business makes one forget his years, and I'm pretty spry for my age, anyway, no matter what Jane Britten says."

But Mary was not in such a happy frame of mind. She didn't eat much breakfast, and her aunt feared she was "out of sorts." As soon as the meal was over Mrs. Hawkins said: "Now, Mary, hurry up and get ready. Josiah'll soon be here, and you know he's not one of the kind that likes to be kept waiting."

Mary obediently went to her room and donned her holiday attire. When she came back her uncle and aunt looked at her admiringly.

"My, but you look pert this mornin,'' said Uncle George. "Josiah Knapp's a lucky man, I reckon."

"And you're a lucky girl, Mary Durfee," added her aunt, "It's not every girl that marries a man with as much money and as fine a farm and house as Josiah Knapp's got."

"I think," said Mary wearily, "that I'll go out and wait in the hammock until Mr. Knapp comes."

As she lay in the hammock looking up at the bits of cloudless sky which she could see through the maple leaves; as she drew in deep breaths of the rose-scented air, and listened to a catbird's morning song, she thought how happy she would be that lovely June morning if there were no Josiah Knapp with his money, fine farm and big house; if she were going to the farmers' picnic at Walled Lake with a certain other person who had enough money and a good enough farm and house and, besides, was young, handsome and nice.

But Mary had no thought of refusing Mr. Knapp when he should ask her to marry him, and she felt quite certain that he would ask her that day. She was of a gentle, yielding nature and easily influenced and controlled by others. She might sometimes harbor a thought of defiance and disobedience, but when the time came for a decision some will stronger than her own decided for her. Now that both her uncle and aunt wanted her to marry Mr. Knapp, neither they nor she herself had any thought of a refusal.

Mary's reverie was broken by the sound of wheels. She sat up quickly and looked out toward the road. She expected to see Mr. Knapp, but it was Donald Richardson and his mother, who also were evidently going to the picnic. Donald bowed stiffly and raised his hat; Mrs. Richardson bowed deeply and called out: "Good morning, Mary."

"Poor little girl," she thought; and then, glancing at her son, who was looking straight ahead, his lips tightly pressed together, she added: "My poor boy!" and her eyes filled with tears."

Mary watched them until they were out of sight, and then sank back into the hammock. But she had only a few minutes to wait, for Mr. Knapp soon came. Mary went slowly out to the carriage and her aunt came hurrying from the house, carrying a large lunch basket.

"My, Josiah," said Mrs. Hawkins, "ain't this a fine day? I've put up a big lunch and a good one too, if I do say it. Hope you have a good time. Take good care of Mary. Expect I'll have more to say when you come home." She smiled knowingly at the old man, and then hastened back to the house.

As Mr. Knapp and Mary drove along the beautiful country road, he told stories, jokes and all the news, hardly stopping his flow of words, but she sat silent and sad, paying but little heed to what her companion was saying.

When they reached Walled Lake, a large number of farmers and their families were already at the picnic grounds. Near the club house the ladies, assisted by a few of the men, were making preparations for the midday feast. A throng of happy children were wading near the shore or playing in the sand, and some of the young people were just starting off for that part of the lake where the water lilies grew.

"Wal, Mary," inquired Mr. Knapp, "shall we go after lilies or take a walk in the woods?"

"Just as you wish, Mr. Knapp," answered the girl submissively.

"I choose the woods, then. I ain't much at rowin'," he replied.

And so they turned away from the other picnickers and entered the wood. They walked along in silence beneath the great oaks until they came to a place where a number of the large trees had died, leaving a little space open to the sunlight, and here were several wild rose bushes, now covered with their delicate flowers. This struck Mr. Knapp as a suitable place for his declaration.

"Mary," he said.

The girl did not answer nor look up; she only clasped her hands tightly and waited for what she knew was coming.

"Mary," said Mr. Knapp again, and then, clearing his throat, he went on, "I ain't no hand at makin' fine speeches, but the fact is it's jes' like this: your uncle and aunt and me was talkin' matters over t' other night, and we thought 't would be a good plan for you and me to decide when we'd git married."

Poor Mary, this was very different from her girlish, romantic dreams. Why, he didn't even say that he loved her! But she could no longer resist the glance he fixed upon her and was compelled to look up into his small, gleaming eyes. Her lips moved in reply, but no sound came. She again tried to speak, but just then a stronger attraction drew her eyes from Mr. Knapp's, and she looked over his shoulder.

There, on the edge of the open space, stood Donald Richardson. His hands were tightly clenched, his face very pale and his glowing, dark eyes looked both command and entreaty.

Mr. Knapp followed the direction of Mary's gaze and, seeing Donald, started in surprise and anger. Donald sprang forward and grasped the girl's arm, saying to her in a low, tense voice, "Mary, you must decide between us now."

The gentle, beautiful, easily influenced girl hesitated for a moment, wavering between the will-power and wishes of her uncle, aunt and Mr. Knapp on the one hand, and on the other Donald's will and love. Then, the deep pink flushing her pale cheeks, she swayed toward the young man, and he, with an exclamation of triumph and happiness, caught her in his arms.

Josiah Knapp, in rage and disappointment, hurried from the place. He was glad to be able to reach his horse without being observed, and hastily drove away.

A half-hour later Donald and Mary came forth from the wood. Leaving the girl, he hastened to the throng in front of the club house, and drawing his mother to one side, spoke rapidly to her for a few minutes. The expression of great surprise on Mrs. Richardson's face soon gave way to one of deep satisfaction. She stopped only long enough to hand over her task of lemonade-making to another, and then went to Mary and enfolded her in a motherly embrace. Then the two followed after Donald to the carriage and were soon on their way to Farmington, and there Donald and Mary were married that afternoon.

Mr. Knapp did not go straight home, but started for Johnson's Corners, some eight miles farther on, where Ephriam Smith lived. Smith owed him some money and Mr. Knapp felt that he was in a humor for abusing, knowing that his debtor would, as usual, have nothing for him. His expectation that he would have opportunity to use abusive language was realized. This afforded considerable relief to the old man, and, also, as it was his custom to make the best of things, he left for home in a better mood.

He was trying to figure out some way by which he could escape Jane Britten's ridicule when a new thought came to him. "Strange I never thought of that before," he exclaimed out loud, slapping his leg, "and Jane's a blame good cook and tolerably comely, too."

The more he reflected upon the matter, the stronger grew his conviction that Jane Britten would be a most excellent wife. Also he became convinced that Jane's opposition to Mary had been because she was jealous of her. And so, when just at sunset he reached home, he was resolved at once to ask Jane to become his wife.

Upon entering the kitchen a most delicious mingling of odors greeted him. Evidently Mrs. Britten had spent most of the day cooking, as the table was covered with good things. And reflecting upon the fact that Mary could make nothing but cake, Josiah felt very certain that Jane was the wife for him. Just then she came into the room.

"Why, Josiah," she cried, back already! I didn't suppose you'd get back much before ten."

Mr. Knapp seated himself in one of the kitchen chairs, tilted back against the wall and then said, "Wal, Jane, the fact is, it's jes' like this: Mary and me decided we wasn't well mated. As I was comin' home, it came to me like a flash of lightnin' that you was the wife for me. I says to myself, 'I'll ask her jes' as soon as I git home.' You'll marry me, won't you, Jane?"

Mrs. Britten's face took on a most satisfied and contented expression. "Well, Josiah," she replied, "the truth is, I ain't a bit surprised at your asking me; I felt mighty sure you would if Mary said no. I says to myself this morning as I was frying cakes, 'if Mary does say no to Josiah, he'll come right home and ask me, and I'll say yes.'

"You see it's like this," she continued, without giving the pleased old man a chance to say anything, "as you of course know, when William died six years ago this coming August he left nothing. All his money and all Mr. Green left me had been lost in that patent windmill scheme. It's my opinion, if it hadn't been for that fool windmill business William Britten would be living yet.

"But, as I was saying, I was left pretty near penniless. I found that I must make my own living, and, to be outspoken, as is my custom, it seemed to me that the only sensible thing I could do was to get married again, if the right man came my way. So when Andrew's wife died a year later, I says to myself, 'Jane, there's your chance.' You know William and Andrew were twins and just as like as two peas in a pod, except I must say Andrew's a little more practical and hasn't sunk his money in patent windmills.

"Now Andrew and I always did get along fine, and I felt pretty sure he'd be after me. But when two years had gone and he didn't come, I made up my mind that I had no chance there. So when Martha died and I began to keep house for you I'll confess I set my cap for you, Josiah, and for over a year I've been ready and waiting to say yes."

Mrs. Britten paused for breath, but not long enough to give Josiah an opportunity to speak. "Well, this morning, as I was frying the last of the cakes," Mrs. Britten continued hurriedly, "someone knocked at the door. I looked around kind of startled; thought it might be a tramp, there's been so many of them around here lately. But it wasn't no tramp, it was Andrew Britten. I was pretty much surprised; hadn't seen him for nearly a year."

The expression on Josiah Knapp's face suddenly changed. He started to say something, but Jane did not give him a chance.

"'Come right in, Andrew,' says I, heartily, 'I'm sure glad to see you.' I told him to help himself to the cakes, and he ate them as if they tasted mighty good. He'd just finished the tenth one, I kept track out the corner of my eye, when he says all of a sudden, 'Will you have me, Jane?' I was that surprised it took my breath away, but I answered, quick as a wink, 'I will, Andrew.'"

Mrs. Britten paused, but Mr. Knapp did not speak, he did not even look up, but kept his gaze fixed upon the floor. After a few minutes Mrs. Britten continued: "I went over to Larkinses and had a talk with Sarah. I knew she was a good cook and one who'd keep things clean and in good order. Now that Sue's home, her mother can spare her, and she said she'd come tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow mornin', Jane?" asked the old man, suddenly looking up. "You ain't goin' right away, be you?"

Mrs. Britten nodded affirmatively. She felt rather sorry for the old man, but yet, she reflected, it was his own fault and there was no one to blame but himself.

"Goin' right off all of a sudden, Jane?" the old man again asked. He was almost dazed by the turn affairs had taken.

"Yes, Josiah," she answered, "I expect Andrew will soon be here. He expected to be back by eight or nine. We're going to stop at Farmington on our way home and have Reverend Paxon marry us.

"And, Josiah, I was thinking after my talk with Sarah, that she'd make a mighty good wife for you. She ain't a girl, she'll never see thirty again, but then she's more of a girl by a good deal than me. She's red-headed and freckled, but I tell you, Josiah, Sarah Larkin's a fine cook and a good, steady, sensible woman.

"Listen! Yes, I thought so. Somebody's coming up the lane. It must be Andrew. . . . Come right in, Andrew. My trunk's all packed and Josiah'll help you carry it out. . . . Well, Josiah, take good care of yourself, and come over and see us when you can find time. Goodbye!"

FRAGMENT OF SCOTCH SONG

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;
Come open your doors and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

—Walter Scott

A ROMANCE OF THE INDIAN TRAIL

By A. DECKER
GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

THE Indian trail was the only highway through the pine forests when the government established a mail route from Green Bay to Lake Superior. The mail was carried by men on foot in Summer and with dog teams in Winter. Log houses, called stations, were established every thirty or forty miles. The route followed the Wolf and Wisconsin rivers for more than a hundred miles. Almost every river and canon of northern Wisconsin has its Indian trail, forgotten it may be by both white man and red, of this generation; trodden only by the berry-seeking bear, the timid deer and the migrating elk. These mail carriers were selected with great care. Only men accustomed to the wilderness and familiar with wild, frontier life were employed in this service; they were brave young men whose love of adventure principally led them away from their haunts of civilization and whose untamed nature found keen zest and enjoyment in the dangers and excitement of the border.

At the headwaters of the Wisconsin river, on the bank of a lake, the Hudson's Bay Fur Company had established a trading post. At this station and in their employ was a young man of more than ordinary ability. His dress was somewhat singular. His black, curling hair was parted in the middle and fell to his shoulders. He wore a tight frock of smoked deerskin, gaily ornamented with dyed porcupine quills. His moccasins and leggings were also gaudily decorated in the same manner and the latter had in addition a line of long fringe reaching down the seam. The tall form of Dan (for by that name we shall know him) was in the highest degree athletic and vigorous. There was no superfluity, and indeed there seldom is among the active white men of the frontier. He was with some difficulty employed by the government to carry the mail from this station north to the Iron Range.

On one of his trips in the Fall, after a heavy rain, while following an Indian trail, he came to a sapling bent across his path, with a fresh blaze on the upper side. Dan could not only speak and understand the Chippewa language, but he knew the language of the trail—it meant "Turn here." He stopped and thought, but obeyed the signal, and turned from the trail. On reaching the river, he saw by its full banks that a friend and not an enemy had placed the signal on the trail, and that it would be impossible to cross on his accustomed log, as the water was sweeping entirely over it. He had not gone far up the stream when he saw an Indian canoe in a patch of wild rice. He called in the Chippewa language, and the canoe came slowly toward the shore, parting the wild rice, when he saw an Indian maiden wielding the paddle. She belonged to the Chippewa tribe, but had a light, clear complexion, and when she smiled two gleaming rows of white teeth were plainly visible. Her dress was a tunic of deerskin made beautifully white and ornamented with beads in figures more gay than tasteful. She readily consented to take him across the stream, and he was soon on his way to the Iron Range. On his return trip he found it very agreeable to ask and receive the same favor.

In all Dan's life no passion had entered his heart but the passion for the woods; nothing but things of the forest had found a welcome there. The river receded, and the regular route was resumed.

The Indian trail has immense value in the wilderness. It may be the thread on which a man's life hangs—through vast stretches of the North it was the only line of communication. No one man laid out these primitive paths. They are the result of the joint judgment of generations of men. They are a product of centuries of travel by the red men, who camped in the trackless wilderness many days in order that the trail should go right. These trails crossed the Range at just the proper point. The white hunter sees this; the engineer follows the hunter, and the palace car rolls after. The white man's trail is laid by the compass. The Indian laid his trail by the conjunction of the stars and the mountain peaks. It approaches a hillside with caution and follows a lakeside with leisure. There is no mark of the axe on such a trail. It is never direct, but always indirect. It alarms nothing—it woos every wild thing. It seems to love grass and water—it lingers by the side of sunlit streams and keeps close to the ripple of waves on the beaches of woodland lakes. All that nature has she shows to him who follows the Indian trail. She hides her choicest things from the railroad, the turnpike and the lane; to tread the trail is to be made reverend of nature.

All of Dan's taste inclined him to wild life, the great silence of the deep solitude fed his lonely soul with the food it loved. The deep pine forest, though a wilderness, was thickly peopled. The grass on all the terraces was trampled down by deer; there were numerous tracks of wolves and bears along the streams.

The wild animals were companions to him; he never felt alone when they were about him, and he looked upon them as something belonging peculiarly to himself. When the deep snows came, as he was returning from the Iron Range with his dog team, he found a deer close by the trail partly devoured by the wolves. Securing a heavy trap from the Fur company, he set it beside the carcass. On his return the next day, he found a large gray wolf in the trap; being without gun or other weapon, he found it not easy to kill the wolf with a club, and in a short, fierce fight he received a severe wound in the foot. On reaching the station his wound was so painful that he found it impossible to make his regular trip with the mail. He was very much worried. He remembered that the Indian girl, womanlike, always had a way out of every difficulty. He sent for her, and she was not long in solving the problem. "I will take your dog team and carry the mail to the Iron Range and return," she said, with perfect confidence in her ability to make the trip. She continued the work, making five round trips requiring ten days, before Dan was able to resume.

Spring came and the wave of civil war rolled over the nation. Dan had been driving his dog team through the pine forests in the interest of peace and now he went off to drive his war horse in battle armed with gun and sabre. The mail carrier faded from the trail and passed into history. The trail became grass-grown and the abandoned stations stood like ghosts of silent cities. At the close of the Rebellion, Dan returned to southern Wisconsin, where he resolved to engage in farming and be as good a citizen as he had been a soldier.

But in the Spring when the wild geese in long, double-arrow-headed procession went clanging northward, he longed to go too. He could not understand why he was so stirred. There were voices that he could not read. He only longed to get away. The north woods were calling him. The pine trees were beckoning to him. The primitive man leaped to the surface. He felt that he must go where he might sleep within the vigil of the stars and wake with the scent of the fern and the moss, the pine and the cedar strong in his nostrils. He longed for the soft pressure of the velvet moss under his feet, for the mysterious whisper of the boughs overhead, for the murmur and ripple of the soft stream, for the spicy odor of the pines. He wanted again to tramp over rock and log and moss, to sleep on cedar boughs and eat corn pone and venison.

Dan wandered northward up the Wisconsin river, passing towns and hamlets, seeking the loneliest ways and days, through thickening woods and walls that neared each other, then widened out into a little dale that was full of forest trees, hemlock, pine, birch and elm of the largest size. The red squirrels chattered from their branches; in the mud along the stream were tracks of coon and mink in abundance, and the hardy northern song-birds sang their sweetest, solemn strains in the golden twilight of the midday forest. Here was his little kingdom — the wild geese had brought him here, as the seagulls had brought Columbus to a new world, where he could lead the woodland life that was his ideal.

As he footed it softly along the path, there rose within his lonely heart the sweet expectancy of anticipations, that gentle warmth that is wont to steal into our veins on the eve of a new and untried experience, and this certainly was to be an experience for Dan. Twilight had faded as he climbed the bluffs and came out on the broad prairie of the reservation, and finally reached the Indian village in a grove of giant pines. Here he received a hearty welcome. The camp-fire was blazing bright and he took his place in the large circle around the crackling, sparkling embers. He bestowed more than one longing look of interest upon the slow-dying fire, with its big circle of firelit faces, and listened with a strange fascination to the weird croonings of Indian melodies that rose and fell in a minor key. Dan was intently watching for a familiar figure, the Indian maiden who had befriended him in so many ways; as the evening wore on, the big, yellow moon came up and, rising higher and higher, silvered the atmosphere with its soft light. The fire sank lower and lower, leaving but a dull glow of dying embers. The singing gradually subsided and there, across from him, where the moonlight had just come stealing its way through an opening in the trees, he saw her leaning against the trunk of a fir tree, one arm thrown around it for support. Her dark eyes were open wide, intent upon the group of young folks at one side of the fire. As Dan saw her now she looked much older, even taller, less like the child she had seemed at first. Her face was oval, not round like that of the reservation girl, and was smoothed into a half-pensive expression of thoughtfulness that was given added meaning by her intelligent eyes. Just as Dan was peering around the fire at her, yearning to get a closer look, the voice of her mother called out from within the tent. Reluctantly she gathered her shawl about her and walked slowly to the tent.

Before Dan went to his bed that night he decided to go up to the spring at the head of the brook to get a cool drink. As he walked along the hum of many insects sounded strange in his ears. The calm night air felt balmier than ever and the moonlight was never brighter. The next night, after the campfire had died out, Dan went up to the spring as before, only this time the Indian girl went with him. It was too dark for any of the Indians lingering around the campfire to see the light in the girl's eyes or the glow on her cheeks, or the peculiar combination of pride and tenderness that lighted up the features of the man. They returned with a pail of water and carried it to the tent of her parents. None of the campfire folks knew just what was said inside while Dan talked with the old people, but in a few days Dan took his dusky bride and started down the Wisconsin river in a large birch-bark canoe, and was soon back in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Fur Comany. Happiness and content came to them both, and when the first-born brightened the sunshine of their lives the Indian woman in her motherly pride informed Dan that their boy was to be a medicine man when he grew up. That seemed to be the highest attainment her boy could reach, to be a benefactor to the race: but the son is a lawyer and highly respected and the aged father and mother are still living at the edge of the pine forest.

THE FUNERAL OF BONAPARTE SMITH

By RICHARD S. GRAVES
ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

THEY were both lawyers and had practiced a lifetime in the same courts, on opposite sides of cases; therefore they were enemies. The bitterness that sometimes exists between men had developed early into open and avowed enmity between Colonel Elias Tomlinson and Bonaparte Smith. The hatred each had for the other was of such a fierce and malignant nature that it was always uppermost in their minds, and they never failed to make it unpleasantly apparent whenever they came in contact.

Bonaparte Smith was tall and of heavy frame, with a short, drooping mustache and a head almost bereft of hair. His eyes appeared to be swimming in his head, and they looked at everything in an uncertain way. His enemy often referred to him as a sheep in wolf's clothing.

Colonel Tomlinson was tall and angular. His head was covered by a thick growth of iron gray hair and his long mustache curled upward. Unlike Bone Smith, he was always scrupulously clean, though his clothes were often threadbare. Whether sober or drunk, there was a genteel air about him which Bone Smith did not possess, nor could he assume it in his soberest moments, and this difference in their conditions augmented their hatred of each other.

To Colonel Tomlinson's way of thinking the world recognized the difference between them as being in his favor, placing him in a sphere above that of his enemy. To Bone Smith's way of thinking, the colonel was trying to carry the airs of an aristocrat in his old age, and in spite of his poverty; while he called himself one of the common people. They taunted each other with all the harmless arguments that could be brought to bear upon these points, for their long years of enmity had, by its peculiar incidents, brought them into close relationship.

Another generation of lawyers had long since grown up and taken the places of Bone Smith and Colonel Tomlinson at the bar, and this new generation had refused to continue recognizing them as the able lawyers they once had been, chiefly on account of their inebriety. They scorned the younger generation, with its rush of business and quick-witted ways, but this was a bond of sympathy between them which they dared not openly recognize.

The practice of the two aged lawyers was limited to the courts of justices of the peace, and their incomes to such fees as were paid by their friends of earlier days who had not yet gone the way of all mankind, and who found it necessary to go into court on rare occasions.

From the once heavy practice of his profession, Colonel Tomlinson had saved but little, and Bone Smith, who had never known any other than a hand-to-mouth existence, was almost wholly without means in his old age. The world had pushed them aside in its rush, leaving them to loiter as they would, and such attentions as they had to bestow must be bestowed upon each other.

Bone Smith, drunk and on the verge of delirium tremens, appeared out of place at Gleason's, where the mahogany bar and tall mirrors contrasted with his shabby attire. Under similar conditions Colonel Tomlinson was very much at home, for his polished manners were with him always.

Colonel Tomlinson had a way of reaching out for a drink that was graceful up to almost the last stages. When he walked up to the end of the bar, opposite which he and Bone Smith invariably sat, he would wave his long arm above it in a commanding way and as his tapering fingers touched its polished surface they would close slowly, as though about to grasp the heavy-bottomed tumbler from which he drank. No bartender at Gleason's ever misunderstood Colonel Tomlinson's signal more than once. The hand that poured out the whiskey sometimes trembled, but it seldom spilled a drop.

Before he drank, Colonel Tomlinson would turn half around, so that Bone Smith, with his chair tipped against the wainscoting, came within range of his vision. The colonel's remarks always depended upon the number of drinks he had taken, and the bartender never waited to hear them. The bartenders at Gleason's had heard Colonel Tomlinson's remarks many times before, from the first drink to the hour when he went unsteadily out at the front door and up the street toward his room.

"Back in Kentucky, suh," he would say, "they have drinking places like this where only gentlemen are allowed to enteh the doah," and then he would jerk his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of Bone Smith as he turned and lifted the glass to his lips.

Bone Smith generally approached the bar after the colonel had taken his seat and tilted his chair against the wall. He turned his hand palm upward and crooked his finger at the bartender as a signal that the bottle and glass should be set out for him.

"It's a good thing for some people that they've got pride left," he would say to the bartender, who never paid the slightest attention to him, "for that is all they have got." After he had taken a drink he would turn and glare at Colonel Tomlinson.

Their nights at Gleason's were not always quiet, for sometimes they did not confine themselves to insulting remarks. Once the colonel told Bone Smith he would challenge him, but for the fact that he was beneath the notice of a gentleman, and Bone Smith drew a knife. They had angry words day after day, and bickerings night after night, with never a reconciliation. It was a ceaseless warfare they carried on, as lasting as it was harmless. The quarrel that began in their first suit at court did not end while they lived.

One morning Colonel Tomlinson went into Gleason's for a drink on his way to breakfast. It was cold, and he shivered as he lifted the glass to his mouth.

"Bone Smith is dead," said the bartender as Colonel Tomlinson set the glass down. "He was found dead in his bed this morning."

The colonel looked at him with a start and asked what he had said. After the bartender had repeated the statement the colonel sat down in his accustomed chair at the end of the bar and remained there a long time, looking straight ahead and seeing nothing. When he arose the bartender whirled the glass toward him on the bar, but the colonel shook his head and went out.

There was no pride in Colonel Tomlinson's gait as he went up the street. He walked to Bone Smith's room, where the coroner was viewing the remains. There was a look of surprise on the faces of the coroner and undertaker as he entered. He bared his head and looked down on the dead face of his enemy. He noted for the first time that it bore lines of care and trouble, and there was a tenderness about the mouth which the colonel wondered how he had failed to notice when Bone Smith was alive.

"Here is a letter," said the coroner, speaking to nobody in particular, "which says his son has been sent to the penitentiary in a distant state. I suppose that accounts for his death." Then turning to the undertaker he gave directions about the funeral, and Colonel Tomlinson caught the words: "In the potter's field, at the expense of the city."

Colonel Tomlinson stumbled down the dust-begrimed stairway and went to his own room, where he sat with his head in his hands. An hour later he went to the corner of the room and opened an old trunk, taking from it a package which he emptied upon the table. He counted the money it contained, threw the wrappings away, and in a few moments stood before the undertaker who was to bury Bone Smith.

Carriages followed the hearse to the cemetery the next day, and the old lawyer was buried in a casket instead of a cheap, pine box. A preacher stood at the head of the open grave and prayed. An oak tree spread its branches over the spot and not far away stood the monuments of those who had been the clients of Colonel Tomlinson and Bone Smith earlier in their lives.

That night Colonel Tomlinson went back to Gleason's. He tilted his chair against the wall and did not take a drink until past midnight. When he leaned against the bar the bartender was surprised to see him slide a twenty-dollar gold piece across it, for it had been years since Colonel Tomlinson was known to have that much money at one time. The bartender did not know it was the last of a sum the colonel had sacredly laid away years before, when he was prosperous, to pay his own funeral expenses.

The colonel drank frequently after that and was soon in such a condition that it was considered unsafe to start him home alone. Toward morning he arose and walked unsteadily up to the bar, the usual sneering smile on his face. He felt for the glass with the same graceful sweep of the hand and poured out a drink.

"Back in Kentucky, suh," he said, leaning his elbow on the bar and turning his face half over his shoulder in the direction of Bone Smith's chair.

But he stopped suddenly as his eyes looked upon the vacant seat. The glass fell from his fingers and the whiskey was spilled on the bar. Colonel Tomlinson resumed his seat.

In a short time daylight crept in through the windows and the barkeeper turned out the lights. He noticed that Colonel Tomlinson was still asleep, and going over to him shook his shoulder. The hat fell from his head, revealing a pallid face and eyes that were wide open and staring, glazed by the hand of death.

RUSSELL, THE "COWBOY ARTIST," AND COBURN, THE "COWBOY POET"

CHAS. M. RUSSELL, THE COWBOY ARTIST

By WALLACE D. COBURN

Author of "Rhymes From A Round-up Camp"
GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

CHARLES M. RUSSELL, the cowboy artist of Montana, easily holds first place as a reproducer of western scenes, his specialty being cowboy and Indian life. In fact, he stands alone in that kind of work, and when he leaves the world of art his departure will mark the passing of the wild and woolly West as it really was during its palmy days, and posterity will know the true cowboy only through Russell's pictures of this picturesque and dashing ruler of America's great plains.

To know the cowboy artist means a streak of good fortune not often to be enjoyed in this busy, money-seeking present day—for in him you meet a character refreshing and decidedly original.

A stalwart champion of the West with all its charm of newness, beauty and freedom, grand mountains and vast prairies, Russell loves his work as do few enthusiasts of the brush and palette. He is a natural artist, being self-taught during his leisure hours on the cattle ranges.

A good comrade, he is never happier than when in company with some of his former fellow range riders, narrating humorous cowboy yarns or swapping reminiscences of the good old days when the knight of the prairie in all his pride rode, drank, fought and loved, as did his forefathers of the days of chivalry, who also believed in "a short life and a merry one."

With his silver-mounted spurs a-jingle, bit and headstall flashing silver, twenty-eight-inch tapaderoes dusting the tops of the sage brush and bunch grass, and his ivory-handled six-shooter hanging at a rakish angle, in order to be handily pulled in an event requiring quick action, the cowpuncher was without a flaw, a unique character, and Russell places him on canvas just exactly as he lived in all his wild-and-woolliness.

In the drawings of eastern artists and illustrators, which we see every day, there seems to prevail a ridiculous but popular idea that the cowpunchers wear their hair sweeping their shoulders, fierce mustachios, fringed buckskin leggings, sleeves rolled to the elbows, gun hanging in a buttoned holster on the left side in close company with a giant bowie-knife, — making up a specimen of humanity never seen outside of some gory tragedy of the stage.

Russell's Indians, cowmen, buffaloes, western horses and scenery are all just as nature made them and not the creation of a reckless imagination.

The excellence of the cowboy artist's work derives from the fact that he possesses an intimate knowledge of the life and scenes he depicts.

Charles M. Russell was born in St. Louis in 1867 and spent the tender years of his youth in that city. He wandered to Montana in 1883, his main object being to win fame and fortune on the trail of the "long-horn"; but he learned that his chosen vocation was not all sunshine and pleasant dreams, and not a few times he found his pockets unweighted by coin of the realm. However, he managed always to own a good horse or two on which to drift from range to range, for, as he aptly puts it, "A good, steady job was not always staring a man in the face."

His first drawing was done with a common lead pencil for the amusement of himself and his companions on the round-up. Russell would "night-wrangle" horses in order to get to sketch in the daytime.

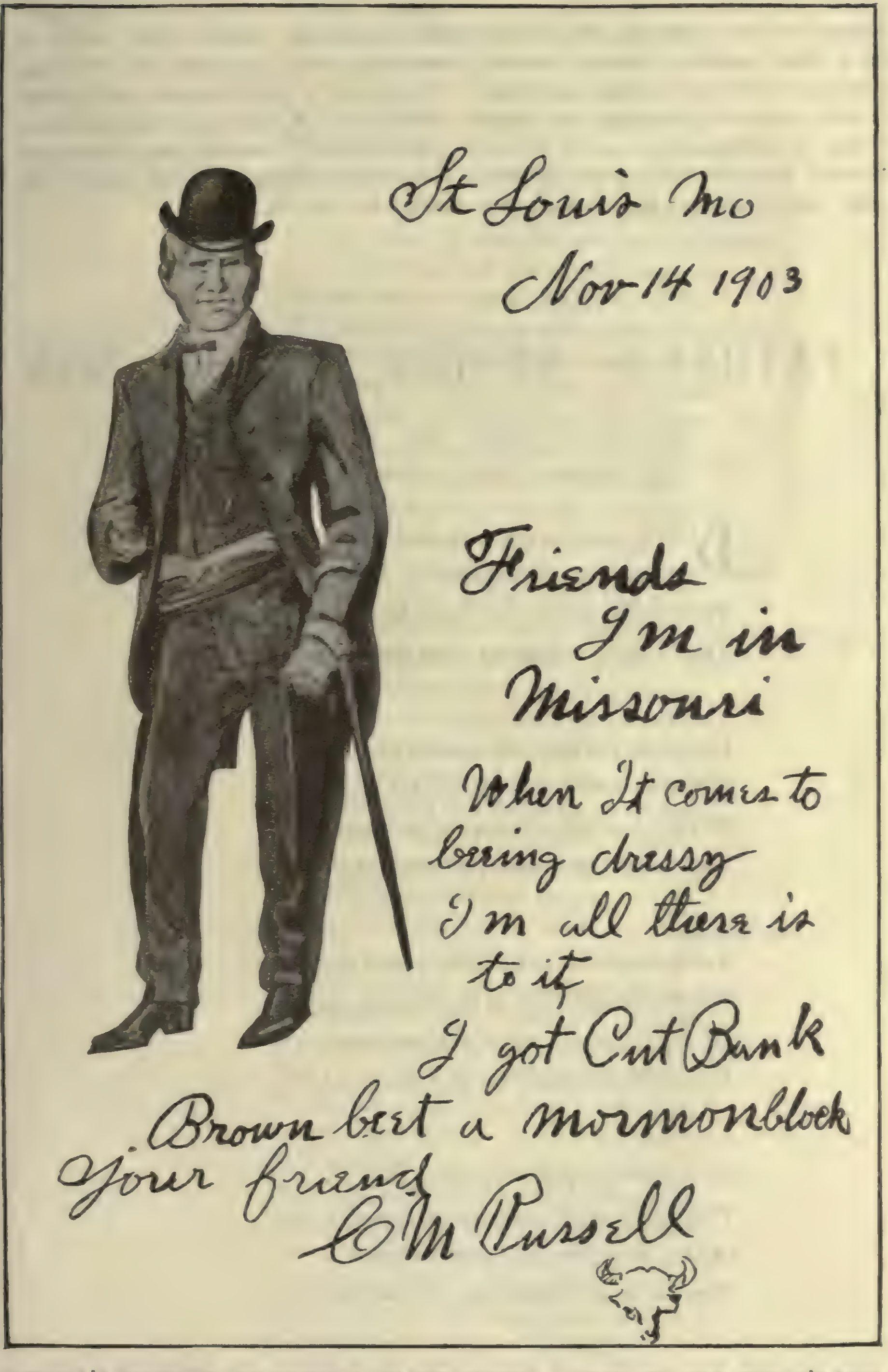
Little attention was attracted by his work in art until one day during the long, severe Winter of 1886, Russell drew, at one of the camps on the Musselshell of the *—R (Bar R)—outfit the picture entitled "The Last of 5,000; or, Waiting for a Chinook." The drawing was sent to his employers in Helena, establishing his standing as an artist of no mean ability.

Two years were spent by him living with and studying the Blood Indians in the Northwest Territory, and some time was pleasantly passed hunting and studying wild animals in the Judith Basin, in Montana, living with Jakey Hoover, an old trapper.

Finally, in 1892, he quit round-up life and commenced painting for a living, establishing himself in Great Falls, Montana, and although red had been his favorite town color, he learned to use various hues. He still resides at Great Falls, but now in comfort with a cherished wife to share his success.

Barb-wire fences, sheep and the gradual settling up of the country are sources of sorrow to the cowboy artist, and he longs for the days of the vast trail herds when you could ride straight across country to the music of the buffalo wolves and the tom-tom of the Indian sun-dance, with nothing but nature's handiwork to attract the eye and tickle the heart-strings.

On his lawn stands a quaint cabin with its old-fashioned fireplace, stone floor, log walls covered with Indian and cowboy relics, game heads and other reminders of the past. This is where



St Louis Mo
Nov 14 1903

Friends
I'm in
Missouri
When It comes to
beeing dressy
I'm all there is
to it
I got Cut Bank
Brown beet a mormonblock
Your friend
C M Russell

RUSSELL'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF, DRAWN DURING A VISIT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS, FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF HIS FRIENDS AT HOME he does all his work, and it seems a fit studio for the cowboy artist.

Russell is an inimitable story-teller, with a great sense of humor, having the happy faculty of making any kind of a tale extremely funny by his original way of telling it.

Russell, the successful artist, dresses in the same way as did Russell the cowboy — his costume including at all times a light, broad-brimmed hat, high-heel boots and flannel shirt, while a sash encircles his waist, the wearing of which is a peculiar style, only going to show one of his many original ideas.

May Russell live and paint for many, many snows is the heart-felt wish of all lovers of his art.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

By WALLACE D. COBURN

(From "Rhymes From A Round-up Camp")

DON'T marry a girl with dark blue eyes,
Whose love, the bards say, never dies;
Their minds are narrow, their hearts are small,
Their natures composed of unlimited gall.

Beware of the girl with eyes of gray,
For when you're wed she'll want full sway
Of your business affairs, and will also use
Your hat, necktie and, perhaps, your shoes.

Avoid the girl with the soft, brown eye;
They're all coquettes of the deepest dye.
So watch yourself when one you meet,
For, as downright flirts, they can't be beat.

All black-eyed girls be sure to shun;
They cause most evil now-days, son.
In fact, if this life you would enjoy,
Stay single as long as you can, my boy.

KING IRNO'S QUEST

By EMMA C. DOWD

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

KING IRNO lay on his carven bed,
Tapestried hangings at foot and head;
No softer couch could skill devise,
Yet it brought not sleep to the monarch's eyes.
He was weary of feast, he was weary of dance,
Of his gilded palace and park's expanse;
He was weary of battles and gory fields,
Of drums and trumpets and blazoned shields;
Long were the days, long were the nights;
His pampered fancy craved new delights.
He thought, as he lay there, restless and sad:
"There is never a pleasure I have not had,
No beautiful thing in the world lack I,
For there's nothing my riches will not buy;
But every day wears the selfsame hue—
I would give my kingdom for something new!"
At last he slept, and his mind had range
Through a land that was pleasant and vast and strange,
And he saw, amid treasures of rarest worth,
An angel weighing the things of earth.
All things charming and good were there,
All things costly and rich and fair,
Stones most precious and crowns of gold,
Diamonds—all that the scale could hold.
Yet a single star of transcendent light,
Whose radiance dazzled King Irno's sight,
Held down the scale on the nearer side,
Outweighing all else of earth's wealth and pride.
Then spoke the king, in his kingly way:
"What name has this wonderful jewel, pray?
So matchless a gem I must call my own;
Naught will content me but this alone.
The price, good sir? Whatever it be,
To the half of my kingdom, I offer thee."
"Nay," said the angel; "this shining star
Is a beautiful soul without stain or mar,
And a beautiful soul is a priceless thing
That cannot with gold have reckoning."
"Then prowess must earn this gem divine,"
King Irno cried, "and the prize is mine!
In sport or in arms I have never a peer;
Set me a task!—I know not fear!"

But the angel answered, with saddening face:
"He only may bear this star of grace,
On earth below, or in heaven above,
Who bestows on his fellows the gift of love."
Then King Irno swore and cursed his birth;
For he loved no man in all the earth.

The years flew fast, and King Irno's land
Was besieged by a mighty and cruel band.
Long was the struggle; at terrible cost
Was the country held, until all was lost;
With brave men's blood the streams ran red,
And women and children wept for the dead.
King Irno's glory passed away,
As melts the frost in the sun's fierce ray,
And the vanquished monarch, heavy with woe,
Wandered a fugitive, to and fro.
One night he traversed a mountain road,
Far from the shelter of man's abode;
Sharp was the wind, and the merciless sleet
Over his thin-cloaked shoulders beat.
The darkness thickened, the storm grew wild,
When he met in his pathway a little child;
White were its garments with drifted snow,
And its eyes shone out with a tender glow;
Tangled curls blew about its face,
And it begged for bread with a piteous grace.
King Irno lifted the baby form,
And strove its shivering limbs to warm,
And, shielding it from the cruel gust,
He put in its hand his one, last crust.
In the cleft of a rock they slept, at last,
While the snow fell thick in the shrieking blast,
The beggar-king and the child on his breast,
And long and sweet was King Irno's rest.
He dreamed of his suffering's swift surcease,
Where all was glory and all was peace,
And he heard a Voice like music roll,—
"Lo, it is thine—the beautiful soul."

Centuries' winds have rocked and fanned
The ruined walls of King Irno's land;
But still has love its glad, sweet birth
In nights of tempest and days of dearth.
Man gains by troublous ways his goal,
And wins through sorrow a beautiful soul.

MILKING THE COWS ⁂ By J. F. Conrad

DID you ever lay your hand on the corrugated side of a strange cow and say "so-o-o?" Probably not. Well, it takes nerve and a good deal of psychological research, and then it won't work satisfactorily every time. A man may have been raised on a farm, and stuck at it all his life, never aspiring to be anything greater than a grand juror; and yet, when ushered into the presence of a strange cow, a close observer can detect a lack of confidence in each other. (That is, the strange cow and the farmer.) This lack of confidence often grows into complete estrangement, and, if the hired man is not on hand, more than once mother has had to break the beast in.

Some years before I commenced working out my poll tax, my parents decided to send me away to college. The only excuse they could offer for their conduct was their opinion that I would never amount to anything on the farm; and I guess they were right, for I never could work myself into the confidence of the stock. Somehow, whenever I tried to turn over a new leaf, and decided to do some more work, and be of general use to my folks even if I did get milk on my boots, and in pursuance of the above mentioned resolution entered the cow yard with the fixed determination to make the beasts "give down," for the life of them they could not, somehow, contain their mirth. First one cow and then another would look at me in kind of a brazen manner, then turn and look at the rest and wink. A cow can look about as coarse and vulgar and immodest, when she is taking an inventory of a fellow, as any creature that walks. After they would have a good time with me in this manner, they would grow rude, and work themselves into a hilarious mood; then they would throw off all reserve and paw up the earth and stick their horns in the ground and make a most disgusting effort to stand on their heads. A fellow who will take all this without getting angry and trying to chastise the herd with a neck-yoke will never need the refining influence of religion.

One time, when I was home on a vacation, our nearest neighbor had occasion to be away for a few days, and he asked me if I would do the milking for him while he was gone. There was nothing in it for me. That is probably why I agreed to do it. Whenever anyone wants to hire me to do something for him, I feel as though I had the right to refuse. But if he wants me to do it for accommodation I never know just how to get out of it. Anyway, I always promise, and trust Providence to get me out of it when the time comes. I subscribed to various church funds on this same theory, and, as often as I have been fooled by Providence, I am still at it.

Yes, I promised, without hesitancy or reservation, to do the milking for him. He wasn't going away for a week, and just think of the chances for something turning up, so I would not have to do it at all! But afterward it occurred to me that I was under no obligations to him whatever. I even remembered that he had tried to discourage my folks and persuade them not to send me away to college. He was a plain-spoken man of strong prejudices, and, for some reason, he failed to grasp the length and breadth of my intellect. I tried to turn round for him once when I was helping him haul in hay; but, as usual, the team lost confidence in me and upset the wagon, and, with the idea of "killing two birds with one stone," they broke out the wagon tongue at the same time. This took place on the top of an exceptionally tall hill, and the hay slid down like an avalanche and brought up at the bottom in a twisted mass that looked cute, I thought. It struck me as being worth a day's wages to see it slide, so I laughed and was exceedingly amused; but when I failed to hear his coarser laugh seconding mine, with a smile still on my features I looked around, and he was just on the point of sticking his pitchfork way into me. I have sometimes thought that this may have had something to do with his opinion that it was a waste of time to send me away to college. In his frank, open way he advised the folks that if they were bent on sending me away to an institution of learning, to have me study medicine or fit myself to be a grand juror. He had been foreman of a grand jury one wet Spring, when it wasn't fit to farm, and he kept it in session until the country ran out of blank indictments; then he reluctantly quit. He was a queer man and outspoken, and, maybe, a trifle coarse; for he said a man could make a bigger success in this life on less mental capital, in the practice of medicine than in any other profession. Yes, he was, undoubtedly, just a little coarse. But when the time came for me to do the milking, and Providence had failed me, as usual, my father convinced me that it was my plain duty to carry out my agreement; then see if I could keep from making a fool of myself the next time.

I, Jonas Huxtable, was quite a distinguished character, you might say, in that locality, and when I made some fool break with a team or fell off a horse, I was pointed out as the fellow that had been sent away to college; but it never struck me that the advertisement was just in the proper spirit. I went to a spelling school once about that time. I remember: there I was like an inspired idiot, dressed up in my best clothes and had on a butterfly tie. The other boys came just as they had finished up their chores. I was marked. But that is the way with a college boy from the country. He gets the idea in his head that he is going to be educated right away, and that when he comes home he ought to show it. Two of the boys chose up for a final test of strength, so to speak; it must have been out of pure maliciousness. Anyhow, one of the leaders chose me first. Now, I never would spell just according to the ordinary rules laid down by N. Webster. I am too original for that. So, when the malicious villain who was giving out sang out to me the word pickle, I was agitated. I was looking for a much harder word. Now, up to that time, I didn't know whether it was spelled p-i-c-k-l-e or o-l. So I hope to be convicted of arson in the thirty-second degree, if I didn't wind that word up with an o-l. Every kid in the house commenced to snicker, then it was taken up by others. Finally it grew contagious, and old men and old women who couldn't have spelled pickle with the book open took it up, and if you will allow me to cull a figure of speech from the less refined vocabulary of our own national genius, they did not do a thing to me. For fear there are some who will think that the last clause in the foregoing sentence is not up to my standard, I will say that it is taken largely from "Micawber." Those old people not only laughed, but they howled and shrieked and fell off the benches. I knew I had blundered, and I tried to look dignified and unconcerned, but as I remember it now, it was a sorry effort. I knew I was red in the face, and my necktie was climbing up over my collar, and I was a sad, sad sight. I remember, while standing there sweating and suffering, I started in to conjugate the Greek verb "luo" in my mind, just to convince myself that I was not altogether a plum fool. The teacher tried to preserve order in a measure, but he had never been to college, either, and it was hard for him to conceal his mirth and instead of quieting the riot he seemed to help it along.

Finally, I made a break for the door and got out. By common impulse the school broke up. The lane was too close for me, so I started for home across the fields. After I had gone about a half a mile I stopped to listen. It was in the middle of a cornfield. It was one of those still nights. And while I stood there I could hear the farmers driving home from the spelling school. Away off to the west, about a mile or two, I would hear some farmer break out in a loud laugh; then it would be taken up by the others in the wagon and would go reverberating for miles, it seemed to me. Then away over, a mile or two to the east, the same thing would be repeated, until finally, in every direction, above the rattle of the wagons, could be heard the coarse, rough laugh of the farmer and the milder soprano of the girls, mingled with the boisterous, cynical, irritating laugh of the hired man. And that wasn't all. Every cur in the neighborhood seemed to join in and lend his blessed voice to swell the hilarity. All the geese within three miles crawled out from under barns and sheds and similar things and commenced their infernal squawking, as if they had an idea it was really the "Coming of the Morn." A low, coarse mule away off south set up his everlasting "haw, yaw, yaw," bent on being in at the finish with the hired man. If it hadn't been for a few drawbacks, and I had had anything to do it with, I would have sacrificed my own life on that night. But, instead, I took a club and beat down about ten rods of wire fence.

But on that evening when I went over to do the milking for our neighbor, I was feeling rather good. I could remember lots of things I had learned at college, hosts of irregular verbs and prepositions that had a kind of an arbitrary way of yanking a noun out of its customary case, and placing it where it looked strained and unnatural. The hopes I had centered in me were never higher than on that evening; and it would only be a week or two until I would go back to college again. I found a hen setting in the smartweed, by an old log, as I went over. She had thirteen eggs, and it struck me, had she been human she would have laid another one. Not exactly that, but that idea.

The first cow I milked acted beautifully. She "gave down" in such a friendly, unsolicited manner, that she won me completely. But there was something about the next cow that aroused my suspicions, and made me feel uncomfortable. She was a square-built cow, with prominent hip bones and a slight bow in the back. Her horns were inclined to curl. She had a high, intellectual forehead, but absolutely no back head, to speak of. It was plain to be seen that she didn't care a cuss about a family and had no strong ties of friendship for any living thing; but was sordidly selfish and cynically inclined. But there was a look about the eyes that impressed you with the belief that she had suffered; that she had met with some great disappointment. You feel sorry for her at first; but this will wear off in time. She had large, irregular hock joints, and probably the rest of the herd had made fun of her, and soured her disposition. Still, if there is anything in phrenology, she was a dead wrong cow from the start, and I ought to have known it. It has always been my theory never to let a cow see that you are afraid of her, for if you do it is "goodbye John."

With an assumed air of confidence, and maybe she knew it, I took my stool in hand and proceeded to milk her. Everything went all right for a few minutes, and I began to think that I had misjudged her, and was relenting, when, without a moment's warning, without any effort to get the range, without the aid or consent of any "board of strategy," she tore loose with her right, and you could tell in a minute that she was the best in her class. She struck that bucket just below the milk line, and about a gallon of the aforesaid lacteal fluid, in its natural state, slid up the side of the bucket nearest me, slid out of the same and on, on up my shirt bosom, lifting my chin a fraction and forming in a French twist on the back of my neck. After that she ran about fifty feet, stopped and looked around to see what havoc she had wrought. I was pale—with milk and madness. My first idea was to kill the brute; and I made a mental calculation how long it would take me to pay for her. Now, there are some people who would have gone up to her and in an injured tone, reasoned with her and tried to show her wherein she was wrong. I didn't. I took a club. I even spit on my hands, and I walked up to that cow, selected my point of attack, and struck her my best 179 times. Then I drew off and surveyed the result. I am here to say that I had done all this without making any impression on her works. When I halted she seemed surprised. Now during my attack she had not moved, but stood braced, like she was expecting more than she got. As I was about tired out, I concluded to try her once more. For awhile she stood as quiet as a cow in a picture; but I wasn't just satisfied with the way she chewed her cud.

Just as my conscience was commencing to hurt me a trifle, on account of the beating I had given her, she opened on me again with the same leg. This time her range was a little high; her foot grazed the top of the bucket, and how it happened I don't know, but in some way the bail of the bucket slipped up over the hoof and on up over that immense knee joint (or whatever the proper name is) and there it hung. During all this time the other cows were watching like interested spectators. They were expecting a good time; but they hadn't calculated on the picnic and free excursion that was coming. For one brief instant the brute turned and gazed at what she had caught, then she let forth a kind of wail, shook herself and started in a mad race around the two-acre lot. As she ran the bucket would swing 'round and 'round her leg; then, as if to vary the thing, it would slide up and down above her knee; while ever and anon a dash of milk would go sailing o'er her back and fill her ears. On! on! she rushed, with her eyes sticking out like two strawberries on the top of a piece of shortcake. Over logs and stumps and cattle troughs and troughs for hogs she sped, until she had completed the circuit of the lot. Not another cow had moved, but all were "too full for utterance." Each stood with open mouth, as if to laugh, had nature come to the front with the right kind of an epiglottis. As she completed the second circuit of the lot, one old cow, who couldn't stand it any longer, gave a yell, or as near to one as a cow can come to it, and started in the race. This party of the second part was a joker from 'way back, and as she ran she made a stab at some pumpkins in an old wagonbed, and, as luck would have it, impaled one that our neighbor was going to take to town and get a suit of clothes on as a first or second prize. With this pumpkin on her horns, she sailed on after the party of the first part and 'round the lot they went, like old Neptune himself was driving them (that is, if he ever drove cattle.) But like all shows, it let out. The pumpkin bursted and the bucket bail gave way. The party of the first part then came 'round to me, as much as to say: "You go ahead with your rat-killing. I can put up a pretty good style of punishment myself, but this new kind of chastisement you have is too much for yours truly."

From that day on she was never known to raise a leg against any man.

A TALK ABOUT SHRUBS

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

FLOWERING shrubs are among the most valuable plants we have, and by careful selection, coupled with attention to their needs, it is possible to have a collection which will furnish blooming specimens from earliest Spring until late Fall.

Some people prefer to let a shrub make its natural growth with no attempt to force a more symmetrical form; others prefer a more compact and shapely bush and not infrequently sacrifice its blooming force in the attempt to attain it, through ignorance of the proper time to prune.

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No one need ask when to prune a certain shrub, if its blooming season is known. Take, for example, the common lilacs and snowballs, which are just out of bloom, and we know that the buds which appeared before the leaves were grown must have been formed while the bush was in a growing condition last year. Knowing this, it is easy to understand why these, and all early flowering shrubs, should be pruned soon after their blooming season is over, thereby forcing the growth of an increased number of new branches, in the tip of each of which nature will store a blossom that will remain dormant through the Winter and come forth with the first warm days of Spring.

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Roses, hydrangeas and other shrubs which bloom in mid-Summer or Fall may, as a rule, be pruned in early Spring because their blooms are borne on the season's growth of wood, and every branch a plant can be forced to throw out when the season's growth begins forms a blooming point.

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To prune, or not to prune, is largely a matter of taste and location of the shrub, but cultivation and fertilization are necessities if best results are to be obtained. Barn-yard manures will furnish all the needed elements of growth, and those who have it will naturally use it; if a fertilizer must be purchased the commercial brands are more desirable, because, while furnishing the same elements, they do not produce a crop of weeds, and are more easily handled.

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A few shrubs must be propagated by root division and some require layering, but the majority may be easily and quickly grown from cuttings. A good general rule is to take cuttings, about six inches long, just as the leaf-buds are opening out, and plant them where the soil will be reasonably moist — or can be easily kept so. Placed close together, in rows, the cuttings should become well rooted and ready for transplanting by the next Spring.

Wistarias, trumpet creepers and several other plants commonly called vines are in reality climbing shrubs, and the same general rules apply to them as to the most bushy form, if they are grown for the sake of their blossoms; but, being such rampant growers, it is frequently necessary to sacrifice blooms to form — or allow the plant to outgrow all bounds.

THE DELICATE CHILD IN HOT WEATHER

By W. T. MARRS, M.D.
JEWETT, ILLINOIS

THE proper care of young and delicate children during the heated season requires patience and skill.

There exists an abundance of assumed knowledge on the care of young children, but it is often of a spurious, if not injurious, kind. The healthy child often thrives despite its environment rather than by reason of it. The management of every young child is a problem in itself. Especially is this true when we consider delicate and poorly nourished children. The main problem is proper nourishment.

Too much stress cannot be placed upon regularity of feeding. Feeding at too close intervals is baneful in its effects, as the stomach is a muscular organ requiring rest, and the digestive juices should not be kept flowing constantly. The cry of thirst is often mistaken for that of hunger. Children of all ages should have all the water they want. According to weight, they require more than adults.

Water should be given infants before feeding, so that an extra quantity of nourishment will not be taken in order to satisfy thirst. This increased amount of food causes fermentation and lays the foundation for much trouble. A little lime or lemon juice added to the water is useful in case of sour stomach.

Next to the mother's milk, cow's milk comes the nearest being an ideal food. Milk is slightly acid, and in case of young children should be neutralized by the addition of lime water or a grain of baking soda to each ounce of milk. Until the fifth or sixth month, the milk should be diluted with an equal quantity of lime water, or plain water with the bicarbonate of soda added. If this is not capable of being retained and assimilated, a still greater dilution may for a time be necessary. A little sugar of milk should always be used to sweeten.

Any one of the artificial foods on the market may be used to supplement the feeding, but they should never be wholly depended upon, as a child fed on them alone is prone to rickets and other serious digestive disturbances.

In cases where the stomach is too weak to retain nourishment, all food should be withheld for twenty-four hours and the white of an egg in a glass of water given in teaspoonful doses quite often. If there is an obstinate diarrhoea, the bottles of milk should be heated by being placed in water at nearly boiling temperature. Milk thus treated will keep sweet for considerable time.

The utmost care as to cleanliness should be observed in handling the milk. The bottles should be thoroughly scalded in boiling water and left to soak in a boracic acid solution or soda water. It is painful still occasionally to see the nursing bottle with the long tube which is impossible to cleanse.

When a child artificially fed does not gain in weight the sugar in its food is, as a rule, low, and this may be easily remedied. If there is constipation the fats are not likely to be up to the average and conditions may be righted by the addition of cream. For reasons quite obvious the milk of a herd is preferable to that of one cow.

Under eight or nine months it is best to depend mainly upon a milk diet, as the child has not yet acquired the ability to digest starchy foods. About this age there may be given a gruel made from oatmeal, barley, arrowroot or some of the farinaceous foods. Beef juice may also be given. It is best made by slightly broiling the beef and extracting the juice with a lemon squeezer. It may be given warm or cold, but not hot, as heating coagulates the albumen. Older children require plenty of ripe fruit. Apples contain an acid that is peculiarly conducive to health. The rapacious youth who raids apple orchards is simply obeying an instinct which Mother Nature has implanted in all young animals.

TO THE WIFE ❧

By James Ball Naylor

A POET'S ADVICE ON MANAGING HUSBANDS

TO the wife who would keep
Her dear husband knee-deep
As a lover, these lines are addressed:
Just a wee bit of guile,
When he comes, and a smile
And she'll always be loved and caressed.
Let her mouth be the sign
That there's honey and wine
To be had—and a measure of bliss;
For no man can resist
A sweet mouth to be kissed,
With the corners turned up — like this.

But if when he comes in
From the battle and din
Of the day with his temper a shred,
He is met in the hall
By the animate pall
Of the frolicsome maiden he wed,
He'll forget to be kind,
He'll pretend to be blind
To her silent appeal for a kiss;
For no husband will waste
Half a minute to taste
Of a mouth with the corners — like this.

It is cruel? No doubt!
But I've studied it out
And the fault isn't all on one side;
And the wife who would meet
A fond lover, should greet
Him each day as a sweetheart—a bride.
Let her mouth be the sign
That there's honey and wine
To be had—and a measure of bliss;
For like balm from the South
Is a dear little mouth
With the corners — like this, not this!

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

"WELL NOW, THAT IS INTERESTING"
Photograph by Mandeville

BOILED LEMONADE

By DR. KATHRIN HILTON
Norwood Park, Illinois

In making lemonade, boil the desired quantity of sugar and lemon juice together, cool and add as much cold water as needed — a great improvement on the old way.

TO PROTECT NEEDLES

By MAMIE BOGGS
Long Beach, Mississippi

Flannel should not be used in needle books, as flannel is often prepared with sulphur, which will rust the needles. A piece of fine linen or chamois leather is better.

SETTING HENS IN MID-SUMMER

By LEE McCRAE
Memphis, Tennessee

Many experienced poultrymen feel that it is almost useless to try to raise broods of chicks in very hot weather, so apt are the eggs to spoil before they can be hatched. But an old, old lady who has been in the business for years declares that perfect success is attained by setting the hen directly upon the ground. She scoops out a little hollow in the earth, and places the eggs in it without a particle of straw around or beneath them. A shelter is provided, of course. She says the hen suffers less from heat or lice, and if the eggs have been fresh to start with every one of them will be hatched even in the hottest weather.

CUTTING BUTTON-HOLES

By MRS. WM. DICKSON ADAMS
Boonville, Missouri

In preparing to cut button-holes in a material that frays easily it is well to mark a line the length of hole desired, then stitch close around it on the sewing machine before cutting it. This gives firmness and prevents fraying.

SALT FOR THE HANDS

By MRS. A. M. C.
Ashville, New York

Try rubbing the hands with dry salt after having had them in water for a length of time; afterward rinse them and wipe dry. If used daily after the housework is finished it will keep the hands smooth, clean and white.

WHEN BAKING BREAD

By M. E. P.
West Portland, Oregon

When baking bread, if you wish to bake five loaves, and your oven will hold but four, steam one loaf, and set in the oven to dry, after the other bread is baked. You will find it much tenderer and better in every way than the loaves which are baked.

PREVENTS FADING

By MRS. G. H. PATTRELL
Union Village, Vermont

A large spoon of turpentine put in the water when washing dresses or waists with delicate colors liable to fade, will prevent fading and preserve the colors fresh and bright.

GREASE ON THE STOVE

By MRS. W. J. WHITFORD
Brookfield, New York

If you spill grease upon a hot stove, cover the spot at once with a thick layer of ashes; this will absorb the grease, so you will not be offended by its odor while burning, and a little later you can brush away the ashes, and none of the grease will remain.

ZINC A CHIMNEY CLEANER

By ADELAIDE NEWHALL
West Medway, Massachusetts

Possibly some who use soft coal may not know that a handful of zinc scraps, or, if these cannot be conveniently procured, a piece of pure zinc equal in size, thrown upon the fire once a week, will cause the soot that so rapidly accumulates to loosen its hold and fall down, due to some chemical action.

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SOMETHING ABOUT EGGS

By ELEANOR T. VAUGHAN
Denver, Colorado

Many housewives do not know that their failure at times to beat the whites of eggs to a light, white foam is due to the fact that the dish used contained moisture other than that of the eggs. Always dry the dish thoroughly before using as the slightest moisture upon its surface will interfere with the whites becoming light.

When separating the yolk from the white of an egg, break the shell by striking gently against the edge of a dish. The yolk is retained in one portion of the shell while the white is allowed to drop over and fall into the dish. Transfer the yolk from one half shell to the other several times and after each change run the finger along broken edge of shell to cut the white away. By the use of the finger the entire white is separated without danger of the yolk being drawn over the edge and broken.

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NUT FOOD FOR HENS

By MRS. ROBERT SMITH
Greene, New York

Nothing helps so much toward making hens lay in the Winter time as nuts. Two heaping pans full of walnuts and butternuts, cracked, are given to a flock of twenty-five hens twice a week, and how it makes them "shell out" the eggs. Remember we live on a large farm and all the nuts cost us is time to pick them up in the Fall.

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CINDER IN THE EYE

By G. L. CLAY
Marysville, Virginia

I suffered for a week from a cinder in my eye which had become embedded and at times seemed to be out. I tried all the simple remedies without relief when finally, without faith, I tried a loop of horse hair run up under the lid and out it came. It saved me a journey and doctor's fee and was painless. I have since recommended it in obdurate cases and it has never failed. Properly cleanse the hair before using.

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WASHING FLUID

By MRS. JAMES W. MANSON
Brooklyn, New York

Dissolve one ounce salts of tartar, one ounce salts of ammonia and one can Babbitt's potash in five quarts of lukewarm water. Add half a cake borax soap shaved fine. Clothes should be dry when put in boiler and should boil twenty minutes. When taken out of the boiler and rubbed for a few minutes it will be found that all dirt and spots will be removed with very slight effort. This fluid does not injure the clothes and has been used by a number of people in this vicinity.

TO SAVE LAUNDRY WORK

By MRS. D. L. N.
La Fayette, Illinois

Try making baby's little aprons by the bishop pattern, front and back the same, so that they are reversible. Then gather the neck upon a rubber tape (about one-half yard) to slip over the head. They are easy to make, slip on, wash and iron, besides lasting longer than when the wear all comes on one side.

Also, try using a pair of old stocking legs to protect the sleeves while doing up the morning work. They save washing, too.

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LET YOUR HENS SET

By F. F. T.
Denver, Colorado

You should not try to keep a hen from setting when nature wills otherwise. A hen will not want to set unless she is fat, and as she seldom leaves the nest for food during the period of incubation, she needs the flesh for nourishment and to keep the eggs warm.

If you do not wish to have chickens give her porcelain eggs and let her set for two weeks; then shut her up for a few days. After this she will be in a better condition and will lay more eggs than she would have done if prevented from setting, nor will she desire to set again until she becomes fat.

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POTATO HINTS

By MRS. L. V. BEALE
Hobart, Oklahoma

Potatoes which have frozen can be used and be as good as ever if not allowed to thaw. If they thaw the least bit they are worthless. Pare them in cold water and drop one at a time in boiling water.

In the Spring when the potatoes are sprouted or withered, pare them early in the morning so that they stand several hours in clear, cold water. Then put them over the fire in cold water and you will have good potatoes with no old taste.

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ODORS

By MRS. G. A. MERCHANT
Buffalo, New York

Do you know that the fishy smell on knives and forks after salmon and other oily fish have been served, can be removed by rubbing a slice of lemon over them?—That to remove the odor of onions from the breath you should eat parsley; from the hands rub with celery?—That a pleasant household de-odorizer is made by pouring spirits of lavender over bi-carbonate of ammonia; put it in a wide-mouthed bottle and cover tightly when not in use; when you wish to use it open the bottle and let it remain so for a few minutes; this mixture is alse good to inhale in case of severe headache. Do you know that you should never have groceries or provisions having strong odors near the flour barrel?—for nothing absorbs odors quicker than flour? That if you like the odor of violets about your clothes, have a good sized piece of orris root put in the wash boiler where the clothes are boiled, and a delicate perfume will be the result?—That when a knife has been used to cut onions, if you wipe it with a damp cloth, then rub thoroughly with dry salt, the objectionable odor will have entirely disappeared?—That milk and butter should be kept away from strong odors?

COLLARS

By M. W. F.

Waynesboro, Mississippi

For the girl who is preparing her Summer outfit let me say: " Be sure to have one dark stock, preferably of black velvet for cool days. Have all the fluffy neckwear you care for, but for the occasional cold " spells " that are sure to come a velvet collar is more " comfy," more becoming and more striking. Let it be plain; and made to wear with numerous " top-collars."

One girl friend with a limited supply of "pocket-book filling" has made herself a half dozen fine linen top-collars from the linen of her brother's cast-off cuffs. Some of these are hem-stitched, others are bordered with the narrowest and finest of valenciennes, while one is edged with fine tatting.

The linen is very fine, launders easily and needs no starch if ironed before drying, thus making ideal "tops."

SUBSTITUTES FOR ALCOHOL IN MINCE PIES

By MARY A. CLARK

Sodus, New York

Instead of cider and other alcoholic liquors, use fruit juices for mince pies. The juice left from canning strawberries, plums, sour cherries, etc., if sweetened, boiled down and canned, makes a rich, delicious moistening for mince meat. If raisins and suet in plenty are added to the mixture, it will be rich enough to please the most fastidious appetite.

A LINEN LUSTER SECRET

By FLORENCE W. LAW

Menominee, Michigan

A Bohemian servant taught me the secret of putting a wonderful luster on linen. After the linen had been laundered and dried she put it into a pail of boiling water, wrung it out and ironed immediately until dry As it takes about two hours, the process may not be practical except for the " best " linen; but is certainly worth the trouble.

SUMMER WORK FOR ICE-CREAM FREEZERS

By MRS. ELLA C. FLORENCE

Somerville, Massachusetts

Reading in the National Magazine for February the many uses for the meat-chopper, I wondered if my new way of making cake would not be useful to someone.

The proper beating of cake was always to me a laborious process, so, by way of experiment, I tried the ice-cream freezer.

Set the butter where it will become soft. See that the cogs of the freezer are oiled so that it will run easily. Put the eggs in the cylinder, place the parts together as you would for making ice-cream, turn the crank a minute or two, then open the cylinder and add the melted butter, sugar, milk, flour and baking-powder, or whatever ingredients you wish; adjust the crank and turn for ten minutes and you will find the mixture as creamy and fine grained as though you had beaten it with a spoon in the ordinary way for half an hour.

KILLS THE CUCUMBER BUG

By EMMA C. HAMILTON

Marshallton, Delaware

My brother has tried the following mixture for the striped cucumber bug and other pests, for a number of years, and has never known it to fail. He believes that if others would try it faithfully, it would save thousands of dollars for growers of melons and cucumbers:

Three quarts plaster, one pint air-slaked lime, two pounds slug shot, one teaspoonful paris green, two teaspoonful hellebore: mix and sprinkle lightly over the vines.

A PALATABLE LAXATIVE

By MRS. MABEL A. N. LeGALLEY

Peru, Indiana

Make a strong concentrated infusion of senna leaves; (five cents worth will be enough for two quarts of prunes) strain this through a muslin cloth and boil in the strained liquid as many prunes of good quality as can be well boiled in the quantity of infusion. Stew the prunes in the liquid thoroughly, in the same manner as if for the table, properly seasoning.

When well cooked, put in a glass jar, screw the top down tightly, and set away in a cool place. Two or three or four of these prunes eaten in a day will overcome some of the severest cases of constipation. There is no suggestion whatever of the senna in the taste of the prunes, and the effect is most desirable either in the old or the young.

WASHING MADE EASY

By MRS. JOSEPH CURTIS

New Lisbon, Wisconsin

Moisten white clothes; rub soiled places with naphtha soap; let soak a few hours or over night in cold water. Squeeze a little with the hands, or put through washer in this water. Wring, and put over the fire in cold water with any preferred soap. Scald well, stirring often. Finish in usual way. They will only need a thorough rinsing.

THE DISH-DRAINER AND STERILIZED DISHES

By A. WELLS MUNGER

Worcester, Massachusetts

Few people understand that the best use of the dish-drainer is to avoid handling and wiping dishes.

Dishes should be washed clean first, then put in drainer and scalded thoroughly on both sides, turning as is necessary.

Then the drainer containing the dishes should be put on the back of the stove or in the sun until all are dry.

This method not only saves labor to the housekeeper but leaves the china absolutely clean and sterilized. If glasses are rinsed in cold water and dried in the same way they will look as if polished.

HELP FOR HOUSE PLANTS

By MYRA ELLIS

Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

To rid house plants of the small black flies, which hatch from maggots in the soil, insert the heads of three or four lucifer matches in each pot.

THE GOSPEL OF CHEERFULNESS

By MARGARET GRAEME NOWELL

Augusta, Georgia

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance"—
Prov. 15th Chapter: 13th Verse.

It seems rather late to be talking about what happened in December, when just now the birds are singing and building new nests, the trees putting on robes of green, and all Nature in a state of awakening, bringing to mind the glorious resurrection. In Georgia as elsewhere, we have had a hard Winter, and our lovely cape jessamines were nearly, if not quite killed, by the sleet and ice. We have cut them down to the roots, hoping they will spring up again. Our Winters are not so long as they are at the North, and it seemed as if the violets, blooming in such great profusion, came to comfort us, and whisper that Spring would soon be here. In fact I saw a half-open rose bud today, so surely Winter's reign is over. It is not of all these lovely things I wish to speak, just now — but the December number of the "National Magazine." It gave me such real pleasure, and I fully intended expressing my delight, before the New Year began, but day follows day — in a busy housewife's life—so rapidly, each one filled to the uttermost, that they merge into weeks and months before we realize it, so that even with good management one can scarcely get time for much more than regular duties. Thus it is April finds me talking about December. That is getting pretty far behind. Now the days are longer, and so warm and balmy, I can steal into a quiet corner and collect a few stray thoughts. In the publisher's department of the December National we all enjoyed his "Let's Talk It Over," and learned a lesson from his "Christmas suggestion," "To start the day with an exercise in good nature and cheerfulness." As a family we determined to follow this advice, and we heartily agree with him, that it is not only good to commence Christmas day thus, but all other days. As a consequence we had a lovely Christmas-tide; plenty of gifts from loving friends were not lacking, but best of all, there was a spirit of cheerfulness and good humor in the household. The cook went home late in the afternoon smiling, and "Uncle Charley," the old colored man, who attends to the house and yard, and brings in the fuel, was happy too. It is wonderful how one person in a bad humor, crabbed and cross, can affect us even if very little is said, — it is something we can feel; as someone has said, "They act like wet blankets."

I do not wish to belong to this class, so do give us some more helpful talks, on the subject of cheerfulness, in the Publisher's department. A sunny disposition is worth a million to its possessor, and it is a gift greatly to be desired, and if one does not possess it, my advice is to strive diligently to obtain it, as "a pearl of great price." No work, however arduous, undertaken willingly and cheerfully, seems half so hard — the worries and unexpected things that happen to us all can be more easily borne, if we possess, or try to cultivate this cheerful spirit.

"Be this my wealth, and if the mart
Shall yield me less than others win,
I still have greater store within —
Give me, O God, a cheerful heart!"

UNRELATED BUT USEFUL HINTS

By M. C.

Mansfield, Ohio

When attending a party or entertainment where the rubbers are removed, fasten together with a clothespin marked with your name.

Put sugar in the paste to make wallpaper stick to kalsomined walls.

ZINC-COVERED KITCHEN TABLE

By MRS. C. A. RASMUSEN

Putney, South Dakota

One of the most convenient and useful pieces of kitchen furniture imaginable is the kitchen table covered with zinc. The old-time oil-cloth covering will be discarded after one trial of the zinc.

It is so easily cleaned — just wash with soap and water, and occasionally I clean mine with paper saturated with kerosene to give it the gloss and smooth surface desirable. Never need think whether dishes are hot or cold as with oil-cloth.

To make the table, take a good plain table for the purpose and if the man of the house is at all handy he will have just what is wanted with little trouble. The zinc must be flattened smooth on top, then turned down at edge, hammering to make it turn, then turned under and tacked. This leaves a smooth, easily cleaned edge. Try it, sisters, and be convinced.

SURE CURE FOR CROUP

By ANNIS WARD

East Eddington, Maine

At the first symptom of croup, which is always a sharp, shrill cough, let the one who has the care of the child take it into bed with her, placing her open hand upon the sufferer's chest, the thumb and fingers lightly yet firmly clasping the throat, and keeping it in this position until the cough loosens, which it will do in a very short time.

I have used this remedy repeatedly and have never failed to rout the dread disease. It is so simple that people hesitate to try it; but one fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its efficacy.

MASHED POTATOES

By MRS. DAISY B. ROBESON

Perrysville, Ohio

When mashing potatoes, after the milk and butter are added and they have had their final stirring, add a small teaspoonful of baking powder and stir well and see how light they will be; it makes them as light as a feather.

FROZEN ONIONS, FRIED

By MRS. G. W. NORMAN

Hawesville, Kentucky

When I found some large onions had frozen the head of the house informed me that frozen onions were very sweet and nice when fried. I thought so too, when I had eaten them. I cut them into thin slices, salt and pepper, then fry brown in hot butter. Try them.

If Sylvia M. Farnum of Crest View, Tennessee, who wrote "Ironing by Machinery" in January, 1904, National, will write to Domestic Manufacturing Company, Mangle Department E, Racine Junction, Wisconsin, she will receive a booklet telling all about ironing by machinery.

MAKING FRUIT BUTTER

By M. H. S.

Seattle, Washington

I would like to suggest a very easy way of making pear butter, peach, etc. After the fruit is prepared and sweetened, put the same in the oven. In this way it needs only occasional stirring. It will cook down and keep just the same as butter made on the top of the stove and is made with a great deal less work.

CLEANING SEWING MACHINES

By MRS. A. H. S.

Amelia, Nebraska

I — Take the machine apart, boil the parts in soda water, replace, and oil well; or,

II—Empty the oil can, fill with gasolene, flood every oiling place on the machine, run it rapidly, repeat if necessary; wipe off with a cloth, then oil with machine oil.

BEEF POT ROAST

By H. L. S.

Unadilla Forks, New York

To make an ordinary piece of beef into a fine pot roast, have the kettle very hot and brown on all sides before adding the water, which should be boiling. Cook slowly till tender, making a brown dressing in the kettle after the meat has been removed.

CURE FOR HICCOUGHS

By HAL. W. LOMBARD

Helena, Montana

I have put in twenty-five years as a druggist and chemist and during that time have had occasion to treat a large number of cases of hiccoughs. The following mode of treatment will give an almost instant cure provided the case has not run more than six or eight hours. Stop up both ears tightly with the forefingers; then drink (from the hands of a second party) five or six ounces of water taking very small swallows and twenty chances to one the hiccoughs will disappear before the last swallow has been taken. It is absolutely necessary to plug up both ears air-tight for this treatment.

A SILK HINT

By MRS. JEFF. DAVIS

Quitman, Georgia

When stitching thin silk, or any goods inclined to pucker, place a strip of paper on the under side and stitch through with cloth. The needle cuts the paper, and it is easily pulled away, leaving the seam free of any inclination to pucker.

FOR CANKERED THROAT

By SARAH ISHAM

Roxbury, Connecticut

For a cankered throat and mouth, tea leaves are the best thing.

WASHING LACE CURTAINS

By L. L. GRAVES

Detroit, Michigan

Before putting the curtains to soak stitch a strip of muslin or cheesecloth around the edge of the curtain and you will find the scallops will be round instead of pointed as when you pin directly through the fabric.

CURES CHICKEN CHOLERA

By MRS. E. E. G.

Abilene, Kansas

Take equal parts of pulverized alum, rosin, saltpetre and red pepper. Feed one tablespoonful in three pints of scalded meal until the chickens are well.

SOGGY PIE-CRUSTS

By MARIE VAN NOSTRAND

Merrill, Wisconsin

So many housewives are troubled with soggy pie-crusts and I send this little information that I consider valuable. When the pie-crust is prepared brush the layer crust with the beaten yolk of an egg and sprinkle with bread crumbs that have been grated. This is especially fine for fruit and liquid pies.

A CURIO CABINET HINT

By MRS. ELIZABETH M. ROBINSON

Iowa City, Iowa

A cupful of water placed on each shelf of the cabinet in which curios are kept will provide sufficient moisture to prevent the carved ivories, woods, shells, and the like from cracking. The water may be kept in one of the curios, and thus be inconspicuous. In a furnace-heated house this is a wise safeguard. Change the water every few days.

MENDING GRANITE WARE

By MRS. CONNOR

Baxter Springs, Kansas

When your granite pans and kettles begin to leak, instead of throwing them away try mending them with putty. I used a kettle all Summer for canning fruit, that I had mended in this way. Be sure the putty is fresh and do not use the vessel until it is thoroughly dry.

STEAMS OUT SPLINTERS

By E. O. K.

Highland, Ohio

When a splinter has been driven into the hand it can be extracted by steam. Fill a wide-mouthed bottle nearly full of hot water, place the injured part over the mouth and press it slightly. The action thus produced will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extract the splinter, also the inflammation. Try it and be convinced.

BEST WAY TO COOK BACON

By J. L. B.

Pine Ridge Indian Agency, South Dakota

Put the bacon, sliced thin, on a common toaster and place the toaster in a baking pan a little longer than the toaster; put this in a hot oven and as it cooks the fat drains into the pan.

ICE FOR THE INVALID

By ADA ODIORNE FOGG, M. D.

Portland, Maine

A small piece of ice held in the mouth is often gratifying to a sick person and in order to have some at hand and thus save the attendant a trip to the refrigerator try the following: Take quite a deep bowl and cover with a piece of flannel depressed to form a hollow about half the depth of the bowl. Tie this in place. Now fill this with bits of ice broken to about the size desired and cover with another piece of flannel. This can be kept in quite a warm room for hours without melting; while, if the pieces freeze together, a stout pin will readily chip off a piece.

AN OAT-MEAL HINT

By NINA BIRCH

Xenia, Ohio

A piece of butter the size of a pea, dropped into the oat-meal pot, will keep it from boiling over.

A GOOD FURNACE HINT

By E. C.

Pembroke, New York

Many persons make the mistake of closing the registers before shaking the furnace fire. Instead, leave them open, place wet cloths over them, and the dust that arises from the ashes will cling to the cloths. If the registers are closed the dust will settle underneath, and when they are afterward opened puffs of dust will arise and spread over the contents of the rooms.

STAINS ON MARBLE

By MRS. A. H. KETCHAM

Islip, Long Island

To remove stains from marble mix equal quantities of powdered chalk, carbonate of soda and pumice-stone powder, and sufficient liquid cloudy ammonia to form a soft paste; spread evenly over the marble and leave it for two or three hours: then scrub thoroughly with soft soap and hot water and wipe with flannel cloth. Should the stains still be visible they should again be covered with paste, which should remain for a day, when the marble should again be scrubbed.

ANOTHER DUST SUGGESTION

By MRS. MARGARET G. NOWELL

Augusta, Georgia

A party of ladies, helping to decorate a friend's home for a wedding, chatted about "this thing and that," and drifted at last to the subject of house-cleaning. One said she so much dreaded getting the dust from the top of her wardrobe. I remarked that I kept a newspaper on the top of mine, — that it not only kept the dust out of the smallest crack, but could also be replaced at any time by a clean paper. The whole group seemed to think it such a good idea, I decided to send it to the readers of the National.

GREASE THE NAIL

By J. Y. WALTON

Shaw, Mississippi

Not long since I saw a person trying to drive a nail through a piece of seasoned oak an inch and a half thick. This was impossible, until I suggested he grease the nail. It then was driven easily and without bending.

CARE OF PATENT SHOES

By MAY RYAN

New Roads, Louisiana

When one wears patent-vici shoes, or dancing pumps, they should be stuffed tight in the toe with tissue paper, cotton or old cloth, after taking off, and rubbed with a little vaseline. If cared for in this way they will not crack, even if kept for an entire season. Vaseline is a splendid preserver of any kind of leather but should be applied sparingly so it will not leave a greasy appearance.

A STOVE POLISH HINT

By J. W. ADAMS

Addison, Virginia

Mix the stove blacking with vinegar, to the consistency of cream, add pinch of sugar, put on with a brush and polish with old newspapers; it will give a beautiful and lasting polish.

TO CLEAN SILVER

By J. W. ADAMS

Addison, Virginia

Put one-half pound sal-soda in eight quarts water; when at a boiling heat dip the pieces of silver, immediately wash in soapsuds and wipe dry with a piece of cotton flannel.

MATHALACOMB, OR TURKISH DELIGHT

By MRS. WEMYSS

Winnipeg, Manitoba

Take one ounce sheet gelatine and soak in one-half cup water for two hours. Take one pound granulated sugar, dissolve in one-half cup water and when at boiling point add the gelatine. Flavor with one orange, juice and rind, and one lemon, juice only. Chopped nuts improve it. Boil all steadily for twenty minutes. Dip a tin in cold water, pour in the liquid and when cold cut in squares and roll in confectioner's sugar.

HINTS ABOUT CUSTARDS

By MRS. GEORGE W. TOBEY

East Jefferson, Maine

In making a custard of any sort, the whites of the eggs are not necessary. Use the yolks to thicken the milk, in the proportion of one yolk to a cup of milk. The whites of the eggs may then be used as a meringue for the top of the custard.

To prevent a baked custard from wheying place the dish containing the custard in a basin of water while cooking.

To prevent a boiled custard from curdling do not cook more than two or three minutes after adding the eggs to the milk and do not add salt until you have removed it from the stove.

Scald milk with which to make custard pies.

BAKING SWEET POTATOES

By MRS. CHARLES C. FRANCIS

Pollok, Texas

After washing sweet potatoes thoroughly, grease the outside with fried meat grease before baking; they will be found a great deal more juicy and the peeling can easily be removed.

DESTROYING AN ODOR

By MRS. P. M. BOYNTON

Claremont, New Hampshire

The odor that clings so persistently to a utensil in which fish or onions have been fried may be dispelled by placing in a hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes after washing and drying.

NOTE AND COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

MR. CARNEGIE having given a million and a half dollars to build a Peace Palace in The Hague, the government of Belgium now purposes to present a site for the palace. It is hoped this palace may in time to come be the seat of an international court supported by influences strong enough to enable it to prevent wars between nations. Just now The Hague tribunal is doing only small jobs, so to speak; but there is a lively probability that when the war in the Far East is concluded, business at the Peace Palace will pick up rapidly. On the one hand, the nations will have the example of the high cost of war, and on the other hand the example of the low cost of judicial adjustment of international differences. We surmise that the lesson will not be wholly without effect upon the rulers and administrators of the world, for some time to come.

A reader of the National Magazine in Ashland, Wisconsin, a successful but modest businessman who doesn't wish to be known in the discussion, outlines, in a letter to this magazine, a plan for an enlarged international tribunal with powers both administrative and judicial, whose business, of course, should be the keeping of peace between the nations. He would have each government appoint, for life, from its highest court, one member of "The Peace Commission." This Commission should have absolute authority to settle all international questions that could not be adjusted through the ordinary channels of diplomacy. Our reader points out that, since supreme courts have nearly as much power as this in domestic affairs, and our rulers and administrators have as much or more power in MAKING WAR, we should be willing to entrust equal power to an international commission composed of our noblest statesmen and ablest jurists, for the purpose of AVERTING WAR. He would have the sessions of the Commission held in each of the capitals of the signatory nations in turn, the members to meet upon an equal basis and to elect their officers as do other parliamentary bodies.

The nations would continue to maintain armies and navies, of size in accordance with their population, as defined by the Commission. These armies and navies should be employed for domestic uses only, save in the event any one of the signatory powers should refuse to accept a decision of the Commission, when all the armed forces of the other nations should be available to whip the unwilling member into line.

Commerce, the making of trade treaties and other international intercourse, could go on as at the present day; but in all questions that now kindle wars, the Commission should act and keep the peace. It should never, however, interfere in domestic affairs of any of the nations its members, except when these should menace the peace and welfare of another nation or nations.

Revolutions within the borders of any nation should be regarded by the Commission as domestic affairs while the warfare proceeded along the lines of civilization. Should it become necessary to interfere, the nations would be called upon to supply their quotas of soldiers and ships, with which to restore peace by force in the distracted country.

Had this Commission been in existence during the last five years, our correspondent writes, the present flow of human blood in Manchuria would not have taken place; for Russia and Japan would have been compelled by the Commission, backed by the armed forces of the rest of the world, to make an honorable and equitable settlement of their conflicting claims by peaceful methods.

This may be, as yet, only a dream far in advance of the social development of the race: but surely it is a noble and an inspiring dream, worthy of the attentive consideration of the statesmen of our time.

⁂

HERE is a letter from a railroad telegrapher, Mr. Elliott Williams of Defiance, Ohio. Mr. Williams read the article by Mr. C. H. Allison in the National for April, entitled, "What Causes Railway Wrecks." You may remember Mr. Allison charged that violation and neglect of plain and well-understood rules by the operating force was the cause of a good many serious wrecks. He further asserted his belief that the railway labor unions lower the efficiency of the operating force. Mr. Williams, addressing Mr. Allison personally, writes:

DEAR SIR: I have finished reading your article in April number of National Magazine. I consider you have done the railroad employes of the country an injustice, and I cannot say through ignorance, as the article has the earmarks of the executive office.

I have worked for three roads as common telegraph operator, namely, the Missouri Pacific, the 'Frisco and the Wabash, covering a period of about five years. My salary has been $45 and $50 per month. You must either work in a yard office or division headquarters to receive $60 or $65 per month for twelve hours each day, Sunday included.

Now I think the three above roads will favorably compare with the rest of them as far as the wages of the operators are concerned, so you must be a good mathematician to get an average of $2.08 per day out of those figures. It is not fair to the operators to figure the despatchers' salary in striking your average, for they are considered by the officials as officers of the company.

The telegraph operators are the poorest paid employes in the railroad service, but the officers of our order when a schedule was obtained and our working conditions improved, have through our lodge room and the medium of the O. R. T. Magazine exhorted us to be attentive to our duties and try to show the company we appreciate being treated as human beings.

Again you say: "Their average intelligence is of the highest order;" and their love of home and feeling of brotherhood is of the same order. Admitting all this, do you suppose a conductor or other trainman will violate the rules and run the chances of losing his position? He may be paying for a little home or if he be a single man he may be trying to prepare one. Why, Mr. Allison, I have seen old conductors ten and fifteen years in the service as eager to report a grass fire along the right of way as a schoolboy is to receive a head mark in his class, because it means five or ten credit marks to their record.

On the other hand, take the night operator who has put in twelve long, weary hours and 7 a.m. is Fourth of July, County Fair, or Sunday school picnic,— he robs old King Morpheus to enjoy the day with a bunch of lawn: the following night nature demands her due, the dawn of a rosy future is suddenly jarred by the pounding of the conductor on the office door and, "You have stopped the varnished cars!" shouts the voice at the door. The next day you get a message to explain and in a few days you receive a letter from the superintendent assessing you fifteen demerit marks; and when you get sixty "your services are no longer required."

Again, in all the books of rules I have read it is distinctly stated that merit and ability must be shown before an employe will be promoted. Railroad labor unions insist upon soberness, honesty, faithfulness to duty and loyalty to our brotherhood.

Again you say: "Their hours and conditions of labor have been steadily improved."

Who improved them?

Now a word about the block system: This road established the block system one year ago and in that time there has not been a wreck that could be charged to this score. This is what is known as the absolute block: there are two operators and a despatcher looking after a train until it reaches its terminal.

I would have sent this article to the National for publication, but I dare say a common operator could not get the space; and if I can have the pleasure of knowing you have read my mild protest against the servile yoke you would put on the railroad employes of the country, then I will feel my effort has not been in vain.

Yes, our standard of intelligence is the highest. We love music, fine pictures, happy homes, educated children, and, Mr. Allison, if it had not been for men like you, labor unions would have never been born. British oppression gave birth to our independence. The blacklist, wage reduction, long hours and the domineering spirit of petty officials incubated the railroad brotherhood; and if you will read our magazine for March you will find a number of superintendents and other officials present at some of our meetings discussing the application of different rules and other questions pertaining to the betterment of the service.

Yes, sir, unionism has made a better man-to-man feeling between employe and employer. Your theory of master and servant is obsolete in this age of liberty and freedom. We have a kind division operator and when a rule is violated he will send for the offender to come to his office and explain to him that if this report goes to the superintendent, "I may have to dismiss you from the service; but if you will give me an assurance of your good service in the future, I will try and clear your case." Now would you insult our "standard of intelligence" by saying we do not appreciate a kindness? Don't you think we would put forth our best endeavor to repay this man for his manifest interest in our welfare. This is what unionism has done.

In conclusion I would say, let the railroads adopt the absolute block system, license the telegraphers same as school teachers, and employ none under the age of twenty years. Did you count up how many people had been killed by an inexperienced sixteen or eighteen-year-old operator handling peoples' lives? There was one over in Canada a few years ago when thirty people lost their lives from this account. Make it unlawful for trainmen to be on the road longer than ten hours, except in cases of emergency, and increase wages according to years of service.

⁂

LAST March — by way of variety — we filled in a page-end with a quotation from Renan's "Life of Jesus," giving it for a heading the phrase, "The Infinite Humanity of Jesus." Promptly arose a member of the National family to admonish us in the following letter, which we print with pleasure:

BLUE SPRINGS, NEB., MAR. 16, 1905.

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.:

DEAR FRIENDS, — I thought I knew all the best magazines, but now I find yours the best of all. The March National is before me, and as yet, I find only one "fly in the ointment"—that brief quotation from Renan on page 606. Had you reminded your readers as to who Renan is, this would serve as a sample from the writings of an unbeliever who tries to make a hero of Jesus.

I will, on another page, give you a quotation on the same topic, which please use to fill in a page.

I hope to send you subscribers for your excellent magazine.

Most sincerely, (REV.) M. FULCOMER

—

THE INFINITE HUMANITY OF JESUS

(From Deems' "Light of the Nations," page 598)

He is the Son of Humanity. Hurt humanity and you hurt him. Do good to humanity at any point, and you do good to him. Water to any thirsty man, bread to any hungry woman, clothing to any naked child, kind attention to any unknown stranger, visit to any prisoner, criminal or innocent, is set down as done to the Son of Man. He takes the lowliest human being, whoever he or she may be and says: "Inasmuch as you did it not to this least one, you did it not to me." Any failure of duty to any human being Jesus takes as a personal neglect of himself, while he acknowledges as a personal favor the slightest kindness done to the most nearly insignificant human being.

⁂

NOW that Chicago wishes to borrow forty or fifty millions of dollars to pay for her street railways, she would better make up her mind to put an end to civil war in her public highways. If the team-owners declare no union teamster shall drive a wagon in Chicago's streets, and if the owners try to make that declaration good by beating and shooting and stabbing union teamsters who may be going quietly about their business — then arrest the team-owners, try them and hang them higher than Haman.

Let it be understood that the streets are public, not private property; that the community is governed by law, not by mob violence.

On the other hand, if the union teamsters try to drive all other teamsters off the streets by slugging, shooting, stoning and otherwise attacking them, then let the unionists be promptly arrested, tried and hanged for every murder they commit. Mayor Dunne has been too easy with them. His three thousand policemen could have put an end to street rioting in a single hour—had they been properly commanded. One rifle volley rightly aimed would have made every man's life and property safe in the streets of the most lawless city of America. It would have strengthened the credit of the city at a time when a great public work most needs that credit.

Unless I mistake the signs, the majority of the American people are growing very weary of the overlordship of trusts—both capitalistic trusts and labor trusts. Both groups have too often shown us their contempt for any law that stands in the way of their desires.

While one set of trusts exists, the other must live to balance it: the country needs neither. The people—including the members of the labor trusts as individuals — should own in equal partnership the public-service properties upon which the capitalistic trusts are founded. The people should and shortly will take back into their own hands control of their money and their avenues of transportation — which never should have been let fall into private hands, since in private hands they have bred nothing but public debt and private arrogance.

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING, ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

ST. JOSEPH, Missouri, is beautifully situated on the east bank of the Missouri river, in the northwestern part of the state, and is the county seat of Buchanan county. It is the third city in population, in commerce, and in wealth. St. Joseph was incorporated as a town in 1845. A special charter was granted in 1851, and it was for a long time the outfitting post for all overland trains for the Pacific coast. It was from here that the once famous Pony Express line started on its long journey to California. St. Joseph is the healthiest city in the United States—the death rate being lower here than in any other city —(see government statistics.)

St. Joseph has grown from a town of 936 in 1846 until, in 1890, it had a population of 52,324, when, according to the United States census report for 1900, it had made the wonderful increase of 100 per cent., having a population of 102,979. The population is now estimated at over 110,000.

The natural advantages of St. Joseph as a commercial and manufacturing center are unsurpassed. It is in the heart of the most fertile section on earth—a section of great grain and live-stock producers, full of splendid towns and small cities, and her trade extends to every state and territory west of the Mississippi river.

St. Joseph's prominence and prosperity are founded upon a fortunate location, established institutions, accumulated wealth, merited prestige and successful achievements. The stability and prosperity of no city in the West is better assured than that of St. Joseph.

St. Joseph's business organization—the Commercial Club—composed of men in all walks of business life, is a very wideawake institution, ever on the lookout for the city's business interests, and occupies large and commodious quarters in the city, where all meetings of business men for the welfare of the city are held.

St. Joseph is happily blessed in the fact that the majority of her citizens are prosperous and own their own homes. In spite of the fact that hundreds of residence buildings are built every year, there are few vacant residences in the city. Real estate values are very reasonable, and especially is this true in the residence district, while in the business portion rents and values are also very reasonable, thus making that item of business expense very low.

St. Joseph has a very large jobbing and manufacturing business extending into all parts of the country, and amounting to the following figures:

Jobbing business	**$65,000,000**	**per year**
Manufacturing	**25,000,000**	**" "**
Packing house	**60,000,000**	**" "**
Stockyards	**65,000,000**	**" "**

Our clearing house shows as follows:

In 1898	**$ 67,241,333.39**
" 1899	**160,788,054.07**
" 1900	**210,234,703.35**
" 1901	**240,724,011.14**
" 1902	**235,749,117.10**
" 1903	**245,901,989.48**
" 1904	**238,063,436.23**

Showing the enormous increase in seven years of nearly $200,000,000 or about 300 per cent. The small decrease shown in 1904 as against 1903 was caused by the packing house strike in 1904, when for over two months there were no clear-

THE STOCK YARDS EXCHANGE BUILDING, ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

ings from the packing houses. It is also true that the loss of clearings in St. Joseph were much less on this account than elsewhere, thus showing that, had there been no strike, St. Joseph's clearings would have shown a good increase for the year 1904.

St. Joseph has one of the greatest markets for shirts, overalls, pants and shirt-waists of any city in the world, and sets the pace and price for all other markets to go by.

St. Joseph also has the largest and best equipped saddlery and harness factory in the world. Also the largest woollen mill in the West. There are also a great many factories in all lines of business and all successful to a high degree.

St. Joseph has 152 miles of street, seventy of which are paved with asphaltum, brick, macadam or granite; has six miles of main sewers, which will be largely increased during the present year, and sixty miles of district sewers.

St. Joseph's bonded indebtedness is $1,200,000. It has no floating debt. Assessed valuation, $34,000,000, on which a tax levy of one dollar and forty-five cents is made. State, school and county taxes amount to one dollar and forty cents, making a total of all taxes two dollars and eighty-five cents on a valuation of fifty per cent.

St. Joseph has two fine public libraries and five parks. The school district comprises fifteen square miles of territory, owns thirty-three buildings, operates thirty-five schools and employs 300 teachers. Two well equipped business colleges are located here, besides a number of private educational institutions, as well as several parochial schools and two medical colleges.

St. Joseph houses sent out 1,500 traveling salesmen covering all the vast territory west of the Mississippi river and even penetrating into Old Mexico, Hawaiian islands, the British possessions and Alaska.

Every line of merchandise known is represented by these travelers, and all selling for St. Joseph's business houses; their prosperity goes without saying.

St. Joseph's transportation facilities could not be better, for as a matter of fact from this standpoint St. Joseph is greatly blessed, in that we are better located geographically than any city in the great Missouri valley for receiving and distributing freight and merchandise. St. Joseph is also fast becoming a large grain market, much of which is exported through the Atlantic and Gulf ports. St. Joseph has one of the largest flour mills in the Missouri valley.

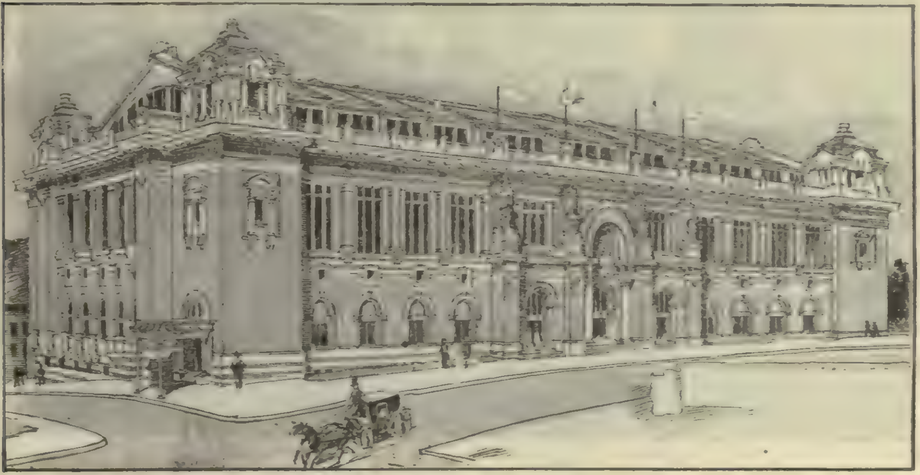
St. Joseph has the most complete and up-to-date stockyards in the world, which, together with the three large packing houses, makes her the fourth in size and business in the live-stock and packing house products and the second largest in the slaughter of sheep. The packing houses cover an area of sixty-five acres and have a daily capacity of 8,000 cattle, 20,000 hogs, 5,500 sheep and 10,000 poultry. St. Joseph's horse and mule market has steadily increased, until now it is recognized as one of the best in the country.

St. Joseph's growth has been steady, honest and solid—nothing of a boom nature has ever entered into its advance. St. Joseph has never had a failure of a business that was conducted on true business principles—as a matter of fact, all our wealth has come from starting in a small way and increasing through wideawake business methods to its now present gigantic proportions.

St. Joseph's retail district has more than doubled during the last few years, until we now have a retail business that far exceeds what even the most sanguine had hoped for.

St. Joseph has twelve banks, three national and eight state, with a capital of $1,384,000 and deposits of over $20,000,000 with plenty of money to encourage all business that may wish to go to them.

The surrounding country for hundreds of miles is almost a Garden of Eden—rich in farms, large towns and small cities—and all look upon St. Joseph as their natural trading point in live-stock, grain and merchandise. Over 1,500,000 people passed through our Union Station in 1904, and over 10,000,000,000 pounds of freight came into and out of St. Joseph on our transportation lines.



THE ST. JOSEPH AUDITORIUM

St. Joseph has a fine system of water works, using Missouri river water, which the chemists pronounce the purest river water in the world.

St. Joseph's electrical street railway is very complete and service of the best, with convenient transfers to and from all parts of the city. Just outside of the city limits is one of the most beautiful Summer resorts in the valley — Lake Contrary—being connected with the city by an electric car line.

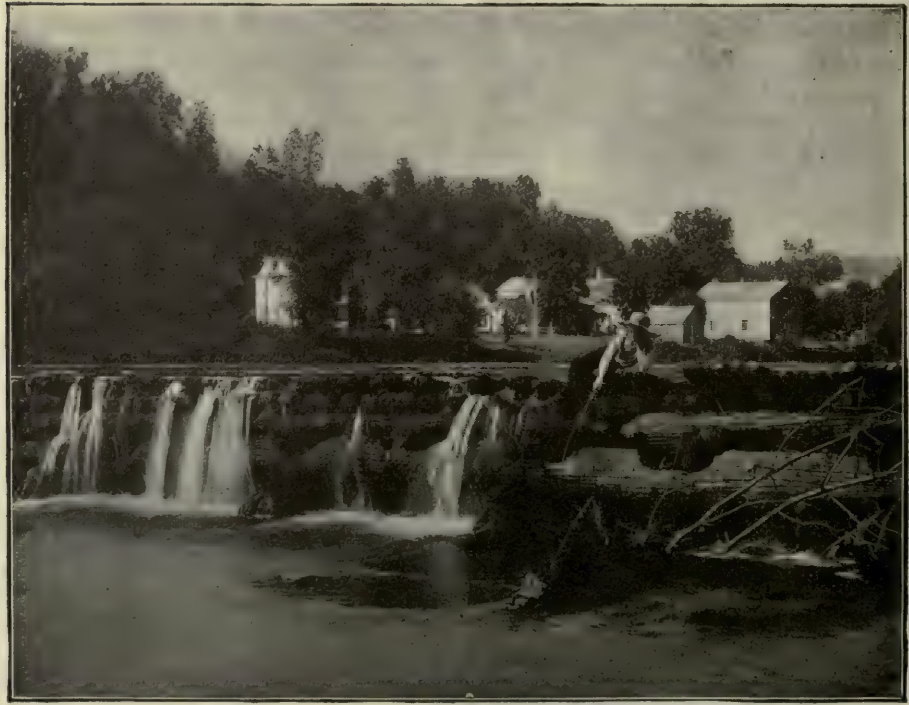
St. Joseph has let the contract and is now building an auditorium with a seating capacity of 6,000 that will outrival, in beauty and architectural design, any building of its kind in the West, and the parquet of which will afford ample room for horse shows and kindred exhibits.

The state hospital for insane is located just one mile east of the city.

Anyone desiring further information will confer a favor on the citizens of St. Joseph by writing to the secretary of the Commercial Club, who will be only too glad to give them the information asked for.

"IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME"

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY W. G. MANDEVILLE



ABROAD WITH THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE PARTY

By SARAH W. PARTRIDGE

MONTICELLO, FLORIDA

TO sea and to see! Would you not like to join us, the National Magazine party, chaperoned by Mrs. Joe Chapple, your fellow travelers to be Mrs. Frank P. Fogg of Boston, Miss Louise Manuel of Cleveland Ohio, Miss Sarah W. Partridge of Monticello, Florida, Mr. J. E. Colenso of Madison, Wisconsin, Mr. Nathan Decker of Chicago, our destination Europe? Then come on board the Royal Mail steamship, Carpathia, of the Cunard Line, to sail not later than noon of September 4, 1904. The screw revolves; the great ship moves; with straining eyes we gaze at the watchers on the dock, while silently we breathe, perhaps, Tennyson's beautiful prayer,

> "And may there be no
> moaning at the bar when
> I put out to sea—"

and we hope that none may fall before that terror of the deep—mal de mer. Had we but the gift of prophecy we should have known that not one would succumb to Mark Twain's "Oh Mys!"

And how the placid days slipped by, full of sunshine and gladness, rich with the making of pleasant acquaintances, daily conning of the ship's log, expectant listening for news that flashed from time to time over that marvel of the hour, the Marconigraph. We enjoyed the numberless courtesies extended us on board the Carpathia, the watching for passing vessels, the accustomed Sunday service and the usual concert, provided by the talent of the passengers. If we had special "red-letter days," they were September 8 and 14. On the eighth we all celebrated the birthday of a member of our party and on the fourteenth we "sighted land"—the bold cliffs of Erin, defying the waves that ceaselessly surge against them. Passing not near enough to speak, we listened in fancy to the songs of their gifted Moore or the impassioned eloquence of the patriot Emmet, while we thought of the blood that flowed and the hearts that broke for the woes of unhappy Ireland.

"THE TOWER OF LONDON, WITH ITS GHASTLY MEMORIES"

On the morning of the fifteenth we looked upon a sea of shadowy green, not blue, nor chafing under the lash of the winds, but lying calm and unruffled. Shortly after noon we saw the "mosquito fleet" and knew that we were nearing Liverpool. A few moments more and we were

> "Standing where our fathers stood
> In those brave days of long ago."

We were met at the dock by Mr. Mantelli, representing Thomas Cook & Sons, who proved himself an able conductor during the coming days, and skillfully piloted our party through foreign lands.

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL. "WAS REOPENED AS A PLACE OF WORSHIP BY NAPOLEON IN 1805."

Under his care, we readily passed our first custom house, and I will say that while as thorough, it was far more expeditious than that of any other country through which we went, our own not excepted.

Next day we were whirled across the garden-like country, past the homiest of homes, in a train that to our American eyes looked small, yet "kept the pace" nevertheless. Almost all England is as a well-kept garden, the vast estates being divided into fields and pastures by neat hedges, that, from an artistic standpoint, are an improvement on our unsightly fences. Then it must be economy to plant a fence and have it always growing, though I conclude that the stock must be more peaceably disposed than ours, since they remained quietly within bounds behind these apparently slight barriers.

London! Will anyone ever forget the sensations first experienced on entering the great city? The names of London's great ones come involuntarily to the mind—the kings and queens, soldiers, statesmen, preachers and martrys; and there comes a thrill as you, too, become a part of the great city. The afternoon following our arrival we studied the relics of every age and civilization in the British Museum, and were especially interested in the old manuscripts among which we saw one from Washington, outlining the foreign policy that our country has hitherto pursued.

Have you ever sat in one of Cook's comfortable conveyances, drawn by well groomed horses driven by an immaculate coachman, directed by the best of guides, yourself a member of a most congenial party of six? Have you seen London under these happy circumstances? If you have not, life yet holds for you an untasted pleasure. Favored with pleasant, sunny weather, on the seventeenth we saw Trafalgar Square, and tried to grasp all that its surroundings mean; then we turned toward Westminster Bridge, passed Scotland Yard, the Admiralty building, the Horse Guards, where the picturesque Life Guards cannot fail to catch the eye, and saw all that remains of the once famous York House, afterward Whitehall Palace. What tragic memories cling about that place!

Crossing the bridge, we had a fine view of Somerset House and Westminster Palace, or the Houses of Parliament. Turning to the right, we passed St. Thomas Hospital and Lambeth Palace, and Vauxhall Bridge, then recrossed the Thames and visited the Tate Gallery, from whence we carried memories of color that will never leave us. After this we visited Westminster Palace, where there is much of deep interest to hold the attention of the visitor. We also had "a London drive," during which we saw all the spots of special interest, such as Hyde Park, Rotten Row, Fleet street, and a hundred other notable places.

Sunday morning found us among the

worshippers at St. Paul's, to which we were guided by the deep, rich toned pealing of its bells. As we approached we could not but regret that this magnificent structure is hidden from view by so many buildings; but on entering we were at once impressed with the vastness and richness of the interior, while the service of the hour deepened the lasting impression that we carried away with us of the greatest protestant church of Europe.

The Tower of London, with its ghastly memories, Hertford House, said to be the original of Gaunt House in "Vanity Fair," Hampton Court, with all its luxury—we saw them all to our heart's content. Then three hours from Newhaven to Dieppe—the English Channel—but there is an end of all things, and these long three hours passed, and by hurrying we caught a train for Paris. We soon entered the valley of the Seine, a river our train crossed twenty-two times, a lovely district, with here and there a charming hamlet. We were impressed with the difference in the style of architecture as we passed from country to country. The French homes are light, airy, fanciful, in striking contrast to the solid-looking English architecture. We were particularly charmed with the glimpses of the avenues of Lombardy poplar, that seem to have no end. We passed through Rouen, made memorable by that atrocious deed of the English, the burning of Joan of Arc. From Rouen the river Seine appeared and reappeared, lending beauty to the passing scene and going with us into Paris. We drove to the Hotel Dijon, where we were surprised and delighted by the cordial welcome that awaited us. Being close to the Grand Opera House, we spent an evening there, hoping to hear Calvé sing. We were disappointed in this, but enjoyed the opera "Lohengrin."

Next morning our guide appeared, and we set out to see Paris, that city in which so much attention has been given to appearance. It is built of uniform gray stone, but the vivid variety of its teeming life prevents this grayness from becoming monotonous. Each quarter has a distinct character of its own, whether the luxurious beauty of the fashionable part, the deserted palaces of a quieter quarter, or the active buzz of the mart. The Seine adds picturesqueness to all, with its flotilla of merchant ships, while the numerous cafes, with their little tables generously distributed outside, add a distinctly Parisian air to the scene. The boulevards, either by day or night, are suggestive of a city of pleasure always en fete.

That we might gain a general idea of the city, we drove through its boulevards, and over various other routes, pausing at those great centers from which the boulevards, rues and avenues radiate; and no words can express the beauty of those drives. We were especially interested in the Palais de Justice, the Con-

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL. "A DREAM IMMORTALIZED IN STONE" ciergerie and Sainte Chapelle, a gem of Gothic art.

The churches of Paris are most impressive, though the visitor is uncertain, when he sets out to see them, whether he shall find a church, a hall of fame or a temple of reason, for, chameleon-like, these structures change character. The Pantheon, erected on the site of the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, has been three times consecrated as a church and as often converted into a temple of reason or a hall of fame, the last change being made in 1885 to adapt it to the obsequies of Victor Hugo. This church is an imposing edifice, built in the form of a Greek cross, and bears marks of troublous times in the signs of shot and shell on its exterior.

THE CASTLE OF DRACHENFELS. "WE LOOKED UPON THE CASTLED CRAG OF DRACHENFELS"

The church of the Madeleine, the most beautiful of modern churches, and the famous cathedral of Notre Dame have also been at some time temples of reason, but the latter was reopened as a place of worship by Napoleon in 1805, and was the scene of his coronation. Every corner of Paris speaks of Napoleon and his exploits, either of war or peace, from the Arc de Triomphe to the Vendome Column, and his famous name is whispered even in the Louvre.

We walked through the Garden of the Tuileries and the Place de la Concorde and saw the Pont de la Concorde, that bridges the Seine from the Place de la Concorde to the Chambres de Deputies, a bridge built of material brought from the ruins of the noted Bastile. It was interesting to recall the fact that the key of this prison is in our own country, at Mount Vernon, having been sent to Washington by Lafayette. Another place of interest was the Gobelin tapestry works, which were shown to us.

We felt that no visit to Paris would be complete without a look at the Hotel des Invalides, not so much because it is the home of old soldiers, nor on account of its fine collection of old armor and battle flags, but because here is the tomb of Napoleon. Beneath the dome of the chapel is a crypt, and here lies the great warrior, where

"No sound can wake him to glory again,"

in a sarcophagus hewn from a single block of porphyry.

For our drive to Versailles, the Trianon and the Petite Trianon, we had a day as beautiful as the scenery through which we passed; and our pleasure was perfected by a comfortable conveyance, a picturesque French coachman and an able guide, all provided by Thomas

Cook & Son. That day will live long in our minds as a pleasant memory.

On leaving Paris, we made our way to Mayence, passing en route many points of interest where we seemed to hear again the reverberation of the cannon of the many wars that once devastated this tract of country. When we reached the German frontier we seemed to have come into the enchanted fairy land of our childhood, and every moment we expected to see the enchanted castle where dwelt the princess awaiting the coming of her deliverer. These visions faded before the comforting reality of a sumptuous dinner at the Central Hotel in Mayence, where, later, we were tucked into, or shall I say under, the beds, for our coverlets had the appearance of huge pillows.

Next morning we looked upon

> "The castle crowned Rhine,
> Where the kiss of the sun
> turns the grape into wine."

and there is no more beautiful river on earth, with its bold cliffs, old castles and picturesque ruins. We saw the Mouse Tower of the cruel bishop of Mayence; we passed the rock of the Lorelei and talked of her destructive charms; we looked upon the castled crag of Drachenfels, and opposite Coblentz we were deeply impressed with the "Gibraltar of Northern Europe," the magnificently fortified castle of Ehrenbreitstein. At its base lies a bridge of boats.

Next evening we were comfortably located at the new Hotel Minerva, in Cologne, where the genial host looked well after our comfort. We had come here in order to visit the great cathedral, considered the grandest Gothic church in the world. It looks like a dream immortalized in stone. Here, too, we visited the church of Ursula, reputed to hold the bones of 11,000 virgins, martyred by the Huns.

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL. "WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF HEARING THE NINETY-NINE BELLS, MOST SWEET AND HARMONIOUS."

We spent a few days in Brussels, visiting all the places of note, among them the field of Waterloo, fraught with sad memories that cannot be forgotten; though this is now a tract of cultivated fields, and the peasant leads his flock along the roads that once resounded with the hoof-beats of charging cavalry. A pyramid has been built of the blood-stained soil, and on the summit rests the Lion of Waterloo an immense bronze cast.

We passed on to Antwerp, pleasant, clean, well-kept, with fine buildings and beautiful boulevards and an abiding air of prosperity and content. We were well entertained at the Central Hotel, and enjoyed seeing the Art Museum, which contains about 1,000 pictures by celebrated painters, but the masterpiece of Rubens, "Descent from the Cross," may be found in the cathedral. We had the pleasure of hearing the justly famed chimes of this church, the ninety-nine bells, most sweet and harmonious.

Necessity forced us to change our plans, and instead of sailing from Antwerp, we embarked from Rotterdam, thus gaining a glimpse of Holland—that land of windmills, quaint people and manners, though even here the custom house is in evidence. Leaving the quaint little shops and the quainter dresses of the women of Rotterdam, we crossed in a trice to New York, and the time for breaking up of our party was at hand; in a little while we shall be asking whether this trip was a delightful dream or a reality. But no! the kind new friends and the hundreds of pleasant memories are facts that no dream could yield. So with a vote of thanks to the National Magazine that gave us the trip, and to Thomas Cook & Son, who made it the brilliant success that it was, we give the final handgrasp and go to our several homes, a very happy and contented band of six travelers.

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WHEN once it was decided that the National Magazine party should take a European trip, it was unanimously declared that nobody could take care of their comfort so well so Thomas Cook & Son, and the tribute which the party, individually and collectively, have paid this firm is worth more than a passing notice, for it clearly confirms the opinion of the traveling public in general. One member of the party especially was so enthusiastic that she set down her impressions in writing, which makes interesting reading matter not only for her fellow travelers, but for everyone interested in foreign lands.

To go to Egypt, Palestine or the Orient, to say nothing of Europe, is quite an easy matter if you call in the aid of Thomas Cook & Son, of Broadway, New York, or apply to the Boston office. For many years past the conducting of parties on foreign tours has been the special business of this firm, and it is since they took up this work in earnest that the tide of travel has risen to its fullest height. Do you desire to go to Switzerland, Greece, Italy, to explore Pompeii or take that incomparable trip up the Nile, place yourself under the able guidance of Thomas Cook & Son, and these distant places will be as easy of access as a stage ride from Boston to Providence a century ago.

The idea is fast gaining ground that travel is an essential part of education, and though a young man or woman may have the lore of ages stored in the brain, he or she is not regarded as "educated" until travel has broadened the mind and shown something of the reality of life in other lands. As Shakespeare says:

> "Home keeping youths have ever
> homely wits."

I recall an editor in a certain country town who determined to go to Europe and see those places in which he had taken so keen an interest when reading of them. His initial trip was taken under the guidance of Thomas Cook & Son, and made with such comfort and speed that he was encouraged to take many other trips, for that visit abroad brought widened views of life and inspired ambitions unthought of before. Nor is this a single instance. It is amazing to find in all the cities of America, as well as in many a farm house, pictures on the wall, or souvenirs of various kinds displayed about the rooms, all reminders of places on other continents which have been visited by some member of the family, and if you follow the matter up closely, you will find that these people have invariably carried Cook's coupons. I have known many distinguished senators, congressmen and people of great wealth who have availed themselves of this economical, as well as comfortable method of traveling.

I recall the feeling of reverence with which I looked upon the home of the elder Cook in Walton-on-Thames, near the residence of my grandfather. It is certain that these good people never realized the important part that Thomas Cook & Son would play in the welfare of America in stimulating the desire for travel, which today makes holiday and recreation trips a necessity of the everyday life of the nation. Where is there a manager of any large enterprise in America who has not enjoyed his trip abroad? A fact that can at once be detected in talking with him about foreign lands, for he will pronounce the names of the various noted places as they are pronounced by the natives, and not as we were taught by geographies.

But it is not only Americans who are indebted to this firm. How could we conceive of Byron, Shelley, Thackeray, Dickens, Ruskin and many others without the broadening influence that they gathered from other lands than their own? What would their work be without the aspirations and experience that a knowledge of foreign countries brought to them? We can tell from their work just the time when Longfellow made his tour to Europe, or when Lowell, Lothrop, Washington Irving and Howells went abroad.

The exhibit of Thomas Cook & Son at the World's Fair shows something of the wonders of the countries which they have helped to unfold, and it is interesting to know that one has looked upon the identical tent used by Emperor William and the members of his party when in Palestine. It is probable that seeing the remarkable country along the Nile, as shown in Thomas Cook & Son's exhibit, has stimulated a keen interest in the minds of many young people who visited the World's Fair this Summer, and that a new generation of tourists has arisen, fired with the spirit of investigation which has already done so much for America. We have come to regard this firm as almost wizards, capable of translating us even to the Mount of Parnassus, or helping us to soar to the empyrean heights themselves, without any unusual effort on our part, and at the expense of very little personal inconvenience. Drop them a line.—ED. NOTE.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

"THE PRIMEVAL RETREAT WHERE HEALTH AND SUMMER PLEASURE MAY BE FOUND"

ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL

PERHAPS there is no railroad in the United States that is so appropriately named as the Chicago & Northwestern. The Northwest segment of the circle, with Chicago at the center, covers the most varied and rapidly developed portion of the country. There is something magical about that word, "Northwest." It always appeals to the traveler—in fact, the old saying, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," might be more accurate if it indicated the "Northwest" as the triumphal path. That is, if the compass showing the trend of travel may be regarded as a criterion.

The facts regarding the popular reliability of this road are not impressed only upon its own constituency—so to speak—but also in the East and South, even in sections remote from the Chicago terminal, the Chicago & Northwestern is known to be preeminent in regard to safety and punctuality, while an allusion to the "Overland Limited" is equivalent to a reference to a transcontinental trip.

I have often stood in the station in Chicago, in the evening at about eight o'clock, and looked at the Overland Limited ready to start out upon its journey. There is a coziness about the rear observation car, beneath the glow of the red signal light, that offers a sharp contrast as one recalls the canvas-covered prairie schooner leaving Fort Dearborn at early sunrise in the years that have passed away. It seems almost impossible to believe that in a few hours on this train a passenger covers a distance that required weeks and months to traverse in those early days! One of the most interesting facts about this route is that it follows practically the exact trail of overland traffic in pioneer times. In fact, it is said that with but little variation the famous Lewis and Clark expedition dragged its weary way for months over the same ground which is now passed by the swift-flying "Overland Limited." Doubtless the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland will be the objective point for many a well-planned pleasure tour this year. The trip itself, aside from the Exposition, affords a liberal education in national history, while the opportunities for side trips provided by this line make it possible for the tourist to cover, in a few brief weeks, the marvelous Northwest of America and come within actual "speaking distance" of the greatest natural wonders of the world. And yet all the terrestrial grandeur unfolded to view is in keeping with the development of the country and the unrivalled achievements of the pioneer—that sturdy ancestor of ours who will soon be nothing but a memory, for now that the days of pioneering are over, it will be difficult to preserve the distinctive spirit of adventure and achievement that is always associated with the opening up of a new country.

Northwestern — Northwestwards — these two words in themselves suggest always the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, and what an itinerary that line includes! Does the traveler desire the unrivalled resorts of Colorado, the fascinating fields of the wide West, the glorious peaks of the Rockies, the wonders of the Yellowstone, or the sylvan lakes of Superior—all are comprehended in the time-table of this road.

"THE HAPPIEST PERIOD IN THE LIVES OF THE PEOPLE"

And now, having satisfied himself as to the important features of the safety and complete equipment of the road, the traveler's next consideration is the points that can be covered en route, provided that he is setting out with the desire to see as much as possible. Leaving Chicago on any one of the many through trains, the rich, rolling prairies of Illinois and its thriving towns attract attention. Dashing across the bridge at Clinton, the course of the train west of the Mississippi and across the fertile farms of Iowa furnishes in a few hours a panorama of this great agricultural empire such as nothing else could reveal. Across the Missouri, a few more hours on the plains of the Platte brings the tourist to Denver, and he is at the foothills of the Rockies. There is a side trip to Pike's Peak, the Garden of the Gods and Cheyenne mountain. One may follow the Georgetown loop — get a glimpse of Leadville—but there is no limit to the sights accessible in Colorado. Farther west, following the old trail, the traveler may go on direct to Salt Lake and California, or he may go straight to the Northwest over the Lewis and Clark trail through the majestic mountains and smiling valleys to "where rolls the Oregon." And thus the circle of the Northwest is completed, enabling the tourist to look upon the unrivalled grandeur of the Yellowstone.

If the prospective traveler will take a map of the United States, or a Northwestern railroad folder, and carefully follow the black lines covering the quadrangle of the Northwest, he will find that all the desirable playgrounds can be reached on the double track railroad leading out of Chicago, which has been called a veritable jugular vein of travel. The mass of pleasure journeying has been steadily accumulated by this line, and its associations with the happiest periods of the lives of the people give it an additional interest for the student of human nature.

The Chicago & Northwestern system is so thoroughly organized that there is not a division on the nine thousand miles of railroad covered by this line that does not possess a playground of some sort for the people, situated within a convenient distance. It has been a part of the policy of this road to enable every inhabitant of their territory to visit a pleasure resort, and they have so arranged that these trips can be taken with but very little expenditure of time and money.

What the Maine and Vermont woods are to New England, the Wisconsin lakes are to the Middle West and South — the primeval retreat where health and Summer pleasures may be found in per-

"ALL THE TERRESTRIAL GRANDEUR UNFOLDED"

fection. Within one night's ride of Chicago—a brief side trip at the longest—the traveler is enabled to reach the shores of Lake Superior or any one of the myriads of small lakes and trout streams of northern Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. A few hours from the heat of the city finds the rest or pleasure seeker in the midst of all the delights of Nature equipped to recreate, in the full meaning of the word.

Some idea of the extent of the Northwestern system may be gained from the fact that over 2,000 stations are included in its time-tables. Over 2,000 communities seek their playgrounds over this line! What an army of people this represents—a home constituency in itself, so to speak. This does not account for the thousands that come from the far East and the South, reaching their destination on the fast-flying Colorado Special or the Overland Limited, or any one of the half-dozen fast trains that leave Chicago within the space of a few hours. The old clock tower in the Wells Street station has held up a guiding hand for millions of travelers; more trains enter and leave this terminal than any other in the city.

The time has come when the railways furnish an important portion of the literature of our age. The passenger department of this road has just issued a handsome booklet descriptive of their Summer playgrounds and the Lewis and Clark Exposition. In these pages will be found comprehensive details well worthy of consideration for vacation days. Whatever the mood, whatever the need, it can be met by consulting the lexicon of Travel-Pleasure to be obtained in the literature of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad.

"A FEW HOURS FROM THE HEAT OF THE CITY"

MR. A. F. SHELDON—A MASTER OF SALESMANSHIP

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

MR. A. F. SHELDON

AT a banquet in Chicago I sat next to a gentleman whose name I did not quite catch on being introduced, but in about three minutes I felt that I did not care what his name was, his occupation or anything else of that kind. It was he himself that interested me. Friendships are sometimes formed in the subtlest way, and this strong, tall, genial young man had a singular attraction for me as I looked into his kindly blue eyes, and when he looked me square in the face and made a positive statement I fully believed him. We soon found a common interest in the discussion concerning the proposition that individual force of character can be cultivated and developed just as successfully as the biceps or the capacity of the lungs. This has been a pet theory of mine for years, and it was with willing ears that I listened to his clear-cut, concise, lucid statement of how he has proved the theory to be correct. When I afterward learned that this was Mr. A. F. Sheldon, the originator of the Sheldon School of Scientific Salesmanship, I was amazed that he had not sold me something during our conversation, for he could have disposed of any collaterals or chattels on earth at that time. I will confess that I should have been entirely at his mercy. I believe he could have persuaded me to buy almost anything.

Later on it was my privilege to visit his "School of Salesmanship" in Chicago. Here is concretely and specifically taught one of the most fascinating branches of knowledge with which we have to deal today. The teaching promulgated by Mr. Sheldon embraces the utmost limits of American success. The dignity of trade and salesmanship was never so preeminently recognized by any nation before. I distinctly recall a time when I was compelled to enter the home of Sir Arthur Sullivan through the "tradesmen's" gate, or not at all. I may say, however, that I left by the front gate; but I do not recall that my American dignity was hurt by the "tradesmen's" gate, or that I felt elated when I went out at the front entrance. The main point is to get what you go after, and get it with your head up. I have heretofore related how, in order to get what I desired that day, I shaved Sir Arthur, and I regard my success as a tribute to American salesmanship, rather than to any ingenuity of my own.

The highest type salesman of today is a benefactor, for he will see to it that he gives exactly the value he represents, though he will not hesitate to introduce on all occasions, and introduce vigorously, the newest and best goods. A salesman certainly spreads knowledge by bringing people into contact with new inventions and innovations of all kinds, that otherwise they never would know of or comprehend. The fact that Mr. Sheldon's method has won the attention of many large business institutions — as well as the support of thousands of individuals—

speaks well for the need and utility of his work. He is attracting to him many prominent thinkers and achievers, who have come to regard selling as a profession, and who wish to get at the fundamental science lying at the base of their chosen work. It is a study in psychology, with the academic flavor eliminated. If the "proper study of mankind is man," then the school of salesmanship is certainly on the right track, making man's needs the study of the salesman.

This school may create so many excellent salesmen that the next thing necessary will be a course at the same institution for the general public, so that they may understand how to buy, for anyone qualified to sell will certainly be able to see both sides of the question and will make a well balanced choice of anything he may happen to need.

Many of the greatest successes in the world have been made along comparatively simple lines, and people have wondered why somebody did not think sooner of this method. The fact is that genius lies in finding out the right way of doing things — the way is there, the thing is to discover it. As Spencer says,

"Over and over again it has been shown in various ways that the deepest truths we can reach are simply statements of the widest uniformities in our experience."

Every one who has ever made a purchase will recognize the necessity for having the art of salesmanship reduced to an exact science; this is, perhaps, especially true of the retail trade, for who has not encountered the annoyance of the untrained salesman who cannot grasp what it is that the customer needs. Mr. Sheldon's text books read like a scientific analysis, and are as interesting as any romance, having in them the application of the theories of scholars of all ages. The mere reading inspires ambition and hope and leads one to grasp the fact that the inevitable

"THE REPUBLIC," OFFICE OF SHELDON SCHOOL OF SCIENTIFIC SALESMANSHIP, CHICAGO law of transition in business methods tends to closer-knit effort in all trade and commercial dealings, bringing into play the one great fundamental factor that always has counted and always will count in all development—the personal equation.

It may be asked, how can a man be a successful salesman? No man knows his powers until he has tried them, and it seems probable that there is at the base of the character of almost every individual qualities that can be utilized along these lines. Mr. Sheldon represents in himself a leader who knows how to "organize knowledge," and bring out all the latent powers in a man, stimulating persistent effort toward the goal of achievement. His lectures scintillate with gems of practical wisdom, and he spares no pains to help his pupils and understand their personality.

While I was in the office an order came in from a large corporation that sells threshing machines, and the course was at once arranged to send to 300 salesmen. The managers of large interests recognize the fact that enthusiasm and ambition in their representatives is the keynote for expansion of business. Of course these qualities are found to a greater extent in some people than in others, but they can be and should be developed. I know of no system so effective in doing this as the Sheldon School of Salesmanship. That curved letter in the alphabet is a magic symbol—it stands for Success, Substantial, and many other words of equal significance—Sheldon School, for instance—and to grasp the full meaning of them all it is only necessary to pay a visit to the Sheldon School of Correspondence, or come into contact with some of the work accomplished. After a brief investigation, you will come away with broader ideas of life that will be of advantage to you in many a day to come.

If you ever intend to sell anything; if you want to add a new angle to effective effort write Mr. Sheldon, The Republic, Chicago, mention my name, and you will thank me for the suggestion. Now write while you think of it and get acquainted with my friend Sheldon. He's worth knowing.

AN HISTORIC TOWN

PAST AND PRESENT OF ROWLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

By GEORGE E. KING

ROWLEY'S TOWN HALL AND PUBLIC LIBRARY

SURELY no town as small in population can have given more to the nation than has Rowley, and in the following notes the readers of this article will be given historic facts of much value.

Rowley was founded in 1639 by Reverend Ezekiel Rogers and sixty families, and derives its name from Rowley in Yorkshire, England. Reverend Dr. Ewell of Washington, D. C., has said of Mr. Rogers: "He had a high place in that company of Puritan pastors to whom New England is so much indebted for her glory in the beginning and her hope for the future."

Through the will of Mr. Rogers, Harvard college was bequeathed $5,000. President Quincy commemorates Mr. Rogers as one of the earliest benefactors of the college.

Rowley originally comprised what is now known as Georgetown, Bradford, Boxford and a part of Byfield parish. Bradford was incorporated as a town in 1675, Boxford in 1685 and Georgetown in 1838. Fred Tenney of the Boston National baseball team is a native of Georgetown.

Rowley manufactured the first cloth made in the western world in 1643, and Governor Winthrop gratefully records that in this manufacture Rowley exceeded all other towns.

Reverend Joseph Glover, the "Father of the American Press," was a fellow passenger on the ship that brought over the founders of Rowley, and he had with him the first press ever shipped to America.

Ship-building was formerly carried on here to a considerable extent. The largest vessel ever built in this place was built upon Rowley common. She was of ninety tons burden and was drawn to the river, a distance of one mile and a half, by over one hundred yoke of oxen. She was called "The Country's Wonder" and was the largest vessel known to have been built in the country so far from the water.

The C. B. Mather Corporation and W. H. Pierce are at present building boats and canoes. The former are builders of all kinds of boats for power or sail to the length of fifty feet. They installed the first motor used in Essex county.

On the Phillips monument in Rowley cemetery, erected by Jonathan Phillips of Boston, are these names:

SAMUEL PHILLIPS, lieutenant governor of Massachusetts.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS, lieutenant governor of Massachusetts.

JOHN PHILLIPS, president of the senate of Massachusetts and first mayor of Boston.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS, one of the founders of Phillips' Academy, Andover, Massachusetts.

JOHN PHILLIPS, founder of Phillips' Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire.

The above named were descendants of Reverend Samuel Phillips, the second minister of Rowley. The noted preacher Phillips Brooks, and Wendell Phillips,

SHOE FACTORY OF W. M. C. FOSTER'S SONS

the orator and anti-slavery leader, were also descendants of this family.

Eliphalet Pearson of Rowley was the first principal of Phillips academy, Andover, and first professor in Andover Theological Seminary. He was, previous to this, acting president of Harvard university and professor of Hebrew.

In music Rowley holds a high position. John H. Tenney is a composer of wide reputation in religious music, and is one of the music editors of the Pentecostal hymn book. Professor Eben H. Bailey of Boston was born just over the line on Ipswich soil, but is closely connected with Rowley and owes much to it in the development of his ambition. He is the composer of over four hundred compositions. David H. Saunders, who died in the South, was another composer of note. In art Rowley has one representative of especial merit — Frank Newman of Boston. In the field of letters also, Rowley's sons have won their spurs. James H. Foss now of Boston, author of "The Gentleman from Everywhere;" George B. Blodgette, M.A., and Thomas Gage, writers of local history, and Frederick Knight, poet and philosopher, whose work partly appears in a volume entitled "Thorn Cottage, or The Poet's Home," are in the list.

In religion, the influence of Rowley has been felt around the world. Edward Kimball, the noted "church debt lifter," was born in Rowley and died in Chicago, Illinois. He raised $15,000,000 for this purpose during his life, and while a Sunday school teacher in Boston he converted the late Dwight L. Moody, evangelist, and influenced him to start in that work which made him famous. Mr. Kimball never studied for the ministry but owed his success to Christian parents and his convincing language. His home was what is now called Fairview, a hotel for Summer boarders. Reverend Dr. J. L. Ewell, a professor in Howard university, Washington, D.C., is also a native of Rowley. Reverend Albert Bradstreet, born just over the line on Ipswich ground, was converted in the Congregational church at Rowley and was a member of that church. He is now preaching in California. Reverend John Pike, D.D., has a record too grand to be told in a few words. He was mainly instrumental in the formation of the Board of Ministerial Aid.

Frank Hale of Rowley invented the rubber eraser at the end of lead pencils. Daniel Prime is the inventor of several machines used in the manufacture of shoes. Lorenzo Bradstreet is the inventor of the Bradstreet sleeping car, whereby a day car can be quickly changed into a sleeper. Henry Boynton invented a boot-turning machine which is now in use. Winslow W. Kelley invented an improvement on a pegging machine.

In the war of the Revolution Rowley furnished three captains, nine lieutenants, sergeants and corporals quite a number, two drummers, one fifer and other musicians. She must have had on an average fifty men each year in the service of their country during the eight years the war continued. The whole number raised for different periods of time was 448. Her expense in caring for these men was $31,404.81.

In the French war and War of 1812

Rowley bore her share nobly. In the former she contributed fifty-two men at different enlistments, being more than one-third part of all her effective men borne upon the rolls.

When President Lincoln called for troops Rowley filled all her quotas and fourteen over, making a total of 134.

In this war Milton Elsworth won for himself a record which is seldom equalled. From corporal he was made first sergeant, for bravery at Gettysburg. He was always on duty with his regiment, never in hospital, never wounded, was corporal of color guard that terrible day at Fredericksburg and the only one unhurt. He took part in twenty-one battles, among which were Yorktown, second Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg and the Wilderness. He and his whole regiment were captured by the enemy and then he experienced the horrors of Andersonville, Libby and four other southern prisons.

There were about a half dozen recruits from this town for the war with Spain, but only one, Albert Pickard, saw duty in this war.

In 1837 the value of all the boots and shoes manufactured in the state was $14,642,520; of which Rowley manufactured about one forty-sixth part, with about one fifty-fifth part of the hands employed. William C. Foster's sons and Edward Kimball are the only manufacturers of boots and shoes at the present time. The manufacture of heels is now the main business, of which there are four factories, viz: S. A. Boynton, Milton Elsworth, Mooney & Richardson (factory newly built, 120x40 feet) and F. L. Burke & Son (a factory in Rowley and one in Ipswich).

About five thousand barrels of clams were shipped from Rowley in one year. In business Rowley is well represented in Boston. Of the firm of Lamson & Hubbard, hatters and furriers, Rowley is represented by Mr. Hubbard.

T. Scott Todd was once state senator and also a collector of revenue at Newburyport and Medford.

HEEL FACTORY OF MOONEY & RICHARDSON

This year the town has just completed a new $11,000 school house and a $16,000 town hall, of which $10,000 was bequeathed by the late David E. Smith of Rowley.

During the days of witchcraft, one Margaret Scott of Rowley was sentenced to death at Salem.

Up to the year 1840 Rowley had given to the world the following men: Ministers of the gospel, forty-nine; lawyers, eight; physicians, seven; judges, two; lieutenant governor, one; president of college, one; professors in colleges, four; preceptors, two; schoolmasters, three; members of congress, two.

Rowley contributed $1,371 toward the building of Bunker Hill monument at Boston. The present population of Rowley is about thirteen hundred and fifty.

So carefully did the founders of Rowley lay out the town, that no alteration or addition of streets has been necessary to add to its present beauty; and the little brook that was so enticing to them in the beginning is, after nearly three hundred years, still running briskly through the center of the town, and its ripples seem to sing that song of Tennyson's:

I chatter, chatter as I flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

HOW genial and jolly we begin to feel in June-time. Along come the roses, commencements, picnics, and possibly a stroll in the mornings and afternoons in the woods and along the streams. All this is picturesque and poetic, to say nothing of the festive and social mosquito.

It is interesting for a publisher to realize how the moods of the month influence the tone of greetings to subscribers. Almost every month of the calendar has a distinct temper of its own, but there is no month when it seems easier to practice the "happy habit" than in the June-time. You have observed the manner of those who love flowers, and how they turn a bud or a blossom and hold it toward them in their hand caressingly; even the prosaic vegetable garden with the radishes, lettuce and asparagus has its fascination in the June-time just before the weeds come on for a Summer visit. The most absorbing feature of the month is the commencements of various schools, academies and universities. The days are memorable to thousands of young people, who feel that they are just steping across the threshold into the realities of life, and I am resisting vigorously the temptation to write a baccalaureate sermon on this occasion. How vividly we recall the anticipations of hopes and pleasures of those bright days in June! With schoolmates, classmates, flowers, music — what a merry outlook upon life it furnished! The young ladies in white, with ribbons and laces and all sorts of fluffery, never seemed so charming as in the sunshine, twilight and eventide of this June-time. The rose worn in the hair or the corsage never has such beauty in other times of the year, because with June we associate the bloom of this queen of flowers, the flower that more than any other seems to speak the language of the heart. I confess it—my favorite.

* * *

NOW that we have indulged in our poetic fancy, we must get right down to business. Have you sent in your Heart Throb? Have you sent in that bit of verse or clipping which you have put away because you thought it of value or because it brought tears to your eyes or stirred a feeling of inspiration within you that was not felt in the ordinary course of reading? To me the Heart Throb contributions are more than a mere business proposition. They are a revelation of the great pulsating, warm-blooded heart power of the American people.

I have been amazed to note how very few people focus on one favorite. Out of the thousands of contributions we have received there have not been more than ten or twenty duplicates. This confirms a pet theory of mine that mental and heart qualities of the individual differ quite as much as the physical make-up. No two eyes are exactly alike, there is always an individuality in look and manner. Why not the same in feeling? Nature in her bounteous profusion has given as wide a variety to the subtle and distinctive feelings of the soul as to the human mind or as to the variety of the leaves that rustle on the trees, or the blades of grass that grow in the fields.

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IT is a good deal like writing a letter—the trouble of "getting at it"—that is the reason you have not sent in your "Heart Throb." Now just wake up; get right at it and send it in, or you will be rubbing your eyes and wondering, when the 840 awards in cash prizes are made and the $10,000 is sent out to the successful contributors, why you did not do this. You can do it. It is simply a question of your faculty of appreciation. Send us a copy of something that you believe has the fire and depth of heart value. We are searching in the American homes for this kind of literature — the literature that endures and has associated with it memories and impressions that are always inspiring, though at times tinged with pathos. Just brush the dust off of the old school books in the attic and look again in that drawer where you have stowed away, year after year, various little bits of verse or newspaper clippings and send them along at once, because the National Magazine band wagon is going to leave with 10,000 real silver dollars to go to its readers. I wish it was ten million, so that every reader could be sure of having something in the distribution. Just sieze this opportunity by the forelock, back hair or anywhere, and let us have your Heart Throb contribution within twenty-four hours after reading these lines. The contest is likely to close within a month or so, although the latest possible date is September 1. The moment the National Magazine secures 250,000 subscribers that moment the contest will be finished and the money sent on its way to our readers to carry whatever blessings it may.

It has been suggested that we have a meeting of the ten first prize winners, who are to secure piles of silver dollars as high as their heads—in Boston, and hold a banquet and "talk it over" in the spirit that recognizes the participation of all National readers in the award of these prizes as in all the trips and other good things we have enjoyed together.

Admiral Dewey and Senator Allison will have a busy time during the closing days, but I am sure that the readers who secure these awards will recognize this occasion as one of the great events of their lives; aside from the monetary value, it is an honor and distinction to receive an award from the hands of these distinguished gentlemen that cannot be computed in dollars and cents.

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WE have arranged it so that not only our subscribers but all our readers purchasing at the news-stands, and the newsdealers themselves can participate in this great undertaking which is without a parallel in the history of periodical offers. It may be that you are already a subscriber—if so, then send on fifty cents for a six-months' extension; but even that is not necessary if your subscription has already been paid for in advance; yet it will simplify matters in our mailing department, if every Heart Throb contains fifty cents.

Just steal away as the gathering shadows of a June twilight come upon the little group on the veranda, and have a quiet time to yourself searching for that little printed paragraph or a marked page in the book, or yellow, worn slip put in an envelope; put my name upon it and then be sure that it finds its way to the post-box — Uncle Sam will do the rest.

Let's talk it over in earnest this time —by return mail.

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IT doesn't seem a long time, as time goes, since I made my first trip outside of Boston to secure advertising for the National Magazine. I alighted from the train at Nashua Junction, New Hampshire, just a bit puzzled to know which direction to start in for the conquest. Drifting into the establishment of the Maine Manufacturing Company, I found the treasurer, Mr. I. Frank Stevens, just closing his mail and leaving for home. Now if there is any time that mortal man is unapproachable, it is in the closing hours of a swift and hard day's work and with his mind fixed on "getting home." But there was something in the cordial, brusque greeting which Mr. Stevens gave me that will never be forgotten. My tongue began the rapid-fire story, and whether it left Mr. Stevens exhausted or because it appealed to him, he told me to "go right straight out of the door as quickly as I could," but adding parenthetically: "You may have a half-page."

We have had that half-page every year since, and I know that the readers of the National Magazine are pretty well acquainted with the White Mountain Refrigerators. For myself, I unhesitatingly aver that no refrigerator excels it. To go into a refrigerator plant and receive a warm and hearty welcome and then, best of all, to have a customer that stays right with you through all these years,—is it strange that I should be so enthusiastic over White Mountain Refrigerators?

Manufactured within sight of the White Mountains, these refrigerators suggest the cooling and refreshing atmosphere of the hills among which they are made. The stone-lined refrigerators are surely very white, very cool and very pure, in fact everything you can associate with what is most refreshing in the hot "old Summer time." It has a suggestion of the old dairy house, the clean white stones and the spring water running through it.

I know the ladies of our Home Department will agree with me, especially if they are so fortunate as to possess one of these refrigerators, that they are just right. What more can be said? The standard of excellence in housekeeping radiates in a marked degree from New England, and the White Mountain Refrigerators are not only made in New England but have stood the supreme test and won the praise and endorsement of New England housekeepers.

The refrigerator is to the housekeeper what the good safe is to the business-man. It preserves those things which are vital to the welfare of the housekeeper. It solves the economic as well as hygenic problem with which every home-builder has to grapple. If you have not yet decided on just what kind of a refrigerator you are to have, investigate the qualities of the "White Mountain"—write to Mr. I. Frank Stevens, Nashua, New Hampshire, and I am sure you will appreciate this enthusiastic suggestion.

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I FEEL sure that every reader of the National Magazine knows about the Oread Institute of Domestic Science. It is one of the educational institutions in which the publisher of the National is keenly interested, because of a personal knowledge of the splendid work which is done by this Institute. There have been no commencement exercises that have surpassed in interest the ceremonies of the happy opening days at the old castle on the hill at Worcester.

OREAD INSTITUTE AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Oread Institute stands for something more than even education — it stands for the actual doing of deeds, and is a monument of the great purpose of its founder, Mr. Henry D. Perky.

The school will reopen on September 6, 1905, under the supervision of the principal, Mrs. Harriet A. Higbee, who has done so much to make it what it is today. It will undoubtedly surpass during the coming year even the achievements of the past. The curriculum will be the same as for the year 1904-05, except in equestrianism. No scholarship will be given this year. The fees for tuition, board and lodging are $500. Graduates of Oread are fully equipped for life work, whether in taking up a salaried position or in the home.

The tributes paid to this institution by its graduates are unparalleled in the annals of any similar school in the country. As one of the graduates remarked to me:

"There is more in one year at Oread than in the four years' course given by any other college. Oread equips and inspires one for a life work."

Mr. Perky has given his fortune to the building up of this scohol, and it is now being generously supported by wealthy friends of his, who realize the splendid work which he is doing. I hope that the coming year will see many of our National Magazine girls enrolled, and if they enter the college I know they will thank me for the suggestion. It has been our good fortune to have furnished several students for this school, and their tributes of appreciation are most gratifying, and are among the most cherished of the possessions filed in the archives of the National. At various times we have published descriptions of Oread and the work done there, and I feel that most of our old readers are well acquainted with this institution. For the information of those who are not, I would say write to Mrs. Harriet A. Higbee, Oread Institute, Worcester, Massachusetts, as early as possible for full details of the work and purposes of this splendid institution.

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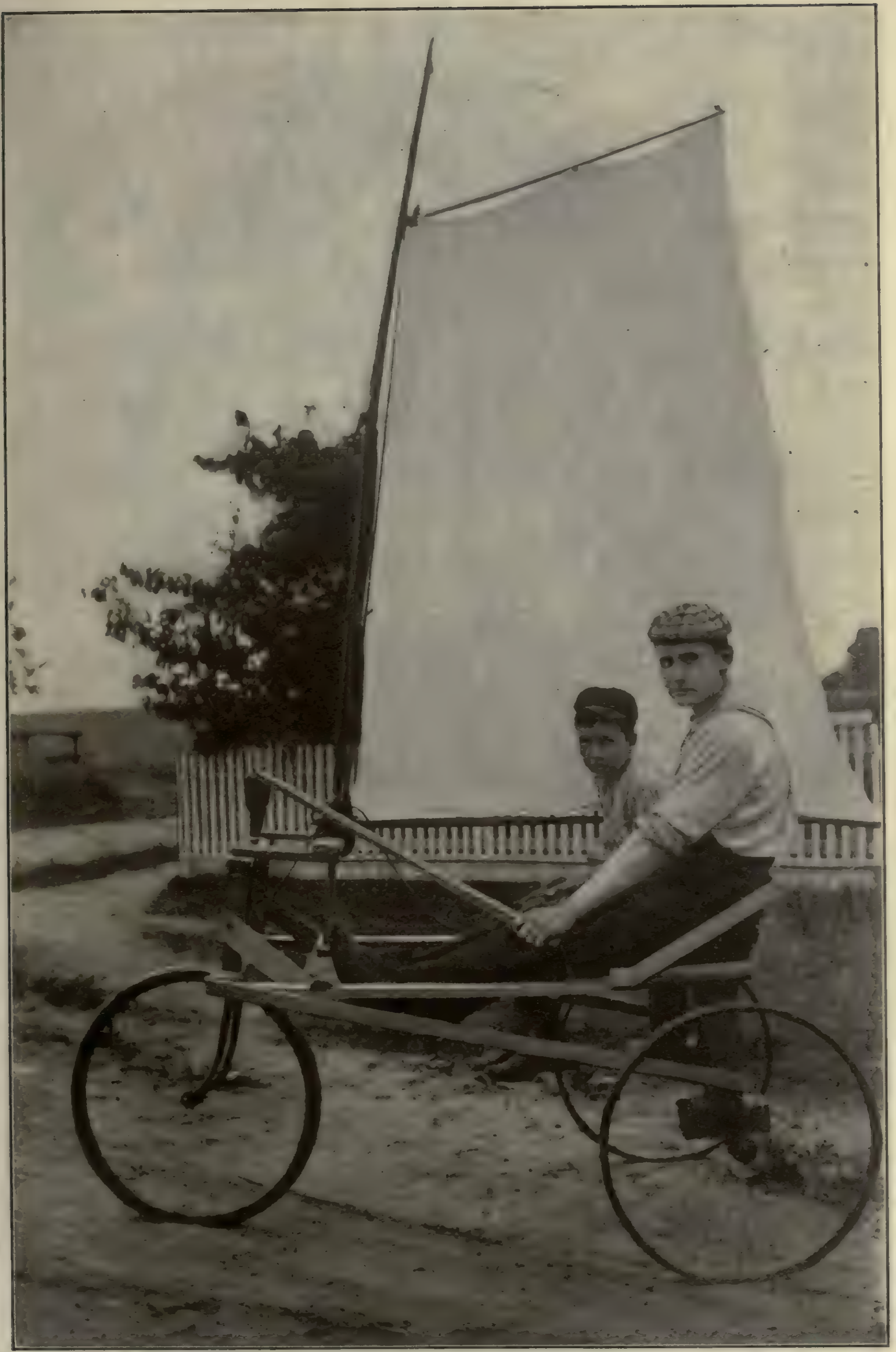
DID you ever stop to think what an important position has been created in the past few years by the great advance in the use of automobiles? No other business at the present time is expanding with a like rapidity, and in no other line of manufacture are there so many experts studying and planning improvements. There have been rapid strides made in the matter of simplifying construction and reducing the danger of accident to a minimum, but still there is need of steady nerve and quick, discerning eye for the chaffeur. The chaffeur, a creature of the Twentieth century—more than an engineer — the flying expert who chooses his own roadway; who, amidst the whirlwind of dust must interpret his action for every second from the rush of unregistered signals. Every corner is a menace; every crossing an element of danger, while in his roadway may appear at any moment an obstacle threatening disaster. So different from the operation of the locomotive, which speeds over a track that receives the constant attention of a force of workmen, for the engineer is supreme; he has absolute right of way, and for emergencies there is the system of signals that have been drilled into every railroad man, with such exactness that his response to them is as natural as the breath of life.

Red is always the element of danger —the signal that an engineer recognizes more quickly than any other. How much depends on the good eyes of the engineer is beyond calculation. Every railroad system calls for good eyes; without them there is no hope for the applicant. Every street car corporation demands them. Even the government calls for a strenuous eye test from the applicant who would join army or navy.

And the chaffeur—no general law or rigid examination yet requires the test, —but how necessary to him are good eyes. Some day the man who is compelled to wear glasses will undoubtedly be dropped from the list of those eligible to a situation as chaffeur, and the people will demand a law compelling as rigid an examination for them as that now required by the railway systems and the government.

The strain on the eyes of the chaffeur is necessarily greater than that imposed on the engineers. His eyes must take in a wider scope, and in the passing and repassing of other rapidly moving vehicles an exactness is demanded which is not at present realized to its fullest significance. Chaffeurs have already begun to feel the effects of this constant strain on the eyes and are looking for relief. Some of them use eye bandages at night, also bathing the eyes in soothing, warm water, or cold, as the temperament requires. Why not massage? Massage is the remedy that has come at last to the foreground in physical development. It soothes the tired members of the body and seems to have a virtue that is being rapidly recognized. When your eyes were tired have you ever rubbed them gently with the fingers, carrying the pressure inward, toward the nose, rather than outward? It helps. But something mechanical would be better.

A new idea has been brought out recently by a New York company which has invented an appliance for the eyes. The original purpose was the restoration by massage of the necessary convex surface of the eyes, which diminishes with age or from constant strain. Perhaps this invention will answer the call of the chaffeurs for something to restore their eyes to their normal condition again after a hard day's run. A few moments soothing massage in the evening may become as necessary to them as the bath tub that removes the dust of the day's travel.



A "SAILOMOBILE," INVENTED BY MASTER FRANK MULFORD, SHILOH, NEW JERSEY

Photograph by Cora June Sheppard

MY DEAR RAG DOLL: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MRS. LEIGH GROSS DAY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ALMOST ironical it seems that the Fourth of July should be about the dullest day of the year at the nation's capital. There is little to suggest that it is the anniversary of a nation's birthday. Nearly all the public officials and clerks that can possibly leave the city are away for a holiday. The embassies are closed and furniture canvas, covered. A few firecrackers may explode; there may be fireworks and perhaps a baseball game, but the Fourth of July is a dreary day at the capital of the nation. The parks were never more beautiful or inviting. There is an air of restfulness about it which no city in the country

A RECEPTION ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN, THE MARINE BAND ON THE LEFT

From stereograph, copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

MR. LEO VOEGEL, THE NEW MINISTER FROM SWITZERLAND
Photograph by Clinedinst

furnishes. It could be well utilized as a retreat from the distracting hum and buzz of every day activities. Even the apprehension of a special session of congress does not occasion a rustle of interest. The congressmen, headed by Uncle Joe Cannon, naturally object to having the extra session called in October prior to the Fall elections, and senators have no consuming desire to hurry to work before the real necessities require it. It is plain for one within range of the busy activities of the executive office to observe that President Roosevelt is anxious to have the extra session as early as possible to care for the work on his calendar. Refreshed and invigorated from his western trip, the undertaking at the executive office seems to start in at gatling gun rate, and there will be several "extra editions" in the way of special messages forthcoming.

Hot weather may have something to do with the ruffled tempers at cabinet meetings and give some credence for a discussion as to changes in the cabinet positions, but when you come to see the situation face to face it is difficult for an outsider to discover anything there other than a genial and jovial demonstration of unanimity. It is difficult to discern where the party lines divide public men at this time, to say nothing of the subdivisions within the ranks. The really significant phases are speeches made and actions outside the national capital. Everything seems to jog along in an easy-going sort of way. There was just a suspicion of languor in the faces of the cabinet members who attended the June meetings that suggested the longing of the boys and girls for the early approach of the last day of school, for however much a man may love to work, there are few that have not an equal zest for the play time. Cabinet sessions are now a sort of sub committee meetings—each cabinet officer taking up the particular troubles and problems of his own department with the president, instead of convoking the concentrated wisdom of the nine.

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JUST as I was getting ready for our July Washington letter I tried, like the fabled chicken, to "cross the road." It was simply a slight turn of the ankle — you can guess the rest. In the following days I had more time than I have ever enjoyed at one "sitting," in the old rocking chair. With the sprained ankle on a soft pillow, I had time to reflect. How it did throb! Not exactly Heart Throbs, but ankle throbs. These little unforeseen accidents sometimes have their use, for as I sat successive hours in the old rocking chair, I had time to run over the horizon for a good talk. This accident impressed me more than ever how grateful one should be for good health—and good ankles. Even the excrutiating pain was endurable by way of contrast. It also emphasized the fact that there is no place like home to find the best trained nurses.

After a few hours in the old rocking chair with its dear old customary creak, my thoughts went out to millions of children in America hoping and wishing that they may have a jolly good time

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMITTEE OF THE SENATE, WHICH HAS BEEN CONDUCTING HEARINGS ON THE RAILWAY RATE QUESTION SINCE CONGRESS ADJOURNED.—SENATOR ELKINS IS AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE.—ON HIS RIGHT ARE SENATORS CULLOM, KEAN AND CARMACK; ON HIS LEFT, SECRETARY LIVINGSTONE AND SENATORS CLAPP, DOLLIVER, FORAKER AND NEWLANDS.—THE ABSENT COMMITTEEMEN ARE SENATORS ALDRICH, MILLARD, TILLMAN AND FOSTER

Photograph by the National Press Association

MISS DURAND, DAUGHTER OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR MORTIMER DURAND

Photograph by Clinedinst

on the Fourth of July; that it may be to all of them such a day of sweet memories as it is to me as I look back on the dear old days gone by.

Can you ever forget the Fourth of July celebration! At early dawn the small boy is awake to begin on that first bunch of red firecrackers, even before the sunrise salute at the blacksmith's shop, where two anvils were thrust apart by a charge of giant powder. The tiny brass cannon is brought forth and anxious mothers await "the returns" to know that their sons were not too near the "gun that was loaded." Too excited for breakfast that morning was the boy, for that box of torpedoes must be shot off. Snap! Snap! Snap! they go on the sidewalk. Hardly had the sun appeared over the poplars before there was music by "our own" band at the railway station, greeting visitors with selections that drowned the puffing of the engine. The fireman with his red jacket and fisherman's helmet was as pompous as you please. From every direction along the yellow clay-dust roads came the wagons with the happy families. Arrayed in white with ribbons streaming were the girls, and boys in "store clothes," with baskets filled with pickles, pies and fried chicken—the dainties of the season. On the corners the lemonade stands go up as if by magic. "Five a glass! Five a glass!" comes from every side. The temporary signs have lemonade spelled in various ways. The "feller" whose home is located near the center of the village has a "stand" and is very important,—doing a lively business. Best of all, the "merry-go-rounds" have started and the music oozes and groans forth as the old blind horse goes round the ring.

The small boy is puzzled as he stands there hugging close his small change and debating whether to ride one of the fiery circling steeds and catch the gleaming ring for a second ride—free, or invest in another box of torpedoes. Popcorn of course — peanuts all day. At ten o'clock he begins to feel weary — this small boy—but the day is yet young when he is commissioned to take little sister and little brothers to "the grove."

The parade is ready to start. The dignified marshal is there with the star on his breast as large as a sunflower. There are the old soldiers; the two watchmen leading the line. In the carriage is the "speaker of the day" looking wisely to the right and to the left as he sits beside the other distinguished guests, to say nothing of the young lawyer who is to read in stentorian tones the Declaration of Independence. Up and down the line, on a freckled steed with a white nose, displaying an abundant array of sash, is the marshal of the day. First was the Silver Cornet band, with new uniforms, playing old "Big Four" quickstep (brand new) and throwing out after-beats in reckless profusion until the trombone solo came along. Then came the old soldiers with fife and drum, playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me", then the fire departments from neighboring towns bringing along good old "Black Hawk," the hand engine which had done robust pumping service so many years and carried the "broom." The hose team was there ready for a coupling contest. The rival baseball teams arrayed in new uniforms with red and blue stockings were the envy of the small boys.

Last and best of all, to the young people, was that great array of "Kalithumpians" — the masked "noodles," representing every emotion of the human heart, every grimace known to the human face, which the boys and girls followed in high glee as clowns at a circus. They were astride steeds ranging from Allen's dashing four-year-old to Johnny Goodfellow's mules and Frisbie's yellow ox. Among these Kalithumpians were staid business men out to renew their youth on this occasion.

Everyone seemed to be trying to enjoy himself and to see that everyone else enjoyed the day. The deserted school playground — for it was now vacation time—was given over to picnic parties, with teams hitched in the plum thicket. The snap, snap, snap of firecrackers and the ping, ping, ping of torpedoes resounded without cessation all day. I doubt if the enthusiam reached such a pitch when old Liberty Bell swung in the rafters in old Philadelphia in '76. On this day every home unfurled the Stars and Stripes, and even "Old Granny," the village witch, had left her turkeys long enough to put up a flag along with the green emblem of "ould Ireland." In the grove near the old lime kiln the speaker's stand was erected. About it were clustered benches made of planks. There was something exhilarating in that scene as I recall it. The day was a trifle warm and the sunlight streamed down through the trees, while the movement of the fans never ceased. The "president of the day" mounted the platform, and then came the song of "Hail Columbia." No one has ever pitched it low enough to sing clear through, so the high parts were skipped. Another "selection by the band" was announced when an awkward wait in the exercises occurred. There were girls dressed in white, with red, white and pink ribbons in their hair combed straight back. Could you ever forget those happy faces of classmates and schoolmates! How those who are grown up are scattered today! Proudly the teacher looked upon them as they sang "their piece" — some timid, some fearless—but altogether.

The Declaration of Independence was read — and every boy followed the immortal lines, "When in the course of human events,—" That reading was the beginning of the career of a young lawyer long since upon the supreme court bench of his state. The oratory was punctuated by applause, for in the front seats were friends, thoughtful and

MR. EKI HIOKI, FIRST SECRETARY OF THE JAPANESE LEGATION

Photograph by Clincdinst

SENATOR A. J. HOPKINS OF ILLINOIS AND SENATOR A. J. BEVERIDGE OF INDIANA

Photograph by Clinedinst

encouraging. True they were only farmers, horny-handed, but the real back bone and sinew of the nation today. How much the country owes to the unswerving integrity of the American farmer. Earnest and content with their lot although the remuneration is at times slight and often times hazardous, he rears a family and educates his children. He knows what is happening in the world, he knows who speaks in Congress and he knows the full course of "human events." All hail to the American farmer! And what shall we say of that sweet little woman at his side, whose life has been devoted to the family gathered about her. Now, the girls may ride in varnished-carriages; but many and many was the time the little mother "went to town" in the wagon on the spring seat with babies snuggled asleep in the straw behind, over the bumping roads. And the devotion of these children, in school or grown up, makes her way easier than it was in the earlier days when she never thought of being weary as long as there was anything to do. First up in the morning and the last to retire at night, —who can estimate the measureless uplifting influence of the lifetime of devotion which the American farmer's wife has given her home, her family and her country. What more appropriate time to appreciate it all than on the nation's natal day.

The oration may have been a trifle long, as indicated when the boys and girls grew restless. Those in the rear seats slipped away out of their places while the orator spoke with all the husky voice left him; but all out of doors is a large auditorium and his voice seemed to fade away in the whispering leaves of the old hickory overhead. The young boys were very glad when the exercises were over and great was the noise of the firecrackers when "America" had been sung and the ben-

SENOR DON GONZALO DE QUESADA, MINISTER FROM CUBA, AND HIS SECRETARIES

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

ediction pronounced by the village pastor.

Then came dinner — sandwiches, pickles, pie, fried chicken, cakes — oh, such a dinner! It seemed as if we were never so hungry and things never tasted so good; and mother saw to it that everyone had something before she "took a bite."

In the afternoon the red stockings and the blue stockings met in a nine-inning combat on the baseball grounds in the pasture near by. It was in the days of "under-throwing," and the muscular farm boys sent the ball speeding along like a cannon shot. The game was exciting, but somehow through all the day there was that feeling of anticipation of something more to come; and how precious seemed the moments of the golden day slipping away. A sigh of regret was given when the torpedoes were exhausted and the firecrackers reduced to only broken "fizzers" and punks, to say nothing of the burned fingers.

After the lull of supper the throngs gathered out in the vacant lot and watched the fireworks. There was always one man in the town who had been to the city and knew just how to fire off "them rockets." There were pin wheels first and they spun round and round and the audience was even more delighted when it stopped. There was a roaring buzz-z-z and up went the rocket amid a chorus of oh's and ah's—and the young couples in the front snuggled just a little closer.

The fireworks were too soon gone, and just when we were to receive the grand finale, the "Good Night" to be flashed in gleaming ribbons of fire in the heavens after the fire balloon had long since been lost from sight on its flight, there was a terrific explosion, and that was the last of our fireworks. With smeared face and hands the man who knew all about "them rockets" came out in the spooky

SENOR DON JOAQUIN BERNARDO CALVO, MINISTER FROM COSTA RICA, AND HIS FAMILY

Photograph by Clinedinst

darkness and announced that the "whole durned thing went up ahead of time," so the fiery "good night" which was to have greeted us was omitted, but cheerfully, merrily the throng left the greensward, feeling that it had really been a great "Fourth."

Wandering home that night were many a weary lad and lassie. The horses were "hitched" and there was a chorus of "get ups" and "g'lang" on all sides, as the farmers went on their way with their families for miles and miles, some of them riding perhaps until early dawn. But what of that; they had enjoyed and their families had enjoyed the Fourth of July.

Good old fashioned Fourth of July! Things may have changed, but the same longings possess the American boy now as ever. The spirit of '76 prompts his martial spirit to have firecrackers, he must have his Fourth of July, for that is the day on which father, uncles and grandfathers and all elders join with him in having "fun." It makes the pages of his school history brighter and it makes the lessons of life clearer to realize that upon the Fourth of July the immortal words of Thomas Jefferson are literally true—that "all men (and boys) are created free and equal, with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," which includes having "fun" and having the girls and women "come along" too. Blessings on these sweet and hallowed days of youth—blessings upon the dear old time and the sturdy, loving people, who join the boys and girls in an endless vista of cherished recollections.

❧

IN his office on the second floor of his home on Massachusetts avenue, I had a pleasant chat with Vice President

SECRETARY PAUL MORTON, CRUISING WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY, REAR ADMIRAL WATSON AND CAPTAIN SWIFT

Fairbanks. He was busily engrossed in preparing addresses he had promised to make in various parts of the country, and was working on these matters with all the enthusiasm and earnestness of an undergraduate preparing a thesis. In a window cosy corner of his library the tall statesman from Indiana talks with visitors during a moment's relaxation from his work. Studious, always level headed and careful, there are few public men today whose judgement would be counted safer in the passing affairs of life than that of the vice president of the United States. He is just the man to inspire personal confidence in a professional way. Modest and unassuming, he seems to hold fast to the old fashioned but ever refreshing and reliable principles of honor and integrity and a calm way of looking at both sides of a question; and that home office has seen some busy working hours since Senator Fairbanks came to Washington.

The vice president, acting for the president, went out to Portland, Oregon, and formally opened the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition on June 1.

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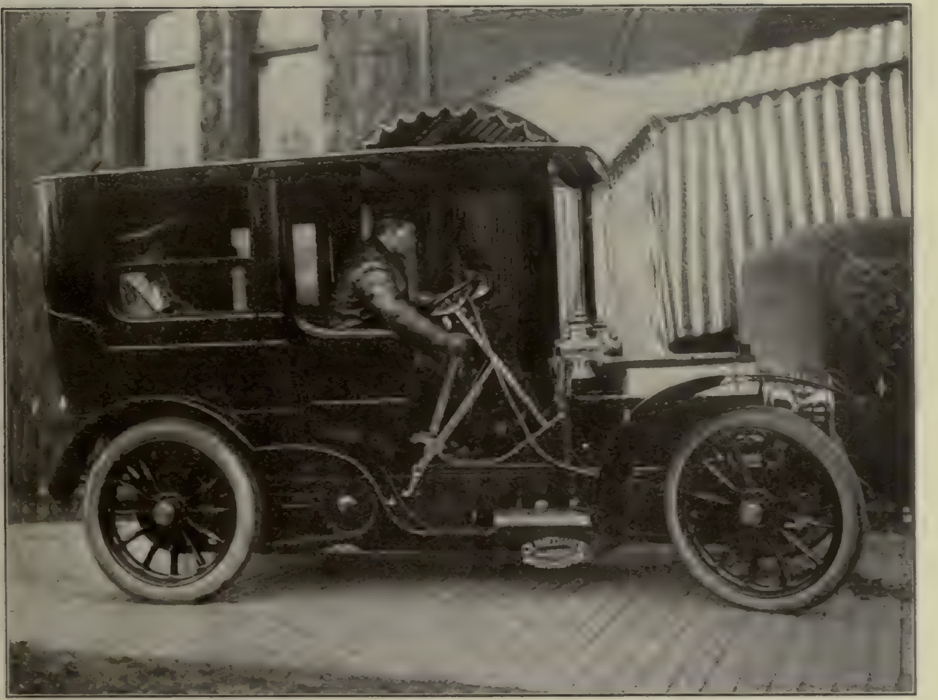
REGARDLESS of the diversity of opinions concerning his views on railroad rates and rebates, there is no disputing the fact that when Mr. Paul Morton, secretary of the navy, retires from the cabinet, as it is said he will do soon, the administration will lose one of its ablest men. Secretary Morton's ideal in office is devotion to modern business methods. A chat with him on a delightful day in early Spring, with the windows open, showing the green verdure and flowers of the White House grounds, was

THE WHITE CAR, THE ONLY AUTOMOBILE IN THE INAUGURAL PARADE

a rare pleasure. For the time there was a relaxation from the perfect poise that shows the unusual power of the young cabinet officer. Standing over six feet, massive head, deep-set eyes, and with the manner and movement of an athlete, Secretary Morton swings out of the doors of his private office, scoops up a mass of correspondence and goes through it with an air of determination and decision that indicates executive training. He does not sit at a desk pressing buttons to bring people to him, but he goes after and fetches what he wants. A great deal of his personal correspondence is conducted in his own hand, and in this day of stenographers it is an unusual mark of courtesy when a busy man will take his pen in hand and write a personal note.

One of the first things Secretary Morton consummated was the consolidation of all the power plants in the several naval stations, a movement that effected an immense saving in outlay. This spirit of economy was as distinctively manifested as in the operation of a large railroad system. He made a cruise "over the line" — to use a railway term —of over 4,000 miles in the West Indies, and the tour was made on schedule time, testing his prowess as a good sailor. The navy has been reorganized into fleets. The Atlantic and Pacific fleets are concentrated at certain points in squadrons, saving a great deal of unnecessary expense in desultory cruising. England has adopted this policy and has very few ships doing cruiser duty on this hemisphere, leaving that part to Uncle Sam, while our own navy reciprocates in the same way in European waters, without any official agreement on the subject. The Atlantic fleet is under the command of Rear Admiral "Bob" Evans and an effort is being made to make him vice admiral, as he is said to carry the "big stick" along the Atlantic sea coast



BARONESS VAN TUYLL VAN SEROOSKERKEN, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY AND CHARGE D'AFFAIRES, NETHERLANDS LEGATION

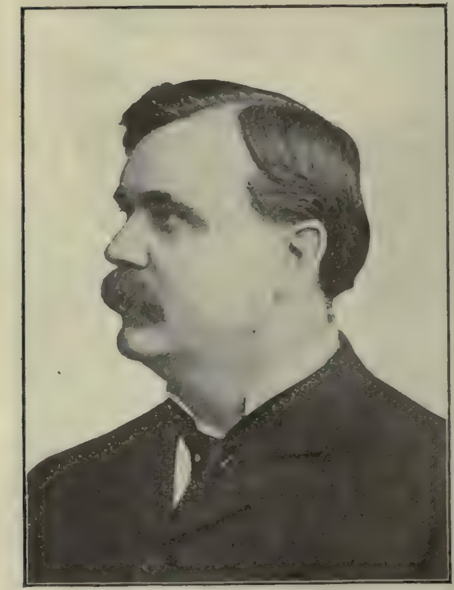
Photograph by Clinedinst

and has under his command a fleet of fifty formidable ships—a good sized navy in itself.

The navy department today is mainly industrial in its operation. The picturesque glamour of the poetic days of Paul Jones, with his fighting wooden frigates, is now data for historical novels. The manufacturing department of the navy involves an expenditure of over forty millions a year, and the value of having such a man as Secretary Morton at the head of the department can be realized. The pay roll calls for thirty millions, the power plants and machine equipment fourteen millions, and the total expense for one year involves an expenditure of one hundred millions.

Secretary Morton represents the modern American type of men who are fitted to control large affairs. With the world threaded with a plentiful array of cables, naval operations of today are undergoing a great change. During two months past there has been a keen interest, almost amounting to suspense, in prospective naval engagements in the Orient. The operations of Togo and his fleet have surprised naval men. Admiral Dewey and Captain Swift in their quarters just across the way in the Mills building keep thoroughly informed and in touch with the bureau of navigation.

Secretary Morton is fortunate in the assistance which he has in his own office of his secretaries, Mr. Nordhouse and H. S. Gauss. Conspicuous in the outer office is the portrait of George Cabot, who was the first secretary of the navy, taking the portfolio in 1789. He was an ancester of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. The portraits of the various secretaries about the room are an interesting study, a sort of

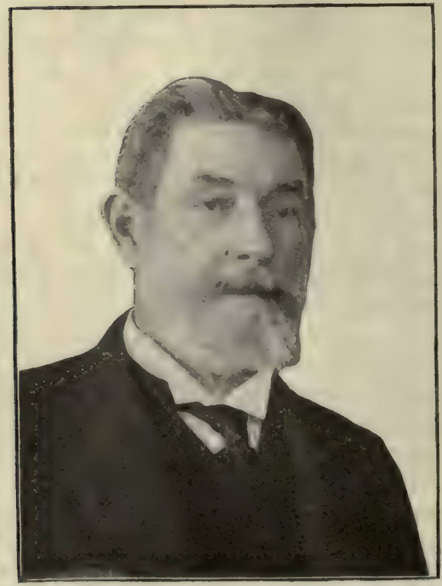


CHARLES E. MAGOON, GOVERNOR OF THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE

panorama of history. This department is a place in which foreign visitors are always keenly interested.

There are many portraits of interest in the office of the assistant secretary of the navy. There is only one assistant, but the records of this office are not without important historical interest. Here hangs the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, who was the assistant secretary of the navy at the beginning of the Spanish-American war. There is also a picture of Mr. McAdoo, now police commissioner of New York; and as President Roosevelt was once police commissioner of New York, the assistant secretaryship seems to have a close connection with the Gotham police department.

Mr. Gauss, who has made a close study of the department, pointed out to me a picture of a man comparatively unknown, who played an important part in history. It was none other than Mr. G. V. Fox, who was assistant secretary of the navy during the Civil war. Mr. Gideon Wells was secretary of the navy at this time, but it was Mr. Fox who did most of the planning of successful naval operations. President Lincoln soon discovered the ability of the assistant secretary and quite often endorsed Mr. Fox's plans without consulting the secretary of the navy, a proceeding which ruffled the feathers of the secretary. It was Mr. Fox who made the arrangements and planned the movements of the Monitor when the attack was made upon the Merrimac and who kept in close touch with Admiral Farragut at Mobile and the operations at Vicksburg and New Orleans. His great success was emphasized in the confidence with which every order he issued was executed by the men on the ships. Notable for achievment against overwhelming obstacles, Mr. Fox was one of the great array of unknowns whose value to the Nation at important crises was hidden in the shadow of superior officials. But the measure of individual worth has a way of coming to the surface in some way when the historical equations are solved, and Gustave V. Fox will come to his own in due time.



B. M. HARROD, MEMBER OF THE PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION

Sincerely Yours,
Robt M La Follette

GOVERNOR AND SENATOR-ELECT ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE OF WISCONSIN, WHOSE GREAT ABILITY AND ENERGY WILL ENHANCE THE HIGH STANDING WHICH THE BADGER STATE NOW ENJOYS IN NATIONAL COUNCILS AS A RESULT OF THE EFFORTS OF SENATOR SPOONER, REPRESENTATIVES BABCOCK, ECSH AND OTHERS WHOTE NAMES ARE LINKED WITH IMPORTANT LEGISLATION OR PARTY LEADERSHIP

Photograph by Curtiss, Madison, Wisconsin

MRS. CLARENCE MOORE AT THE WASHINGTON HORSE SHOW
Photograph by Clinedinst

IT is no longer the limelight of publicity. Now it is Cooper-Hewitt light in which portraits are taken of many distinguished people in Washington. Our group showing Vice President Fairbanks, Mr. George Westinghouse, Mr. Post, president of the International Railway Congress, and Mr.

MRS. WADSWORTH AT THE WASHINGTON HORSE SHOW
Photograph by Clinedinst

ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD (SEATED) ONE OF BRITAIN'S FAMOUS NAVAL VETERANS, PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE AT THE RAILWAY CONGRESS

Photograph by Clinedinst

Brown reveals the wonderful possibilities of the new artificial light as an aid to photography. It was an unique experience for many of the distinguished guests to have their likenesses preserved for posterity by means of this wonderful invention. Another group shows Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. George Westinghouse and others.

SENATOR MURPHY J. FOSTER, MASTER OF LOUISIANA POLITICS

Photograph by Clinedinst

Few residents of Washington have a higher place in the regard of the people than the inventor of the air brake—the man who has done so much toward revolutionizing railway service the world over. A kindly looking man with gray side whiskers, gentle blue eyes and modest in appearance, Mr. George Westinghouse is one of the captains of industry who has not only created great inventions but whose life and career is in every detail an inspiration to the young men of today.

The history of the Westinghouse Company, located at Westinghouse near

Pittsburg, is a record of one of the supreme triumphs of industrial achievement. Step by step, within less than a third of a century, this great business has been built up and developed. It was as late as 1869 that Mr. Westinghouse made his modest beginning, and strange to say the air brake was the outgrowth of an improvement on the railroad frog, which Mr. Westinghouse had undertaken to manufacture. The original air brake utilized steam as the motive force; but Mr. Westinghouse, noticing the successful transmission of power by compressed air in tunnel work, adopted this force to the brake, and overcame all obstacles. The use of air brakes is now so general in the United States that railroads not using the brakes on its freight cars cannot have them hauled by other lines. It has been a great life saver, too. Over two million railway cars and eighty-nine thousand locomotives are today equipped with quick action automatic brakes.

SENATOR JAMES B. MCCREARY OF KENTUCKY

Photograph by Clinedinst

I recall that in the West some years

MESSRS. POST, WESTINGHOUSE, FAIRBANKS AND BROWN, PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER THE COOPER--HEWITT LIGHT IN THE WESTINGHOUSE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY EXHIBIT RECENTLY HELD AT WASHINGTON

Photograph by Clinedinst

ago the railroad men attended lessons and took instruction given in a car sent out by the Westinghouse people. That car has traveled over 85,000 miles

MRS. WESTINGHOUSE, MRS. FAIRBANKS AND A PARTY OF THEIR FRIENDS PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER THE COOPER-HEWITT LIGHT AT THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY EXHIBIT IN WASHINGTON

Photograph by Clinedinst

and over 200,000 railway employes have there learned the simple but effective details of air brake operation.

In talking with Mr. Westinghouse,

it was plain to see that the all absorbing proposition he is at work on now is the matter of electrical equipment for railroads, and in this respect the Westinghouse company has made great advancement.

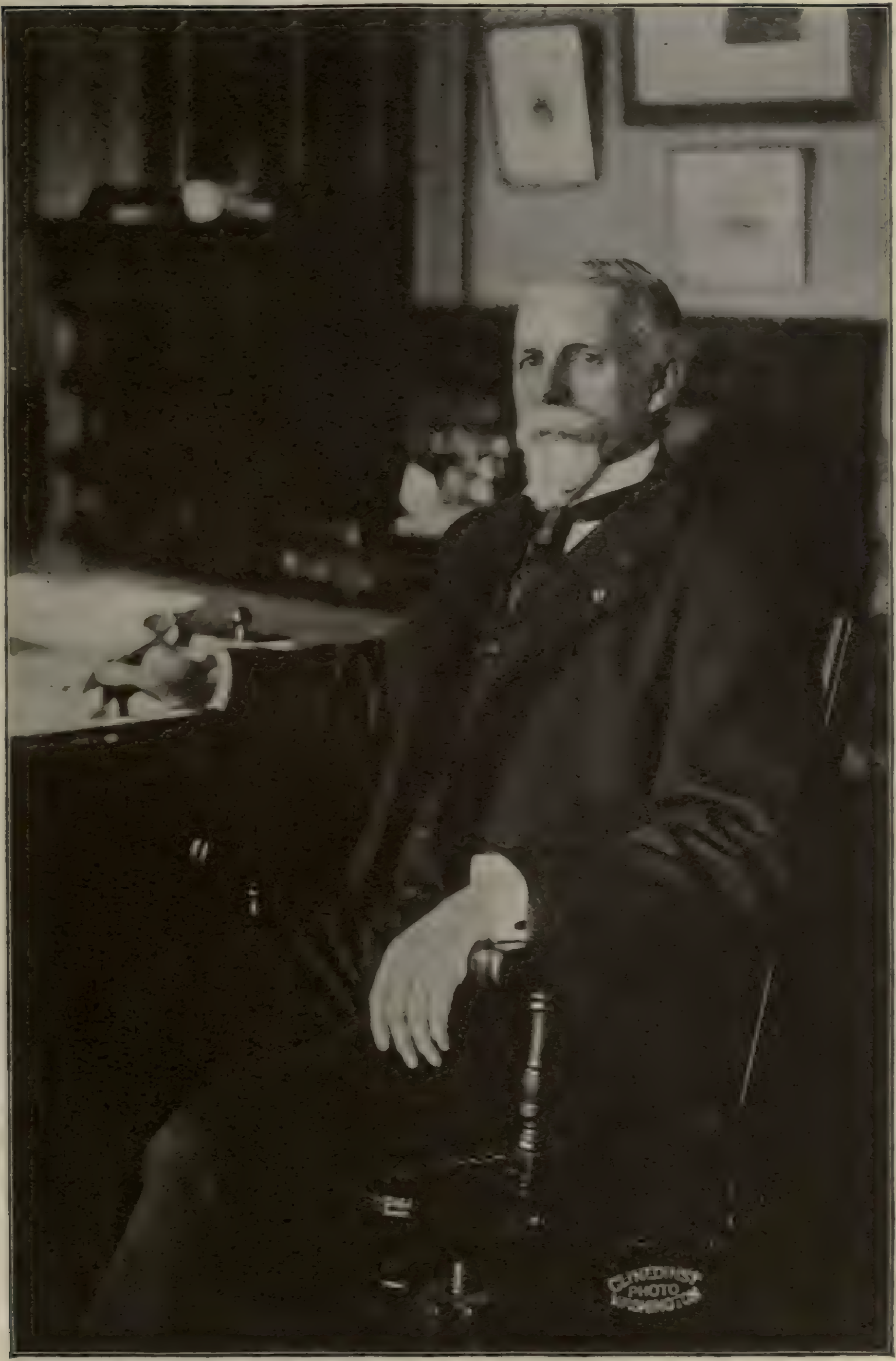
The company has now a practically complete electric railroad outfitting establishment, providing for the manufacture of rapid electric locomotives.

During the visit of the foreign delegates to the International Railway Congress, there was no exhibit that attracted more attention and in which more interest was concentrated than that of the Westinghouse plant and Westinghouse products displayed in the operations of all the leading railroads of the country.

Mr. Westinghouse is fond of his automobile and enjoys his home in Washington, keeping in close personal touch with his gigantic business operations. As one of the Italian delegates remarked, "If there is one American captain of industry who deserves the epaulettes of highest rank, it is none other than Mr. George Westinghouse."

MRS. W. W. ROCKHILL, THE WIFE OF THE NEW MINISTER FROM THE UNITED STATES TO CHINA

Photograph by Clinedinst



SENATOR RUSSELL A. ALGER OF MICHIGAN AT HIS DESK IN WASHINGTON

Photograph by Clinedinst

$30,000,000 IN SIGHT

By Christobelle Van Asmus Bunting

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

IT was noon of their first day over the trail and they had stopped at this little crossroads' grocery for luncheon.

Nan Clarke turned to Mrs. Dick Kendall. Nan held a large slice of bread in one hand and a small pot of MacLaren's in the other.

"Mrs. 'Dick,'" she said excitedly, "do you think he would stand for me?"

Peggie followed Nan's eyes to the porch of the grocery.

There he stood perfectly oblivious, looking away across the plateau.

"Oh, I should like to paint him!" Nan went on. "Those orange colored goat's wool chaps and that picturesque sombrero! How handsome he is, anyway! He's so tall and dark looking. Fine nose, strong jaw—a wonderful jaw — and such deep-set eyes. Do you think he would stand while I sketch him?"

Peggie laughed.

"I don't see why not," she answered. "It would likely be a novel experience to him. They don't see many girls like you away out here."

"Shall I ask him?"

"Yes."

Nan went toward him. He saw her coming and she thought he seemed embarrassed.

"It's a very pretty country," Nan said apologetically.

"Yes," and he offered her a chair. "Won't you sit down?" he said.

"Thank you, we're going on presently. We're on our way to some placers on the South Boise, over in the Saw Tooth range."

"You've some rough riding ahead of you; are you used to it?"

"It's my first trip to the mountains, but I am sure I shall enjoy it."

Some miners standing at one side laughed knowingly. He looked at them and they stopped instantly.

Nan smiled good naturedly.

"I suppose," she continued, "that I shall get tired."

There was silence a moment, then Nan questioned hesitatingly:

"I came over here to ask you if you minded standing while I sketch you?"

The men on the barrels snickered again.

"You know we don't see men dressed as you are, in the East—and I'd like so much to sketch you for my friends and all."

There was no concealing the merriment from behind. The man in the orange chaps colored to his hair's roots. Nan was almost sorry she had asked him.

"No, I don't mind," he said; "where shall I stand?"

"It's very kind of you. Right where you are, if you please," and Nan went away a little and began at once.

"I'm so afraid he'll go before I'm done," she said as Dick came and stood beside her.

"Never fear," Dick answered; "it's an event to him."

When Nan had completed the sketch of the man in the orange chaps she asked Dick what she could give him for his trouble.

"I hate to offer him money."

"Buy him a cigar," Dick suggested.

"Come with me," and they walked together toward the grocery.

"Wait a minute," Nan said to her model as they came by him.

Dick helped her select two twenty-five-cent cigars.

"Do you reckon," she asked, as they turned to go outside again, "that he will know these are right good cigars? Do you reckon he will know I paid a quarter apiece for them? I should hate to have him think they were only five-cent ones."

"You might tell him," Dick said teasingly.

"No, really?"

"Oh, I think he will tumble before he has finished them," Dick reassured her.

When they were on their way again, Peggie said to Dick in Nan's hearing:

"I think we should have blindfolded Nan on this trip. She's going to marry a millionaire, you know—and these picturesque cowboys are dangerous."

"Nan's too artistic," Dick returned.

"Don't bother about me," Nan protested. "If I married every man I'm foolish over, I should have been wedded a thousand times already. But wasn't he good looking?"

Peggie and Dick laughed.

"I might have offered him a job on the placers, if I'd thought," Dick added jocularly.

"Why didn't you?" Nan returned dejectedly, "and to think I may never see him again!"

"Poor child!" said Peggie, as she started her pony into a canter.

That night when they came into the little plateau town of Soldier there was a tired family. Peggie's youngest boy fell asleep at table and Nan declared she could not walk up stairs. No one noticed the hard beds and the coarse blankets.

"Are these people Mormons?" Peggie asked of Dick as she looked at the family portraits on the wall of their room.

"I don't know. I suppose they are. Nearly everyone is around here."

"Why didn't you tell me that a fresh butchered beef is as tough as shoe leather?" asked Peggie reproachfully. "I had an idea when that man came in all gory and with such a burst of enthusiasm that we were to have a feast of a dinner."

"I didn't know it either," Dick said sadly. "I thought it must be a great delicacy, and I was so hungry, too."

Peggie looked sympathetic.

"One must thrive on air and sleep out here," she said, smiling.

II

In the morning Dick "rounded up" about nine idlers from the saloon and the combined postoffice, drug store and grocery and engaged them to work on the placers.

Dick had never seen the placers. They had been a part of the estate left him by his uncle and Dick had employed a man at a salary of one hundred a month, for the last eighteen months, to mount guard over them. Before, he had not thought it necessary to keep a man on the place, but many urgent letters of application and advice had convinced him that the gold which was there in such profusion would be carried away by individual panners if not guarded. So Dick had put up the wherewithal for a cabin on the ground and had installed, by letter, a most capable and honest man — so references showed — to remain on the place and protect his interests. Dick received the most glowing letters from time to time as to the wonderful value of his placers, and just a month before, he received a small vial filled with nuggets, which Dick's trusty had gathered from the surface "not ten feet from the cabin"— as easily as one might gather pebbles. This same man had engaged an engineer to examine the property and his report in turn had been alluring. It had stated, among other things, that there were "thirty millions in sight."

It was all quite satisfying and convincing.

Dick and Peggie had planned to spend the Summer in Holland, but this report and the vial of nuggets had completely turned their heads, and they decided quite abruptly to come West instead.

The boys were delighted, and Mrs. Smith' niece, Nan Clarke, was "simply foolish about going West," so Peggie persuaded Mrs. Smith to let her come along.

It was Dick's idea to sink a couple of shafts to bedrock and determine the depth. There were several expert panners in the party, and he would see how many "colors" ran to the pan. Probably from ten to a hundred or more, as the surface made such a good showing. Then he would arrange for a dredge by interesting big capital — and the future was assured.

"I'm glad we are interested in placers instead of galena or gold quartz," Peggie said to Dick as they rode along that morning.

Peggie, with her usual cleverness, had picked up a good deal about mines the three days they were at Hailey, before starting over the trail.

"Why?" asked Dick.

"Oh, deep mining is so dangerous. Think of those men down ten hundred feet in the 'Minnie Moore' mine. Suppose the pumps should fail—or the cable break."

"Those things are pretty well provided against."

"I know," said Peggie, "but it's very risky."

❧

At noon they lunched on the top of the divide and Nan affirmed that it was "the very best luncheon" she had ever eaten.

"Oh, look!" shrieked Peggie when they had nearly finished.

They all jumped to their feet simultaneously.

There, covering their own tracks, came a bear with two cubs.

Dick grabbed his gun, but one of the men restrained him.

"She won't hurt us. That mammy bear is almost civilized. Some of the packers feed her nearly every day, but I've never seen the cubs but once before. She keeps 'em hid out in the bushes. Let's see what they'll do."

Dick's family drew about him as Mrs. Bear and her children approached hesitatingly, but seeing that her new acquaintance did not mean to harm her, and smelling the alfalfa honey, she grew bolder and continued toward them. About a hundred feet off she motioned her cubs to sit down, which they did without dispute. Then she sauntered slowly on toward Dick's party. One of the men threw her some bread. She picked it up and carried it to the cubs and then came back for more. Dick's family looked on in breathless amazement at first, but after a little the boys tried to persuade the bear children to come nearer. The cubs rose to their feet with one accord and advanced, but the old bear, seeing them, went back to them and boxed each of her children over the ear. They gave a cry most human and went back and sat down.

Every one laughed in chorus.

"It's the drollest thing imaginable." Peggie said hysterically.

Nan had gotten a very good sketch.

"I suppose," she said, "when we tell our bear story at home, even this won't be proof enough."

"I wouldn't have believed it myself," said Dick.

When the bear family had eaten all the honey and everything else that was left, they retraced their steps and were soon out of sight among the bushes.

The Kendall party gathered together their belongings and moved on. The trail now grew steadily rougher and more beautiful. By the time they reached the valley and had waded their horses across the river, and through the willow bushes, it was dark.

"What's that light ahead?" someone asked.

"That's John Ford's," said another. "He's building a ditch — a five-mile ditch — from up the river to his bar. They found a high bar in the mountain."

"What is a high bar?" asked someone.

"It's the old channel of the river, and they say it carries high values."

"Do we stay here all night?" Peggie asked.

"Yes," Dick answered, "and tomorrow we are only two miles from our own cabin."

The next day when Peggie and Nan had mounted their ponies with their big, cowboy saddles and were waiting for Dick to start with them, Peggie said, looking at the little hut where they had passed the night,

"If I had known that place was such a den of chipmunks I'd not slept a wink. Why, look at them! The roof is literally covered."

"Oh," answered Nan, "that would not have bothered me at all. I could have slept in a den of thieves."

"Well," Peggie replied smiling, "you don't leave me a very pleasant alternative."

Dick came and they started on.

"Why, dear me!" Peggie, exclaimed, "we are not in the valley after all."

They had come to the edge of a cliff from behind the cabin.

"It's only a foot hill," said Dick.

"And that's the South Boise?"

"Yes, down there."

They began the short descent.

"How beautiful!" said Nan, "and how noisy for such a small stream."

"It's full of rocks," Dick explained.

"I am sure I shall never care to go back home," and Nan joined the boys, who had gone on ahead.

III

Nearly three months in this valley of the South Boise had proved to Dick that the hidden wealth of the placers was a great myth. He had exhausted every possible resource to prove the ground but it had been found wanting. On the surface it had panned three or four colors to the pan, and in places even better — though very small — but after three or four feet there was nothing, absolutely nothing. As for bedrock—it could not be found.

Dick's first mining venture was exceedingly disappointing inasmuch as it had been so glowingly represented to him; but, aside from not being able to take home a bucket of nuggets, the trip had been a great success, and not one of them really wished to leave.

It was now about the first of November and Peggie had taken the boys and gone with Dick six miles up the river to look at some other claims that were touted to them. Nan had remained behind to get a picture or two across the river and beyond the foot hills.

She was coming back now and the sun had already gone over the near peaks. Down the valley she could hear someone singing a "Come All Ye." She stopped her horse to listen a moment and then she gave him the quirt and headed for the cabin.

"Wo Ling!" she called as she rode up.

"Hulla," a singsong voice responded, as a pair of beady eyes and a head wound about with a long silk cue peeped out the door.

"There's a stranger coming down the valley. You can hear him singing." Nan paused a moment. "Be sure you make him stay for the night. He might go on to John Ford's, you know; but I'm dying for some excitement. I've been alone all day and I'm tired of it. Mr. and Mrs. Dick will be delighted. He sings so well, you know."

"Ee sing," was all Wo said.

"But you understand, don't you?" Nan went on again. "I can't urge him to stay. You do it. You make him stay."

"Mek 'im sta'," and Wo went back inside with as little assurance as possible.

Nan laughed to herself.

"If I wish company," she said aloud,

"I reckon I'd better wait here and corral him."

She dismounted, and, throwing the reins over her horse's head, sat down till he came.

"He must be very near," she said again, "for I can hear every word," and then as she looked she saw a pair of orange chaps and a gray sombrero come through the last clump of jack pines.

"My old friend," she exclaimed, and she rose to greet him.

He swung from his saddle and turned his pony after hers. There he stood, his hat in hand, waiting for her to speak to him.

"Where did you learn that song?" she asked.

"Out here somewhere. Do you like it?"

"I am foolish about learning a 'Come All Ye' before we go back, but I am sure I won't be able to now. Are you tired?" she asked.

"They are not hard to learn," he answered, avoiding her question.

"Where did you come from?" she asked again.

"I've been up to the Thunder Mountain country since I saw you last," he answered, smiling. "I didn't come here directly from there, but I'm on my way out. We heard there were some elk in that ridge over yonder, and so we came on."

"Did you get any?"

"Yes, six in all. I left the party about five miles up the river. I'll join them in town in two or three days. They took a short cut to Hailey. I'm looking for an old cowboy that they say is working for John Ford now."

Nan wished Mrs. 'Dick' would come. It seemed very bold for her to detain him, but he was so interesting. She did not like to have him go.

"I'm expecting Mr. and Mrs. Kendall back any time now," she explained. "Mr. Kendall will be so glad to see you. We've not seen anyone but the packer since we have been here."

He sat down on a box beside the door.

Wo looked out. "Want piece pie?" he asked.

"Yes, thanks," and he accepted the proffered plate.

"I'll take some, too," said Nan, and they sat opposite one another eating blueberry pie and discussing the country when the Kendall family came galloping up.

"I'm so glad you've come," whispered Nan to Peggie when the first greetings were exchanged. "Have Mr. Dick make him stay. I'm dying to talk with him."

"With whom?" asked Peggie.

"Why, with him — in the orange chaps."

"Better find out his name," Peggie said teasingly, as she threw aside her hat. "You'll be calling him 'that' next."

"Mrs. 'Dick,' how horrid of you! I'm sure he is not common. He talks very well."

"Oh, to be young again!" said Peggie, still teasing her.

"You will make him stay, Mrs. 'Dick?' "

"I will try."

"You're so good," Nan exclaimed, giving Peggie a hug.

"And all for a pair of orange chaps!"

The next day being Sunday, the men —those Dick had retained to finish up the work—rose early and went for fish. They came back an hour before noon with two large buckets full.

"My," said Nan, "I wish I'd gone along. It's fun to fish when they bite like that."

No one said anything.

"Where are your poles?" Nan asked again.

No one seemed to hear her and she left him and joined Dick and Mr. Warfield. He had told Dick his name.

"I wonder what they did with their

poles," Nan said abstractedly when Dick went back to the cabin for more tobacco.

"They don't use poles," Mr. Warfield said.

"What then?" Nan asked.

"They use sticks."

"Sticks? What's the difference?" she questioned again.

He laughed as he stood and drew at his pipe.

"Sticks of dynamite," he added. "Don't tell I told you. It's against the law. Kills too many."

"How do they do it?"

"By throwing dynamite on the water and when it explodes it kills the fish, and they rise to the surface. Then they gather them like grain."

"How cruel!"

"No, not that. It doesn't hurt them any more than the hook—if as much—but it would exterminate them if done too often."

Dick and Peggie came up just then.

"We are going for a little walk; will you come?" she asked.

Nan and Mr. Warfield followed not far behind.

"How long are you going to stay here?" he asked.

"We are going out about the tenth. They say one can't stay here longer than the twentieth."

"No, that is late enough. You see this is a little pocket between the mountains, and when the snows come it's not hard to get snowed in. I got caught in this very valley once nine years ago. It was the hardest Winter this part of the country had known in years. Ten men had come over the trail a month before and nothing had been heard from them. A searching party was organized and I joined it. There were six of us, and only two came back. The other four were killed in a snowslide on that very mountain."

"Oh!" said Nan, "how awful."

"Perhaps you're not used to such tales. I'm sorry if it frightens you."

"Oh, I don't mind," she said quickly. "I was thinking how dreadful if you had been one of the four."

He glanced at her, but evidently she meant nothing particularly personal, for she was not even looking his way.

"I've always been rather fortunate," he said again.

"Oh, scratch on wood," she said quickly. "Here," and she picked up a stick and handed it to him. He laughed lightly as he obeyed, and then threw the stick toward the river.

From his pocket he took some Indian arrowheads. "I found these over near Thunder Mountain," he said, handing them to her.

"How interesting—and the Indians really made them?"

"Yes, they are very old."

"They are relics," she said again, as she handed them back to him.

"You may keep them if you like."

"Really? How kind in you."

There was an awkward silence. Dick and Peggie were coming back toward them.

"If you ever come East," Nan said excitedly, "you must look us up. I'll leave our address with you." She was wondering what Auntie would say of his chaps, but of course he would not wear them.

"You will come back again?" he questioned.

"I don't know," she said almost sadly. "I should love to. It would be heaven to spend six months of every year in the hills."

"I love the hills," he said softly.

"Yes," she answered, "I suppose you do. They are your home."

They turned and walked toward the cabin.

"Will you show me my picture before I go?" he asked.

"You're not going?" she asked almost pleadingly.

For the first time their eyes met.

"Yes," he answered picking up the arrowhead she dropped, "I must get back."

Nan wished to ask, "Back where?" but instead she said: "Yes, I shall be glad to show it to you." She was thinking about the cigars.

"Those cigars," he began—"did you pick them out yourself?"

"Mr. Kendall selected them."

"They were a most excellent smoke."

Nan reddened visibly.

He laughed outright and she joined him, though she scarcely knew why she did. That night under the lamp she showed him his picture, and she presented him with another of Mrs. "Dick" astride her pony. He was audacious enough to say that he wished it were herself instead, and Mrs. "Dick" heard him say it.

In the morning he left with their addresses and with the promise that "if" he "ever came East" he would "surely look them up." They watched him ride away around the edge of the mountain. Peggie and Dick declared he was "a fine fellow," and Nan did not contradict them.

⁂

Nan watched the snow on the mountains. Each day it came lower until the day they left the hills were a third covered.

Those last days in the valley gave Nan a nervous unrest. She found herself wishing for the light and bustle of a metropolis.

"Why, I thought," she said to Peggie, "when we first came that I should never, never wish to go away; but do you know, somehow the mountains begin to oppress me. I feel hedged in somehow. Perhaps it's the snow. What a dreadful thing a snowslide is! Really, Mrs. 'Dick,' I shall be glad when we are out."

Nan rose from the log she was seated on and stood before Peggie.

Peggie rose too, and putting an arm around Nan's waist led her toward the river.

"I know what it is," said Peggie. "It's spelled with five letters—y-o-u-t-h. I've not gotten over it either. But we shall be going tomorrow."

The sun, all but set, was casting its last long javelins of gold into the shadowy purples of the valley. They sat together on the river's sandy bank, and Nan threw in some pebbles.

"Did you love Mr. 'Dick' the first time you saw him?" Nan asked abruptly.

Peggie drew her shoulders together as though something struck her, but Nan did not notice. She was throwing stones into the eddies.

"I can't remember," said Peggie slowly. "I knew Dick when I was a little girl."

"Oh," Nan returned, "then you'd not know. I was wondering how it seemed to meet the man you love."

"Look at me," Peggie said, reaching and taking Nan's chin in her hands. "You're not really in love. It's the romance of the hills, his picturesque clothes, the orange chaps and all. Back in our own world you will forget all about him."

"Perhaps," said Nan, looking away again, "but he did have wonderful eyes. I don't mind telling you, Mrs. 'Dick,' that I can't ever forget them."

"And you are to marry a millionaire," Peggie said.

"Yes," Nan answered, throwing one last pebble into the water. "It's such a disgrace to be poor," she added with irony. "Please marry me to a very old man, Mrs. 'Dick;' I am sure I'd make a charming rich widow."

"You poor sentimentalist," Peggie said, kissing her. "I suppose you'll marry some starving genius and have a dozen children."

The boys wept when they said goodbye to the valley. Nan's eyes, too, were moist as they started from the cabin. Peggie and Dick alone felt no regrets as they left their "thirty millions in sight."

IV

Everyone stops at Denver, and oh how grand and beautiful it seems. Everything is luxurious. Whether it is by contrast or in reality it does not matter. The Kendalls and Nan spent several days at the Brown Palace.

Dick had gone down after the mail and Peggie and Nan were in the rotunda. There had been a harp solo and Nan stood when it was finished and looked over the rail into the office.

"She reached out her hand to Peggie with a startled gesture, not taking her eyes off a group of men near the elevator.

Peggie jumped to her side. What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh," sighed Nan disappointedly, at the same time excited, "he's gone! I could stake my life it was Mr. Warfield."

"My! how you startled me. I thought someone was hurt. Please don't do it again, Nan," and Peggie sat down.

"But, Mrs. 'Dick,' if it should have been Mr. Warfield?"

"But it was not. Mr. Warfield is probably at this moment finishing a pipe beside a log fire."

"Oh, I wish we had never come out of the mountains!" and Nan sighed for at least the tenth time that day.

Dick came with some letters.

"There's none for you, Miss Nan."

"Nan doesn't care for letters," Peggie interposed. "She's just seen a vision."

"You didn't see Warfield, did you?" Dick asked.

"Is he here?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think so, but I saw a man who looked a lot like someone I'd seen, and I couldn't place him. He came out of the barber shop as I went in. He was talking to someone and didn't see me. Afterward I met the other man and asked him who this other chap was. He didn't recall who I meant. I asked if his name was Warfield, but he didn't know the name. He said he guessed I meant a cattle king—one of the biggest cattle men in the West — didn't know his name — but I knew he wasn't the chap. He was wonderfully like Warfield — like I imagine Warfield in city clothes."

Dick folded his letters and put them in his inside pocket.

"Let's have dinner," he said.

❧

The following night they found themselves speeding across the country homeward.

Peggie came to Nan in the morning.

"Aren't you going to get up?" she asked.

"All dressed?" Nan asked sleepily. "Yes, I'll be dressed directly—but Mrs. 'Dick,' don't you wait for me. Go on in, and I'll follow when I'm ready."

"Well, if you don't mind, I think we shall. The boys have been up a long time and they are anxious for breakfast."

"Certainly; go right along."

The Kendalls had finished breakfast and were leaving the dining car when Nan came in.

"It's very crowded," Peggie said, "I'm going back in the buffet car while Dick smokes. Look us up when you have finished."

"I will," Nan said.

Dick had smoked his third cigarette; a man had been entertaining them with a bottle of chameleons, and Nan had not come in yet.

"Nan's having a very elaborate breakfast," Peggie suggested.

"Why, it is nearly an hour and a half," Dick said looking at his watch.

"That long? I'm going back to see what's become of her," and Peggie started for the diner.

It was nearly empty and she paused at the glass door and looked in. There they sat. Nan and a man. Yes, it was Mr. Warfield. Where did he come from?

Peggie watched them a moment. They

were sitting there eating nothing and both looking straight out the window. Peggie turned and hastened back to Dick. Going through one of the sleepers, she was caught by hearing one man say to another:

"Yes, Warfield's born under a lucky star. Went west ten years ago fresh from college, and everything he touched turned into money."

Peggie sank into an opposite seat apparently without interest, but in reality with every nerve strained.

"That's the way with some people," the other man returned.

"Yes," continued the first, "but that's not all. Warfield's lucky in love, too. Met a little girl in the mountains—she lives back East—and had quite a romance. She thought him a cowboy, and he carried out the illusion. He spent weeks searching the South Boise to find her, after he lost track of her in town, and made out to her it was all by accident. I was waiting for him in Shoshone all this time. When he came I couldn't do anything with him. Said he must go East for six months. I made him tell me why, and he seemed to be glad for a confidential ear."

"Hope he finds the girl."

"Finds her! The scoundrel. I am sure I don't know whether it's by accident or not, but this minute they are eating breakfast together; come, I will show you." And the two men went out of the car. Peggie was cold and hot by turns. She met Dick coming for her and told him all.

"Nan's a good miner," he said, when Peggie had done.

Just then Nan and Mr. Warfield came through. They stopped to greet Dick and Peggie.

When they had talked a little Mr. Warfield said:

"There are some chameleons in the library. Won't you come back and see them?"

"Yes," said Peggie, "go along, Nan. They are very interesting. We have just come from there."

"Then you won't come?" Nan asked.

"No, not now. We shall later."

At the very end of the observation car, close to the window, Dick and Peggie saw them an hour after. They were talking very low as they watched the long line of rails they left behind.

"And you really like the mountains?" he was saying.

"No, I love them," she answered warmly.

"One loses and finds much in the mountains."

"Yes," Nan returned softly.

"The hills are full of treasures," he said slowly.

She looked up at him as he said this and their eyes met again. Each read beneath the other's depths. The silence that followed this time was not an awkward one. Two people in the world were happy.

⁂

Kate Ashworth Barclay was glad Mrs. "Dick" was home again, and she hastened over to see Peggie, but already Kate had learned the news of Nan. Only in a very unsatisfactory manner, however, and she made Peggie tell her every detail.

"And now that you have married both of Mrs. Smith's nieces," Kate began, "and nearly every other available person, I suppose, before long, you will have designs on my daughter."

"I won't have to go far, either," Peggie answered, smiling, "if my youngest son continues his ardent admiration. Dear me! Kate dear," Peggie continued, going over to the table and peeling an orange, "don't let's talk of that, for, positively, it makes me feel old."

"That must be an awful feeling," Kate answered, laughing.

Peggie joined her, then she added:

"That's a stunning gown. Who made it?"

GAIL HAMILTON OF HAMILTON

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "Islands of Tranquil Delight," "Exits and Entrances," "South Sea Idyls," etc.

GAIL HAMILTON'S "Life in Letters," with its thousand and odd pages, is as interesting as "Clarissa Harlowe" ever dared to be, and has none of the harrowing details that made that grewsome fiction the delight of our morbid ancestors. I was glancing into it the other day and thinking what a wholesome, breezy life was hers, when I chanced upon this paragraph at the foot of page 722:

> Grand Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.
> 28—May—1873.
> "Charles Warren Stoddard — the man who sent me the pearl — called last evening, and stayed two hours."

Alas, dear Gail! They did not seem to me half, nor quarter, so long as that. I thought only how delightful and inspiring you were, for all your pretty plainness; and how you said I must go to Europe—I had not yet been—and you wanted in some way to help me get started. There never was anyone more cheering and sympathetic, and when I left you, at the end of the "two hours" immortalized by the recording angel, the man who sent you the pearl felt as if even the pearl of great price could not repay him for the good you had done him in your artless — or was it innocently artful? — way.

But this pearl — what of it and its sender? If you will open "South Sea Idyls" and turn to "My South Sea Show," you shall there read how the author wrote: —

> SUMMER
>
> By and by I will come to you, when the evenings are very long, and the valley is still. I will cross the lawn in silence, and stand knocking at the south entry. Deborah will open the door to me with fear and trembling, for I shall be sunburnt and brawny, with a baby cannibal under each arm. Then at a word a tattooed youngster shall reach her a Tahitian pearl, and I will cry, 'Give it to Mistress Gail'; whereat Deborah will willingly withdraw, leaving us motionless in the dead leaves by the south entry. You will take the token, dear Gail, and know it as the symbol of my return. You will come and greet us, and lead us to the best chamber, and we will feast with you as long as you like—I and my cannibals.
>
> I was never quite sure of what Gail said to my letter, but I knew her for a true soul; so I gathered my cannibals under my metaphorical wings, and journeyed into the village, and came into it at sunset, while it was Autumn. We passed over the lawn in silence and stood knocking at the south entry, in real earnest. Deborah came at last, and the little striped fellow bore aloft his pearl of Tahitian beauty, while I gave my message, and Deborah was terrified and thought she was dreaming. But she took the pearl and went, and we stood in the keen air of Autumn, and my South Sea babies were very cold and moaned pitifully under my arms, and the little pearl-bearer shivered in all his stripes, and capered in the dead leaves like an imp of darkness.
>
> Then Gail came to us and let us in and we camped by the great fire in the sitting-room, whither Deborah brought bowls of new milk for the little ones, and was wonderfully amazed at their quaintness and beauty, but failed to affiliate with my striped pearl-bearer.

Now there you have the first part of the story of the man who sent the pearl; the second part, which should really be the first part, or a prologue, here follows in very truth.

That most delightful volume of femininity, "Country Living and Country Thinking," was all the rage when I wrote to Gail Hamilton in the hope of winning an autograph from her. I won it; here it is: —

Mr. Stoddard,
Dear Sir:

A letter with a horrid address has evidently been going around the country in search of an owner. Some one has finally opened it and seeing my name within, has forwarded it to me. I assure you it is a very great piece of good nature on my part to write to you after you have coupled my name with your savage nomenclature? —but I do so first, because I am good natured; second, because your own handwriting is big and black and manly and therefore I am prepossessed in your favour; thirdly, because your verses are good and so there is another prepossession; and fourthly, because you are so far off that you cannot come to see me if you like me ever so much; and just a little bit too because being so far off you must be homesick, and one is moved to comfort you a little.

"On the whole, have I complimented or displemented you? Well, being a man you can stand either, especially the latter—if you only know what it is. I don't so I cannot help you.

Yours very truly,
Gail Hamilton.

I knew Gail Hamilton for a pert miss, though I did not meet her for years after she sent me the autograph letter just quoted. She wrote to a common friend, who had asked her if she remembered me,—"Your funny Poet I remember very well—that is if his name is Charles W. Stoddard. I have his letter by me now in a good, solid, black handwriting, and will keep it to await his future." Of course I wrote again after reading this, though it was not exactly an invitation to do so. I wrote because I wanted to, and she replied as follows:—

Hamilton, Mass., Oct. 3d, 1867.
My dear

friend—(that *friend* hopped down there of its own accord and I shall have to let it stay.) Your dainty book and your nice letter here — are — (I left out the *are* where it ought to be so I put it in there. I don't know what has got into my pen tonight — certainly not myself.) I have read the letter and am going to read the book. It looks appetizing but if I praise it you may expect the verdict of posterity will be dis-praise; while if I censure it you may consider yourself to have taken passage for immortality, first-class car, express train. Now into what fearful straits might I throw you by asking which you would prefer, me or fame! But I don't ask you. I spare your chivalry that strain.

Do you like me? Well I like you and good enough for you. I could not have guessed from your letter how old you were but I should have known there was a good deal of boy left in you whether you were sixteen or sixty — and I hope it will always remain there. I was just thinking as I was writing here, what you are like and, mentally portraying, I said why he is like Johnny Stoddard; and then it occurred to me that it was the same name and perhaps you have the same blood. John Stoddard has just entered college and is going to be a missionary and, if I were you, I should say a *jolly* missionary he will make.

You, well what are you? What will you do to me if I guess wrong? I guess then that you are a winsome baby who has somehow grown up into a man and has not yet quite forgotten his babyhood; who has put on the strength and energy and wisdom of manhood, but who still likes to be petted a little. I think it is a clear, pure nature, tender and true; fond of frolic but dwelling in a deep seriousness; affectionate without selfishness. 'Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love.' If he lived next door, this man, this boy, he would tease me but I should in spite of it grow very fond of him. He would give me anxieties but I think he would never rouse my indignation by any of those coarse speeches which conventional refinement does not consider coarse but which the inwardly delicate soul of the gentleman never thinks of.

This sheet is so small that I cannot give a full portrait of the face I see smiling askance, never looking straight at me, between the lines of your letter. But so far as it goes *is* it a portrait?

When the Pacific Railroad is finished maybe I shall drop in to breakfast some morning, and see. Meanwhile I thank you for your book and for your cheery, hearty words, and I wish for your future all sorts of good things — chiefly the best thing. Believe me

Yours very truly, M. A. D.

In reading between the lines of that

letter what kind of picture do you see, my friend? Here are a few glimpses at her life in letters written to her intimate friends: They read like open confessions, and were no doubt good for the souls of all parties concerned:—

> I just want to tell you that you are mistaken about my friendships. I have a great many friends, that's true, but I have very few *internal* friends, people whom I'd rather be with than to be alone. I like many, I laugh and talk with many, but I love very, very few, I mean with a real, warm, necessary love. * * * People bore me dreadfully. I'd like to see nobody from week's end to week's end. * * * * *
>
> Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, the "Phocion" of the Congregationalist, editor of the Home Monthly, etc., wanted me to write a series of articles for young men in his monthly, or anything else I chose. I declined, assuring him that I had nothing whatever to say to young men.
>
> The trouble with me is that I like everybody. * * * * *
>
> Whittier liked my "Spasm of Sense" extremely. I lamented that I could not be anonymous. I had always meant to be but never succeeded.
>
> "It is a great deal better as it is," said he. "It puts thee on thy good behavior."
>
> "You don't trust me," I said.
>
> "Yes, I do trust thee, but thee has a great audacity — great audacity."
>
> I like to write letters. I believe it is a weakness and I unfortunately have all the foibles of my own sex, and all the faults of yours, but still I like to write letters and especially I like to write where there is a little unexplored ground.
>
> Where people meet through letters, that which meets is really their own selves. When they meet in person, there are so many impertinences that you never can tell what is what. I will not say never, but not often, for a long while, and sometimes not at all. At least that is the way with me. The more you see me the more you won't know me. I sit in my room and write to you. It is my very own self speaking to you, without embarrassment or distraction. There isn't any world. There are no social duties. We might as well be pure souls.

It is evident I was too well pleased with the second letter I received from Gail Hamilton not to acknowledge the receipt of it with some enthusiasm, for this soon followed from her pen:—

> February 12, 1868.
>
> MY DEAR FRIEND:
>
> A sort of California wild flower you seem to me, brilliant, spontaneous, free—springing from a rich soil with a careless, winning, laughing grace — is that you? It is so long since the 29th of October. November, December, January, February, have the snows swept you and me quite beyond sight and sound? I suppose they must have whirled your letter from your thought and if you have forgotten all about it and me, never mind. You asked me would I care if you should write, and you could feel that you would not be boring me in doing so. Of course I should not care and of course it would not annoy but amuse me and perhaps something more, though indeed it is no little service to amuse our friends. I wish you would always write to me when you feel like it. So you will please me best. You seem to me well worthy of every good and perfect gift, friendship most perfect of all. I think you clear and fine and promising in intellect; pure and simple hearted—simple in its grand heavenly sense I mean, not in its mean and worldly one. I cannot write to you very often but I shall always be in a receptive mood towards you, if you are what I think you, and if you are not it is the easiest thing in the world to disengage myself when the disentanglement is prompted by an inward repellance. So you see I fear not the smallest trouble from you and have only hearty welcome for you whenever your impulse bids you my way. I do not know about being your "big sister," though, because a test might reveal that in the very points you concede, "mind, spirit, etc." you are bigger than I. But this I am not afraid to engage, that so far as sympathy goes, I shall not fail you. In practical matters I am of very little use to any one, but my ears are never tired of listening and there is nothing so interesting to me as a human being, if it has any true life. So let me help you if ever I can; not in any outward way perhaps, but in some silent fashion as dews and darkness help the flowers, you California blossom, you! Or maybe I shall even scold you since you give me leave, and I certainly will

if you give me cause, with or without leave; though I assure you my scolding is no Summer breeze blowing, but a fierce northeaster with icicles in every breath. Do you not already shiver?

Photograph I have none to speak of, the sun being at cross purposes with me; and if I had you would hardly be the better for it: what the sun sees is not me, hardly more than what the sun paints. Some persons have more numerous and better avenues of expression than others, and like the Bible-man speak with their feet. In your imagination I doubt not you see me far more clearly than any pasteboard presentiment would reveal me.

Do not write me now because you have received a letter from me and feel that courtesy requires it; follow the slightest beckoning of your own wish. Tell me, if you like, all that concerns yourself; what you do and how you live. Heaven has given you much but the fruits of Heaven's gifts your own will must ripen. I could wish that you might grow up into a full-statured man; single in purpose,symmetrical in development, high-toned, and efficient in good words and good works — and indeed good words often are good works. Your California needs so much such men as I think you may be; the whole country needs them and is in evil case this moment for want of them. I do not especially care that you should be great — though the greater the better! but I do pray you to become all that you have power to be; not to waste your substance in idle living; our activity that builds up material prosperity and leaves intellect, the heart, integrity and sentiment to languish seems to me the worst kind of silliness; while a life that adds not a single dollar to the physical resources of the country—perhaps I should say to the physical wealth — may be its most priceless treasure. We need all things so that every man bringing his best of whatever sort may know that he is doing God and his own country some service. Be your best that you may thus bring your best, and be sure of my grateful recognition. I shall always rejoice to hear of your good fortune and your well-being. I shall follow you with peculiar interest and I do not believe I shall ever have cause to regret that I knew you or to mistrust my own judgement regarding you.

Believe me always most truly yours — well I won't say who and if you do not know you won't have to answer the letter.

Did I answer it? I seem to have answered it twice, perhaps because I had been, against my will, driven as a last resource to the stage for a livelihood. Realizing that I had no special dramatic talent, I was never stage-struck, and with exceptional discretion I held aloof from accepting a proffered engagement as long as possible. My experience was fortunately brief, but long enough for me to lift up my voice in a wail that awoke a sympathetic response in more hearts than one. This from her, the Oracle of Hamilton, Massachusetts:—

My dear friend:

Your two letters are before me and would have been sooner answered had it been practicable. I am sure you do not need to be told of my warmest sympathy with you. Both your letters interested me deeply, but you will permit me to say that I think you took your trouble too much to heart. You let it sink into your life too much. You were fully persuaded, were you not, that it was right for you to go upon the stage? You hated it, true, as I am very glad you did. I should certainly not feel happy to know that you were dazzled by stage brilliance, for I think theatrical life though not fatal is still very dangerous to character; but since you took it from outward force, not inward choice, your peril was not great.

If I had been sitting by you on the sofa in the library and you had come in fierce and furious to me with your theater disgust, I should have said — "Now Charley, be quiet! I know you hate it. So many a girl hates teaching [she was long a teacher herself] but she must keep at it. You have not to play forever. You have only to do it till something better occurs, and the time won't be long. Seeing that you must act a little while, get out of it all you can. Get material that may be of incalculable value some day. Do not think of losing heart. Be as cheerful as the day. Be *above* all this tinsel, but be also clear-eyed to see, *through* the tinsel, the beating heart that is surely there. Don't look upon it as a life, or fate, or degradation, but as a remarkable opportunity, rare as to be rarely improved; and come to me once a week and tell me all about it. Perhaps if you are *very* wretched you may come a minute every day."

Whereat Charley would have shaken at me his wrathful locks and called me commonplace and cruel and heartless, and have played that night more angrily than ever. However, it is all over now and he need not serve up his indignation cold.

You asked me on the 5th of May how it was with me. This May month brought me nearer to the border land of the world than I ever was before. For this world it was pleasant and cold, wherein it differed from most days this Spring, which have been cold and not pleasant. But every now and then comes a day which seems to mock us with the beauty that might be and is not; with the loveliness that evades us yet lies at hand.

The season now is in its prime. The elm trees are filmed with foliage — not dense yet, only delicate, and the orioles flash like flame through the tender green.

The apple trees are bursting with bloom and the air is heavy with perfume of lilac and clove-plant and clover and a thousand nameless scents that set the bees wild — the birds were wild before. The bob-o-links cannot sing half loud enough and the big, bold robins think they own the world and have taken possession of our yard in force; one has built a nest on a little *arbor vitae* tree close by our front steps and a little yellow-bird has hung her flossy home just by the back door. Our Summer is long in coming but when she does come she is fair to see and we all bow down. If you *should* turn into a Rook, as you were wishing you could, you might do worse than get a glimpse of a New England Summer. You could hardly get more than a glimpse for she only breathes upon us and is gone.

You half lament your inaptitude for business, but don't be over disquieted thereby. Business is a good thing to help keep one's balance, but Nature is very strong, too. When you are sure a thing ought to be done, do it. Never fail there. If you cannot be self supporting, independent—if you cannot fulfill your duties to others without pursuing an uncongenial occupation — you must pursue it. But I do *not* think you ought to sacrifice body and soul unnecessarily. It is the duty of every man to do his work; but I do not know that it is every man's duty to become rich; and your real work may lie in another direction from your so-called business. Be you always high minded and pure hearted; unselfish, thoughtful of others, careful to lighten others' burdens or to help in bearing them; lavish of light and love — and I think God will show you a way. The only thing is to live always at your highest, and, if you fall, rise again. Fame and fortune are nothing, but to be all that Heaven has given you the capacity to be, in heart and soul — this is everything. Don't you think so?

Yours always truly, M. A. D.

P. S. Did you not tell me you had a story to tell me? I am listening. Do not you see me sitting in the sunrise?"

In those days of youthful enthusiasm I had planned to lecture on the primitive life of the South Seas, illustrating my text with living pictures; I was to travel from lyceum to lyceum with two or three small Islanders, who were to dance and sing and make themselves as picturesque as possible. Before my venturing upon this new role, I asked advise concerning the feasibility of the scheme and received encouraging replies to letters I had sent broadcast among my friends; one of them this: —

Hamilton, Mass., Jan. 8, 1870.

Your plan of action is very wise and I hope you will be quite the fashion in eastern circles next winter — which will be equally good for your pride and your pocket. Ginger I don't object to and cocoanut oil I am not versed in but you will have fine breezes coming over the hills between California and Massachusetts and I dare say we shall perceive only sweet spices from Araby the Blest.

I like your *Overland Monthly* and I like your articles in it. They are bright and fresh and careless and saucy and free. They give one a longing to go to California now, instantly, before she is too much trodden under foot of men. But the railroad is coming and I fear you will soon be common and metropolitan and cosmopolitan. What is it to go to California, after California has been visited and written to death?

> I am writing to you in that great state; but I know not where you may be; living with what South Sea Island gods; drinking the milk of cocoa-nuts and eating bread-fruit. Well, wherever you go, the good spirit go with you to keep you in all your ways.
>
> Yours very truly, if tardily,
> M. A. DODGE.

The last paragraph above pitched the keynote of my sketch in the "South Sea Idyls" entitled "My South Sea Show." I had returned from a Summer cruise, the Prodigal Son, whose spectacular poverty was the delight of sympathetic Islanders and the naked truth of which has been publicly exposed in "A Prodigal in Tahiti," also one of the "South Sea Idyls." I was evidently disheartened. I had said as much to Gail, sending her a pearl—one of those bestowed upon me by the repentant United States consul, who figures as my bete noir in the first chapter of "The Island of Tranquil Delights." I had said to Gail that had I the wealth of Ind, I should catch the pearl loosely in a filmy web of golden fiber at the end of a stick-pin; as it was, I sent it in a tiny box. To this she answered:—

> No, you are not broken in spirit. You are young and strong with all your life before you, and a rich, wild experience behind you.
>
> I did not much like your *South Sea Show* (printed in the *Overland Monthly*) Gail is too peculiar a name to take liberties with and I thought I would not write to you any more; but since you are starved and savage we will hope a new life has flowed into you and you will not again take my name in vain.
>
> Your little pearl is here as peaceful as if you had not gone round the world after him. I am extremely sorry you were so poor you could not weave your net of gold around him. I should like him best of all set in your ideal. Suppose I swathe him in pink cotton till I come to California and pay the bills myself. I am sure you would never pay them after seeing me; not because I am specially disagreeable but because you hold me now only in your ideal and when you saw me and found that I was just like everybody else you would be ready to swim all your South Seas again in despair. * * *
>
> Listen: you write quaintly and strikingly, but you need solidification both of life and letters. This is what *you* will call Philistinism, but you must not starve in Israel. I admire you — also you need to be soundly *scolded* and shaken and started in some humdrum respectability if your non-humdrumity is to avail. This is lucid and I am always yours, M. A. D.

I was preparing for a long absence in Europe and had let Miss Dodge know of it; she wrote:

> Now the season is over and the Indian Summer is coming and if you will run in any fine morning I will spend whole days with you out on the hills that are yet green with all the greenness of Summer and sweet with all the stored sunshine of many Summers. I think, sometimes, I love this second Summer better than the first. It seems to have the serene and ripened beauty, the tranquility of work accomplished; the restfulness and reposefulness which the real Summer would find alien. And it is so fleeting that you must take it when it comes and give yourself quite up to it, heart and soul,—for all that is left is lost.
>
> I went to Washington in January and stayed till May, then made my usual slow journey northward; reached home in late May, I think, and among other good deeds have been trying to help on Creative Providence in beautifying the earth by planting out pine trees and hemlock hedges, with indifferent success. All I am sure of in my house is sunshine and that, fortunately, is beauty and happiness and life; and as I stand on a hill with a house full of windows I catch what there is of it going. But your threat to ogle me from my neighbor's wood-pile has no terror for me as I have no neighborly wood-pile near enough to be a post of observation. No, sir, your only resource is to walk up to the front door and present your card like a man. * * * On my way home I took a little tour through Canada and northern New England and through the wild miracles of western New England; I suppose you, who think nothing of sailing round the South Seas before break-

> fast, would call this a mere "Tour round my garden"— but it was very pleasant.

When there was some doubt as to my being able to visit Miss Dodge before sailing for England, she wrote:—

> I am truly sorry and disappointed not to have your visit. I wanted to show you my hills and my blue stretches of sea and my white line of beach and my swamp that is a royal leaf-preserve in this turning time of leaves; and my meadow where the mist rises and makes under the moonlight an inland sea. And then I wanted to know all about you and your plans and prospects. It was very wretched in the sky to rain that afternoon, but it was still more miserable in you to be ill. Why should you strike out about climatic influences? I have been under these same climatic influences all my life and am so strong as to arouse the hostility of all my friends. If you can stand San Francisco with its high winds and its dry sands are you going to set up that you cannot stand Massachusetts?
>
> You see the way I console you is by a good sound scolding! How do you like that?
>
> I send you what you are foolish enough to want—a "Country Living and Country Thinking;" not because I particularly like it but partly because I have another of it — a copy sent me by a returned soldier and which went through the war and bears the marks of warfare — and partly because this is the first, the very first I received, and has been with me from the beginning and all the fading has come from my own sunshine: take it with my heartiest good wishes and believe that wherever you go my friendship and sympathy go with you. I shall rejoice in your most brilliant success and not be discouraged by never so pronounced a failure; but I beg you to be always high hearted and not suffer even your spirit to be depressed. It is easier for me to exhort this than for you to comply with it. Nevertheless even our moods are somewhat in our own favor and, indirectly, very much under control. Let me hear from you, whether you are homesick or happy. I fear I cannot make you believe how truly and sincerely I am your friend, M. A. DODGE.

The visit was finally accomplished very successfully. I was transplanted from the little way-station to the old homestead in a tumble-down carryall that was driven by an elderly man who might have stepped out of a Way Down East domestic drama, and who, out of the fullness of his heart and the emptiness of his conveyance, picked up every little school child he overtook on the way. I asked if he knew where Gail Hamilton lived. He looked at me, and said, more in sorrow than in anger, "Why, everybody knows that! We call her Abby Dodge down here."

There she was, in her old, sweet home, fascinatingly plain of feature but rivaling the sunshine that seemed to abide there forever. And there were all the flowers and fruits of which she has written so delightfully, and the chickens that gave her such concern — see her "Henriade." She probably kept these chickens just for the fun of it, for surely she must have known that there is no money in hens—unless they swallow it.

It was "Country Living and Country Thinking," and "Summer Rest" and "Gala Days" all bound in one precious, unforgettable volume--that visitation! I could not help contrasting that glimpse of old-fashioned home life with the "new atmosphere" which became almost necessary to her later life in Washington. She writes of her presence at the Lincoln inauguration ball as if she really took an interest in it. She says:

> I wore an apple green silk, a Paris dress, flounced to the waist, or rather ruffled, each ruffle having a kind of pattern edge and floss fringe, the waist pointed behind and before, with a bertha to match the skirt, white puffs of tulle in the bosom and a tulle chemisette, a narrow black velvet round my neck, my coral bracelet on one arm and a gold one on the other, etc., etc. It was so late when Mr. Lincoln came that they began to dance before he got there. When he came, the band struck up "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances." * * *
>
> Mrs. Lincoln danced with Mr. Douglas, who held her bonnet. * * *
>
> I wore my hair curled in front, with a

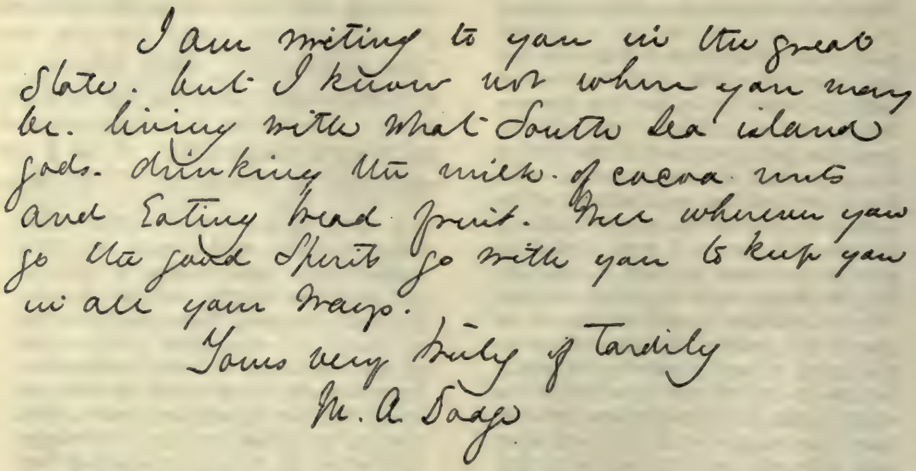
> wreath of green leaves and gold grapes — There, I won't say another word about the ball.

Gail Hamilton was singularly feminine and had rather a small opinion of men; yet she did not disdain to toy with their emotions when they took her too seriously. By the so-called orthodox protestors she was considered hopelessly heterodox. Perhaps there is nothing more amusing in the eyes of the faithful than to see heretics trying one another for heresy! To a friend she wrote: "Do not swear about Renan. There is not half so much blasphemy in him as there is in some of our good D. D.'s. — and I'm an orthodox and can say that." To another:— "They are trying to get money enough to buy a new furnace for our side of the meeting house. I gave a little money rather dubiously, as I am just now undecided as to whether it is not the best thing to tear down all our meeting houses, throw ecclesiasticism back to chaos and see if we cannot crystallize anew into some better forms."

She once wrote: — "I cannot be cross to people that are right before my face and eyes, so I have to discharge my thunders (electrical) through letters."

She certainly did this, and did it delightfully, for even her scoldings were good to take. She said: "The trouble with me is, I like everybody." It was the all-embracing human love that made her scold — as she calls it — those in whom she was most interested. Hers was indeed a life in letters; she had a positive genius for the writing of them, and her best beloved friend, the poet Whittier, wrote to her:— "I was a little blue this morning, but thy letter was just the tonic I need. If anybody is out of sorts and hipped I shall prescribe for him a course of thy letters.

"And now, God bless thee!"



I am writing to you in the great
State. but I know not where you may
be. living with what South Sea island
gods. drinking the milk of cocoa nuts
and Eating bread fruit. But wherever you
go the good Spirit go with you to keep you
in all your ways.
Yours very truly if Tardily
M. A. Dodge

AN IRISH MELODY

By John Francis Waller

"AH, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel —
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree;
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down; but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen —
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil —
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground —
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose — feet light as the doe's —
Now cosily retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as the Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly —
Your fairy-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form —
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eyes as he cries with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

SENATOR PORTER J. MCCUMBER

WHAT LIES AHEAD OF THIS PEOPLE

PATERNALISM THE INEVITABLE SEQUENCE OF ALL SOCIAL EVOLUTION

By Porter J. McCumber

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA

THAT we may not obtain a clear mental picture of social conditions in the years 2000, 3000 or 5000 is not so much because of a faulty rule of developing it, as it is because of the limited power of our mental faculties to grasp in its entirety that image which the unerring law of evolution always reflects on the canvas of the future. We can, for instance, measure the distance between the earth and other planets of our system and compute, even to the number of square inches, the surface of the plane of the sun's orbit; and yet, as students of psychology, we know that the human mind is absolutely incapable of comprehending one millionth part of this distance, or one millionth part of this great surface. We understand the law of measurement, and can demonstrate to a mathematical certainty its absolute verity, but cannot comprehend the vast numbers we deal with. Even if we could comprehend a single mile in one mental impression, it would require 25,000 impressions, almost simultaneously received, to grasp the world's circumference alone. But while we are uanable to secure any mental hold upon the world as an entirety, we can, with successive mental applications, secure a kind of patched knowledge of its surface.

And if by an unchanging unit we can with precision measure off every square mile of the world's surface, so we can by an equally unerring known law of the universe obtain the result of the persistent application of that law on the life and development of social organizations and bring the result fairly within the scope of our understanding.

Our knowledge of the earlier ages of the human family conclusively points to a previous state when it was a world of individual atoms — of human souls — each a little orb within himself — each a satellite revolving around and governed by his own erratic desire, and yet all impelled by some great law—some irresistible power which by their nature they obeyed, scarce comprehending why or wherefore—moving like a constellation of heavenly bodies through the ethereal waste. Early dawn of history opens at that stage of development when the gradual crystallization of these atoms, these beings, into tribal or social communities, bound loosely by laws of scant cohesive power, was in progress. Modern times present progressive consolidations in ever greater combinations, with strong, unyielding rules of government—a world of beings with their imperishable hopes and immortal loves — the product of centuries. What of their future? By what method may we obtain a correct view of their social conditions at any future stage?

Happily for us, we are not compelled to make the rule. Nature omnipotent has had a working one in existence for all time. All that is required of us is that we observe its operations, with the positive assurance that it is inflexible—that the same cause under like conditions always has produced and always will produce the same results.

We have before us an apple blossom. Given sunlight, rain and time, and we not only determine what the final result of the operation of this law will be on this flower, but the condition of its product at any particular period; that within two weeks the petals will fall—another month the half developed fruit — five months the ripened product — eight months the initiation of decay, and finally complete disintegration. We know this because we know the law of its development — its evolution and dissolution. Now this is not a separate and distinct law of nature, peculiar to the apple, which moulds and develops and ripens it; but the activity of one single great persistent law of the universe, operating unceasingly upon all things at all times—a law which holds all existence in its sway.

We are taught by our great philosophers that the sensible history of any concrete form is a history of its duration from the moment it emerges out of the realm of imperceptibility to a period when it will again enter into a like state. That it is certain and demonstrable, however, that every object has had a history prior to the time of its perceptible recognition, and that it will have a subsequent like history; and that no knowledge of such existence can be said to be complete or even entitled to the dignity of the term, knowledge, until it has compassed all that can be ascertained before as well as after its perceptible existence. The history of man as a being—as an atom—would be incomplete which began with his birth and ended with his death. We cannot say that we have knowledge of any one thing in the world until we are able to combine, not merely its sensible and perceptible existence, but all that may possibly be known of it—all that precedes and all that succeeds perceptible existence to the very border line of the unknowable. Tracing backward from the moment of his entrance into the field of perceptibility, we know that a period of embryonic development preceded the birth of this man; and pressing our investigation further back, we learn that the cellular tissue of which he is composed existed in plants and other substances, and back still farther, we find that the atoms constituting the cells existed in a diffused and gaseous state. Carrying our investigation forward we find that decomposition is followed by disintegration; and this disintegration passes his subtance again into the gaseous state. At these two extremes all knowledge of the individual begins and ends.

But what we want to understand is that that which is true of the individual is equally true of every collection of individuals and every state of existence in the universe. We travel over our vast country and find on some plain, many miles from the confines of civilization, a granite boulder. Its smooth and glossy surface shows that it has reflected back the rays of the sun and held its refractory breast against the storms of earth for many centuries. As men, distinguished from all other sentient creatures, we ask ourselves the question, how came it there? Our knowledge and reason convinces us that it did not grow and develop in that spot; that no matter how long it has been in that particular locality, it has a history back of the time it was deposited there. We find, upon investigation, that it was brought thousands of miles by the great ice drifts during the glacial period. But we are not satisfied. How came it to acquire its present form, its composition and its color? Proceeding with our inquiry, we find that it once existed in a liquid form in a state of intense heat and that it obtained its present form by condensation and deposit during its cooling period. Still we are unsatisfied. How came the constituent elements to separate from all others and, congregating, to form this particular granite? This carries us back into the realms of meteorology and we demonstrate beyond question that it once existed in a diffused, incoherent, gaseous state. And here we reach the border line of human knowledge, the unbounded sea of the unknowable, a waveless, tideless ocean, beyond whose shores in this mortal life the God of infinity has written his edict: "Thou shalt never pass." Here is the shore line of all knowledge, beyond which no thoughts will ever sail. Why? Because finite mind can never comprehend or fathom one atom of infinity. If it could comprehend it, that very comprehension would prove its finite character.

But from this border line we can and do take up our subject, and by retracing our steps we secure what we may call a unified conception of this boulder, a real knowledge of its existence.

We are coming now to the one great law of the universe, so let us carefully mark the result of its persistent effort. We have now traced this most dense and refractory object to its original gaseous and incoherent state. Every atom is now liberated, every atom is in a violent state of oscillation and agitation, each one subject to the slightest impulse. Complete liberty of the units and absolute instability of the mass is the result. Three features of its state impress us: Individual liberty, individual activity, composite instability:

1. Every atom now moves around and among its kind and through space without cohesion, with ease and almost unrestricted freedom — Individual Liberty.

2. Every atom is in most violent motion, oscillation and vibration—Individual Activity.

3. The entire mass is practically devoid of the power of resistance or impression—Composite Instability.

Now what occurs in this gaseous mass, this incoherent homogeneity as consolidation or concentration progresses? Its atoms, by condensation, combine and form themselves into what we call molecules. As condensation proceeds, the molecules reform themselves into clusters or crystals. And these in turn combine with other clusters or groups to constitute the granite. This is of interest to the scientific student; but what is of more consequence to us, because within it is the universal law of the evolution of all things, is what takes place internally—in the relation of the parts to each other during this transformation from mere gaseous substances to solid granite. What phenomena ever accompany this progressive consolidation? This is important to know because in this simple transformation is epitomized the law of all development. All material things and all social organizations follow the same route.

We find as concentration progresses, as the atoms consolidate into the molecules, they surrender their relative motion. The molecules in turn surrender their motion as they unite to form the boulder. Here every molecule and atom is comparatively at rest. In other words each constituent has lost its liberty, its freedom, its independence of motion and its activity. But the mass, what has it gained? It has gained stability in the place of instability. In other words, it has gained, by the coherence of its constituent atoms, in stability just what those individual atoms have lost in liberty and independence; nothing more, nothing less. We, however, comprehend the enormous gain in the change from the gaseous to the granite state, only as we recognize the power for impact or for resistance of the solid granite, as compared with the weakness of the unstable ages.

How may these successive changes in an evoluted body be expressed? We know of no formula better than that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, which we believe aptly covers the process through which every existence must pass in its conscious or sensible history, from the imperceptible to the perceptible, and from the perceptible to the imperceptible again, and which we call evolution. This, he defines as "An integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." And the exact opposite of this, repeated in the inverse order, is dissolution.

Accompanying these changes, we must never lose sight of the dissipation of motion of component parts. Concentration can only progress at the expense of liberty of motion and independence of every atom constituting the object—the mass. "These are truisms," says Spencer. "Constituent parts cannot aggregate without losing some of their relative motion and they cannot separate without more motion being given to them." And again: "The axiom which we have to recognize is that a progressing consolidation involves a decrease of internal motion—and that an increase of internal motion involves a progressing unconsolidation."

The fact that any organic substance may, by the application of heat, be converted from solid to liquid, and by greater heat from liquid to inappreciable gas; and by the elimination of this force called heat it will again assume, first, its liquid and then its solid substance, presupposes not only that it reached its present form by condensation from a diffused and incoherent condition, but that at some time in the future it will again be converted into its gaseous or imperceptible form. In fact this is now so well known that demonstration is no longer called for.

In this formula, this brief statement, is contained the life of every atom and of every aggregate; from the microscopic cell to the globe itself — from the solar system to the universe. By actual tests and by hypotheses which can be demonstrated in a thousand ways with mathematical precision, we know that every body, whether organic or inorganic, has reached its present sensible state either directly or indirectly by a concentration from a diffused, gaseous condition. And by the inevitable persistence of the same law will in the end by a diffusion reach again its gaseous or imperceptible condition. No one will question today that the same force which moulds the drop of rain created the world; that the same law which separates the millions of drops, the beneficent shower, developed and moulded the countless worlds of the illimitable skies.

Now let us apply this law of evolution and dissolution, this unerring rule, in reading the development of human society and governments as we do in explaining the development of the rock or the flower, and we have a guide to assist our mental vision which will show us the limit of our efforts and above all enable us to comprehend what will be the final result of the force governing and controlling our social destiny.

The dim horizons of history and anthropology show us man, an atom, free, independent, unchecked and unhindered in his actions by his own kind —free as the air he breathes, emperor of his own desires. Contemporaneous with this condition we behold mankind as a mass, without coherence, without stability, devoid of all power of combined resistance or combined aggression, each individual living out his own separate special existence —the gaseous, incoherent state of humanity. We next observe the genesis of integration, the beginning of crystallization long before the advent of civilization—the wandering family of antiquity—the combination of atoms into molecules. Then follows the uniting of many families of one blood into tribes and clans—the combination of molecules into clusters. We next behold the subjugation of the weaker tribes by the stronger, forming by condensation, by greater combination, the small nations of earlier days, the growth of these smaller nations by absorbtion of adjoining provinces—the final combination of many nations or states into an empire—every empire now adding to its territorial domains by the subjugation of older empires—the absorbtion of the Indias, the Chinas, the Africas and the Australias—the condition of today. And, by the same law, this will necessarily be followed in due time by the absorption of all empires and all people into one great organized whole, the fruition of the force of evolution, and this will then be followed, as sure as the unchangeable law of omnipotence, by disintegration and dissolution.

Now in this crystallization of human society what has been gained and what lost in past ages, and what will be gained and what lost by future concentration?

Those who have followed thus far anticipate the answer. In the first rude step toward government, the family union, each individual surrendered a portion of his liberty, his freedom of action, his independence—surrendered a fraction of his own inclination, will and desire to the family; and the group gained in stability and strength the equivalent of the surrendered energy of all its component parts—an added power which could be used for resistence or aggression, for the defense, or for the aggrandizement of the whole; and in which benefit each constituent part shared. But, just to the extent that the individual surrendered his freedom of action, his independence of thought, just to that extent he became individually impotent and dependent upon the group for guidance and protection. There was no gain without a corresponding loss. And so when these family groups, each an entity, united into tribes, they surrendered the independence and the liberty of the group as an entity and gained in its place greater stability and increased power, both for offense and defense. In each advanced growth, by the uniting or coalescence of nations or empires—each new product gaining in stability and power, accomplished by its conserved and combined energy objects which turned to blessings for itself and humanity, objects which otherwise could never have been accomplished. All the great blessings, the luxuries of life, are possible only because of this greater combination. But all have been purchased by a surrender of liberty of action and thought and opinion — the imprisonment of old desires and hereditary traits.

All industries have followed the same development, the same process of evolution. In the earlier or barbarous state of man each person, in his own unaided and awkward manner, manufactured without combination every article of his raiment or food and every weapon or tool necessary for his maintenance. But the moment one became the maker of arrows, another the weaver of fabrics, another the moulder of pottery, then each surrendered to the body, the mass, a portion of his independence and his skill, and to that extent became dependent upon all the others. So, too, when individuals of the same craft formed themselves into companies for the production of their particular wares, each one, by performing only a specific portion of the labor required to complete an article, lost his ability, his skill, except in the particular line of his labor. But the organization itself gained en masse the sum total of what all the individuals lost. These industrial organizations, by the same law of evolution, have grown greater and greater by combination of groups—by incorporation—and have finally culminated in combinations of corporations and great industrial organizations until we behold practically all of certain lines of industries united under one head. The merchant handling a single line of goods is fast disappearing in our great cities; the immense department stores have usurped his enterprise, and he, the once master of a smaller combination, has become the servant of a greater one. This is the present status. What will be the future? Unless this very law which we have been discussing, a law which has existed through eternity, a law whose mighty power has moulded the universe and guided the sweep of planets, this law which created the world and of which the human race itself is but a product,—unless this law is to be arrested by the feeble will of its own creature, the culmination, the final stage, will be one great control of all industries by one power—that power the government itself—paternalism—control first by great combinations of individuals and corporations, then by cities and other municipalities, then by the federal government, and lastly by the one world power.

There may be checks and delays, but it requires slight observation to understand that all forces, social, political, and industrial, not only in this country but throughout the civilized world, are irresistibly tending toward this end, each year with greater momentum and accelerated speed.

Municipalities all over the country are fast usurping lines of industries heretofore controlled by private individuals only — transportation, lighting, water supply and the like. Franchises by cities and villages to private individuals are being strenuously opposed throughout the country and city, and village ownership earnestly advocated.

The states for many years have owned and conducted their own schools, and are every day adding to their corporate functions. Nations own their own railways, canals, telegraph lines, postoffices and postal service, and are every day extending their governmental powers over fields previously occupied by private enterprise. For years there has been a growing demand in this country for government ownership of railway, telegraph and telephone systems and all lines of transportation—a demand that the government own all the real estate, and lately a further demand that the government own and control the great coal supply of the country. These are evidences of the influence and activity of the one great law of evolution, condensation and concentration.

But the two great forces which are hurrying the consolidation of all industries under one control at almost terrific speed, comparatively, hurrying the work toward paternalism, are capital combination on the one side and labor organization on the other. The one, by its control of the necessities and luxuries of life, threatening the welfare of the mass—creating a grave apprehension of evil; the other, by its ever insistent demand for higher and still higher wages, until it shall share equally in the profits of any industry, enhancing the price of every product beyond the ability of the consumer to purchase, until the latter cries for governmental protection and control and by his vote makes his appeal effective. Organized labor forces the great packing houses to advance the wages of employes. The "Beef Trust" in turn combines against the stock men and forces down the values of live stock; combines against the consumer and forces up the cost of necessary food products; overawes the great railway corporations and secures such special service and preferential rates as will enable it to destroy competition. The railways groan under the tyranny of industrial combination. The robbed public cries for national legislation which will prevent discriminating rates and privileges and open the doors of competition. The stock man, the fruit and dairy men appeal for protection. The cry is for government control of the railways. But government control, such as is asked for, is the first step toward government ownership. The latter must inevitably follow in time.

The conduct of the Oil Trust is forcing state ownership of oil production in Kansas and other states. The Twine Trust is forcing state ownership of twine in Nebraska.

Labor organizations, on one hand, and combinations of real estate owners on the other hand, have doubled the cost of homes in our large cities and diminished the size of dwellings to such an extent as to make them unworthy the name, and forced the public toward a species of communism by compelling the people to live in small apartment rooms. Occupy any room in the average hotel in the City of New York for five days and you will pay for every article of furniture in that room. Actors' unions are followed by theater trusts, doubling the costs of the highest class of American amusement.

The ordinary business men, the men of limited means, the great class who belong to neither labor union nor capitalist combination, find themselves hedged in and fleeced on every side, all avenues of escape seemingly cut off. A large number of these men are studying, as never before, the question of paternalism as an antidote for this growing evil.

Government favoritism or partiality, acting on the envy of men and their sense of injustice, is also a great power pressing toward paternalism. The government pays for its clerkships a salary more than double what the same talent can command in most private businesses.

The public clamors for these positions, but few can be accommodated. The government selects a few young men over the country, educates them at naval and military schools, assures them a life of comparative ease, and pensions them in their declining years, though they may not have seen a day of war service. Like pensions are granted to the judiciary. These special privileges whet the appetite of the millions who labor for a mere existence, and old age pensions, now in the chrysalis stage of suggestion only, will be demanded for all people—another long stride into the field of paternalism.

The great middle class who pay for all these privileges to the few, those illegally imposed by combinations or voluntarily granted by the government, who bear the burden without securing the benefits, are restive. Popular education is bringing these inequalities to the attention of this class, and they will demand equal rights and privileges and by their votes give effectiveness to that demand.

The voters of the city of Chicago have just declared, by an overwhelming majority, in favor of municipal ownership of street railways. The public, which suffers most in the interrupted service due to the ever recurring differences between the owners of street railways and their employes, joined the latter in pressing for municipal ownership as the only apparent relief. The immense increase in the socialist vote, both in Germany and this country, during the greatest prosperity either has known, evidences this strong drift of public sentiment. Paternalism is the inevitable end of all social tendencies. As suggested, this in the end will inevitably be followed by a world socialism—not socialism as generally understood—not anarchy with no law, but one government and one people, regulated more than ever by laws and dependent and depending the one upon the other.

And again the inquiry, What the gain and what the loss to the human family, either as we progress toward, or reach the goal of our destiny? And first of the gain. All power is acquired by the concentration of units of energy. The scattered energies of a hundred million people count for nothing. It is only when they are combined or directed by a single will or impulse in any direction that their enormous power becomes apparent.

And when we consider what a minute portion of the energy of the people is surrendered to the nation itself, and how much is expended for the comfort of the individual as distinguished from the mass, and what percentage of that energy is absolutely squandered on unimportant and unnecessary products, the mighty armies of men whose labors conduce to the comforts or convenience of a comparatively few, the retinue of non-producing servants, the idle, we get some idea of the enormous concentrated power which could be wielded by a government that could conserve this surplus wasted energy, this squandered resource, and whose every atom could be moved as in response to one will—a power which, if directed in the line of securing the greatest number of blessings, would obtain a thousand-fold greater than the world has ever known. Its economy in saving the waste alone would be beyond computation. The fire that warms and the oil or electric current that lights a family of three could as well give comfort and brilliancy to a hundred. It is useless to give the thousand of instances where economy-conserved energy,—now squandered by the world individually—could be utilized for the benefit of the world collectively. Comforts unknown and now undreamed of could be lured out of the earth below and the atmosphere surrounding us.

These are the benefits, but what the price paid by the individual; what will the unit—the man and the woman—pay for this grandeur, this ease, this relief from the worries incident to a struggle for individual progress? The surrender of his individuality; the dwarfing of every function that makes for perfect manhood and perfect womanhood—the perpetual imprisonment of the potential possibilites of life and the final decay of the mind and the soul. This is the inevitable consequence when man becomes a mere machine, a working tool whose action and activity is governed entirely by some other portion of the immense social machine of which he is a minute part. Now what real benefit if the world be glorified, when such glory is secured by the resulting degradation of its every individual atom?

The real happiness of every person depends upon the normal development of every faculty of the brain, and there can be no normal development unless there be both the opportunity and the necessity for the exercise of those faculties—every one of them. Too much stress cannot be given to the word necessity.

To appreciate that mere clerkships, subservient positions without hope of ever measuring up to the height of one's capabilities, without opportunity to round out one's nature and qualities, unfit the average citizen for the ordinary duties of life, destroy his courage, place him out of harmony with the diversified activities of the world, one only need to observe the utter helplessness of the average government clerk, the man or woman, when he or she is no longer a parasite on government employment. The hope of every intelligent father is not that his son may become a well paid clerk but that he may become a broad minded, well developed business man.

By what process has man developed and left all other creatures far below him in the scale of intelligence? Why, unlike all other species, has he continued to grow and develop in mental power long after his physical form has ceased to change or increase its power? Mental struggle for supremacy is the answer. The struggle not only to maintain himself on an equality, but to raise himself above his fellow beings. This is the mainspring of his continued mental development. Every faculty of his brain has been kept trained to its utmost capacity. Responsive to this effort, the brain itself has grown in size and weight, appreciated in quality and has deepened its fissures and convolutions; and strong, fully developed faculties have been transmitted to offspring, who in turn, by forced use adding to their strength and capacity, have transmitted the enhanced mental power to their children.

Eliminate now the law of the survival of the fittest; eliminate the necessity for self reliance; bring the great bulk of humanity under a rule which fixes each one within the narrow walls of an environment he cannot overleap; remove the incentive for individual exertion, the incentive to rise above his fellow man, the necessity for the exercise of individual judgment and foresight; narrow the realm of business possibilities and opportunities, and by the non-use of all the faculties now so necessary for individual success, the non-use of all faculties except the one required within the line of those walls, you weaken the intellect, destroy the equilibrium of the several mental faculties, cripple the natural impulses of the human soul and dull the capability for happiness. The moment you reach a complete unification of the people under one paternal government, you have reached the ripened stage of development, and decay and dissolution will follow. Toward this is all social evolution tending.

Now what lesson may we learn from the consideration of this subject? Where will we find the dividing belt of comparative safety between the instability of the mass in non-organized or lowly organized society with its weakness and inefficiency and the higher centralized state with its greater collective power, but with its tendency to destroy and weaken individuality? How arrest the too rapid evolution toward that to be avoided state, completed concentration? We will find the correct line of demarcation at that point where the greatest amount of individual opportunity and liberty of action is retained consistent with a reasonably strong and compact nationality.

By no process can we check the ultimate ripening of the fruit, or arrest entirely the integrating force of natural law. But human intelligence does count for something in social evolution. Our will power may not prevent our individual development and growth from childhood to manhood nor prevent the final senile decay, but we can, by our intelligence, lengthen this period, hold the equilibrium between evolution and dissolution for a longer period, by prudence, by avoidance of excesses and by proper exercise of all the faculties, muscles and organs. So also can we, by proper and judicious laws, so govern our social conduct as to slacken to a considerable extent our velocity toward paternalism—by discouraging socialistic or paternal tendencies—by keeping the avenues of business open for the exercise of the energy and competition of each member of the nation's population—by so conducting our body politic that it will sustain and keep separate the home and the home life of each family, and, above all, by preventing the government itself from acquiring and conducting the business and the industries of the country which rightfully belong to the people. Every enlargement of the field of governmental control over our industries narrows to that extent the field of individual opportunity.

The complaint is universal that the great department stores rival and destroy all other special retail business, and thereby destroy the value of other business property in our large cities. This, however, is but one phase of the hundreds of forms of business concentration going on all over the country and over the civilized world, cutting off individual opportunity and clipping the wings of individual hope and aspirations. These great business concerns, unlike the trusts, so-called, hold their control of trade by the law of competition. By reason of their greater economy in operation, they are able to sell cheaper than smaller concerns. This little gain to the people, however, does not compensate them for their destroyed opportunities.

But because the great combinations are able to cheapen the comforts and luxuries of life, the world, which by a law as certain as gravitation follows the course of least resistance, will ever yield obedience to their sway. Given a choice between greater individual opportunity in the future and cheaper products in the present, the world will choose the latter because its influence is first and most directly felt. Let us take a simple illustration: If all the retail trade in a great city could be divided fairly between all dealers, then all could be reasonably prosperous. Thousands of opportunities would blossom into life, giving hope to aspiring ambitions and a fertility of soil wherein individual energy and good judgment might develop and bring forth their delicious fruit of fulfilled desires. Now the public knows this and believes it; but, governed by a law which by controlling each unit controls the mass, they will purchase where they can purchase the cheapest; and as these great department stores can sell at a lower margin they will secure the business of the mass. The hope of the future is sacrificed for the comfort of the present.

Now we are not going to change

human nature, and hence we are not going to stop our progress toward greater and ever greater industrial combinations. They but answer the demand of the public. But by legislating as far as possible so as to protect the field of individual opportunity against the usurpation of great combinations, we may delay the process of rapid integration and its consequent evils. Every effort of the nation, therefore, should be directed toward the preservation of individual liberty and opportunity.

The government should be for the people, and not the people for the government.

GRANDEST MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD, RATHER THAN GREATEST NATION.

MICHAEL RYAN, CAPITALIST

A STORY OF LABOR

By F. F. D. Albery
COLUMBUS, OHIO

(Publication of this story began in June)

V

SOCIAL GREATNESS

THE wife of Joseph Martin, M. D., prided herself upon her fine social position. True, it was recent. The bloom of youth was distinctly apparent upon it, and all the infirmities of youth were also present, but in her mind it was fixed and permanent and her greatest pride was in the fact that she herself had created it, and she was often heard to say, with swelling bosom, that she had "made" a position for herself.

Before her marriage to the young man who finally won her consent to marry, she had many affairs and so-called engagements to certain flashy men who traveled for the trade and whose acquaintance was usually made at her father's hotel, where they stopped with excessive impedimenta in the way of sample cases, or possibly they may have been picked up on the street — mere passing acquaintances, as it were.

She was good looking and always well dressed, for the father was successful in his business, and she demanded and received more than the daughters of most rich men because her life was a semi-public one and, as the doting father thought, part of the establishment. So she dressed extravagantly and spent money lavishly and became, in certain circles, quite popular. The indiscriminate engagements were, however, broken off one by one, because the young woman had a well defined notion of rising in the social world; but when the young man with a profession came along and announced himself as willing to take the chances of happiness or otherwise with her, it seemed that her time had come, and she proceeded to land her catch, and thereafter rose in the social scale immeasurably, as compared with the society afforded by the hotel and its clientage. So it happened that all her old-time friends had been distanced and discarded and she "moved in circles" with certain other dames of similar antecedents who insisted that they constituted society in its most important features in the city by the lake. Many of these ladies were excellent but misguided persons, who followed all the prevailing fads, read all the latest novels, paid scrupulous attention to the matter of calls and cards, social functions great and small, had it all charged to their husbands, who paid as regularly as their incomes permitted, swallowed many things uncomplainingly including much stuff prepared by hired help, saw little but were correspondingly proud of their haughty consorts.

In the pursuit of their ambition it was necessary to play whist, and, as the fad was at its highest, they followed it diligently, so that frequently all the half-days in a week would be consumed in this intellectual pastime. Household duties, obligations to husbands and children, were never allowed to interfere, and instances were on record where sickness and even death had entered households without interrupting or delaying the game.

On this particular day it was at the house of Mrs. Chamberlain, who, in the language of the society column, "gave a whist," and conversation of the usual sort was interlarded between hands.

"Poor, dear Mrs. Carter, it's too bad about her little girl dying; and, just to think, she had counted so on being here today on account of your guest from New York, Miss Marks," said the metamorphosed dressmaker.

"Well, I guess she can be with us next Friday at the Friday Club," languidly sighed the wife of the drygoods magnate; "the funeral is today and it'll be all right, as there will be only four tables."

"Do you draw a line at the number of tables?" asked Mrs. Gill, with some significance in her inflection.

"Oh yes, of course," responded the lady with the pudgy fingers and innumerable rings. "Society would be shocked if there was more than four tables, so soon after a death in the family. I read in the society column in the Sentinel that less than five tables was all right with mourning, so I hain't no doubt but what she'll come."

"Between you and I," confidently added Mrs. Wright,—she of the Juno form and eye of the ox—"I fail to see the difference between four and five tables; but I suppose society must have some rules, and that seems to be one of them."

The wife of the plumber now trumped her partner's trick and the game ended in some confusion and acrimony, but the conversation continued uninterrupted and naturally drifted to the ever fresh topic of wealth. Mrs. Shready's husband had made a great deal in the last street railroad consolidation. Mr. Murphy had sold out his mine in Missouri at a great advance. The Widow Williams had made fortunate investments in stocks, and all their acquaintances were prospering. The announcements were such as to challenge response, and Mrs. Shackelford, feeling called upon to keep up with the rest, said:

"Well, if our new machine for manufacturing iron goes through all right, I wouldn't exchange places with any of them."

"Among those present," as the society column in the daily paper was wont to put it, was Mrs. Gill, wife of the member of the firm of Kruger, Gill & Wamser, who, having heard her husband refer to the Ryan case, was impressed with what seemed to be a coincidence, and in order to satisfy her curiosity asked a few leading questions, which resulted in the general information that Mrs. Shackelford's husband had purchased an invention for which application was pending before the patent office and which was thought to be wonderful in its possibilities. Mr. Gill, in his frank, open way, had frequently referred to Ryan and his invention, and had even, on one or two occasions, mentioned Mr. Shackelford as having some connection with it, so that when what seemed to be so important a matter to the Shackelfords was introduced at the whist party, it at once fixed itself in the mind of Mrs. Gill as an unusually strange coincidence, and she determined to tell her husband about it. But the conversation now drifted into other channels.

The house of the Chamberlains, where the meeting was held today, was one of those gaudy, modern affairs produced by so-called architects in compliance with the demands of the noveau riche, and which have been properly described as "Queen Anne in front and Mary Ann in the rear." There was a surplus of machine-made forms about the corners and gable ends, and a richness of colored and plate glass which, added to certain oriental effects in deep red and gilt in the interior, suggested a barber shop rather than a home. Display was paramount. Costly vases, pictures with deep frames and shallow merit, beautiful flowers, alleged bric-a-brac—an elaborate show of new things entirely in tone with the newness of the owners of the scene where they now assumed to act an awkward part.

The ladies in rich toilets, as at an evening function, were beautiful in decollete gowns. They were for the most part healthy dames, with robust arms and generous bosoms which ended in well rounded shoulders and full necks, which made a beautiful background for the strings of jewels they all wore, evidently in competition with each other; and I fear even to guess at the value of the diamonds worn on the four and twenty hands whose finger nails had only an hour before emerged from the basins of fashionable manicures.

They were admiring the flowers.

"Yes," said Mrs. Chamberlain, "I think that is one of the most beautiful orchards I ever saw."

A suppressed giggle from Mrs. Gill announced to the poor dame that she had committed some new blunder, but for the life of her she could not see what it was, and although she blushed a little the conversation continued.

"It is one of those kind of things," said Mrs. Finley, "that is hard to get. I tried the Phoenix Park Floral Company, but they didn't have one left."

"And they are awful expensive. I saw one in Chicago that cost five hundred dollars, and I would of gotten it," said the wife of the plumber, "only I wanted that twelve hundred dollar diamond so much, and I really couldn't afford both."

"Oh pshaw! the very idea!" chimed in Mrs. Mightly, who had helped her husband establish his fortune by working patiently and unceasingly with him in the undertaking business. "The idea of you a-hesitating at a little thing like that. But I must say that diamond is perfectly splendid, ain't it, Mis' Gill?"

Mrs. Gill, to whom the remark was addressed, conceded graciously that it was, and after various other extravagant expressions to the effect that it was perfectly grand and also the limit, the company dispersed with assurances that they would be present at Mrs. Gill's the next day; and with much laughter and loud talk between them as they made their way to the waiting carriages, the afternoon whist ended and Mrs. Chamberlain proceeded to telephone the details to the young woman who edited the social column in the Daily Chronicle, who was in the habit of visiting swift and terrible vengeance upon her enemies by leaving their names out of the lists of "those present," and who had won literary distinction in Mrs. Chamberlain's set by changing the stereotyped expression "Around the table was" to "She numbered 'mid her guests;" these ladies deciding, after full discussion, that the latter was much more refined and exclusive, besides being perfectly splendid.

VI

DEVELOPMENTS

Mrs. Gill lost no time in telling her husband what Mrs. Shackleford had said about the great invention which was to bring wealth and power to the Shackelford house, and the matter was in due time communicated to the other members of the firm and their attorneys, with the result that a quiet but very thorough investigation was entered upon, having for its ultimate object the proof of what was already suspected of Shackelford's treachery to his client.

In due time notice of contest was filed, and, after a full investigation, letters patent were granted to Ryan as the original inventor and Mr. Shackelford left to his remedy at law, which he discreetly decided not to pursue.

From the beginning of operations with the new machine, it was apparent that it was of incalculable value. Ryan was urged to cast his fortunes with those of the firm and eventually decided to do so, putting in his invention at a figure which would be a fortune to most men and taking at the same time the position of general manager of the works at a large salary.

Through it all he remained the same modest, cheerful, self reliant Michael Ryan he had always been, and ever kept himself on terms of equality with his old friends, the men with whom he had worked for so many years. His chief care, however, was always directed toward helping them and bettering their condition. He went out of his way to consult them about all matters relating to their work and tested by all means in his power the individual capacity of each man. He was especially anxious to develop any spark of genius which might appear and encouraged them to experiment with a view to anything that might be turned into profitable inventions. If a man had an idea, it must be tried in all possible ways, and the machine shop was always open to anyone of them who cared to use it for that purpose. Notwithstanding this disposition, there were always those to whom jealousy came as a blind to the great nature of the man. The world is full of people who cannot brook another's success, and the vast works which he now controlled contained its full quota of such. Kitchen and his gang of malcontents could not rejoice in Ryan's success, and the poison had got in the veins of his old friend Hall, who in the meantime had fallen into lax habits of work and some degree of dissipation. Ryan had not failed to notice this and sought in many ways to rouse him to a sense of duty, and even went so far as to throw responsibility on him for which he was not really fitted, in the hope of encouraging him; but his melancholia was gradually getting the best of him, and he became petulant and unreasonable. His manner toward Ryan was morose and disagreeable. When he could he avoided him, and when that became impossible he had little to say, and never began a conversation. They never argued the old questions about labor and capital, because Ryan found it impossible to keep Hall from quarrelling, and Hall resisted all overtures of friendly assistance. He had years ago married and had several children, bright little fellows who were by this time old enough to go to school, and Ryan, through his mother, had prevailed upon Mrs. Hall to accept many favors in the way of practical assistance which Hall was too blind to observe, but which he might have known could not possibly come from the scant allowance he made to his wife.

Why Ryan had never married he himself would have been at a loss to tell, except that he had always felt that his first great duty was to see his mother safeguarded against any possibility of want in her old age, and, now that point was past, a responsibility of the same sort seemed to be thrust upon him in the shape of the helpless wife and children of his old boy friend, Charlie Hall, who, while practically dead to him, and in many things his actual enemy, was still his friend, for Ryan saw all his weakness and forgave him wherein it touched himself, feeling in that large minded way which it had been given to him to feel that we are all in some degree responsible for the sins of others. At all events, he ascribed Hall's failures to a weakness of nature for which he was not responsible. Hall had not been given the lion heart and the indomitable will. His was not the clear vision and the cheerful mood; and where the Almighty, for His own good reasons, had blessed some men and cleared the way for them, He had withheld His favors from poor Charlie Hall and made his path of thorns and pitfalls. Ryan could even see, he thought, how easy it would be for such a one to find consolation in drink, for that meant oblivion for the time being and dulled the edge of misery. So that, no matter how low down in the scale Hall went, or how far estranged he himself would be, it was always Ryan who spoke the first good word and held out the helping hand; but, because these were often repulsed and refused, Ryan sought, by many thoughtful devices, ways in which he could help the wife and children without knowledge on Hall's part that it was being done. Being now a rich man and in command of vast interests it was quite easy for him to do so, and in many instances to make Hall believe he was earning more than he possibly could.

So the time wore on. The seasons came and went, and middle age had settled down upon them, the one a morose, sickly, discontented man whose life had been a failure, the other successful, great hearted and useful to all his kind.

VII

THE REVIVAL

The little frame church on the edge of the city near the great works of Kruger, Gill & Wamser was the scene from time to time of those awakenings of the spirit which excitable souls seem to get comfort out of. Famous exhorters would come that way, and then the whole factory population apparently would become affected, saving only those who adhered to the church of Rome. Denominational lines among the Protestants were not very distinct, and the fervor of those allied to the organization in question carried them beyond all doctrinal boundaries. Converts frequently came from rival flocks under pressure of the tremendous excitement during these revivals, being swept away by an influence engendered by the power of the evangelist, the fervor of the prayers and the inspiration of the hymns.

It was Saturday evening, and the little house of God was crowded to suffocation. Even the windows were full, so that ventilation was quite cut off, while the great barrel stove in the center, fired to almost a white heat, gave off sickening odors of sulphur mixed with tobacco fumes and added to the discomfort of the situation.

On a low platform at one end of the room stood a venerable man with gray hair and a fatherly expression, who clapped his hands together continuously and shouted:

"Come on, come on. Now is the time. Come brothers! Seek the Lord in His holy temple! Come forward and get the spirit! Bless God, oh my soul! Get forgiveness! Repent before it is too late! Save your souls! Stand no longer in darkness, but come up and see the Lord face to face!"

Then as one pushed his way through the crowd to reach the mourners' bench:

"Come on, brother. That's right!

Another soul saved. Another heart made happy."

At this point he broke out in an old fashioned tune and sang, the whole congregation joining him and swaying back and forth as they sang:

"I'm glad salvation's free,
I'm glad salvation's free,
Salvation's free for you and me;
I'm glad salvation's free."

The song continued at great length and was repeated again and again, the crowd in the meantime working itself up to fever heat. While they were still singing the exhorter was seen to fall on his knees, and at the signal the whole congregation knelt while the preacher wrestled with the Lord, waving his arms aloft and demanding the presence of the Spirit among these His people. During the prayer there were shoutings of "Amen, amen", "Come, Lord", "Come, Lord Jesus", and in the midst of it all one who had been kneeling at the mourners' bench jumped up and called above the din: "I've got it! I've got it!" and was immediately surrounded by shouting, weeping and singing brothers and sisters who slapped him on the back, embraced and kissed him, shouting at the top of their lungs: "Praise the Lord!" "Glory to God!" "Come, Lord Jesus!" Then another song was started:

"I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing;
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

The atmosphere was stifling. The heat was intense and several of the women had fainted. One had gone into a trance, a common occurrence with her, and one had fallen flat on her back on the floor, where she remained apparently unconscious and with no effort at help on the part of the other enthusiasts. The wonder was that she was not trodden on, but aside from being in the way and the necessity of stepping over her, it seemed to make no sort of difference to the others, who were either so absorbed in their own devotions or considered it so much a matter of course that they paid no attention to her whatever.

The rumor of the great revival and the good that was being done in the way of saving souls had penetrated all quarters, and many an abandoned one and many self condemning ones sought to find comfort and solace and forgiveness of sins through the over-wrought influences there working, and more than one poor wife living with a drunken or debased husband had exerted her influence to get her unhappy consort interested in the meetings in the desperate hope that good might come of it.

And so it happened that Hall's wife, disbelieving but hoping, had induced her husband to go with her to hear the great exhorter.

They were seated well back and had simply looked on, but succumbing to the influence present had both joined in the hymns. The crowd was now shouting:

"I once was lost
But now I'm found,
Was blind but now I see—
Was blind but now I see—
Was blind but now I see:
I once was lost
But now I'm found,
Was blind but now I see."

Other words to this hymn there certainly were, but the crowd only sang these, only cared to know these, for in their deep earnestness these few simple lines embraced the whole scheme of salvation, and why should they say more? From the darkness of sin they had come to the light of reformation and forgiveness and all the sermons in the world, all the proofs, all the arguments of the learned could do no more.

It was all they wanted and all they needed, and comfort and peace came therewith.

Now the venerable preacher was moving about among the people, exhorting them each one in turn to go to the mourners' bench. When he reached the bench where Hall and his wife sat, he stooped over and putting his hand on Hall's shoulder said: "My brother, wouldn't you like to have the dear Lord for a friend?" Hall bowed his head on the back of the seat in front of him and burst into tears. Then his wife began crying, and the minister knelt down and prayed fervently that his Father, our Lord, our good Friend, would help this dear brother to peace and happiness. Others had grouped themselves about him, and before he knew it Hall was on his way to the mourners' bench surrounded by shouting, jubilant professors of the faith, who prayed and sang and gave glory to God for the new convert who now confessed his sins and professed religion.

The meeting kept up without much variation till long after midnight, when physical strength seemed to be exhausted and nature demanded rest. As they were about to disband someone started the good old camp meeting song:

"I do believe without a doubt—
Oh, glory hallelujah!
That Christians have a right to shout—
Oh, glory hallelujah!"

Most of them said, it is true, "That Christians has a right to shout," but that only seemed to make the song more fitting to the occasion and the people and did not in the least dampen the ardor of any of them.

Thereafter Hall and his wife attended regularly all the meetings, including the "experience meetings," at which Hall became a constant and favorite speaker, for he talked well and was very frank in admitting his own shortcomings.

It must be confessed that as long as it lasted it did him great good, for he quit the meetings of the anarchists at their saloon headquarters, paid more attention to his wife and family and did so much better work that Ryan created a new place for him in which his duties were more congenial and which made an excuse for higher wages; and not only his family but all his real friends rejoiced and spoke kindly of the good work which was being done at the little church with its fantastic rites.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SONG ❧ By Sir John Suckling

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'y thee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'y thee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

By L. M. Montgomery

CAVENDISH, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA

FATE, in the guise of Mrs. Emory dropping a milk can on the platform under his open window, awakened Murray that morning. Had not Mrs. Emory dropped that can, he would have slumbered peacefully until his usual hour for rising—a late one, be it admitted, for of all the boarders at Sweetbriar Cottage Murray was the most irregular in his habits.

"When a young man," Mrs. Emory was wont to remark sagely and a trifle severely, "prowls about that pond half of the night, a-chasing of things what he calls 'moonlight effecks,' it ain't to be wondered at that he's sleepy in the morning. And it ain't the convenientest thing, nüther and noways, to keep the breakfast table set till the farm folks are thinking of dinner. But them artist men are not like other people, say what you will, and allowances has to be made for them. And I must say that I likes him real well and approves of him every other way."

If Murray had slept late that morning —well, he shudders yet over that "if." But aforesaid Fate saw to it that he woke when the hour of destiny and the milk can struck, and having awakened he found he could not go to sleep again. It suddenly occurred to him that he had never seen a sunrise on the pond. Doubtless it would be very lovely down there in those dewy meadows at such a primitive hour; he decided to get up and see what the world looked like in the young daylight.

He scowled at a letter lying on his dressing table and thrust it into his pocket that it might be out of sight. He had written it the night before and the writing of it was going to cost him several things — a prospective million among others. So it is hardly to be wondered at if the sight of it did not reconcile him to the joys of early rising.

"Dear life and heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Emory, pausing in the act of scalding a milk can when Murray emerged from a side door. "What on earth is the matter, Mr. Murray? You ain't sick, now, surely? I told you them pond fogs was p'isen after night! If you've gone and got—"

"Nothing is the matter, dear lady," interrupted Murray, "and I haven't gone and got anything except an acute attack of early rising which is not in the least likely to become chronic. But at what hour of the night do you get up, you wonderful woman? Or rather do you ever go to bed at all? Here is the sun only beginning to rise and—positively yes, you have all your cows milked."

Mrs. Emory purred with delight.

"Folks as has fourteen cows to milk has to rise betimes," she answered with proud humility. "Laws, I don't complain—I've lots of help with the milking. How Mrs. Palmer manages, I really cannot comperhend—or rather, how she has managed. I suppose she'll be all right now since her niece came last night. I saw her posting to the pond pasture not ten minutes ago. She'll have to milk all them seven cows herself. But dear life and heart! Here I be palavering away and not a bite of breakfast ready for you!"

"I don't want any breakfast until the regular time for it," assurred Murray. "I'm going down to the pond to see the sun rise."

"Now don't you go and get caught in the ma'sh," anxiously called Mrs. Emory, as she never failed to do when she saw him starting for the pond. Nobody ever had got caught in the marsh, but Mrs. Emory lived in a chronic state of fear lest someone should.

"And if you once got stuck in that black mud you'd be sucked right down and never seen or heard tell of again till the day of judgment, like Adam Palmer's cow," she was wont to warn her boarders.

Murray sought his favorite spot for pond dreaming—a bloomy corner of the pasture that ran down into the blue water, with a clump of leafy maples on the left. He was very glad he had risen early. A miracle was being worked before his very eyes. The world was in a flush and tremor of maiden loveliness, instinct with all the marvelous fleeting charm of girlhood and Spring and young morning. Overhead, the sky was a vast, high-sprung arch of unstained crystal. Down over the sand dunes, where the pond ran out into the sea, was a great arc of primrose smitten through with auroral crimsonings. Beneath it the pond waters shimmered with a hundred fairy hues, but just before him they were clear as a flawless mirror. The fields around him glistened with dews and a little, wandering wind, blowing lightly from some bourne in the hills, strayed down over the slopes, bringing with it an unimaginable odor and freshness and fluttered over the pond, leaving a little path of dancing silver ripples across the mirror-glory of the water. Birds were singing in the beech woods over on Orchard Knob Farm, answering to each other from shore to shore, until the very air was tremulous with the elfin music of this wonderful mid-Summer dawn.

"I will get up at sunrise every morning of my life hereafter," exclaimed Murray rapturously, not meaning a syllable of it, but devoutly believing he did.

Just as the fiery disk of the sun peered over the sand dunes Murray heard music that was not of the birds. It was a girl's voice singing beyond the maples to his left—a clear, sweet voice, blithely trilling out the old-fashioned song, "Five O'clock in the Morning.

"Mrs. Palmer's niece!"

Murray sprang to his feet and tiptoed cautiously through the maples. He had heard so much from Mrs. Palmer about her niece that he felt reasonably well acquainted with her. Moreover, Mrs. Palmer had assured him that Mollie was a very pretty girl. Now a pretty girl milking cows at sunrise in the meadows sounded well.

Mrs. Palmer had not over-rated her niece's beauty. Murray said so to himself, with a little whistle of amazement, as he leaned unseen on the pasture fence and looked at the girl who was milking a placid Jersey less than ten yards away from him. Murray's artistic instinct responded to the whole scene with a thrill of satisfaction.

He could see only her profile, but that was perfect, and the coloring of the oval cheek and the beautiful curve of the chin were something to adore. Her hair, ruffled into lovable little ringlets by the morning wind, was coiled in glistening, chestnut masses high on her bare head, and her arms, bare to the elbow, were as white as marble. Presently she began to sing again, and this time Murray joined in. She half rose from her milking stool and cast a startled glance at the maples. Then she dropped back again and began to milk determinedly, but Murray could have sworn that he saw a demure smile hovering about her lips. That, and the revelation of her full face, decided him. He sprang over the fence and sauntered across the intervening space of lush clover blossoms.

"Good morning," he said coolly. He had forgotten her other name, and it did not matter; at five o'clock in the morning people who met in dewy clover fields might disregard the conventionalities. "Isn't it rather a large contract for you to be milking seven cows all alone? May I help you?"

Mollie looked up at him over her shoulder. She had glorious gray eyes. Her face was serene and undisturbed. "Can you milk?" she asked.

"Unlikely as it may seem, I can," said Murray. "I have never confessed it to Mrs. Emory, because I was afraid she would inveigle me into milking her fourteen cows. But I don't mind helping you. I learned to milk when I was a shaver on my vacations at a grandfatherly farm. May I have that extra pail?"

Murray captured a milking stool and rounded up another Jersey. Before sitting down he seemed struck with an idea.

"My name is Arnold Murray. I board at Sweetbriar Cottage, next farm to Orchard Knob. That makes us near neighbors."

"I suppose it does," said Mollie.

Murray mentally decided that her voice was the sweetest he had ever heard. He was glad he had arranged his cow at such an angle that he could study her profile. It was amazing that Mrs. Palmer's niece should have such a profile. It looked as if centuries of fine breeding were responsible for it.

"What a morning!" he said enthusiastically. "It harks back to the days when earth was young. They must have had just such mornings as this in Eden."

"Do you always get up so early?" asked Mollie practically.

"Always," said Murray without a blush. Then—"But no, that is a fib, and I cannot tell fibs to you. The truth is your tribute. I never get up early. It was fate that roused me and brought me here this morning. The morning is a miracle—and you. I might suppose you were born of the sunrise, if Mrs. Palmer hadn't told me all about you."

"What did she tell you about me?" asked Mollie, changing cows. Murray discovered that she was tall and that the big blue print apron shrouded a singularly graceful figure.

"She said you were the best looking girl in Bruce county. I have seen very few of the girls in Bruce county, but I know she is right."

'That compliment is not nearly so pretty as the sunrise one," said Mollie, reflectively. "Mrs. Palmer has told me things about you," she added.

"Curiosity knows no gender," hinted Murray.

"She said you were good looking and lazy and different from other people."

"All compliments," said Murray in a gratified tone.

"Lazy?"

"Certainly. Laziness is a virtue in these strenuous days. I was not born with it, but I have painstakingly acquired it, and I am proud of my success. I have time to enjoy life."

"I think that I like you," said Mollie.

"You have the merit of being able to enter into a situation," he assured her.

When the last Jersey was milked they carried the pails down to the spring, where the creamers were sunk, and strained the milk into them. Murray washed the pails and Mollie wiped them and set them in a gleaming row on the shelf under a big maple.

"Thank you," she said.

"You are not going yet," said Murray resolutely. "The time I saved you in milking three cows belongs to me. We will spend it in a walk along the pond shore. I will show you a path I have discovered under the beeches. It is just wide enough for two. Come."

He took her hand and drew her through the copse into a green lane, where the ferns grew thickly on either side and the pond waters plashed dreamily below them. He kept her hand in his as they went down the path, and she did not try to withdraw it. About them was the great, pure silence of the morning, faintly threaded with caressing sounds—croon of birds, gurgle of waters, sough of wind. The spirit of youth and love hovered over them and they spoke no word.

When they finally came out on a little green nook swimming in early sunshine and arched over by maples, with the wide shimmer of the pond before it and the gold dust of blossoms over the grass, the girl drew a long breath of delight.

"It is a morning left over from Eden, isn't it?" said Murray.

"Yes," said Mollie softly.

Murray bent toward her. "You are Eve," he said. "You are the only woman in the world—for me. Adam must have told Eve just what he thought about her the first time he saw her. There were no conventionalities in Eden—and people could not have taken long to make up their minds. We are in Eden just now. One can say what he thinks in Eden without being ridiculous. You are divinely fair, Eve. Your eyes are stars of the morning — your cheek has the flush it stole from the sunrise—your lips are redder than the roses of paradise. And I love you, Eve."

Mollie lowered her eyes and the long fringe of her lashes lay in a burnished semi-circle on her cheek.

"I think," she said slowly, "that it must have been very delightful in Eden. But we are not really there, you know—we are only playing that we are. And it is time for me to go back. I must get the breakfast — that sounds too prosaic for paradise."

Murray bent still closer.

"Before we remember that we are only playing at paradise, will you kiss me, dear Eve?"

"You are very audacious," said Mollie coldly.

"We are in Eden yet," he urged. "That makes all the difference."

"Well," said Mollie. And Murray kissed her.

They had passed back over the fern path and were in the pasture before either spoke again. Then Murray said:

"We have left Eden behind — but we can always return there when we will. And although we were only playing at paradise, I was not playing at love. I meant all I said, Mollie."

"Have you meant it often?" asked Mollie significantly.

"I never meant it—or even played at it—before," he answered. "I did—at one time—contemplate the possibility of playing at it. But that was long ago —as long ago as last night. I am glad to the core of my soul that I decided against it before I met you, dear Eve. I have the letter of decision in my coat pocket this moment. I mean to mail it this afternoon."

"'Curiosity knows no gender,'" quoted Mollie.

"Then, to satisfy your curiosity, I must bore you with some personal histor. My parents died when I was a little chap, and my uncle brought me up. He has been immensely good to me, but he is a bit of a tyrant. Recently he picked out a wife for me—the daughter of an old sweetheart of his. I have never even seen her. But she has arrived in town on a visit to some relatives there. Uncle Dick wrote to me to return home at once and pay my court to the lady. I protested. He wrote again—a letter, short and the reverse of sweet. If I refused to do my best to win Miss Mannering he would disown me—never speak to me again—cut me off with a quarter. Uncle always means what he says—that is one of our family traits, you understand. I spent some miserable, undecided days. It was not the threat of disinheritance that worried me, although when you have been brought up to regard yourself as a prospective millionaire it is rather difficult to adjust your vision to a pauper focus. But it was the thought of alienating Uncle Dick. I love the dear, determined old chap like a father. But last night my guardian angel was with me and I decided to remain my own man. So I wrote to Uncle Dick, respectfully but firmly declining to become a candidate for Miss Mannering's hand."

"But you have never seen her," said Mollie. "She may be—almost—charming."

"'If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?'" quoted Murray. "As you say, she may be — almost charming; but she is not Eve. She is merely one of a million other women, as far as I am concerned. Don't let's talk of her. Let us talk only of ourselves—there is nothing else that is half so interesting."

"And will your uncle really cast you off?" asked Mollie.

"Not a doubt of it."

"What will you do?"

"Work, dear Eve. My carefully acquired laziness must be thrown to the winds and I shall work. That is the rule outside of Eden. Don't worry. I've painted pictures that have actually been sold. I'll make a living for us somehow."

"Us?"

"Of course. You are engaged to me."

"I am not," said Mollie indignantly.

"Mollie! Mollie! After that kiss! Fie, fie!"

"You are very absurd," said Mollie. "But your absurdity has been amusing. I have—yes, positively,—I have enjoyed your Eden comedy. But now you must not come any further with me. My aunt might not approve. Here is my path to Orchard Knob farm house. There, I presume, is yours to Sweetbriar Cottage. Good morning."

"I am coming over to see you this afternoon," said Murray coolly. "But you needn't be afraid. I will not tell tales out of Eden. I will be a hypocrite and pretend to Mrs. Palmer that we have never met before. But you and I will know and remember. Now, you may go. I reserve to myself the privilege of standing here and watching you out of sight."

That afternoon Murray strolled over to Orchard Knob, going into the kitchen without knocking as was the habit in that free and easy world. Mrs. Palmer was lying on the lounge with a pungent handkerchief bound about her head, but keeping a vigilant eye on a very pretty, very plump, brown-eyed girl who was stirring a kettleful of cherry preserve on the range.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Palmer," said Murray, wondering where Mollie was. "I'm sorry to see that you look something like an invalid."

"I've a raging, ramping headache," said Mrs. Palmer solemnly. "I had it all night and I'm good for nothing. Mollie, you'd better take them cherries off. Mr. Murray, this is my niece, Mollie Booth."

"What?" said Murray explosively.

"Miss Mollie Booth," repeated Mrs. Palmer in a louder tone.

Murray regained outward self control and bowed to the blushing Mollie.

"And what about Eve?" he thought helplessly. "Who—what was she? Did I dream her? Was she a phantom of delight? No, no, phantoms don't milk cows. She was flesh and blood. No chilly nymph exhaling from the mists of the marsh could have given a kiss like that."

"Mollie has come to stay the rest of the Summer with me," said Mrs. Palmer. "I hope to goodness my tribulations with hired girls is over at last. They have made a wreck of me."

Murray rapidly reflceted. This development, he decided, released him from his promise to tell no tales. "I met a young lady down in the pond pasture this morning," he said deliberately. "I talked with her for a few minutes. I supposed her to be your niece. Who was she?"

"Oh, that was Miss Mannering," said Mrs. Palmer.

"What?" said Murray again.

"Mannering—Dora Mannering," said Mrs. Palmer loudly, wondering if Mr. Murray were losing his hearing. "She came here last night just to see me. I haven't seen her since she was a child of twelve. I used to be her nurse before I was married. I was that proud to think she thought it worth her while to look me up. And mind you, this morning, when she found me crippled with headache and not able to do a hand's turn, that girl, Mr. Murray, went and milked seven cows"—"only four," murmured Murray, but Mrs. Palmer did not hear him—"for me. Couldn't prevent her. She said she had learned to milk for fun one Summer when she was in the country, and she did it. And then she got breakfast for the men—Mollie didn't come till the ten o'clock train. Miss Mannering is as capable as if she had been riz on a farm."

"Where is she now?" demanded Murray.

"Oh, she's gone."

"What?"

"Gone," shouted Mrs. Palmer, "gone. She left on the train Mollie come on. Gracious me, has the man gone crazy? He hasn't seemed like himself at all this afternoon."

Murray had bolted madly out of the house and was striding down the lane.

Blind fool—unspeakable idiot that he had been! To take her for Mrs. Palmer's niece—that peerless creature with the calm acceptance of any situation, which marked the woman of the world, with the fine appreciation and quickness of repartee that spoke of generations of culture—to imagine that she could be Mollie Booth! He had been blind, besottedly blind. And now he had lost her! She would never forgive him; she had gone without a word or sign.

As he reached the last curve of the lane where it looped about the apple rees, a plump figure came flying down the orchard slope.

"Mr. Murray, Mr. Murray," Mollie Booth called breathlessly. "Will you please come here just a minute?"

Murray crossed over to the paling rather grumpily. He did not want to talk with Mollie Booth just then. Confound it, what did the girl want? Why was she looking so mysterious?

Mollie produced a little, square, gray envelope from some feminine hiding place and handed it over the paling.

"She give me this at the station—Miss Mannering did," she gasped, "and asked me to give it to you without letting Aunt Emily Jane see. I couldn't get a chanst when you was in, but as soon as you went I slipped out by the porch door and followed you. You went so fast I near died trying to head you off."

"You dear little soul," said Murray, suddenly radiant. "It is too bad you have had to put yourself so out of breath on my account. But I am immensely obliged to you. The next time your young man wants a trusty private messenger just refer him to me.

"Git away with you," giggled Mollie. "I must hurry back 'fore Aunt Emily Jane gits wind I'm gone. I hope there's good news in your girl's letter. My, but didn't you look flat when aunt said she'd went!"

Murray beamed at her idiotically. When she had vanished among the trees he opened his letter.

> "Dear Mr. Murray," it ran, "your unblushing audacity of the morning deserves some punishment. I hereby punish you by prompt departure from Orchard Knob. Yet I do not dislike audacity, at some times, in some places, in some people. It is only from a sense of duty that I punish it in this case. And it was really pleasant in Eden. If you do not mail that letter, and if you still persist in your very

absurd interpretation of the meaning of Eve's kiss, we may meet again in town. Until then I remain,

"Very sincerely yours,
"DORA LYNNE MANNERING."

Murray kissed the gray letter and put it tenderly away in his pocket. Then he took his letter to his uncle and tore it into tiny fragments. Finally he looked at his watch.

"If I hurry, I can catch the afternoon train to town," he said.

AN EVENING TEMPEST

By N. J. Bell

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

THE wind is moaning through the trees,
Their heads bend low before the gale;
The raindrops borne upon the breeze,
Tell that a storm will soon assail;
The stars are hid and inky clouds
Race mad and swift across the sky,
While some group in excited crowds
Afraid, uncertain where to fly.

With vividness that stuns the sight,
King Lightning bolts from darkened space;
Awakening all the fears of night,
Grim peals of crashing thunder race;
Loosed from the clouds the rain descends,
In torrents o'er the vales and hills;
The rustling, wailing tempest blends
The river with a thousand rills.

With every lightning flash is seen
The spectral grandeur of the storm;
Gusts drown the woods with misty sheen,
And dash against the mountain's form;
Strong boughs receive the shaft of fire,
And splintered heave upon the ground;
All nature seems convulsed with ire
Of motion and discordant sound.

So through the night the rain flies down,
The winds moan and the torrents roar,
And trees are tossed, and leaves are blown,
And sparrows fall to rise no more;
Unlike a rueful waste of death,
The vales and hills at golden day,
'Mid song and bloom exhale a breath
As fragrant as the soul of May.

THE EVOLUTION OF COUSIN MARCELLA

By Lilian True Bryant

BANGOR, MAINE

LILIAN TRUE BRYANT

SYNOPSIS — From a sense of duty, Marcella Lapworth, spinster, attempts the chaperonage of a young relative, thereby giving her the benefit of a Winter in Italy. Lack of experience combined with love of power produces a situation of unusual severity, in spite of which the girl becomes engaged. Prompted first by mischief, later by sincere sympathy for a woman with absolutely no life of the affections, the girl attempts to educate her chaperone along these lines. She arranges a mild flirtation, observing with surprise that the older woman finds it pleasant. The situation deepens, grows beyond her control. Troubled, she attempts to reverse their positions and control her chaperone by her own methods. To her astonishment, the chaperone rebels, exactly as she herself has done in times past. The relation between them becomes slightly strained, but finally the evolution of a somewhat aggressive spinster into a happy-faced wife is completed, the girl receiving her own share of development.

A FLORENTINE MOSAIC

A SOLITARY sunbeam straggled down from the clouds overhanging Florence that morning, touching the old gray church on the corner, and loitering a moment afterward in my room. It flung a challenge at my scaldino and the little pan of coals did its brave best to sparkle an answering glow. A pigeon, encouraged by the whole proceeding, hovered above the window ledge, fluttered slowly till its scarlet feet touched the cool stone, then walked daintily back and forth and finally flew with a gentle sweep of wings toward the eaves of the opposite house. From that vantage ground it scanned with curious eyes the throng of Italians hurrying to and fro over the uneven flagging of this particular bit of Florence, and nodded its head uneasily as a brisk figure in a black wool gown came up the street. Even the pigeons recognized Cousin Marcella's intellect in those days, and felt correspondingly abashed, and as for me, I was merely a worm under foot. Fate, circumstances and Cousin Marcella seemed to have ordered it, however, so I tried to make the best of it at first, and afterward it didn't matter, because I was quite content with the position. Worms have very few responsibilities, you know, and the higher one climbs the smaller the world seems. So I gazed up at Cousin Marcella's magnificence and wondered why money should make such a difference in one's views of life.

After Grandfather Lapworth's death the family fortune went to her. We moved out into the country and she stayed in town and came out once in three or four months, just like any other landlord, to look over repairs and to see about the rent, and incidentally to remind mother that but for her, poor Jacob's children would have had their just inheritance. As if we cared anything about that in comparison with mother, who has borne the burden of not being welcome in her husband's family all these years.

Well, that morning she sailed in upon us. She was wholly different from what she is now, and it irritated me beyond endurance to see her sauve, well poised way of looking at things, while I have to fly around patching my day together as best I can. I was teaching in the front room, trying to illustrate a phrase by singing it over and over again with the stupid little soul at the piano when the door opened and mother came in.

"Georgiana," she said softly. "Your Cousin Marcella is here, and would like to hear you sing."

So I walked out into the other room with as much brisk decision as ever Cousin Marcella herself could command. There she was in her furs and mother in her little dyed gown, and the boys in their patched suits peering in through the dining room door behind them, though they have been expressly forbidden to do that, time and time again. My collar was twisted and a pencil stood on end in my hair, and I looked as if life meant something more than play; but I didn't care. I flung back my head and met Cousin Marcella's coldly calm eyes as if I had looked into them all my life, and then without a word I began "Home, Sweet Home."

"You have your father's mouth and chin," she said pointedly, when I had finished.

"But my eyes are exactly like mother's," I answered, knowing all the time that was the very thing she wished to forget. She liked me all the better for it, however.

"The loyalty of the Lapworths is above reproach," she murmured, lifting her lorgnette; and just four weeks from that day we were sailing toward Genoa, with mother's brave, sweet face and the boy's tear stained ones coming up before me till I had to hunt for my handkerchief.

We rested awhile before going down into Italy, and so I met Gregg at a pension. He was very wise. He might almost be called deep. Cousin Marcella feels that a chaperone should be treated with veneration and respect, and it was days before he even saw me. He ignored me completely. I was a mote in the sunshine in comparison with Cousin Marcella. I was a stone by the wayside. He pointed out guides and views and sights and garden seats and restaurants and galleries and pensions for ages before he even knew of my existence; then one day, just by the merest accident, he happened to look down toward earth and discover me.

Poor Cousin Marcella. If she ever had had any girls of her own, she would have known how important I was all along.

But to go on. One day after our acquaintance had progressed, we made a bet. It seemed perfectly harmless at the time, which is a way things have of doing when the results are to prove full of woe. Just opposite us at the table sat a dignified woman of forty, with most beautiful brown hair. It never mussed. It curled back from the whitest, smoothest parting, and the more we looked at that parting the more it hypnotized us. I said she bought it in a London shop. Gregg declared, man fashion, that it was nature pure and simple. Finally, one noon he bet a cuckoo clock from one of the little stands on the covered bridge over the Reuss to a carved edelweiss stamp box that before night he would prove it "indigeneous," as he expressed it. I tilted my nose scornfully and told him to go ahead.

"Certainly," he said, with his most exasperating drawl. "At four this afternoon I shall expect the stamp—"

He never finished the sentence. The waiter had just reached the Englishwoman. He bent over her with the salad, then lifted his arm and his sleeve button caught somehow as he turned and in a second more that beautiful white parting with its smooth curls rose in the air and left a horrified forehead perfectly bare, and to my eternal shame I forgot everything but the cuckoo clock, which I did want to take home to mother.

"I've won, I've won," I cried, clapping my hands softly and smiling the nicest kind of an I-told-you-so at Gregg. But my childlike unconsciousness was short lived. Cousin Marcella comprehended. Cousin Marcella has a smile with as many meanings as a porcupine has quills, and they all flew at me then, and I knew I was disgraced for life. Perhaps we had better hurry over her remarks upon the subject. Gregg tried to explain that it was his fault and sent the cuckoo to her, and it stood on her mantel and walked out and hooted at me once an hour all through the twenty-four; but it made no difference in her manner toward me, and I was glad when Gregg left for Florence and I stayed behind alone with my mortification and reminiscences. However, I wasn't allowed to enjoy them thoroughly. Cousin Marcella grew restless and decided we had better go directly south and begin my music, and so we started.

The trip down was dreary. The rain beat against the windows and the back of the seat bent in and elbowed out in exactly the wrong spots and my head ached and Cousin Marcella read Baedeker at me and questioned me till I nearly had a fit and didn't know whether Leonardo had the Pills for his coat of arms or whether Savonarola built the Campanile or preached Michael Angelo's funeral oration. He did neither, but I was too tired to care for anything then, except that I was on the ground again, when we finally reached the station. All was bustle and confusion, and by and by the noise grew louder and louder and I heard, "Prenez garde! Prenez garde!"

"Why do they use French down here," I wondered, but I never thought of turning around, though the words came more and more sharply. Then without the least apology someone swept me off my feet and a man's coat sleeve scratched my cheek, and I heard Cousin Marcella scream, and then the roar and rumble rushed by — a great carful of trunks with two Italians shaking their fists at me and howling. My knees promptly gave way, and then Cousin Marcella gasped, "Dear — dear Mr. Hogarth." And there was Gregg looking down at me anxiously, and yet with little twinkles creeping into his eyes and around his mouth as if he would give anything to laugh if he only dared. Of course I drew my mouth into the severest lines, just like Cousin Marcella's when she says: "Have I gone to all this expense over you for nothing." And I said severely: "I thought you were in Florence studying music, Mr. Hogarth, not inspecting railway passengers," because it never would have done for him to know how glad I was to see him again.

"So I am," he answered.

"Then how do you happen to be lounging around here?" I insisted.

"Acting in the capacity of a life preserver," he replied, bowing very low, and making me wish that his wits weren't so much quicker than mine. And then, to my amazement, Cousin Marcella suddenly took his part. Sometimes she does that way and I am left all alone. She doesn't understand girls very well. Maybe if she had married it would have been different, but she's botanized and caterpillared and butterflied so long that her eyes have microscopic lenses and of course all my faults show up dreadfully, though nowadays she smiles and says nothing, where once she would have scolded.

"I never can be sufficiently thankful," she was repeating with immense fervor, while Gregg bowed and bowed and I stared at both. Then finally he came to his senses and offered her his arm while I tagged along behind, wondering if ever I would arrive at the dignity of a chaperone; and so by and by we found a carriage and got into it with due ceremony and rattled up the dirty, narrow, beautiful street of the one city on earth that makes you long to be a genius. "This glorious area paved with antiquities and the shadows of illustrious men," as Cousin Marcella says. The figure seems a little mixed, somehow, but maybe it's a hidden metaphor.

We found the pension. Then Mr. Hogarth was invited to call, while I counted the pigeons on the old gray church opposite and rubbed my toe back and forth on the flagging and pretended not to hear his goodbye. Oh, but I was just as unbearable as I knew how to be in those days, and all the time I was longing to sit down and hold my mother fast and have a good cry. If I had dared love Cousin Marcella I would have been all right, but she didn't need it you see, and of course that made things very limited. I begged Mr. Hogarth's pardon afterward, but at the time I only bowed stiffly and withdrew, while Cousin Marcella murmured: "Your mother over again. I might have expected it." And then I felt worse than ever. It flashed over me that possibly I was making it harder for mother and the boys, and that Cousin Marcella was justified in reproving me; so I immediately went to the other extreme to try to make up for it. I wouldn't be surprised if I really were very annoying at times, although I am doing my best to improve. I hurried down the steps and looked out after Mr. Hogarth, as if I hadn't meant so very much, after all; and there he was turning and trying to find me. We blushed. At least I did, and he says now that he felt warm around his ears, so I suppose that is the best a man can do in that line. Then I went in without another word.

Cousin Marcella gave me his visiting card as a reminder of my bad behavior and a hint that "graciousness is a woman's greatest charm," and I drew a line across one corner and wrote "prenez garde" on it. Down by the Uffizi piazza an Italian had a stand covered with the most beautiful things, mosaics and paperweights and inlaid boxes of all kinds. So I decided to outline whatever happened to me upon this card, in real mosaic fashion. The very next week the second corner was filled. In coming out of Vanninni's studio, whom should I meet face to face but Mr. Hogarth. He lifted his hat very stiffly, but I stopped and held out my hand.

"I am sorry I was rude the other day," I said very quietly. "Will you forgive me?" looking very serious, and as if my whole life's happiness depended upon him, as it did, although I didn't know that till afterward.

He took my hand for a second, perhaps two, maybe three, and then we went for a little walk, down past the bridges and up the hill toward San Miniato, and finally we sat down under the great statue of David that towers above the city. A match woman followed us, and several small boys who tried to polish our boots. Then Gregg taught me a little Italian, and that took so long that I was late for dinner and Cousin Marcella was shocked. Evidently she had reason to be and I am afraid it must have been a very improper proceeding, because several of the foreigners saw us and remarked upon the fact in an extremely pensionitish manner. But it doesn't matter now, and I have marked another square on my mosaic, and I am glad it happened just as it did.

About that time Cousin Marcella began the study of Machiavelli. It did seem as if, with Condivi and Vasari and Machiavelli himself and Michael Angelo and Symonds and Grimm and the Brownings and Dante and George Eliot and Mrs. Oliphant and Ruskin, that enough had been written about this corner of the globe; but Cousin Marcella felt that "the clear light of the twentieth century womanhood could add much to history and ancient thought." So every day she started for Michael Angelo's house with two volumes of his life and one of Machiavelli under her arm. It was very wrong, but Gregg found that out. How, I can't imagine, for I was most careful never to inform him as to Cousin Marcella's whereabouts. So what did he do but call just at that time nearly every day with flowers or books or something, and invariably ask for Cousin Marcella like a model youth. And of course she always regretted not "being a woman of leisure," whenever she saw him.

Well, one day, one rainy, dismal day, —and this is the third corner of my mosaic—I was all alone in the pension rooms. It was dark and dreary and the pigeons were drabbled and were huddling out of sight under the eaves of the old church. The rain splashed against the panes, and I was homesick and forlorn. The scaldino had worried itself into a temper and wouldn't burn, and I was cold and was crying a little and wishing I were at home with some money for the whole family without bothering Cousin Marcella's pocketbook any more. There came a knock at the door and in walked Gregg. My nose was red, and my hair was touzled and my fingers were distinctly smutty and I felt worse than I looked.

"What's the matter with the 'bella Americana?' " he asked, without really looking at me. That's what the little urchins on the street call me, because my hair is yellow and different from theirs. And then such a queer feeling came over me. I couldn't look up, so I dabbed my eyes and said the fire wouldn't burn, it was so cold, or some such equally brilliant remark.

"Maybe it needs a masculine hand," said Gregg, taking in the situation. So we both sat down on the floor in front of the scaldino. He blew and I blew. Then he puffed and I puffed, and then —well then—my face grew smutty and he tried to wipe it off, and I shut my eyes because I couldn't keep them open while he was so very near, and then he kissed me. And THEN — in walked Cousin Marcella.

Oh dear me. Savonarola at the stake never felt a bit worse than I did at that moment. Machiavelli dropped with a bang on the floor that burst his back and scattered the illustrations. Michael Angelo pitched head first under the table, and Cousin Marcella stood straight still in the middle of the room.

There we were, sitting side by side in front of the scaldino that suddenly, without the least warning, began to twinkle and burn and glow and sparkle as if it never had thought of going out, and no one would ever have dreamed that it could to see it then. For a moment there was a dead silence. Then came Cousin Marcella's smooth, glassy tones. She never allows herself to grow excited, you know.

"Georgiana?"

"Yes'm," said I feebly.

But Gregg suddenly took the matter into his own hands, in the most satisfactory fashion. Scrambling to his feet, he pulled me after him, while the scaldino behind us grinned and grinned.

"My dear Miss Lapworth," he said, bowing very low and with his most deferential air. "I sincerely beg your pardon. I came to ask you for Georgiana, and the fact is, I forgot and asked her first." He had done nothing of the sort, but I was too surprised to say so, and afterward I wouldn't have reminded him of it for untold gold. Meanwhile Cousin Marcella's mouth turned in at the corners and her eyebrows met, and I shivered. Gregg put his arm around me and at his touch I realized that a strong man was loving me.

"I suppose you realize the responsibility you are assuming," coolly observed Cousin Marcella, completely ignoring me. The remark was characteristic and wholly sensible, yet I couldn't but see mother's eyes and the question that would lie in them as she scanned the man who wished to make me his wife. Gregg winced as if she had struck him, and then, with equal iciness and elaborate courtesy, he bowed once more.

"My dear Miss Lapworth," he said, very distinctly, looking straight at her, "I never should dream of asking a woman to share my life unless I had sufficient means for her support."

A gleam of satisfaction flickered ever so softly over Cousin Marcella's face. She liked being faced squarely. She liked the steel in his voice. She was mollified, but by no means ready to admit it, and the I-will-reserve-my-opinion-till-later look began to come. I knew that meant no end of trouble and heavy chaperoning, so without a moment's hesitation I stepped straight back into the scaldino, burning my dress, scattering the coals and rousing the servants. Cousin Marcella found a chair and took short breaths after it was all over. Gregg suddenly assumed that her condition was dangerous and bathed her hands and fanned her and capped the climax by giving her an audacious kiss, while I drew a long breath at his boldness. But it worked, and I gripped my courage fast and brought out my mosaic after things had quieted down somewhat, and explained it to her. I wanted to see my mother so badly and have a little cry, that I just had to do something of the sort. Mother would have understood in a flash, whereas Cousin Marcella was affably interested; but then, that's what makes motherhood the most beautiful thing in the world.

There was but one space more in my mosaic, and Gregg said that would do for the wedding, but I knew better. We were engaged for over two months before he thought of the ring, though I never forgot it for a moment and at last began to grow worried. Then one night he brought in a great bunch of white blossoms, and tied on one was a little velvet box; and then it all came over me anew what our engagement meant: that I was going back to America as his wife, instead of living on at home with mother and the boys. It seemed a very solemn and sacred thing, and I grew a good deal afraid, too, the more I thought about it. All the time I was haunted with a fear that I wouldn't like our ring, and yet it would have to represent our betrothal all the rest of our life.

Florence is filled with small booths of cheap jewelry, — speckled and spotted turquoises, stones cut with the Florentine lily and pins of washed gold. Gregg had had very little experience with such things, and so, of course, I thought of them all, and was miserably uncertain of his taste. So I hid my face on his shoulder — he has such a nice, comf'y shoulder — inwardly vowing while he slipped the little band on my finger in the tenderest way, that no matter what came, he never should know but it was beautiful. I couldn't look at it at first, so I wrapped my handkerchief around it all the evening while we planned and talked till the clock struck ten. That is when he always goes. Then he pulled away the handkerchief and took my hands in his.

"What is it?" he asked in a queer, puzzled fashion, as if he were hurt and yet wouldn't show it for the world. "Why won't you look at our ring, little one?"

Of course there was nothing else to do, so I raised my hand, bracing myself to say, "How lovely!" without flinching, no matter if a piece of green glass stared up at me; and then my head went down on his shoulder again, for fear he would see the tears in my eyes.

The man I had trusted with my life's happiness could surely be trusted with smaller things.

❧

A MONASTERY AND A MAID

UPON looking back over those early Florentine days, it seems as if I really must have been what Cousin Marcella was so fond of impressing upon my sub-consciousness,— an extremely undeveloped child for one of my years. And the worst of it is, I am not wholly sure of being over it yet. She did her duty faithfully by me, inventing a set of rules for wifehood every morning before breakfast, and bringing them into my room for me to learn and meditate upon before the active work of the day began. Rules like these: A good wife feels it incumbent upon her to comport herself with cheerfulness at all times. To obey is better than sacrifice. Marriage is an institution whereby two souls become developed by merging two wills.

Dear Cousin Marcella! It almost seems as if she and Jonathan Edwards would have been chummy if they had lived in the same century. I learned the rules faithfully, but my mind was so full of other things that they gradually slipped back into a less prominent place than my guardian would have liked, had she known.

Gregg had gone home, in response to a cablegram stating the death of his father, and the long, lovely trip down through Italy that we had planned was postponed, as well as our wedding. Cousin Marcella says that it is all for the best, but she never has been engaged, or has known what it means to have someone very anxious and uneasy and worried if you look at anyone else more than four times in succession. There are finer things about it than that, but those I put away and only let peep out when I write to my mother and promise to try for the ideals she has given me all my life, and to realize that now I am responsible for Gregg's standards as well as my own. I am beginning to recognize a strange thing. Women have power over men simply because they are gay and piquant and clever and different — well — different from Cousin Marcella, for instance.

Today I disturbed her beyond belief. It was very sad, and it all turned out very badly, and I cried all the way home, till the man who inspects the carriages this side of the city gates looked at me with his wizened old face and shook his head very disapprovingly.

That is a queer custom. Just at the edge of the city stand these tall iron gates, with sharp pointed spear heads bristling on top. Each night they close at a certain hour, and each day they are flung wide open and your carriage is stopped there while a funny little man comes out and pries around, opening your bundles to see if you are carrying contraband goods. The same thing happened one night coming from Genoa. We were bundled into the Turin station. Three o'clock and cold and rainy. Five trunks, two sets of Alpine stocks, two bundles of parasols, two satchels and a dress suit case. Cousin Marcella scorns the protection of a man in "this glorious age of progression and adaptation," but she does have a lingering fondness for his belongings. She says that the appearance of a masculine element in our party wards off difficulties, and so M. Lapworth, U. S. A. is printed on this case in great, white letters, in order to carry the impression still further. She enjoys little situations of her own making, because she never has known what it means to have someone make them for you. For instance, we are always meeting foreigners — barnacles, I call them — who insist upon helping us, sometimes with our carriage or luggage, sometimes with our tickets. Of course they expect to have smiles and lessons in English in return. Every one is learning English over here. So what does Cousin Marcella do but draw herself up with dignity, gaze serenely over their heads, and say with uncompromising severity: "Georgiana, how soon does Alberto return?"

And of course, according to previous instructions, I have to reply dutifully: "In about ten minutes, dear Cousin Marcella," though there isn't any Alberto, and never will be, and the dress suit case is stuffed with shirt waists. But he does as well as anyone else, and one by one the barnacles comprehend and look disappointed and drop off, and Cousin Marcella gives a deep sigh of relief and satisfaction, and then we proceed as before.

But it didn't work that night at Turin. We were plumped out of the train and locked into a waiting room disinfected with carbolic acid on account of the plague. All our belongings were on the platform outside. No one would speak English or French, and Cousin Marcella flew about like a distracted hen with her head cut off, gesticulating, explaining, assuring through the window, like Juliet from her balcony, that we hadn't a dutiable thing with us. It made absolutely no difference. Trays were pulled out, boxes pried open, Cousin Marcella's sacred nightcaps exposed to view, while the group of officials grew larger each minute. They probed and pushed and nudged one another as down in the bottom of one of the trunks they discovered a box, long and heavy and close shut. They rose in mighty strength of mustachios and brass buttons,—all but one, who was making little crosses on my satchel, so that it would go through free,—and they beamed and glowed as this box came in sight. They rubbed their hands. They unbuckled the straps, and then over they went backward before a heap of Cousin Marcella's six and three-quarters, spring heeled, square toed, congress sided boots. Some boots are worth looking at; some are distinctly dispiriting.

Cousin Marcella waved her parasol in front of the window and Italian began to bristle on all sides, and then she suddenly came to herself and shrieked wildly: "Georgiana, where is Alberto?"

"Coming in about ten minutes, dear Cousin Marcella," said I very soberly.

"Because of your pretty face," said the man who had been making the little crosses on my grip, putting it back into my hand and smiling down at me while I scuttled toward Cousin Marcella and pretended not to hear him.

But I have gone a long way from my story. "Never digress," says Cousin Marcella. "Keep your subject matter well in hand and the point constantly before your eye." So I will hurry back. That afternoon we went for a drive down the high, dirty streets, past the house where Romola lived, with its balcony on the second floor, all ready for a serenade; past the long stone block of the Brownings, with its white marble tablet and inscription in gold; past the cemetery where Theodore Parker was buried, and past the city gates and inspectors and out into the country.

Cousin Marcella sat opposite me, reading now and then from her Baedeker and marking certain bits with her pencil for me to review and learn when we reached home. She seemed so placid and precise and mathematical and with such an air of interest and comprehension, as if she were thinking of the attitude America takes toward protectionism — she enjoys discussing that — that I felt I couldn't stand it any longer. Ever since my engagement to Gregg, I have been so weighed down with the "responsibilities of woman in our native land as regards her influence upon the coming generations," that I was nearly dead. I simply had to take off the wings that I had tried to fasten on, like a Fra Angelico angel, and just be an every day, common mortal. So I waited till the driver leaned over to ask a question, and Cousin Marcella brought out her French for his edification—she doesn't understand Italian — and then after matters had been satisfactorily adjusted with much gesticulation, and his long whip flew out with a swift crack over the ponies, I leaned forward very solemnly with an expression just like Cimabue's madonna on my face. "Cousin Marcella," said I, looking at her very confidingly, "did you ever have a flirtation?"

Her nose glasses dropped. Her face turned purple with surprise. Her bonnet shivered with indignation and nervousness.

"Never, child," she said with severity. "Never."

"I thought perhaps you hadn't," I said discreetly, settling back into my seat again.

And then I began to be wicked. I could feel it growing and growing inside of me till it was exactly as if it were forcing me on, and I wasn't in the least responsible. I never said another word, but deep down in my heart I registered a solemn vow that she should have one, just one, to store away in her memory like other people. Poor Cousin Marcella. To think what she has missed!

We clattered along the dusty road, past villa after villa hidden among the trees, with only their roofs showing above the high walls enclosing them. That is such a selfish thing to do, isn't it? Why not let other people enjoy one's home, too. Somebody — not Cousin Marcella—said once that only the fool and the idiot could afford to be exclusive. It was Emerson, I think.

Beggars came limping toward us, hobbling on maimed limbs or holding out bandaged arms and grewsome shoulders and hands, and then by and by we climbed a long, rocky hill, followed by this chattering, ragged throng, while the walls of the monastery lay like a great, gray fortress before us, white, gloomy, isolated. Cousin Marcella gathered her guide books together, braced herself for a Delsartian ascent up the stairs, head erect, spine stiff, poise from the waist line as if she were on the way to the queen's drawing room, and I followed on behind meekly, as usual. And scuttling down the stairs to meet her, in exactly the reverse of her elegance, came a monk, his bald head twinkling with excitement. He bowed us up stairs, gave us into the charge of another brother, old and worn and furrowed, and then we were silently piloted through corridors and into a great hall, wainscotted to the very ceiling, where the monks gathered at meal time. Can't you see them there? The long, grave room brown and somber and dead. Heavy brown rafters overhead, seeming almost ready to drop from age and weight. Gloom and silence and loneliness and deep shadows everywhere, with the one bit of life and light found in the clinging robes of the men who called this home. Oh—but it was horrible. It was ghastly. I wanted to let in the sunshine and fresh, sweet air, and flowers and happy little children, and loving women and ambitious, alert men; and I sent a little prayer out to Gregg, just because our life was so different and full and rich and free, with no old time laws and customs cramping it into servitude.

We tiptoed through a chapel, a deep toned organ flooding it with melody and no one there to hear or enjoy or be brightened by it. No one but the lonely man bending over the keys. We went past cells, pitiful, bare closets with a hard cot in one corner and a hair-cloth shirt lying beside it and four bare walls looking down; or worse still, agonizing crucifixes with Christ's face all drawn and suffering instead of hopeful and courageous. It seemed so useless, all this bodily pain and sacrifice; all these hours upon hours of constant prayer and telling of beads, when just outside the monastery walls swarmed neglected and maimed human beings, and farther down the valley lay sunny, smiling Florence, with all a city's needs and a city's wickedness to be met.

It seemed pitiful; it seemed wrong; and in Cousin Marcella's eyes was growing the "dissolution of the monastery" discussion. It is one of her favorites, anyway. It was almost upon her tongue, when the monk suddenly turned a corner and we were left alone, following him out toward the beautiful, serene courtyard, where chrysanthemums and green grass were growing.

"Cousin Marcella," said I, "ask him what time it is."

"Do it yourself, child," she answered benignly.

Dear Cousin Marcella. If she could have peeped into my brain just then. But the "dissolution of the monastery" was almost here. I could see it in the tail of her left eye, and so I thought I would help matters along a little, just to see what would happen. It never occurred to me that I was doing anything wrong. It never does until afterward, and then my breadth of vision is usually forcibly enlarged. "No, Cousin Marcella," I insisted. "It is more dignified for you to do it."

Now that was naughtiness pure and simple, for if there is one thing on earth that Cousin Marcella values, next to being treated with deference as becomes a chaperone, it is having a sense of the fitness of things. Then I gave her the Italian words, the very tender little ones that Gregg taught me sitting under the great statue of David that looks down over the city, so strong and powerful that it gives one a sense of protection just to be near it. And then I retired discreetly.

The monk came back. Cousin Marcella fixed her eyeglass upon him placidly, expectantly, and yet with her own characteristic firmness, and repeated them, calmly, unemotionally, clearly. And I wished I never had come abroad. I—Oh dear me—I longed for Gregg, and I wept for Alberto and the dress suit case, or even for a barnacle; for anything, no matter what, that would distract Cousin Marcella's attention.

The monk looked at her as if he couldn't believe his ears, but there was no mistake. She repeated them with ghastly precision, serenely, graciously, as becometh a woman, with a little smile as she perceived that he understood her Italian.

Poor Cousin Marcella.

Then his face began to change. A look of astonishment, then delight and horror and gratitude and determination flew over it, and then such a volley of Italian came; and finally, with the deepest reverence, he bent over Cousin Marcella's hand and saluted it.

I walked on the grave of a dissoluted ancestor and fell against the wall, but Cousin Marcella bore it with fortitude, which only goes to prove that every woman was meant to receive devotion. Evidently there was some slight misunderstanding. It was surprising, of course, not to say confusing, but with wide affability and gentle dignity she repeated it, that there might be no mistake or embarrassment upon his part.

Embarrassment—

And behold—there was Cousin Marcella in the first flirtation of her four and forty years.

There was no doubt about it, and worst of all, he was putting his feelings into hodge-podge French and Italian. A monk for a cousin-in-law. The dissolution of the monasteries was almost here. I expected to see the very stones crumble around my head and a whole procession of white-robed men stalk out and proclaim: "Hail to our liberator; we are free."

I was utterly, hopelessly helpless. It

wasn't an ordinary affair upon an ordinary plane. It was worthy of Cousin Marcella. It was an outpouring in broken French of life and points of view and true meanings of self sacrifice in all the genuineness of religion. To all of which Cousin Marcella, with utter unconsciousness, was responding. It was attraction masquerading under intellect, entirely unrecognized by either of the poor, dear souls. It was an hour of companionship and unexpected sympathy between a lonely, starved man, who might do penance for years afterward, and a lonely, unloved woman posing for the first time in a womanly capacity. There had been a mistake, that, of course they both knew, but the mistake had suddenly brought a touch of earthly happiness and understanding between two needy souls.

"Run away, child," she murmured dreamily as I hovered near, trying my feeble best to interrupt them. "Our good brother is explaining the true wisdom of isolation."

I should think he was. If ever two people were hungering for happy, human, every day existence in a world of sunny, practical needs, those poor starvelings were, out in that blossoming garden under the blue sky, and yet with the gray walls of the monastery rising like somber specters around them, barring them from the rest of the world. I walked about like a distracted hen, and the more I walked the worse I felt. Here I was, happy and young and free, with a future ahead of me, and here I had deliberately butchered these two for a Roman holiday, and had brought a new side of life to them just as they were too old and hampered ever to find any comfort in it, and so were all the more unprepared. And I ended by feeling as old as Methuselah myself, remembering all my little school lovers and escapades.

They melted gradually across the garden, while I tagged remorsefully on behind at a discreet distance. Cousin Marcella dropped her Baedeker and he returned it to her with much grace and a sudden smile. His gestures grew more and more emphatic and convincing, and the feather in her bonnet waved its appreciation and true comprehension, and all the time they were edging toward the farthest corner of the garden in their abstraction. No one else was in sight. It all depended upon me whether Cousin Marcella changed her religion, and whatever was done must be done at once. I came out of my trance and coughed violently, warningly, as Cousin Marcella is wont to do in moments like these when she is chaperoning me. She behaved exactly as I do under similar circumstances—pretended not to hear it. Then I sneezed. It made absolutely no impression on her. Then it occurred to me that I might wander about and appeal to her emotions in song, without rousing her indignation. I really didn't dare interrupt her, you see, because of future remarks upon the subject. Remarks are unusually disagreeable things if they take the form of irritated advice. So I began "Oh, that we two were maying," hoping to arouse her attention to the danger of sentiment at her age. It only served as accompaniment to more gesticulation. She sighed deeply and looked off toward Florence, whereupon I was scared to death and promptly began: "Hear ye, Israel! Hear what the Lord speaketh—" It was very appropriate. You remember how it goes if ever you have heard Nordica sing in the oratorio of "Elijah":

"Hear ye, Israel, hear ye. Hear what the
Lord speaketh:
'Oh, hadst thou heeded my commandments—'"

If Cousin Marcella only would. I threw back my head and hurled the words at her as if I had been an avenging angel. She loosened her bonnet strings and leaned silently against the wall, staring thoughtfully down at the ground. Clearly her religious sentiments must be touched. It might be that a little fear would prove a good tonic. So I took a deep breath and started off in "Our heavenly home is bright and fair," as a direct contradiction to what was coming. I thought that monk's nearest ear wavered slightly, but I couldn't be sure, and so from that I burst forth with: "Heed, sinner, check thy course. Eternal doom surrounds thee." which I knew would rouse them if anything could; but it didn't. He explained on; she listened intently, and I might have been a mummy on the banks of the Nile, for all the attention I received. Finally I walked back into the corridors and sat down and began to meditate. I had been there a few minutes when a red-haired monk came hurrying through the courtyard. His round, red face was so curiously out of place here among these dark-skinned men that I forgot about Cousin Marcella for the moment and simply stared.

"Are you here alone?" he demanded, with the broadest Irish brogue. I turned my head to see if some of the stones had begun to crumble already, then I shook my head.

"Cousin Marcella's over there."

He was so utterly different from the priests and monks we see every day in the Florentine streets, that I asked:

"Have you always been here?"

He looked off into the courtyard for a minute and then said with much pride:

"Twelve years, and not once in Florence since I came."

"Is that to your credit?" I wondered, thinking of the needy lives there. But he was absolutely content, and as this happens to be true, I suppose he is living there still, as he seemed in the best of health. He gathered up the skirts of his white robe and turned toward the door, and then a heavy bell pealed and down the corridors came the hurrying monks, Cousin Marcella's among the rest. She turned away from the wall against which she had been leaning and walked dazedly toward me, with a strange, unearthly dignity, as if a great revelation had come to her. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were soft and the wind ruffled her hair almost into waviness over her temples, and she looked like a different woman. She followed me down the stairs, through the corridors, past the tiny pharmacy where sweet colognes were brewed for visitors to buy, and out into the courtyard entrance. There she stopped. Striding toward her came a monk with two little bottles of perfume in his hands. With the gravest bow he offered them to her, and without a word she took them and turned toward the carriage. Then if I hadn't been like Orpheus or Lot's wife and looked back, I wouldn't have seen the crowning touch to my misery. Off on the horizon lay a broad, brilliant band of golden sunset, with the spires of Florence half gleaming through the trees below. Above us rose the monastery walls, cold, gray, isolated, and under their lifeless shadow, as if wrapped in their gloom, stood Cousin Marcella's monk, alone, motionless, at his evening prayers; his head bowed, his hands clasping the black rosary at his side, his white robes falling in heavy folds around his feet, while above him pealed and clanged and echoed the great, harsh, unloved monastery bell.

Cousin Marcella took her seat in the carriage, still holding fast to her pitiful little gift, the first ever given in recognition of her womanhood, and with that same dazed, glorified, wondering look on her face, together with an utter sadness, as if she were awakening to the fact that the crown of other women's lives never had come into hers; and I sat down opposite her in the carriage and cried all the way home as if my heart would break, and wondered how long the guilty are allowed to live, and made up my mind not to rest till Gregg knew the whole story.

I am hoping he will see a way out of it; but there is one very certain thing: she never shall know what those words meant. She shall always feel that it was all due to her womanhood; that it just happened so, and couldn't have been helped; that it was Fate. She shall have that much comfort, anyway, and as for the monastery—it is only another proof that they all ought to have tumbled to pieces in the fifteenth century, and then they wouldn't have brought unhappiness to poor, stray mortals five hundred years later.

But just between you and me, if the walls really had begun to crumble right then and there around my head and ears, it wouldn't have been a bit more than I deserved. And it might have been a wise and commendable catastrophe. What do you think?

❧

A ROMAN ANTIQUE

THE millennium has come; the heavens are fallen; the prophet has become as an unlearned child, and Cousin Marcella is in love, while I am worn to a shadow from properly chaperoning her. She used to wash her hands of me at regular intervals upon such occasions. Perhaps it was a good plan upon the whole, as one is apt to get rather cindery from traveling. But the strange part is, that now in her time of need, she seems almost to resent my care over her, even though I try to make her feel it is for her future happiness and best good, just as she is wont to tell me in my turn. It is a very delicate position, requiring much tact and forbearance, but I am convinced that I am only doing my duty, which gives me a certain degree of hopefulness.

The symptoms started the day after our trip to the monastery. I knew it was coming. I knew Cousin Marcella's clear-eyed mind never would be satisfied with one bite till she had turned the apple way around to see if the other side wouldn't present greater attractions, but I confess I wasn't prepared for so sudden an attack.

That very night she packed Machiavelli away in her trunk and opened her Michael Angelo at the page marked "Friendship with Vittoria Colonna," sighed a few times and looked off out of the window at intervals over the tops of Florence toward Fiesole, dotted like a group of white shells near the base of its own hill, while the Appennines wave in a long line behind and make one realize that they form the backbone of the boot-shaped Italy we find in our geography. I look off there too when America and home and Gregg seem very far away, and garlic and mashed chestnuts and black-browed Italians seem very near, so I knew how to sympathize.

The next evening she remarked casually:

"Georgiana, I shall spend an hour in the Boboli gardens tomorow."

I sat upright. No one ever goes into those polite, prim, manufactured mistakes of man, where the trees stand like Noah's ark women and the terraces and boxed beds turn out their toes with self-conscious modesty, unless they are effected by some mental disturbance.

So I followed her and several pedestrians followed me, and by the time we turned toward the gardens Cousin Marcella was unconsciously heading quite a procession. She did stay there for a time, but only for a time, and then she walked hurriedly up the steps and into the Pitti palace and past room after room till she came to the one where the Madonna della Sedia hangs in all its soft-tinted motherhood, and then she stood looking at that, her hands hanging limply at her sides and all her martial, strong minded self sufficiency oozing out of them. I felt that I didn't belong there, any more than at the monastery when the monk brought out his poor little gift for her, so I slipped softly away and went home and studied her rules for wifehood for an hour, in fact, until she came.

But that was only the beginning. From that time on she haunted every madonna in the city, even to Cimabue's, which no one in his right mind can pass even in the dark without the nightmare, and then one morning in the Battistero came the climax.

"Georgiana," said she, lifting her Baedeker and straightening her nose glasses. "This admirable, octagonal structure, rising in well proportioned stories, was extolled by Dante, and is one of the finest specimens of Tuscan-Romanesque styles. The famous bronze doors—" but I wasn't listening.

Slipping past her, I tiptoed into the cold, gloomy interior, following a bent old woman with a bundle in her arms. A priest came forward from the gloom—no one else was in sight—and the woman walked reverently toward him, stopping at the great gray font at the farther end. The bundle was opened. A fuzzy little head was propped up, and then the tiniest Italian baby was sprinkled with holy water and choked with holy bread—or something akin to it—and the ceremony was over. The woman turned to go, when suddenly Cousin Marcella sprang forward. "Give me that baby," she demanded, and the next moment Baedeker and I were left in the corner and Cousin Marcella had the brown little thing in her arms, while the woman courtesied and laughed and jabbered toothless Italian, and the priest stopped half way to look behind in amazement.

Cousin Marcella was restless that afternoon. She went from one thing to another: buying this, looking at that, hurrying past her favorite corners and finally sitting down in the Cascine to watch the people drive past in their carriages, a thing which she usually considers a waste of time and energy.

"I am tired of Florence," she said finally. "Suppose we go down through Italy and finish our trip in that way, Georgiana. The money which further lessons would cost you may have for your mother and the boys if you like."

I looked at her in amazement. It was the first time she ever had spoken of them voluntarily, and of course she knew that nothing would give me so much happiness. I had saved little things for them by walking when I might have driven, and so on. A white vellum Virgil for Jack, and a paper weight with a mosaic rooster on it for Phil, and some good photographs and a terra cotta bust for mother, which I meant to perjure my soul by not declaring when we reached the custom house, because I could not afford to pay duty. So after her proposal I felt like a millionaire. Life must be very comfortable for them, because they can fly into a rage whenever they like. I never have been so situated that I could, and sometimes my idea of heaven is a spot where I can sit on a heavenly footstool and play ball with all the people who have made life miserable for me in one way and another. Toss them up and watch them come down again and fling them up again, and so on. It would be most satisfactory.

The next day we left Florence and came down past the Campagna to the Eternal City. Cousin Marcella quoted Helen Hunt when we reached the place where

"Level lands lay low and drear,
Long stretches of waste meadow pale and sere;
Wide, barren fields for miles and miles, until
The pale horizon walled them in."

I love her poems, with their crimsons and russet browns and yellows. I used to turn around in church every Sunday morning and look up into her strong face and steady eyes and wait for her to shake hands with me. She never forgot to do it, though I was such a little thing. So I worshipped her accordingly.

Rome was strangely familiar, due to my sworn enemies, Caesar and Cicero, I suppose. Ruins and modern hotels, ancient baths and railway stations hobnobed everywhere with broken columns and palaces and churches with their steps lined with beggars, or rows of them squatting before the heavy, padded curtain of leather at the church door.

Our room looked down upon the fountain where foreigners toss their coins to insure a return, and the greedy urchins fight and squabble and rush into the water for them. The long hotel dining room held two hundred and fifty people at dinner, so I felt that Cousin Marcella was comparatively safe in that throng. Not a week later, however, she came to me.

"Georgiana," she said, questioningly, holding out a filmy lace scarf fit for a bride. "Do you think pale blue is too young for me?"

I ought to have foreseen circumstances. I ought to have answered severely, "The crown of middle age needs no additional glory," but instead of that I tied it under her chin. Then I took it off, and, seating her before the mirror, piled her pretty, gray-brown hair from the stiff, tight coil that usually holds it, into a soft mass at the back of her head, while it fell into little rings of its own making around her forehead, as if glad to be released from bondage.

I ought to have known from that very fact that there were depths unsounded in Cousin Marcella, but I didn't. I blissfully undid her precise bow that stands like a spear head on either side of her chin and wound the scarf around and over the plain linen collar, letting the ends fall softly as they would, and when I had finished Cousin Marcella's cheeks were flushed pink and she kissed me before she went down stairs.

That afternoon she took a walk, and on the next and the next and the next she did the same, and then I came to my senses. There was a barnacle, and he belonged entirely to Cousin Marcella, and what to do about it I didn't know. There are such things as professional barnacles, and Cousin Marcella is so very unsophisticated.

But I saw where my duty lay, because she has always shown me that, so I merely followed her example and did what she would have done under the same circumstances, even though it required some self sacrifice.

"I am going for a little walk," she said to me the next day. "Possibly down toward the Vatican. Don't wait for me, my dear, if I happen to be late for dinner. Mrs. Hesley"—an Englishwoman we know—"will chaperone you."

"Never!" thought I. "That barnacle shall find there are two of us." I waited till the elevator boy had piloted her down stairs and had practised the English sentences he had learned the day before in his English grammar, which he carries under his arm and studies night and day, because his salary will be doubled when he can speak our language, and then I took a tram and followed in her wake.

People stared a good deal. A kindly, fat old priest gathered his skirts together and allowed me a seat at his side, and so we swung past the Castle of St. Angelo and down toward the Vatican and St. Peter's. It is rather a large place in which to hunt for a maiden cousin, but I remembered seeing her Baedeker turned down at the statuary collection, so I marched sedately toward that. Through corridor and room and niche and hall, and finally at the farthest end, walking peacefully down the long aisle lined with marble figures, my eye fell upon Cousin Marcella and the barnacle.

She was gliding slowly at his side, her head inclined attentively — he is a trifle shorter than her bonnet line—her Baedeker carelessly held in one hand, while with the other she casually rearranged a lock or two of hair that had become loose in her attempt at arranging it in the fashion which I had shown her. On the whole, it was not as alarming as I had fancied. Instead of a seedy looking Italian with restless, glittering eyes, there was a gentle, mild mannered little American gentleman with a fine head and an air of nearsighted good breeding about him that soothed away some of my fears. Clearly, the barnacle was not to be despised — and he might prove of value.

I slipped into the Laocoon alcove as they half turned and waited a moment, stopping to look at the Apollo Belvedere and to tell him that I had made his acquaintance long ago at the Symphony concerts in the Boston Music Hall, and then, remembering my duty, I sailed firmly and boldly down upon them. Cousin Marcella has had a way all through our European trip of interrupting any interesting conversations I may have had with chance acquaintances by bearing down upon me with deeply mysterious smiles and the words of warning:

"Georgiana, I believe we have an engagement now. Have we not?"

And of course she expected me to remember promptly that we had and to politely excuse myself and repair to my room, where sometimes I cried and sometimes I didn't, and always I was told: "Maturity alone brings powers of proper discretion and discrimination, and for the sake of your future welfare you must be guarded as if you were a gem."

Of course she was right, though I did want to experiment a little. So now I remembered those very words. They were of value. Cousin Marcella had used them. She firmly believed them. She had repeated them to me over nearly every man we ever had met, and now her time had come.

She should be guarded as if she were a diadem.

"Good morning, Cousin Marcella," said I, very brightly, walking up behind them with a noiseless step, and half including the barnacle in my smile, which was as brilliantly mysterious as I knew how to make it.

Cousin Marcella gulped nervously and the barnacle turned in a well bred way, so well bred that I was sorry for my duty. It seemed a pity, but there was nothing else to do in times like these, and Cousin Marcella frowned upon all chance acquaintances, as I knew from experience. She had told me so in times past.

But now she was clearly disturbed; even more than disturbed. She was agitated. Her presence of mind had deserted her at the most critical period of her life, and remembering her excuse of a morning promenade in solitude an hour or so before, she writhed.

"Cousin Marcella," said I, with dazzling sweetness, but with deadly meaning. "I believe we have an engagement now. Have we not?"

She turned toward me hastily, her bonnet strings fluttering, her Baedeker lifted uncertainly. But I was relentless. I knew my duty.

"Maturity alone brings powers of proper discretion and discrimination, dear Cousin Marcella," I said firmly, as if were reciting a well learned quotation, as I was. "And for the sake of your future—"

"Georgiana," she gasped, grasping my arm and dragging me toward the barnacle, who was watching the affair with mild surprise, "I wish to present you to Professor Broughton. This is my niece, professor. Georgiana," with an imploring look at my firmly set mouth and conscientious eye, "the professor was kindly explaining the magnitude of Grecian thought. He has written several books upon the subject, and is here for a short rest before returning to college."

I hadn't the heart to be as severe with her as she had been at me. I smiled upon him. I encouraged him to proceed. We walked together, and he in-

instructed two instead of one. I never left Cousin Marcella's side. I absorbed his information and implored and begged the privilege of being allowed to join their morning walks and drives. (Here Cousin Marcella winced.) I enthused and glowed and carried a pencil and took notes and asked advice upon this and that and the other, and heard him tell Cousin Marcella that Miss Georgiana was a remarkable girl with a brilliant future.

And all the time I smiled, a dark, deadly smile, and never said a word, and—Cousin Marcella didn't know what to do with me. I walked with them mornings and read with them afternoons. I adorned her till she looked so womanly sweet that I kissed her, and then froze into unconscious absorption when she turned to me with a little half shiver as if she longed to be just a plain, every day happy woman. I praised her wonderful memory to the professor and remarked upon her virtuous qualities, and then calmly led the dear man on to a fuller conception of them by never allowing them a moment together alone. He was surprised at my interest; he was bewildered by the gaiety of the situation, for I did my duty nobly, and the hours we were together I chaperoned my Cousin Marcella with all the far seeing brilliancy I could rake and scrape together, as if she had been a diadem. She was clever enough to understand. She was too much in love to thwart it. A woman in love is always at her worst, her most helpless self; and Cousin Marcella was, without doubt, showering all her belated admiration and affection upon this gentle, sensitive, delightful, gray haired man, and it was not to be wondered at. The monk had paved the way. She understood it now; and he, the barnacle, with the exasperating unconsciousness of the truly intellectual, never realized the situation at all. He enjoyed her companionship; and so we three did Rome day after day. Sometimes I trotted them down to St. Peter's to watch the people.

I shouldn't have allowed it, anyway. Malaria at Cousin Marcella's time of life would be fatal to her happiness.

We went quietly up stairs, where it looked rather homelike, after all, with our books and photographs and odds and ends, and I sat down to think. I am learning to do that over here. I began by setting apart Thursday nights for that purpose, but so much has been on my mind lately that I have needed more time, and so I have fallen into the way of devoting an hour to that occupation every night. It is telling on my mental activity, I can see; but Cousin Marcella must be safely piloted through this crisis.

"Georgiana," she said, after an hour had passed without a word from either of us, "I have $300,000 at my disposal."

If she had said the moon I wouldn't have been more surprised. I knew of course that her income was large for just one person, but to own all that, while we had nothing! I looked down at my shoes, and tried not to think of the boys' college expenses and mother's mended clothes and said to myself that it was all right, that we needed to be poor to develop us properly.

"I have been thinking very seriously of late," she went on quietly. "Jacob never would approve of it if he knew. I have wasted years that might have been full and rich and happy by burying myself in my own personal interests, and by feeling that brain was of greater consequence than the heart. I am going to the American consul tomorrow, and learn how to adjust my affairs before another day goes over my head. One-third of the money is to be transferred to your mother and the boys. Jacob's children shall be properly educated."

I don't know how to tell what happened then. Perhaps I had rather not, because it seemed so like an answer to all my prayers, but the next morning I put on my hat and started off before breakfast for the Coliseum.

It was cold, and patches of ice lay in the gutters of the street that lies beyond it. It was the day before Christmas, too, but I never thought of that. I went straight down to the Forum where I could be alone and think. The Capitol was at one end and the Coliseum at the other, and I sat down on a part of Caesar's temple tomb and planted both feet on the paving stones of the Via Sacra running through the center and then I stared up at the ruins dotting the Forum here and there and made up my mind that never again, just so long as I lived, would I judge anyone harshly.

Even the professor caught the Christmas spirit that day. It was all I could do to keep from telling him the whole story, but I did let him know that Cousin Marcella was to put the boys through college, whereat he took off his spectacles and put them on again, nodding his head all the time, while she turned away and blushed like a girl when he said: "The impulse of a noble heart, dear madam. The impulse of a noble heart."

If ever two were suited for each other, those two are, even to their manner of speaking, for they clothe their thoughts in the same lofty phrasing as naturally as I rush into slanginess.

Later on we ran down for a peep at the Lateran, gay with scarlet stuffs and candles, and then reached the Maggiore in time to see a long procession of priests bearing the cradle of Christ (?) among them. The music was glorious. One voice, pure and rich and true, rang out above the others and Cousin Marcella called the professor's attention to it.

"The voice of a woman who has suffered," she whispered, and he nodded assent, keeping time with his cane. The voice came nearer and nearer, while we craned our necks to see the owner, and then it rushed out again in a great velvet roll of sound, and there stood a black, dirty, unlovely Italian priest, horrible to look at, but gifted with this great glory.

The professor never mentioned the suffering woman, and then I was sure they were meant for each other. Any other man would have laughed. We finished the afternoon by looking in at St. Peter's. It was as nearly crowded as it can be and the organ was pealing from one of the chancels as we lifted the heavy, padded leathern curtain before the door and edged our way in. I stepped on something at the entrance, and there at my feet lay a fob chain. Worn and old, but of pure gold with a large four leaf clover for a charm. It had slipped from some man's watch as he pushed through the crowd, evidently, as the clasp was broken.

Cousin Marcella looked at this as I held it up.

"All the good things of life come to the young," she said gently. "Now I ought to find a Roman antique, to make matters even."

"Perhaps you have, my dear madam," said the professor softly, looking at her through his spectacles with such genuine feeling that they twinkled with tenderness. "Perhaps you have, my dear madam."

The crowd surged closer and closer.

"Allow me to protect you," he said, taking her arm and squaring his shoulders as a swarthy Italian edged by.

"I shall be very glad to have you," said Cousin Marcella bravely.

"Always?" said the professor, looking at her steadily, with the straightforward simplicity that I admire in him.

"Always," said Cousin Marcella, with quivering lips.

And then they stood looking at the stained arch window that fills the end of the church, as if no more words were needed. And I beamed and glowed and patted a small Italian on the head, which no one in his sane mind would do, and gave him my last coin and acted in a wholly irresponsible and erratic manner. After we had gone up stairs that night, I sat down and made out my set of rules for wifehood according to my ideas of things. I never mentioned comporting myself with dignity or cheerfulness or obedience or self sacrifice. I held these up for her to see instead:

Tell your husband that he is the most thoughtful man on earth. If he smokes (which the professor does) tell him it is his legitimate right that he should have one room in the house where he can enjoy his cigar and be absolutely comfortable and where you can be sure that he is happy. All of which is to be done in case you really care more for the parlor curtains than you do for him. And last and most important of all, try to enjoy the same things at the same time.

I watched Cousin Marcella while she read, and I hoped she would smile at the absurdity of my trying to discuss such a subject with any sort of earnestness, even though I had put in some of the things I knew my mother had tried in her beautiful married life. But she didn't. She held out her arms to me.

"Out of the mouths of babes—" she said; and then we both held each other fast and never spoke another word for a long time. For, after all, women who love men are very much alike, whether they are forty or half that age.

So my first course in chaperoning is ended and I feel that I have learned much. May my next be as successful.

[And it was, as you shall learn who follow the fortunes of the ladies and their lovers to a happy curtain-fall in the National Magazine for August.—THE EDITOR]

THE NATION'S IRON WALLS

By Edmund Ogden Sawyer, Jr.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BATTLESHIP OHIO AT FULL SPEED OFF SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

THE navy of the United States is today, without exception, the most formidable in the world, though outranked in numbers and weight by three other navies. But backed by the naval prowess of over a century, by the late battles of Santiago and Manila and by the continuous performance of record breaking feats at target practice, the ships flying the Stars and Stripes are the most feared and respected among all the fleets that roam the seas.

England's navy is the largest in numbers and weight, but it is untried power and on its roster are scores of ships that would be put out of action by one well placed shot. Then England's navy is scattered over the entire globe in such a way that, should a country like Germany, which ranks third, suddenly declare war, it might with brilliant strategy defeat the great armada by fighting it piecemeal.

France, ranking second, has spent millions for torpedo boats, and according to naval experts she might, if reasonably

WITH THE SQUADRON IN THE FAR EAST: AFTER BRIDGE OF THE KENTUCKY

successful, destroy the channel and home squadrons of England on the first attack by using her torpedo flotillas alone. This would leave the rest of her navy the advantage.

Russia, at the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war, ranked fourth, and could she have gotten her fleets together might have overwhelmed the Japs by sheer force of numbers; but the wily Japs caught them separated — the Variag and Korietz at Chemulpo, one fleet at Port Arthur, another at Vladivostock, and the rest in the Baltic and Black seas—the latter so far away they could not save their mates that were in the far East when the war began. The result has placed the United States navy fourth in size.

The United States being isolated, so far as danger from the navy of any next door neighbor is concerned, has nothing to fear except from across the sea. With this in view, our naval experts are building a defence to cover emergencies. There are battleships and cruisers with enough speed and coal capacity to carry a war into an enemy's seas, and drive his merchantmen off the ocean; a fleet of torpedo boats sufficiently strong for all general purposes; a score of torpedo boat destroyers fast enough to catch anything afloat, and lastly, a fleet of coast defence monitors for the protection of our own harbors, each a veritable Gibraltar of strength and endurance, a type which no other navy possesses.

The navy can, in order better to comprehend its strength, be divided in two groups. The first includes all types constructed before the war with Spain, and

TORPEDO BOAT CUSHING, BATTLESHIP IOWA AND CRUISER BROOKLYN

the other, those added since. The defects discovered in the ships of the first group have been remedied in the second. For instance, it was forcibly impressed upon naval authorities that a ship defending herself should keep end on to the enemy in order to make as small a target as possible; this applies especially to coast defence vessels lying low in the water, for their forward turret would then act as a protection to the vulnerable parts behind. When the vessel has her stern toward the point she is defending, the after turret is not available, so, as a matter of economy, it has been omitted, and a new class of turreted coast defence vessels of the Wyoming type constructed.

American battleships carry more heavy guns for their tonnage than those in any other navy. The Oregon type of the old navy is a veritable hedgehog, with her six turrets mounting eight eight-inch and four thirteen-inch guns, with four six-inch guns in casements. In fact, the guns were so thick aboard vessels of this class at Santiago that they interfered with each other. At times the small guns had to be deserted, owing to the blast from the big one above. The Rhode Island, our latest type, mounts still more. There are four thirteen-inch, eight eight-inch and twelve six-inch rifles. Interference during firing has been done away with by building one turret on top of the other, or superimposing them, and constructing the broadside turrets far enough above so as not to interfere with the six-inch guns.

The coming of submarines has made

DESTROYER FARRAGUT AND BATTLESHIP RHODE ISLAND IN FOREGROUND, CRUISER CHARLESTON IN THE BACKGROUND

a change in the feeling of safety for big battleships. Successfully attacked by one of these unseen foes, the battleship would be seen to careen suddenly and sink beneath the waves, struck and destroyed by a torpedo sent from the submarine; but nevertheless the battleship is still king of the seas and will continue as such until submarine navigation is more thoroughly understood; and very likely by that time a way of protection from these vipers of the sea will have been discovered.

The strength of a properly managed submarine was demonstrated in recent manoeuvers in the north Atlantic. A battleship engaged in making a raid on the enemy was, while en route, suddenly put out of action by a submarine. The battleship was proceeding slowly on her way when a round iron cone popped out of the water on the port quarter, followed by the cigar shaped top of the "sub." A young ensign stuck his head out of the cone, and as the ponderous floating fort slid by he hailed the bridge:

"Sir! You are torpedoed."

"The hell I am!" was the reply of the gray haired old captain, whose naval career dated back to the time when the "Great Admiral" damned those same pests.

But he was, and the umpire had to rule the vessel out of the manoeuver, while the "sub" slipped under the waves and disappeared as rapidly as it came.

The battle before Santiago, in which

the ships fought while running parallel to each other, demonstrated that warships built to go into the enemy's seas and give as good as was sent, should be able to concentrate the most guns on broadside firing, and that a broadside of guns as in the olden days was not to be despised when it more than doubled the weight of metal which could be thrown on any point, except straight ahead or directly in the rear. The enemy would not be at either of these places, except when he was pursued or in pursuit, and in either case the turret guns would be the first to come into action, they having the greatest range. Upon overhauling or being overhauled, the broadside is brought to bear by swinging from right to left.

With these facts in mind, the naval experts have produced four new types of battleships:

1.—The Kearsarge and Kentucky, with seven heavy guns on each side, and with superimposed or two-story turrets, bow and stem, each containing four guns, two twelve-inch and two eight-inch.

2.—The Illinois, Wisconsin and Alabama, with the same number of broadside guns differently arranged and two ordinary turrets, each mounting a pair of thirteen-inch rifles.

3.—The Ohio, Missouri and the new Maine, mounting eight guns on each broadside with the same turrets as the Illinois, but greater speed.

4.—The crowning triumph, the Rhode Island class of five great battleships, the strongest and fastest in the world, mounting beside twelve guns in the casement, four guns bow and stern in superimposed turrets and two heavy guns in a single turret on each broadside.

The same idea of broadside armament has been carried out in the two types of cruiser, of which the California and Milwaukee are examples.

"Next to heavy guns, speed; only get the speed first," has been the motto of the United States navy since the building of the first ship of our once famous "White Squadron." As early as 1892, when our modern navy was in its childhood, the Minneapolis and Columbia were built, and were at that time the fastest warships afloat, making twenty-three and twenty-two and one-half knots respectively. Today there are few in their class that can catch them.

Now, we construct battleships weighing 14,000 tons and over (nearly twice the weight of these first light cruisers) which must attain a speed of eighteen knots before the government will accept them — or two knots better than the Oregon made when running down the Christobal Colon at Santiago; but in cruisers, it is very hard to pass the record of twenty-three knots set on that first great race against time.

Torpedo boats at twenty-eight knots and torpedo boat destroyers at thirty are being constantly constructed.

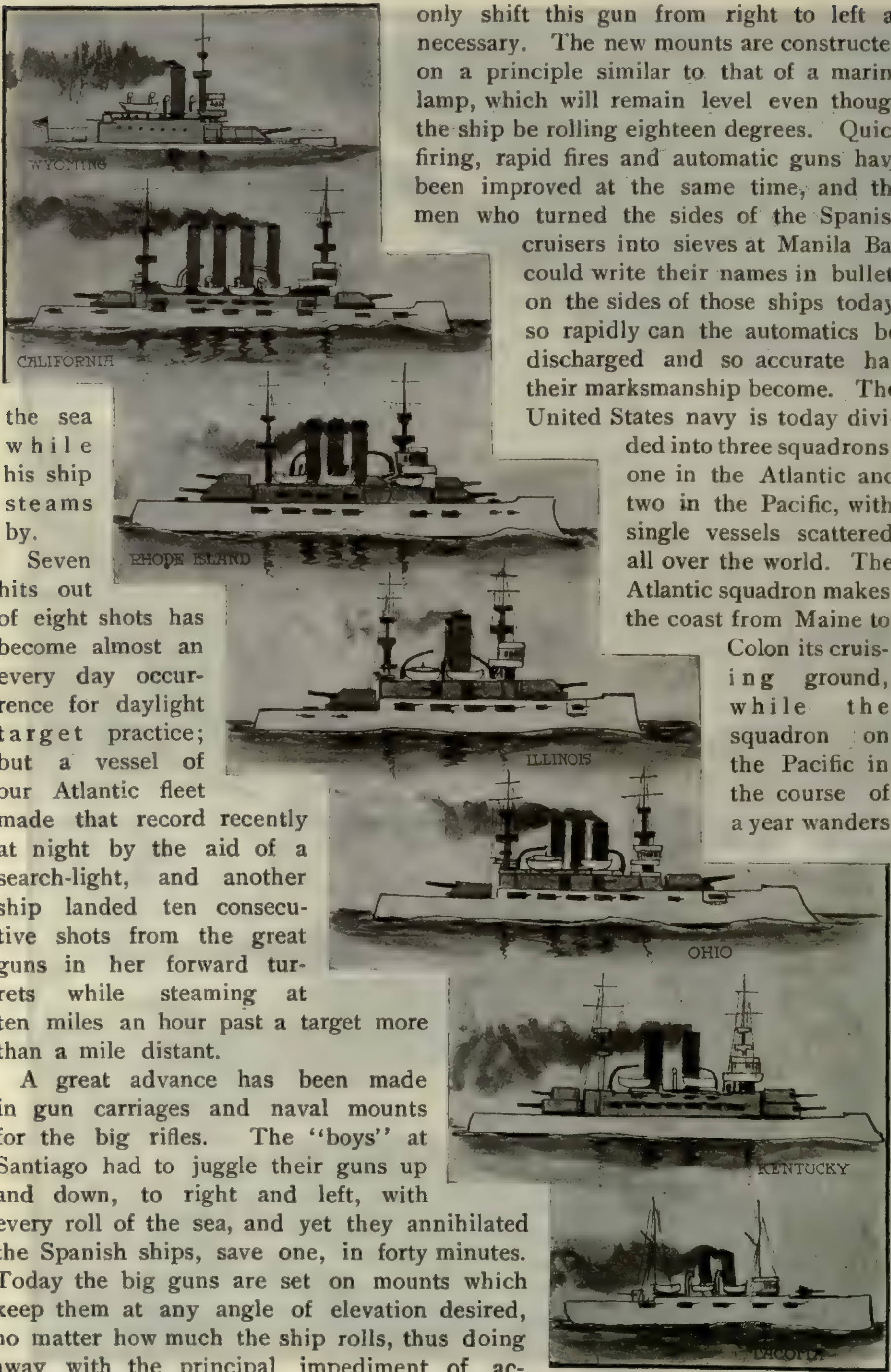
The navy at the beginning of the war with Spain numbered about sixty-six fighting ships, of which two, the Maine and Charleston, were lost. Since that time congress has provided for the construction of about eighty warships of all types, of which more than half are completed. This eighty includes thirteen battleships, six armored cruisers, three semi-armored cruisers, six protected cruisers, four monitors, twenty-three torpedo boats, sixteen torpedo boat destroyers, and seven submarines.

The finest of battleships or the swiftest cruiser is worse than useless if manned by poor gunners—hence the expenditure of several million dollars each year on target practice — and such target practice! If the guns were set on immovable mounts ashore and shot at fixed targets where everything is still, they would hardly be aimed with greater accuracy than does the Yankee gunner aboard a rolling warship, who is firing at a target which rises and falls with

"SIR, YOU ARE TORPEDOED!"—A SCENE DURING THE RECENT NAVAL MANOEUVERS IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, DURING WHICH A SUBMARINE PUT A BATTLESHIP OUT OF ACTION the sea while his ship steams by.

Seven hits out of eight shots has become almost an every day occurrence for daylight target practice; but a vessel of our Atlantic fleet made that record recently at night by the aid of a search-light, and another ship landed ten consecutive shots from the great guns in her forward turrets while steaming at ten miles an hour past a target more than a mile distant.

A great advance has been made in gun carriages and naval mounts for the big rifles. The "boys" at Santiago had to juggle their guns up and down, to right and left, with every roll of the sea, and yet they annihilated the Spanish ships, save one, in forty minutes. Today the big guns are set on mounts which keep them at any angle of elevation desired, no matter how much the ship rolls, thus doing away with the principal impediment of accuracy of fire at sea. Now the gunner need only shift this gun from right to left as necessary. The new mounts are constructed on a principle similar to that of a marine lamp, which will remain level even though the ship be rolling eighteen degrees. Quick firing, rapid fires and automatic guns have been improved at the same time, and the men who turned the sides of the Spanish cruisers into sieves at Manila Bay could write their names in bullets on the sides of those ships today, so rapidly can the automatics be discharged and so accurate has their marksmanship become. The United States navy is today divided into three squadrons, one in the Atlantic and two in the Pacific, with single vessels scattered all over the world. The Atlantic squadron makes the coast from Maine to Colon its cruising ground, while the squadron on the Pacific in the course of a year wanders



TYPES OF THE NEW NAVY

all the way from the Bering Sea to Valparaiso, and even south of that.

The strongest representation of the navy at present is in the Far East, where it is needed to keep the "balance of power," as it were, and act as a warning to any outsider who might like to put his finger in the "China pie," that is being cut and sliced by the Russo-Japanese conflict.

The Far Eastern squadron includes several battleships and the two coast defence monitors Monadnock and Monterey, which were sent to Dewey at the time when he needed certain prestige over a foreign fleet threatening to complicate matters in Manila Bay. It is needless to say that with the coming of the monitors the foreign fleet departed "between two days."

The entrance of a warship flying the Stars and Stripes into a foreign port is today the signal for a general outburst of "Huzzahs," "Hochs," "Banzais," (depending upon the nation) in welcome of the visitor. Officials come aboard and examine the great guns with a great respect and marvel at the high standard of the American seamen, and going ashore declare a general holiday in honor of the distinguished visitor.

Less than twelve years ago American seamen were mobbed at nearly every port their ship put into, and in Valparaiso harbor some were killed, but today the people in that city would as soon think of killing their own mayor as an American sailor, because the precedent has been set by the nation and the navy. "Fighting Bob" (Evans) threatened to bombard Valaparaiso for the killing of the Baltimore's men, and Spain lost half her navy and most of her island possessions for destroying the Maine.

Today Columbia is queen of the sea, and the "nation's iron walls" are as world renowned as were its wooden walls at the time of the Constitution, the "Old Ironsides" that was known throughout the entire world by a great "gridiron flag" which she flew in every sea.

TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER PAUL JONES, ONE OF THE NAVY'S FLYERS

MR. J. R. MARTIN OF SHELL ROCK, IOWA, A VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR AND THE COMPOSER OF MANY BALLADS READ AT CAMPFIRE MEETINGS OF HIS COMRADES IN ARMS

THE BIRTHDAY OF OLD GLORY

By J. R. Martin

SHELL ROCK, IOWA

THE flags were up that morning for Independence Day,
The air was mad with music, and every masthead gay
With straining flags and streamers fluttering wildly to be free,
Casting their bright reflections upon the sunlit sea.

"Then," said my son beside me, with brave brown eyes aflame,
"Dear Father, can you tell me the gallant hero's name
Who raised our starry banner, from ship or fortress wall,
Full in the face of tyrants, the very first of all?"

My son, do you remember, how many a cloudless night,
We watched the vaulted heavens flash star by star alight;
The pole-star's steady beacon, the Pleiads' mild accord,
And fierce Orion flashing his threat'ning belt and sword?

So our old patriot fathers, up to these same fair skies
Raised in the sleepless midnight their weary, anxious eyes,
Fain with the God of Nations in silent prayer to speak,
Who fights with proud oppressors the battles of the weak.

And when in grave assemblage, beneath that storied tower,
Whose throbbing bell had sounded our Nation's natal hour,
Our careworn congress gathered in faith the most sublime,
To hail the march of Freedom down the long course of time.

"Choose we," they said, "a standard, that till the sun turns pale,
And Summer time and Winter, and seed and harvest fail,
Still in the hands of freemen, a sacred truth shall be,
To lead our brave sons forward to death or victory.

"Red for the price of freedom, blood from the patriot's heart,
White for his soul and honor, which life nor death can part."
Across this sacred banner the thirteen stripes they drew.
And left above unsullied a field of heaven's bright blue.

"Then, as the stars above us together speak His praise,
Who placed them in their orbits and marked their trackless ways;
Let thus upon our Banner, our States united shine
And a new constellation proclaim His hand divine."

Thus said they in the council, these men of faith and deed,
And bade the scribe record it that friend or foe might read;
The waiting west winds answered with waves that beat in tune,
That seventeen and seventy-seven, in the pleasant month of June.

Then spake Paul Jones of the Ranger, a gallant captain he,
"Today, my valiant shipmates, our good brig puts to sea;
This be her boast forever while keel shall cut the wave,
That she first bore these colors, the flagship of the brave."

He sailed down the good harbor, while from his masthead flew
The Stars and Stripes untarnished, the red and white and blue;
"God smite him," said the captain, "with all the blasts that blow,
Who dares pull down that banner in face of any foe."

On o'er the broad Atlantic, he caught the trade wind fair
And braved the British lion within his island lair;
Up the blue Firth of Solway, in the bright river Dee,
Lord Selkirk's proud retainers before him bent the knee.

High soared our flag, as backward he turned his prow again
To meet the hosts of Britain upon the open main;
There midst the din of battle, the billows' roar and surge,
Went down before our banner the standard of King George.

Loud rang the shouts of welcome the people raised that day,
As they watched the gallant cruiser come beating up the bay;
Her conquering colors tattered and rent by shot and gale,
Sign of a storm-tossed Union, whose cause was to prevail.

The fathers of this Nation sleep in their honored graves,
The Ranger's dauntless captain has ceased to sail the waves,
But o'er a land of freemen, unvexed by foreign foe,
Still floats the Flag they lifted a hundred years ago.

O Thou, whose arm almighty throughout the ages holds
The destiny of nations, guard Thou its sacred folds;
No traitorous hand dissever its white and crimson bars,
No shadow of dishonor e'er stain its silver stars!

Dear son, I've tried to tell you all that our Flag should be,
And its first sea defender, who taught it victory;
There is only one great danger could make its past in vain:
Worshipping Mammon's Golden Calf—man's deadly lust for gain.

THE FLAG ABOVE THE SCHOOL HOUSE

By Colonel J. A. Vera
CUSTER CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

A SCHOOLGIRL asks me, "What is the use of a flag over the school house?" The very question shows that the flag should be over the school house, an object lesson in teaching the boys and girls patriotism. Without that emblem of a free country, with all that it implies, there would be no free school. It is fitting that the starred banner of free America should unfurl its protecting folds over the American free school under whatever circumstances — everywhere.

It is fitting that the school boy, the school girl, should come to know that patriotism — love of country — is paramount to all other love below the canopy of the skies, outside the home where mother is.

It is fitting that the youthful student should learn that the history of this country, from its infancy blazoned in thirteen stripes to its maturity resplendent in forty-five stars, is embodied in and inseparable from the peerless flag waving over the school house; that all the noble deeds of peace and war associated with our triumphal progress in the onward march of the nations, are enshrined in the gleaming colors of the grand old flag, that is now floating over the school house.

Pardon me as I recall—not in poetic fancy, but in grim reality — war incidents of man's devotion, aye, and woman's too, to that flag.

South Mountain was but a prelude to Antietam — a battle of skirmishers, sharpshooters and light artillery. A Pennsylvania regiment is cautiously zigzagging its way up the steep incline, using the rocks and trees as a shield to cover the advance. The fire from above, centering on the colors, is deadly and the color bearer falls. Another snatches the flag, advances it a rod or two, and he too goes down under that hail of lead. It seems certain death now to take up the fallen flag, but there is no hesitation. Promptly Bob Lemmon springs to the front and grasps the staff with a yell, "On up the mountain, boys; I'll bring the flag!" He "brings the flag" but a moment, when he is hit, but staggers on. Again the pitiless sharpshooter, hidden above, sends a ball with surer aim and the brave color bearer falls. Turning on his back, he still holds up at arm's length, with stiffening fingers, the flag he loved so well.

And so, with his face to the foe and the flag of his country yet defiantly waving above him, Bob Lemmon goes over the dark river. Poor Bob, I knew him well. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"—for his country—for his flag. Perhaps the recording angel, in pity, dropped a tear on the fair page of the book of remembrance and blotted out the youthful shortcomings when that gallant standard bearer fell at South Mountain.

"He rests with the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your hero's the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man with the musket is mine."

And the regiment goes "on up the mountain,"—the flag goes on up the mountain—the army goes on up the mountain, to win victory 'mid the crashing storm of musketry, and the screaming shell, and the powder smoke, and the cannon's thunders and death's crimsoned harvest at Antietam! Once more "On to Richmond!" and so we move along the broad highway toward Warrenton. Half a hundred thousand men in column of four abreast. It's the shimmering days of Indian Summer. There is beauty all around. Away yonder, a mile in advance, a cheer goes up. That is unusual. Another and another and another, as each brigade of the moving column reaches a certain point there are cheers. We don't understand it, but we are coming nearer as we march, and on our left is a solitary, stately mansion, shuttered and curtained—they generally are—no sign of life save kinky heads, sable faces, wondering eyes and glistening ivories pressing against the picket fence. We pass that frowning dwelling,—there! Hallelujah! Every cap is off—a cheer goes up, long, loud and resounding—echoing and reechoing from the mountain ridge yonder seeming to cleave asunder the very clouds overhead, and go ringing on toward heaven! Pushed back a few feet, parellel with the front, is a wing. Leaning far out of the window, a woman of twenty-five, the handsomest in the state—to our eyes.

Great masses of dark hair tumbling about the snowy neck—cheeks warm with the rose-hued glow of enthusiasm—big, brown eyes fairly blazing with patriotic fever—the blushing lips parted in a half-smile, a greeting and a benison—the white hand raised with the bare, rounded arm, fluttering like a storm-beaten lily as she waves—what? A poor little, pitiful American flag that brings the moisture to our eyes; a relic of some by-gone Fourth of July, no larger than two pocket handkerchiefs united; frayed, faded, discolored, but every star is there. In the entire state no other star spangled banner is seen, except where armed men carry it. To wave that flag is treason—treason to the Southern Confederacy. Arrest, imprisonment, confiscation, fire, scorn, insult may follow! O, ye people of today, thank your God you do not know what war is—at your doors! She dares it all. Seeming a veritable goddess of victory, or a living, glowing personification of "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" And men cheer as they never did before. If any man dared, he would vault over the low pickets to throw his arms around that brave little flag—stars, stripes, staff, standard bearer and all—in a hug that would make a grizzly bear go off and claw himself for envy. No commander on earth—nothing short of the fiat of God Almighty Himself—might silence the cheers of these men in blue for the fair color bearer at the window, as daring as any of the thousands wearing the Maltese cross on the cap and marching on with loaded muskets in their hands to do battle for that flag—soldiers who have fought for it—soldiers even who have bled for it—soldiers who would die for it — soldiers who almost worship it. Is it of use over the school house—that flag?

The dark hair would have threads of silver now, but never to be forgotten is the flag tableau down in Virginia one day, burned on heart and brain of the weary soldier.

Full often the flag was shot down before Appomattox crowned the victors, but the man of the musket—silent in song and story — was never "twenty miles away." And today, in a more perfect Union, a reunited people have gone "on up the mountain" bearing the flag of a mighty nation and planted it on a peak so high that, like the aurora borealis of the North, the flashing brilliancy of its rainbow-hued rays illumine the darkling clouds of night clear around the world!

Today baby fingers, from the primary department of your free school, grasping a slender cord, may raise to the masthead the flag of the free and fix it there.

The greatest monarch of earth sitting upon a golden throne, wearing a jewelled crown, wielding an autocratic scepter over myriads of servile subjects and hireling soldiers, reinforced by an ironclad fleet invincible as the Spanish armada of Elizabeth's day was supposed to be, dare not tear it down again! Oh, no.

"Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!"

And baby hands put it there — over the school house! "Old Glory," I salute thee!

THE KEYNOTE

By Mary E. Knowlton

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA

I DID not know these summer days
Were ever veiled in such soft haze;
Nor that the tender sky's pure blue
Wore ever look so sweet, so true!

Nor that the stars have such a grace;
Nor that each little flower's face
Grows smiling-wise as you pass by;
Nor that brooks sing — I can't tell why!

Nor did I know that shine and shade
And blowing wind, and waving blade,
And little nesting bird and bee
Could sing one glad part-song to me!

Sun shone, winds blew, birds sang, I think,
And flowers were pretty, white and pink;
Blue sky there must have been above,—
But now — but now, all things breathe love!

BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By Helen Arthur

NEW YORK CITY

MARGARET ILLINGTON

XX

MARGARET ILLINGTON

THE smallness of this queer old world! Not more than five years ago in Chicago, I used to attend the performances at the Conway School of Acting, and I readily recognized the unusual talent of the girl who played the important emotional roles.

Naturally her work was amateurish, but she had that indefinable something called personality by some, magnetism by others, but which possessed in abundance, is known to all as genius. At the commencement exercises, when the Joseph Jefferson diamond medal was awarded, this girl—Miss Maud Light—received it.

I came to know her casually, and the girls and boys in her class added items to my knowledge. From them I learned of the nice things she did to help out slender allowances and the nice way in which she did them. The artistic temperament was hers—impulsive, generous, quick to resent, but quicker still to forgive. I remembered her because she interested me, and I intended to watch her grow in her profession.

Right from the school she went into a Summer stock company, and that Winter she played with Mr. James K. Hackett in "The Pride of Jennico," later becoming his leading woman. Her stage name was Margaret Illington, and I saw it among the list of the members of the Daly Stock Company. Then she played with Mr. Sothern in "If I Were King." The principal role in "A Japanese Nightingale" fell to Miss Illington, and at this time came also the announcement of her marriage to Mr. Daniel Frohman. I said sadly, "Now her incentive to work will be gone"; but I was wrong, for her best interpretation came this season when she played Mrs. Leffingwell in Augustus Thomas' comedy "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." Her entrance with a makeup showing her half frozen by a blizzard was the best bit in the whole play when considered as wholly novel.

I went behind the scenes one afternoon to tell her I intended writing this. She took me down to the Lyceum's tiny green room to argue me out of it.

"You can have my picture, but don't, please don't say I said a word for publication. How can I at this present date talk about my career and keep my face straight? There are those who think because I am Mr. Frohman's wife I can play what, where and when I choose, but I know that the audiences do not care who I AM—only what I DO, and I intend to show them that I haven't stopped working and working hard!"

"How did you get your nom de theater?"

"Can't you guess? It's a composite of my native town and state—Bloomington, Illinois. I wanted to keep my own name, Maud Light, but my husband thought it seemed out of keeping—with heavy roles; and it admitted of puns galore—'The Light that Failed,' for instance; and so I was rechristened."

She looked away from me and out at the big Lyceum stage, then back again to me and said, just a trifle wistfully, "How long ago it is since I used to play Lady Vivash in 'The Weaker Sex,' or Myra Bashford in 'Her Day of Grace' on that little stage on Michigan Avenue in Chicago;" and a long time it certainly was when measured by results.

⁂

XXI

BLANCHE BATES

I TOLD a friend of mine that I was going to interview Blanche Bates, and she said to me: "I won't read the article; I do not care to know one single thing about her. I want to believe that she is Japanese, and that after one thousand years she found her sweetheart!" So it may be that this sketch will be skipped by most of the National's readers, for Blanche Bates has played Yo-San in "The Darling of the Gods" from New York to San Francisco, and from one to two thousand and twenty-one times. Much as I dislike to shatter the illusions of so many — first of all, Blanche Bates is essentially American and has no indications of being love lorn.

"The open air, a horse and a dog for me. I rather expected to go to Europe, but I'm afraid that California is calling too loud."

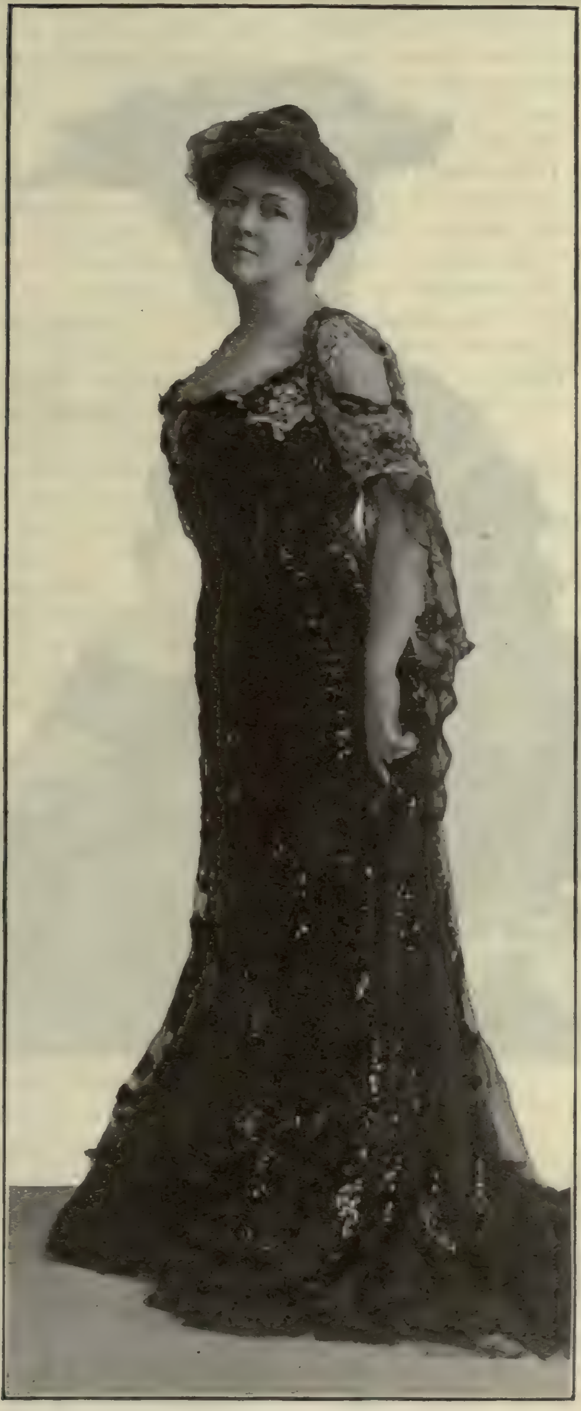
California is her native state, and it was there that her mother befriended young David Belasco, and to the results of his gratitude her daughter is now immeasurably indebted.

The dressing room down at the Academy of Music is large and roomy — not a bit modern, for this old playhouse was the home of New York grand opera, and Patti herself once occupied this identical room. I sat in a huge throne chair — a theatrical "prop" — and I watched the strange creature in the sandaled feet go about the place and was dumb struck—she was a foreigner to me, this almond eyed girl, and I couldn't speak her language.

When she left the room, I would listen to her maid chatter about the places the company had played. She told me about their opening a new opera house in Spokane, Washington, and the chairs didn't arrive in time, so that the people were given the option of taking their money back or standing, and that the whole house stood during the entire performance — nearly three hours. The little maid told me that Miss Bates had two full sets of costumes, due to the fact that she played during the hot St. Louis Summer, and after a matinee even the heavy Japanese robes would be damp with perspiration. She confided to me that she didn't like Miss Blanche half so well in Japanese plays as in "Under Two Flags." "I like her to look like herself," she said.

I roamed around and saw the head on which the wig is dressed and learned how the eyebrows were made with paint on flesh colored court plaster and then pasted on. I read Miss Bates' mottoes:

> "For today:
>
> "That I may not be a coward.
>
> "That I may bring to the day's efforts good humor and a cheerful regard for all with whom I may come in contact.



BLANCHE BATES

Halftone plate engraved by Charles Bicker

LOUISE CLOSSER

"That I may not judge others hastily or with bitterness."

And then she, would come into the room and my constraint would come back to me, and I would crawl further back in the huge chair and relapse into silence. At last Miss Bates turned on me and said: "I know you—you are getting an impressionistic interview, and I'll doubtless turn out as a purple cow or something equally grotesque." Here's the result—what is it?

⁂

XXII

LOUISE CLOSSER

SUPPOSE you had met in your course of interviewing actresses one whose vivacity and conversational charm defied the definiteness of being put on paper, what would you do? If anything could have availed, how I wish it had been known to me before I started this sketch of Louise Closser!

I have seen her play but two parts—Prossy in Shaw's "Candida" and Sylvia in "Abigail," and the memory of her "I'm a beer tetotaller—not a champagne tetotaller: I don't like beer" brings a smile, deepened when I think of how she said in "Abigail"—"She's my friend—I can say what I like about her!"

It was this latest impersonation of Sylvia which she brought to my mind by saying:

"Do you remember the situation in 'Abigail' when that Puritan is confronted by the breezy westerner Sylvia and the dialogue is—

"Sylvia: 'Religious?'

"Abigail: 'I'm from Massachusetts.'

"Sylvia: 'Oh I 'm from Indiana!'

"That was my first attempt at collaboration, and I consider it eminently successful. The playwright had made Sylvia from Texas, but I persuaded him to change it so I need not learn a new dialect.

"I never dreamed that a person existed who didn't know what a Hoosier was, but here's the story. We were playing in a small town in Connecticut, and, having inquired whether there was a manicurist or chiropodist in the place, I was told that there were both, and that one of them was from my native state. I promptly forgot which one had that distinction, and when the manicurist arrived I turned to her and said: 'I hear that you're a Hoosier!' 'Yes,' she replied, haltingly, 'and—and facial massage.'

"I began as a student in a Boston dramatic school. My family believed my aspirations to reach no higher than to teach elocution, but I knew where Louise Closser intended to go, and one day I started out quietly for New York. I told no one, and to brace me up I took Beaconsfield's lofty motto—'The secret of success is constancy of purpose.' I said it over and over until even the wheels of the train seemed to come in on the refrain. When I reached New York, I went straight to Mr. Charles Frohman's office and I said to the office boy: 'Is Mr. Frohman in?'

"'No,' said he. I sat down to wait, and said I to myself, 'The secret of success is constancy of purpose.' One hour passed, two hours, and 'the secret of success' seemed to include other things than constancy. I inquired of the boy when Mr. Frohman was likely to return.

"'In three months. He has gone to Europe.'

"I told this tale to Arnold Daly when I played in 'Candida' with him.

"'Yes,' said Mr. Daly, 'I know that story. I was the office boy!'

"The beginnings of 'Candida' have been quite thoroughly aired, but there's one thing about it which amused me. I played Prossy the typist, and some of the reviewers scored the way I handled my machine—so impossible to write that way, etc. As a matter of fact, it was my own machine, and I used to write notes on it and hand them to the persons playing with me! Being dark eyed and black haired, my first parts were those of adventuresses; but as there's a fashion in such ladies, the present rage for blondes now keeps me out of such work. In some stray newspaper which was reviewing my work, I found a paragraph which shall be my epitaph: 'She got good press notices from the first.'"

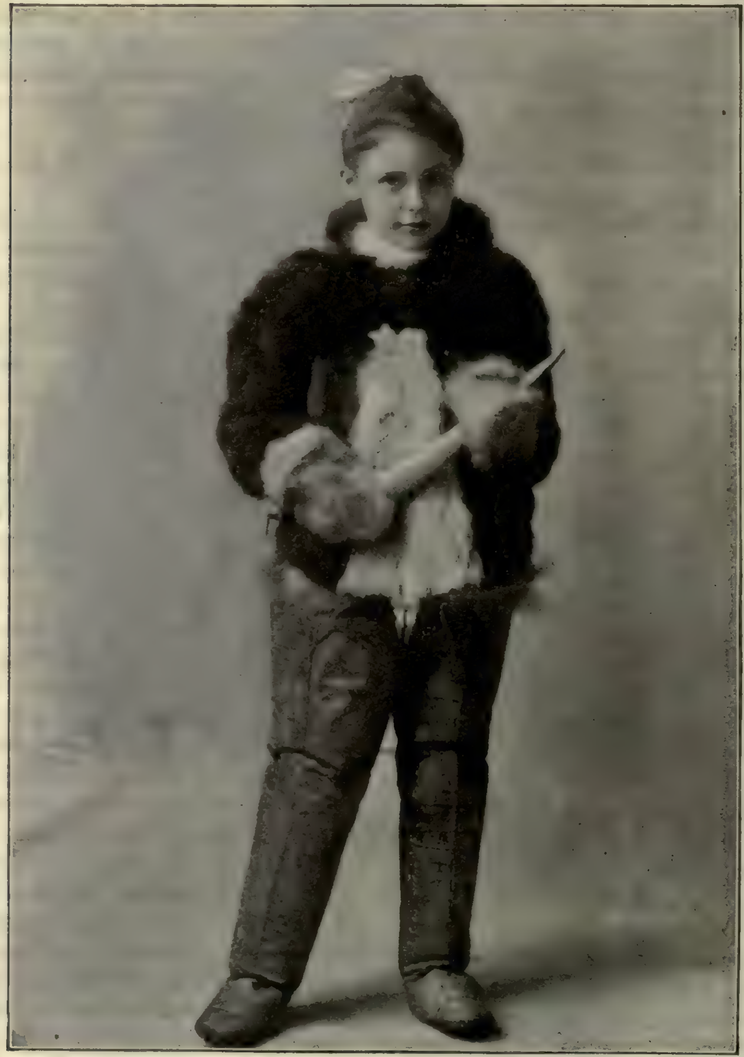
In private life Miss Closser is Mrs. Walter Hale, and her husband came in to get her to go for a ride in their new automobile, "Buster." They intend touring through Italy, following routes laid down for a series of articles to appear in Harper's Magazine, for Mr. Hale is an artist as well as an actor.

"Mr. Hale and I were going over our

Italian tour this morning and wondering what we should say if we were unfortunate enough to run over an Italian youngster. I decided on, 'O, la la!' and Mr. Hale is limited to, 'What a pity!'"

I went down with them to look at "positively the only make," and as they started off Miss Closser called out: "It's name is 'Buster' because if we don't bust it, it will us!" and away they went.

THE "SNOW BABY" IN HER ARCTIC DRESS



MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY, DAUGHTER OF THE POLAR EXPLORER: THE FRONTISPIECE PORTRAIT IN "CHILDREN OF THE ARCTIC"

JULY WORK AMONG THE FLOWERS

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

THE fight with weeds and bugs will go steadily on, and probably fighting a drouth will be added to the other work. If such is the case, remember that stirring the soil is almost as much help to the plants as giving water, and that a mulch of grass, moss, or other light stuff goes far toward keeping the soil moist, by keeping it cool and preventing evaporation.

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There are times, in some places, when water is a scarce article, and in such cases the housewife should save the water used during the day for washing dishes and vegetables, clothes or floors

A COSY PORCH: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MRS. LEIGH GROSS DAY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS and other household purposes. It is just as good as clean water, (better if it is soapy) and having stood exposed to the air is warmer and better for the plants than that drawn from well or cistern and used while cold.

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If there is enough water for but one bed, give that one a thorough soaking and let the rest wait until another time. When the soil is wet to a good depth the roots work downward to get the last drop of moisture and such deep-reaching roots can sustain a plant much better and longer in succeeding "dry spells" than those induced by shallow watering to grow near the surface, where even a few hot, dry days affects them.

Evening is the best time for watering, as evaporation is much less rapid during the night, and the plants have a chance to absorb the moisture given before the sun robs them of it. Pansy seeds sown this month will produce strong plants that will bear the finest of blooms during the Fall until Jack Frost nips

IN THE ORCHARD: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MRS. LEIGH GROSS DAY

THE STEPPING-STONES: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MRS. LEIGH GROSS DAY

them. If some are transplanted into shallow boxes they may be grown in the house if kept in a room where the temperature is but little above freezing point, and will produce very fine blossoms.

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Seeds of perennial phlox, picotee and dianthus pinks, hollyhocks and other hardy plants should be sown during this month in order to give the seedling plants time to attain a stage of growth where they can successfully withstand the Winter and be ready for vigorous growth and free blooming next year.

Cuttings from geraniums and other plants should be rooted this month. I know that many people say August is the right month for this work, but, after repeated experiments, I am convinced that those rooted in July are more than a month ahead in their development, and that month means just the difference between having the plants blooming before or after the holidays.

If buds form on the cuttings while rooting, as they are apt to do, pinch them off. Never let a bud develop until the plants are perfectly rooted and making a sturdy growth, for the development of the bud takes vitality that the plant

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MISS B H. MCCREERY, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

His Hobby

So now you see me demonstrate
What others often think:
"You can lead a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink."

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needs in other ways, and the only result is a longer wait for perfect blossoms — which these first ones rarely are. Vines and tall plants that are growing rapidly should be watched closely and kept well trained and tied, lest a strong wind do more damage than can be repaired during the rest of the season. Do not neglect the garden now and make the work done earlier in the season count for naught.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

TO PREPARE LIME WATER

By HENRIETTA TOZIER TOTMAN
Bar Mills, Maine

A recognized authority gives the following wholly reliable formula: To two quarts of water add one-half pint of clean, unslacked lime, then stir thoroughly until it looks like milk, after which allow it to stand till it becomes quite clear. Pour off the first water, which will contain many impurities, and fill dish with water again, stirring thoroughly again as before. Let it stand once more until perfectly clear. When all the lime has settled pour off the clear liquid into a stoppered bottle, being careful not to disturb the lime at the bottom of the pitcher and stopping if it becomes the least cloudy. The first water which was rejected is useful for rinsing vessels which are liable to become sour or musty, such as jars, milk pans, pitchers, tea and coffee pots, etc. The uses of lime water as a remedial agency are varied. In the care of the teeth it is invaluable, being used as a mouth wash after eating, especially when acid fruit or lemonade has been indulged in. A teaspoonful taken in a little water will often relieve indigestion, while that amount added to a tumbler of milk given a child will aid in preventing the formation of tough curds. A derangement of the stomach or bowels of children may be counteracted in many cases by repeated doses of the lime water in a little milk or water.

TO DRY PUMPKINS

By NORMA BETTS
Wallace, Nova Scotia

Take ripe pumpkins, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander as if for making pies; shred this pulp on plates in layers about one-half inch thick; dry in an oven at a temperature sufficiently low as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can be stored away in dry places and are always ready for use for stewing or making pies.

TO MAKE SOOTY WATER CLEAR

By MRS. D. T. WILSON
Deer Creek, Illinois

Place a boiler full of the water over the range to heat. While still cold beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and stir into the water. As it heats, the froth will rise in a scum bringing soot with it, and you will find the water suitable for the most delicate washing. Should your boiler be very large you will need the whites of two eggs.

GRAPE JUICE

By MRS. C. E. W.
Danvers, Massachusetts

To each quart of grapes add a pint of cold water. Simmer until the seeds will separate easily from the pulp. Drain through a bag of cheesecloth for twenty-four hours. To this juice add two-thirds of a cup of granulated sugar for each quart of grapes as first measured. Let it come to the boiling point, or until you can see the liquor move. Put while hot into bottles or quart glass jars and seal air tight. To make bottles air tight, brush over the corks (which have been cut off square) with melted paraffine.

TO HEM-STITCH ON A SEWING MACHINE

By MRS. N. C. JENSEN
Commonwealth, Wisconsin

Draw threads from the cloth to be hemstitched and baste the edge of the hem in the center of drawn threads. Then loosen the tension of machine and stitch very close to the edge of hem. Remove bastings and pull hem down to edge of drawn threads.

THREE GOOD SUGGESTIONS

By W. UNDERWOOD
Hazelton, Pennsylvania

A loosened knife handle can be satisfactorily mended by filling the cavity in the handle two-thirds full of rosin and brick dust. Heat the shank of the knife and while very hot press it into the handle, holding it in place until firmly set.

If the cover of a fruit jar sticks do not attempt to wrench it off: simply invert the jar and place the top in hot water for a minute. Then try it and you will find it turns easily.

When a broom becomes shorter on one side and sharp as needles, dip it into hot water, trim it evenly with the shears and you will have a broom nearly as good as new.

MAKING MUSTARD PLASTERS

By MRS. W. ROBINSON
Lapeer, Michigan

In making mustard plasters use lard to mix it with instead of the whites of eggs, and it will not blister, as mustard plasters usually do. Use just enough lard to make it spread easily. Then spread thin on brown paper, paper is preferable to cloth.

THE COUSINS: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY CHICKERING, BOSTON

THE DIVISION CLUB

By GRACE BLAINE HANGER

Chicago, Illinois

Four married couples, neighbors in a suburban village, tried several evenings at whist, but a whole evening proved a trifle wearisome for the women and occasionally, during the last of the playing, bits of household gossip would distract attention. It was finally suggested to try a plan which brought about the club name.

Now when they meet, from eight until about ten o'clock the four men have a serious bout at whist, such as men love, while in another room the four women visit, sometimes with needlework accompaniment.

At ten or a little later they have light refreshments and afterward two tables at whist, euchre or high five, just to keep in practice.

This has proven very enjoyable to them and may prove the same to others who play cards but do not care to toil through a whole evening.

A LAMP WICK HINT

By ZALIA A. MORLEY

Ashville, New York

If a lamp wick does not move easily in the holder draw out one or two threads from the side.

CURES FOR CROUP

I.

By E. PARR

Rock Springs, Wyoming

When the baby wakes me with a cough on his chest I simply rub my hands together until they are in a glow and slip one hand up to his chest (under the clothes) and if possible place the other between his shoulders. It never fails to relieve and stop the cough in a short time, and baby and I can sleep in peace.

II.

By MRS. E. C. H.

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Instant relief for croup: Grate one teaspoonful (or use the fine pulverized) alum, mix with twice the amount of sugar. If the relief is not permanent repeat one-half dose every half hour.

TO CLEAN MOTHER-OF-PEARL

By MAMIE BOGGS

Long Beach, Mississippi

Mother-of-pearl articles should be cleaned with whiting and cold water. Soap discolors them.

WHEN MIXING CAKE

By MRS. A. M. CONNELLY
Ashville, New York

A simple method that has saved me much time and strength is that of using a common wooden potato masher to cream butter and sugar for cake or other mixtures. I warm the mixing bowl on the range, then mash the butter and sugar as I would potatoes. It very quickly becomes a creamy mass.

FRUIT PUDDING

By MISS R. M. KINGSTON
Manager Jell-O Exhibit, Lewis and Clarke Exposition, Portland, Oregon

Line a mould one or one and one-half inches thick with ice cream made from strawberry Jell-O ice cream powder frozen as per direction on package. Fill the center with fresh strawberries or any fruit desired. Cover the top with ice cream. Pack for two hours. The fruit may be mixed with whipped cream when it is put into the mould and whipped cream may be served as a sauce with this cream. Garnish mould with strawberries.

MEND THE BROKEN DISHES

By MRS. A. T. S.
Raymond, New Hampshire

Unless the dish is badly shattered it may easily be mended with Russia cement. As soon as possible after the break, apply a thin, even covering of Russia cement to edges of fracture. Press pieces firmly together and bind or hold in place for a few moments.

BUFFALO BUGS vs. BOTTLES

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD
Girard, Pennsylvania

One of the most helpful "helps" I ever have found is the knowledge that buffalo-bugs, or other moths, will not climb over glass. Having some carpets to store away and fearing dampness if the boxes rested on the floor, I placed a glass bottle (laid on the side) under each corner, thereby raising them just high enough to permit free circulation of air beneath. The carpets were mainly red, as to color, and entirely wool as to texture. The house had stood, furnished and closed, until the buffalo-bugs had become a dreaded pest; but not one was found in those boxes of carpets. After more extended experiments, during a period of three years, every box and packing trunk in the house stands on glass feet and I am willing to assert that the contents of boxes so guarded is safe from moths of all kinds — unless they were in the goods before packed. Boxes may be piled one above another, with bottles on the floor, only, but all must stand free from the wall, to prevent insects from crawling up the wall and onto the boxes.

BUTTONHOLES THAT LAST

By A. M. B.
Fulton, New York

In making buttonholes in children's underclothes, after getting the hole ready to be worked, place a cord (I use fine binding twine) around the hole with the loop part at the front (where the wear of the button comes) and work over it; the buttonholes will then outwear the garment.

COMFORTABLE SHOES

By MRS. C. S. F.
St. Louis, Missouri

For two years I suffered for the want of a comfortable walking shoe. Finally I secured a pair of unlined, flexible sole, seamless shoes advertised by the Eastern Shoe Company in the columns of your magazine. I found perfect comfort from the first day and a treasure in the long walks all through the months of the World's Fair.

PREVENTS RUST

By LEONE SCOTT
Springfield, Missouri

A small piece of charcoal placed in the box where cutlery is kept will prevent rust.

BRIGHTENS THE LAMP FLAME

By JOSEPHINE FLANDERS
Clear Lake, South Dakota

A lump of salt in the bowl of a kerosene lamp will make it burn brighter.

HINTS FOR THE LAUNDRY

By M. D. C.
Chehalis, Washington

If those who use kerosene in washing will follow this method they will avoid the trouble of boiling together the soap, oil and water before commencing the wash each week and also the slight odor of kerosene which sometimes clings to the clothes.

Cut up two bars of soap in an old pan or kettle, add three or four quarts of warm water and set on the back of the stove until the soap is dissolved, then pour into it, stirring well, a tea cup of kerosene, replace on the stove and let come to a good boil; watch it or it will run over. When it has boiled set it off to cool, then on wash day put it into the boiler when you put on your clothes to boil. I put mine dry into cold water, add soap, let come to a boil, take out and suds and rinse, seldom using the board on white clothes. Soap prepared this way will do three or four big washings.

If blankets are to be washed add a tablespoon full of powdered borax, dissolved in a little hot water, to the melted soap and proceed as usual.

Rub cream, sour is best, well into grass stains before putting the garment into the wash. The stain will disappear in the laundering.

Alcohol will remove grass stains from unwashable fabrics, if used before the stain is dried in.

Gasolene is much better than coal oil for removing pitch from garments.

A few drops of turpentine added to the starch when making will prevent its sticking to the irons. I find it much better than anything else I have tried.

Clean the rollers of your wringer with a cloth dampened with ammonia. Coal oil is also good.

Rub your enameled bath tub and sink with a cloth dampened in turpentine to remove stains. For zinc or galvanized iron tubs use coal oil.

FOR A SEVERE SPRAIN

By MRS. S. M. ESHELMAN
Elgin, Illinois

Take the white of an egg and a tablespoonful each of vinegar and spirits of turpentine. Put all in a bottle, shake it thoroughly, then bathe the sprain often, beginning as soon as possible after the accident.

PARING PEACHES

By MRS. C. J. GREER

Dundee, Oregon

Before paring peaches dip them a minute or two in boiling water. This loosens the skin so it will slip off easily. You will be surprised to know how much time is saved in paring, how smooth the peaches will look and how many more cans you will have from the same number of peaches than if pared in the old wasteful way.

CHICKEN POT PIE

By MARY E. SAYRE

Stuart, Iowa

In making chicken pot pie, I place a small funnel in the bottom of the kettle, arranging the chicken and dumplings around it. This prevents sticking and burning as the water boils up through the funnel and pours over the contents of the kettle. It saves the hard "burned-on" kettle to wash and the dumplings are as light as a feather.

WASHING LAMP CHIMNEYS

By MRS. A. P. SMITH

Waterloo, Iowa

Wash lamp chimneys in good hot suds, drain a little and dry with a clean cloth. You will find if you do not rinse them they will have a much finer polish.

FAT APPLE PIES

By MRS. FLORENCE A. DARLING

Canandaigua, New York

In making the much-liked "fat" apple pie, considerable difficulty is generally experienced in keeping the juice from boiling out in the oven. I find that the best way is to cut the crusts, upper and under, slightly wider than the pie tin. Then roll the under crust over the upper and press down with a fork all around. Brush the roll over with the white of an egg. A paper funnel about three inches long, fastened with a pin and inserted in the middle of the pie also prevents the juice from boiling out, as it allows a place for it to boil up in.

DRESSING A CHICKEN

By MRS. R. B. N.

Blencoe, Iowa

A method I much prefer to my old way of "dry" dressing on a paper: Fill a dish-pan half full or so of water, put the singed chicken in it, take a sharp knife and do the work quickly and neatly. When through there will be no slime or blood on hands or chicken. Both are comparatively clean.

BAKED APPLE DESSERT

By K. G. S.

Saegertown, Pennsylvania

Select as many smooth, tart apples as are required. Wash and remove core. Fill the hole thus made with sugar and a little cinnamon. Place in the oven and bake until a nice brown. Have ready some whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla; lift the apples out in dishes and pour the whipped cream upon them. Northern Spy apples are very good for this purpose.

A BEAN IN BABY'S NOSE

By MRS. A. WIDMER

Cincinnati, Ohio

I would like to tell the National of a little help given me, by an old friend, when my babies were very small. One of them had placed a bean far up in her nose, (and what mother has not had the same experience, with either beans, buttons or some other small object?) I was told to place my mouth close over the child's, excluding all air, and blow my breath as hard as possible, thus forcing the object, though tightly lodged, out of the child's nose. I have tried it many times, both with my own and other children and it has always been successful.

ORANGE MARMALADE

By SUSA HUMES STURTEVANT

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Take three large fresh lemons and six large oranges. With a sharp knife shred very thin (do not chop) and place all together in an earthen or granite dish, with two quarts of cold water. Let stand in a cool place thirty-six hours, and then put over the fire and boil gently two hours, tightly covered. At the end of two hours add four pounds granulated sugar and simmer one-half hour, stirring and watching closely to prevent scorching.

AN ECONOMY

By MRS. A. W. HUEN

Gardi, Georgia

When cooking fruit, if sugar is added afterward less will be required.

WHEN BAKING LAYER CAKE

By MRS. M. M. BUCKNER

Fairfax, South Carolina

When baking layer cake, instead of putting thin paper in the tins and tearing the cakes in getting it off; or using a knife and breaking the cakes in getting them out, try turning them upside down on a sheet of buttered paper with a damp cloth laid over the hot tins. The cakes will come out whole without the least trouble.

HOME FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

By MRS. L. D. E.

Bayonne, New Jersey

Many women live in constant dread of fire, and at the first sign of one they either collapse or rush outdoors, letting the blaze get a good headway. A reliable fire extinguisher may be made with very little trouble as follows: Put three pounds of salt in a gallon of water and add to this one and a half pounds of sal ammoniac. Bottle this liquid, keep in various places about the house, and when a blaze is discovered it may be quickly extinguished.

COOKING PRUNES

By MRS. T. J. BOLT

Sciola, Iowa

Do not boil prunes furiously for an hour and call them done. Allow them to boil slowly for two or three hours, adding a little sugar half an hour before taking from the fire. Prunes are the most healthful of fruits when properly cooked.

NOTE and COMMENT

By Frank Putnam

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, pressing a button in Washington, formally opened the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in Portland, Oregon, on June 1. This is reported to be the most beautiful exposition that has yet been held in America, with the possible exception of the Columbian world's fair at Chicago, and Oregon folk do not admit even this exception. Philadelphia's Centennial offered as a bye attraction glimpses of historic ground and buildings; Chicago's fair was set like a brilliant jewel on the bosom of Lake Michigan; Nashville and Atlanta offered the rich and charming hospitality of the old South, while informing the world with respect to the enormous industrial advancement of the new South; St. Louis, lacking conspicuous natural beauties, created scenic effects widely different from and grander than any seen elsewhere; Buffalo's little gem of an exposition won the eye by day with its warm-toned Latin architecture, and by night with its amazing electrical display. At Portland, for the first time, a world's fair landscape will include a view of snow-clad mountains, and the largest ocean steamers will discharge freight and passengers at the wharves of the exposition.

The managers of the Portland fair have seemed not to desire or to expect many visitors from east of the Rockies: the attraction has been advertised in this section mainly by the railroads, which are offering very favorable rates: for example, the Milwaukee & St. Paul will carry you from Chicago to the coast and back for fifty-five dollars, and the continental systems controlled by Messrs. Hill, Harriman, Shaughnessy and Sir Charles Rivers Wilson quote equally generous prices. It is apparent thus early that there will be a larger attendance from the East than the managers of the show anticipate. And it may safely be predicted that those who take the trip for the first time will return home with a vastly enlarged conception of the magnitude and power of their country, to say nothing of their unforgettable impressions of the vast plains and mountain ranges they must traverse to reach Portland. No other journey within the borders of the United States or Canada is richer in educational value.

The Northwest coast country is to develop a great city—whether it be Seattle, Portland, Victoria or Tacoma does not yet appear with certainty. But Portland, in creating this first world's exposition ever held on the eastern shore of the Pacific, has made a mighty bid for primacy among our northwestern coast cities. Seattle will have to step lively if she is to remain in the race for first place.

The projectors of the Portland exposition appear to have been more interested in winning the favorable attention of Asiatic buyers of the native products of the Northwest, than in attracting capital from the eastern portion of this country. Japan and China are constantly increasing their purchases of foodstuffs and other products of the Oregon country, and the principal effort of the exposition makers has been to broaden and extend these markets. Several of the European nations, alert to the opportunity offered them to gain larger shares of the Asiatic trade, have installed handsome exhibits, and most of the states and territories are creditably represented by displays of their products for which a market is desired in the Far East.

Now that Russia's last fighting fleet of any importance has been destroyed by Admiral Togo's brave gunners, the end of the war is plainly in sight. The results of the war are not so easily discernable. Yet it may be assumed that Japan, whether she does or does not get a big money indemnity, will retain possession of Korea and Port Arthur, that Manchuria will pass back into at least nominal control by China, and that the principal ports of the eastern coast of the Pacific will speedily be holding open doors for the trade of the world. Under the inspiration of Japan's leadership—and it would be idle now to dispute the probability that henceforward Japan will lead in shaping all Asiatic policies—China will doubtless open ports that have hitherto been closed to foreign trade, offering vast new markets for our foodstuffs, our manufactures and our ideas.

Whether in the more remote future—say thirty or forty years hence—we shall see China showing the door to those official representatives of Germany and France who have by force of arms made foreign soil of large tracts of the ancient empire, remains to be revealed. I think this will come to pass. And I hope that it will. European nations have no moral right, and only the most shadowy legal right, to sieze and hold Chinese territory: certainly they would admit no such rights on the part of the Chinese or the Japanese should the latter attempt to sieze and colonize parts of Germany and France.

The policy of the United States toward Japan and China has been fair and just. We could not admit unlimited millions of China's coolie laborers to compete on equal terms with our own sons, for obvious reasons. But we could treat China, and have so treated her, with courtesy and honesty in all our national transactions with her.

I predict that the time is not far distant when the Asiatics will control all of northern and central Asia, just as the Europeans control all Europe, and as Americans, under the republican form of civil government, will certainly control all of both the Americas.

While these things are working out, our national policy will continue to be that which, in the judgment of our administrators, will best help American farmers and manufacturers to market their products in the countries across the Pacific. And in this undertaking, the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition will be a useful factor.

CHICAGO needs a compulsory arbitration law. The rest of the state, including Joe Leiter's Zeigler coal mines, could also use it occasionally to good advantage. Sixty days of civil war—business gone to the dogs—scores of lives lost—rage eating like a cancer in tens of thousands of embattled breasts — bills to be paid for thousands of extra policemen and deputy sheriffs — all this, the fine fruitage of the teamsters' strike and their employers' obstinacy in refusing impartial arbitration of the issues, may perhaps have shown thoughtful Chicagoans what it means NOT to have a compulsory arbitration law. Teamsters and employers may prefer to "fight it out" — but the general public, paying the bills and suffering most of the losses, is entitled to peace and order, which apparently it can get in no other way.

EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN, A CITY OF OPPORTUNITIES

By CHARLES McARTHUR

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EAU CLAIRE

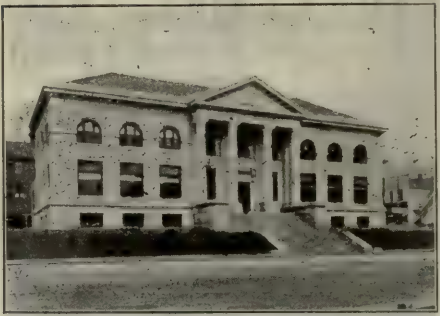
SUCCESS is the uppermost goal for achievement in the mind of man. From this desire we turn to the thought of opportunity. For this ever restless ambition has conquered new worlds. Our ancestors of good old New England subdued the wilds, and their descendants have pushed onward to the shores of the Pacific and beyond, ever seeking opportunity. That we have gained success all nations bear witness, as we are now their store house and are fast becoming their bankers. This success of the nation is but the success of the individual. The opportunity for individual success is now far greater than at any time in our history. Doubt this or say no and you forget the hardships and struggles of the pioneers. What to them would have been luxury we are unwilling to call comfort. We demand more but command far greater. They blazed our ways, builded our railways, mills and civilization, which they have left to us upon an earning basis. This is as we find it throughout the length and breadth of our land today.

Fortunes have been made in the mines of the West, on the ranches of the plains, on the great prairies of the central states and the fields of the South, but greater riches, according to area, have flowed from the forests of the North. Wisconsin is the heart of this great natural wealth. Her lumber has builded homes for countless thousands. The thrift, energy and integrity of her lumbermen in marketing this great product have made for them names of national honor and gained for them competence of millions honestly acquired. These were the men who founded Eau Claire, at the juncture of the Eau Claire and Chippewa rivers in the heart of this great forest empire. To know that its destinies have been guided by such hands is to realize that it should be as it now is, the great retail and jobbing center of central Wisconsin. As such, it is also preeminently a city of homes. According to its population of 22,000, it has the greatest percentage of home owners of any city of America. The observation of a stranger is that once to settle in Eau Claire is to live there always. The reasons for this are very plain. Her industries afford liberal wages and her resources large profit to willing hands.

With her manufacturing industries, aggregating upward of two hundred in number, and employing more than five million dollars of capital, she is yet but in her infancy in manufactures, though

A TYPICAL OFFICE BUILDING OF EAU CLAIRE

THE FREE HIGH SCHOOL


THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

in this line she already ranks high among the cities of the central West. She already manufactures paper, pulp, lumber, linen, furniture, fixtures, boxes, shoes, refrigerators, all kinds of machinery, carriages, wagons, implements, boats and a large line of lighter wares.

Beside this she has large packing works, canning works, mills and elevators. With 15,000-horse water power within her limits and perhaps a total of 75,000-horse water power tributary in the Chippewa valley, the coming generation will see this a beehive of industry for the utilization of this power, only a small part of which is yet developed, but all of which can be developed at low cost.

As Wisconsin is the dairy of our country, the Chippewa valley is the creamery of Wisconsin. This is supported by thousands of acres of the most fertile lands. In the great rush to the prairies of the West, immigration passed by these fertile fields of soil and climate equal to those of the great Mohawk valley of New York. But for this these lands would now be as valuable as those of that valley. Here is the opportunity now to acquire such lands at about ten dollars per acre. The lumbermen are through. Success was their reward. A similar reward awaits those who follow. As these fertile lands are developed, our metropolis — fair city of Eau Claire — must grow and develop with them. A few years hence must find her with a population doubled.

But few cities have the high class of public improvements Eau Claire now enjoys, and each year rapidly adds some marked addition. Her schools would do credit to an eastern university city. The wealth of her libraries is known in every home. Her churches, civil, patriotic and benevolent societies speak for themselves, nearly every denomination and order being liberally represented. Her newspapers are models of enterprise, and her hotels and public service utilities, such as telephone and street car service, are unsurpassed in many metropolitan cities. Her water supply is furnished from pure springs, which assures health. Her commercial bank deposits aggregate about one hundred and fifty dollars for every man, woman and child, which speaks volumes for her wealth.

Her railroad facilities are excelled by few. With two trunk lines and numerous branches, her trade reaches in all directions. Owing to these facilities, she is recognized as one of the important convention cities of the states.

As a city of homes, the beautiful has not been lost. Her stretches of streets of macadam bordered with artificial stone curbings and sidewalks, landscaped with natural blue grass parks and fringed with stately elms, lend an enchantment of home and comfort.

Her people, largely migrated from

almost every hamlet of the Atlantic states, are of that whole souled, sturdy stock in whom hospitality is inborn, character and integrity being their standard; supplemented by a liberal element of thrifty Scandinavians who are among her foremost citizens. These people invite you within their gates to share with them these privileges and opportunities. To the laborer and mechanic there is ever demand for his services at high wages, with the special inducement that in a growing, thrifty city of this size, situated as it is close to the supply of timber, he can easily acquire his own home and independence, while his family can receive the benefit of her schools and training and enjoy all of the luxuries of a city. Skilled labor is never out of employment, and the demand is far greater than the supply. For the merchant and the tradesman there is a large and ever increasing field of thrifty consumers and producers. Here where labor is steadily employed at good wages, where short crops or crop failures are unknown, this, reinforced by the product of the forest, removes that uncertainty so fatal to trade. Here let me me mention a young man of my acquaintance who ten years ago was clearing and improving his farm. He had selected a tract of land some fifteen miles from the railway. To help along he put a small stock of groceries and supplies in the front room of his house. He always had something for sale or a little money to buy the surplus stock of his neighbors. He prospered Summer and Winter. About four years ago a railroad was built through his neighborhood. He was the first merchant in the new town, with a stock of wares and supplies that would do credit to a small city. All of the surrounding country knew that through his hands was a market for its produce. He is now both their merchant and their banker, being rated at from $60,000 to $75,000. Still he continues to prosper. This is only an incident of willing hands. There is room for many more. Many inducements await the manufacturer. Water power which can be acquired cheaply and developed at low cost—we might say purchased and developed at little if any more than the cost of a steam plant of the same size—goes tirelessly on from generation to generation. What more could man want than to harness such a power and make it his slave of industry? This, with the raw products of the field, the forest and the mines at hand, where he can employ his labor as man among men, away from the turbulent centers of strife and sympathetic disturbances, assures success.

The farmer, the dairyman or the stock raiser are offered great opportunities. Choice, well located lands, with good wagon roads, free mail delivery and telephone service passing by it, can be

AN UNDEVELOPED 10,000-HORSE WATER POWER IN THE VICINITY OF EAU CLAIRE

A SIMILAR POWER DEVELOPED AND HARNESSED TO THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

THE LAND AND HARDWOOD TIMBER THE LUMBERMEN HAVE LEFT

THE LAND AS IT APPEARS TEN YEARS LATER, DEVOTED TO FARMING

had for a few dollars per acre, with as small a payment as one dollar per acre down and a long time at a low rate of interest in which to pay the balance. Upon this land is sufficient timber for buildings, and ample crops for support of the family can be raised the first year.

I recall six years ago Mr. Young, then sixty years of age, with his wife settled upon eighty acres some miles from Eau Claire, but near railway and other conveniences. He agreed to pay five dollars per acre for the land, which was all wild and without dwelling house or other improvements. He was able to make a first payment of but fifty dollars, which left him less than that amount on hand as his sole possession. With his hands he built his house, a comfortable two room log home, and continued to improve the land. He now has forty acres cleared and in cultivation and the balance in natural blue grass pasture. He has comfortable frame buildings, some $500 worth of live stock, the land, which is now worth $2,000, fully paid for and he is out of debt. Prior to settling upon this land, Mr. Young, while raised upon a farm, had spent most of his life as a mechanic in one of our large cities. Imagine what would have been his lot had he made this change in the prime of life. To the investor the field is large and sure of safe return. The lands, while now cheap in price, are rapidly advancing in value with the steady inflow of population.

WICHITA, KANSAS

THE city of Wichita, Kansas, commonly known throughout the Southwest as "The Peerless Princess of the Plains," has grown to its present greatness during the past thirty-five years.

It is located at the confluence of the Little Arkansas river with what is locally known as the Big Arkansas, 200 miles southwest of Kansas City, 500 miles west of St. Louis and 460 miles east of Pueblo, Colorado.

The valleys of the Arkansas river in which the city is located are the most fertile of any in the entire country. Located in the midst of the great wheat belt of Kansas and Oklahoma, the city is rapidly becoming a splendid market for that cereal and its products. Indian corn is another product of our soils not to be ignored in reckoning on a food supply for the nations of the earth. This is the home of the alfalfa plant, and in the broad valleys of the two rivers mentioned, as well as in those of the innumerable smaller streams threading their course toward the sea, can be seen field after field of the beautiful green alfalfa sustaining thousands of herds of cattle, hogs and sheep that are being prepared for the market. Notwithstanding the fact that southwestern Kansas was settled but little more than a third of a century ago, and northern Oklahoma, which is also tributary to Wichita, less than a dozen years ago, a circle drawn around Wichita with a radius of 100 miles contains the cream of the Southwest. Within this circle, which is less than half developed, is already sustained a population of 710,000 and a railroad development of 4,378 miles—one mile for each 172 population. It produced last year 48,775,580 bushels of wheat, 51,928,324 bushels of corn, 12,144,813 bushels of oats, and many thousand tons of alfalfa and prairie hay. This area returned last year, according to the assessors' reports, 472,753 horses, 1,807,090 cattle and 741,566 swine. The total value of farm products reported last year within this territory was $190,381,602.

CITY HALL, WICHITA, KANSAS

With this wealth lying at their doors, the marvelous growth and prosperity of Wichita is readily understood. To insure to our city the bulk of the trade of this golden circle, the 4,378 miles of railroad has played no small part. Traversing every part of the forty counties embraced, and maintaining direct train service between Wichita and 500 tributary towns, every facility for trade with this city is afforded.

These lines are the Santa Fe, Rock Island, the 'Frisco, the Missouri Pacific and the Orient, all of which are recognized throughout America as the most enterprising and progressive in the entire land. With thirty-eight passenger trains daily passing through the city, and as many more freight trains, our jobbing and manufacturing interests, with their 450 traveling men, all country places are served most thoroughly.

Our population has increased at a rapid rate within the past few years, the number at present being 35,000, a gain of 7,000 in the two years last past.

A progressive electric street railway system, with at present twenty miles of lines, serves nearly every part of the city, and together with six and one-half miles of street paving, facilitates the traffic of the city admirably.

A substantial gas, electric light and power plant furnishes ample light for streets and buildings and current for the operation of many small plants requiring power to run machinery.

All modern public improvements usually enjoyed by cities of this size anywhere in the land are here installed: a perfect sewer system, a county court house costing $250,000, a city hall costing $100,000, a substantially built federal court house and postoffice building, a branch of the Battle Creek Sanitarium costing $6,000, five hospitals with a capacity of 235 patients, a complete system of water works, fifteen public school buildings, four splendid parks embracing 232 acres, forty-one churches, five colleges, universities and academies, eight banks with deposits at the present time of over $7,000,000, two telephone systems, both connected with extensive rural and long distance systems. There are manufacturing establishments, including two fully equipped and up-to-date packing houses; stockyards handling during 1904 over 7,000 cars of livestock; seven flouring mills and elevators, and thirty-five jobbing houses doing an annual business of $20,000,000.

During last year the railroads handled for Wichita 49,000 cars of freight.

We have fifteen news journals, including a morning and an evening daily.

The city gained during last year fifteen wholesale houses and manufacturing institutions and the prospects for a substantial increase during the current year are most flattering. Under these exhilarating conditions is it any cause for surprise that many real estate values should have advanced four-fold during the last seven years, which constitute Wichita's most prosperous period?

The phenomenal development of Oklahoma, lying but fifty miles from our doors, has added much to the commercial up-building of this city. The network of railroad construction in that enterprising commonwealth during the last decade has opened to this city a most profitable field for trade, and thither do our 450 "Knights of the Road" wend their way to seek and find golden opportunities in every community, hamlet and city.

Our proximity and easy access by rail affords an advantage over all competing jobbing and manufacturing centers that is fully appreciated both by the seller and purchaser.

Merchandise loaded aboad cars in Wichita in the evening is distributed in all parts of Oklahoma during the succeeding day, and in this age of quick turns and small margins adds much to our advantages. Wichita today is served by thirteen lines of road, over which direct train service is maintained, all under the control of five great systems.

In addition to the above, there are now under construction two other lines of road from the Southeast headed for Wichita which we hope to see completed to our confines within the next few years, or possibly months. These will

MASONIC TEMPLE, WICHITA, KANSAS

WITHIN THE GOLDEN CIRCLE OF WHICH WICHITA IS THE COMMERCIAL CAPITAL

extend from the great semi-anthracite coal fields and pine forests of Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Indian Territory and will give a wonderful stimulus to this city and surrounding territory when completed.

When the best steam coal in the entire country shal be supplied to our manufacturers at half its present cost (which is no great stretch of the imagination) then will be ushered in an era of manufacturing activity such as is being enjoyed by many cities of the East and middle West, where such advantages now exist.

Then again, we are but seventy-five miles from the best natural gas fields of the known world. Single wells within this distance of Wichita are producing upward of 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day, and franchises for piping this gas to our city are already granted to those who are to construct pipe lines to conduct it hither. Under these franchises gas for domestic consumption must be furnished at from ten to thirty-five cents per thousand feet, which alone will insure fuel at what is commonly considered a very reasonable cost.

To better enable the reader to comprehend some of the figures given above, a resort to a few comparisons may prove useful.

The farm products alone produced within the circle described, and of which Wichita is the center and metropolis, equaled in value for the year 1904 that of the combined gold production of the United States, Canada, Mexico and Australia for the year 1903.

The wheat alone grown in 1904 within this circle exceeds the combined production of that cereal for the same year in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, and yet the best of the wheat land in this vicinity now under cultivation can be had for twenty-five to thirty dollars per acre, and that unimproved for ten to fifteen dollars per acre.

Underlying a large section of this tributary territory are immense beds of salt measuring forty to fifty feet in thickness and of the purest quality, carrying a less percentage of foreign matter than any mines in the United States. All salt produced here for domestic use is pumped in the shape of brine from 800 feet in the earth and evaporated by means of the most modern appliances. Rock salt is also mined in great quantities and is of a very pure quality.

The product for the year 1904 within the described radius was 2,232,000 barrels, with an ever increasing capacity.

Crude petroleum is also produced in great quantities and is rapidly becoming one of our greatest sources of wealth.

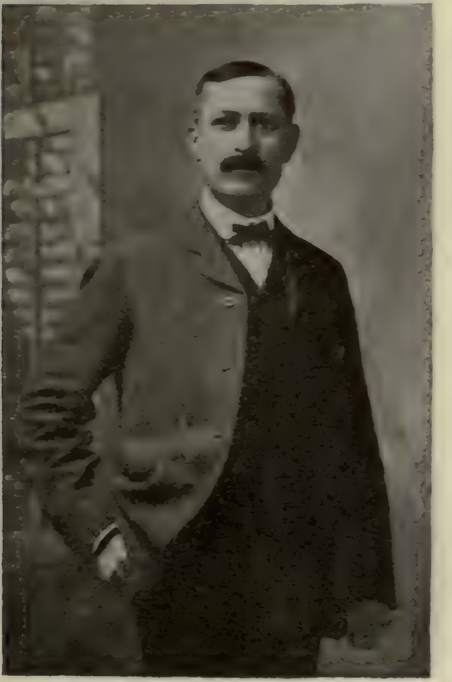
Portland cement, produced by means of natural gas, also forms an extensive industry in our immediate vicinity. The output of one group of plants for 1904 alone was 1,000,000 barrels, which was shipped to every portion of the Union.

While it has been proved to be one of the most productive sections of the entire West, real estate values are by no means beyond modest figures. This, because a large portion of our farm lands are only partially under cultivation, the balance being held in a state of undevelopment by non-residents, who are content with advances being made in the price of their property, and are therefore not ready to sell to those who till the soil and develop the country. In another decade or two, when all tillable land tributary to this city shall have been made productive by the application of the plow and the hoe; when the modern harvester shall be seen gathering golden sheaves in every field; then will another era of greatness be upon us. And when this era arrives no doubt our proximity to tide water will also be recognized by our great carrying corporations, so that our ever increasing surplus of grain and live-stock, salt, cement and provisions will reach the great markets of the world at the least possible expense, viz., through our gulf ports, a distance of 700 miles or less, instead of, as at present, by a long and costly rail haul of 2,000 miles or more to north Atlantic ports.

THE GIDEONS

An Organization of Christian Traveling Men

THE meeting of two men in the little town of Boscobel, Wisconsin, about six years ago, was the beginning of the great movement amongst commercial travelers called "The Gideons." The crowded condition of the hotel made it necessary for them to share the same room. When about to retire, one of the men opened up his grip and took from it a Bible, and, upon remarking that it was his custom to read from it before retiring, was delightfully surprised to find his companion for the night was also a Christian man; so they joined one another in their devotions. These two men were S. E. Hill of Beloit, Wisconsin and J. H. Nicholson of Janesville, Wisconsin. They met a few days after this, and, recalling their pleasant coming together before, discussed the plan of organizing some kind of a movement that would adopt an emblem, so that men who thought as they did might have a means of recognizing each other when they met. The result of this meeting was the sending out of invitations to a number of men to assemble at Janesville, Wisconsin, July 4, 1899.



JOHN H. NICHOLSON, PRESIDENT

Those who came were S. E. Hill of Beloit, and J. H. Nicholson and W. J. Knights of Wild Rose, Wisconsin. They adopted the biblical name of Gideons and perfected their organization, Mr. Hill being chosen president, Mr. Knights vice president and Mr. Nicholson secretary and treasurer. They adopted as their motto the words found in Judges 7, 21—"And they stood every man in his place round about the camp." Their object is best told in the words originally used to express it: "The object of the Gideons shall be to recognize the Christian traveling men of the world with cordial fellowship; to encourage one another in the Master's work; to improve every opportunity for the betterment of the lives of our fellow travelers, business men and others with whom we may come in contact; scattering seeds all along the pathway for Christ." Their membership is limited to men who earn their livelihood by traveling in commercial, transportation or insurance lines. This must be their chief means of livelihood. Salesmen in cities of over 25,000 are included in the list. They require but three things of those who join their ranks: an acknowledgement that they are putting their trust in Jesus Christ as their personal redeemer; that they are members in good standing of some church that stands for Christian faith, and that the applicant shall wear their emblem. They have adopted as their emblem a button with a blue background, upon which is a white pitcher and out of the mouth of the pitcher a flame arises

—emblematic of the weapons used by Gideon in his battle with the Midianites.

From the small membership of three it has grown until today it numbers over 5,400 members. They have permanent headquarters in Chicago, and have two paid officers who devote their whole time to the work—a national secretary, A. H. Humphrey, and a field superintendent, Charles H. Palmer. They have upon their roster members from every state and territory in the Union; also members in South America, England, Scotland and China, as well as Canada. Seventeen of the states have organizations, and there are ninety-three local camps. They publish a magazine and have an auxiliary organization composed of their wives.

The simplest kind of rules govern them; the dues are nominal, being but two dollars a year. They have no insurance features, no death benefits, in fact the thing that binds them together is their common belief in the Man of Galilee as the savior of the world. Each camp is supposed to meet monthly, and the day is the first Sunday of the month, but that is not arbitrary at all; if another day is more suitable, then the local camp can decide for itself.

One feature of their work is the rallies they hold at different places where traveling men gather; each camp is recommended to hold one yearly rally at least, and the states do the same. They hold a national convention each year, the one for this year to be held at Buffalo, July 28-30. This is made the feature of the year's work. The most interesting part of all this movement is the services held by them in the hotels throughout the country. At an opportune hour of the day they gather in the parlors of some hotel and there hold a devotional service, having previously given personal invitations to every traveling man who is accessible. Much of helpfulness has come to scores of men because of these services. Many large employers of salesmen are recognizing the worth of this effort, and but recently one of the largest houses in St. Louis invited the representatives of this work to come and present it at a convention of his traveling men. In many localities its influence is proving most beneficial.

There is nothing these earnest, honest and intelligent men do that savors of cant or sentiment. Practical as the affairs of life themselves, and appreciating the uselessness of anything that is not useable, they have themselves first benefitted most largely by adopting the Christian life and are in a position to go out and advocate it with a positiveness that leaves its impress, because it is backed up by actual experience. Their lives refute the claim that men cannot follow their vocation and be consistent Christians, for some of the very highest salaried men traveling are among the Gideons.

A. H. HUMPHREYS, NATIONAL SECRETARY

COLORADO THE BEAUTIFUL, THE PLAYGROUND OF THE ROCKIES

By MILDRED S. McFADEN

There's a wonderful spot where great mountains rise
And veil their proud faces with blue of the skies;
Where the sunlight is golden, the zephyrs like wine,
And singing cascades make a music divine;
Where Nature conspires with her symphonies grand
To capture the soul with the spell of the land—
Beautiful Colorado!

NEVER have I so thoroughly realized the limitations of my descriptive power as now when I am undertaking to draw a faint pen picture of Colorado. Colorado, the beautiful; the picturesque; the marvelous! Nature was indeed in her most riotous and opulent mood when she gave to the world this wonderland! And how many ages and ages the good dame must have planned and wrought and toiled ere she looked upon this masterpiece of her handiwork and said: "It is finished!" With prodigal hand she tossed aloft majestic mountains and made them the store houses of her treasures; she unleashed her rollicking rivers and sent them leaping and dancing a-down her wondrous gorges; she gathered the crystal springs into her secret laboratories and transformed them into fountains of healing, and sent her airy, fairy cascades laughing and singing and tumbling from mountain heights to dizzy depths below. She reared her canon walls sheer above abysmal chasms and adorned them with sculptures and pictures from her own inimitable chisel and brush; she hid, in latency, every good thing in the fertile soil of her valleys; she infused the air and the sunshine with the subtle elixir of life, and arched over all a dome of turquois blue. Then she whispered to man: "It is yours; subdue it!"

CLIMBING TOWARD MARSHALL PASS

Who can form any just conception of what it meant to subdue this wilful and fantastic work of nature? But the fact that man was equal to the task is evident on every hand. Indeed, no one can traverse this great, rugged commonwealth without being filled with wonder and admiration — wonder at Nature's sublimity and admiration of man's supremacy. Involuntarily one exclaims: "How wonderful are thy works, oh Nature, but man is master of them all."

There are so many sides to Colorado that it will take a series of articles to give anything like a comprehensive picture of this Empire of the Rockies. These topics I have now in mind and hope to exploit them in the near future. In this instance, however, I shall merely touch upon some of the scenic features of the Summer playground regions, and give a glimpse of a trip around "the short circle" which I have just enjoyed through the courtesy of the management of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad.

To commence at the beginning,

I left St. Louis one morning on the Missouri Pacific Limited, and the next afternoon I was in Denver—the metropolis and gateway of the state. This beautiful city, nestled on the bosom of the plains, one mile above the level of the sea, and sheltered by a great sweeping crescent of snow-capped mountains, is full of interest for the tourist. It is modern and up-to-date in every particular and is permeated through and through with the spirit of just and pardonable civic pride.

The capitol building is a magnificent structure of native granite and marble and presents an outlay of $3,000,000, while several other buildings reach the million-and-a-half mark. In fact, no one visiting this "Queen City of the Plains" for the first time can fail to be impressed with its architectural beauty and general magnificence.

Leaving Denver at 9:30 p. m., the early morning finds me at Salida. This is a pretty town on the Arkansas river at the junction of the standard gauge and the narrow gauge lines of the Denver & Rio Grande. Here I have a delightful breakfast, after which I take my seat in a parlor car for a scenic trip over the narrow gauge via Marshall Pass. And let me say right here, that all the adjectives of the most voluble school girl would fail to express the beauty, the grandeur, the charm, the glory of this fascinating journey.

The view of the mountains from Salida is especially grand. Three splendid peaks, each more than 14,000 feet high —the Harvard, the Princeton, the Yale — lift their classic heads above those of their fellows in the Collegiate range to the west, while to the south tower the snow-hooded brows of Ouray and Shaveno. The fine climate and the near-by medicinal springs tempt many tourists to loiter here.

Gliding out of Salida at an altitude of a little more than 7,000 feet, amid scenery growing more and more picturesque, we soon begin our stupendous climb to Marshall Pass. The two monster engines drawing our train puff and blow and creak as we pursue our zigzag course over the steep grades of the Great Divide. Onward and upward we wend our intricate way by sinuous bends and turns and loops, still climbing, climbing, climbing! At last the summit of the Pass is reached at an elevation of well nigh 11,000 feet. Our splendid iron horses stand pulsing and panting, seemingly conscious of the wondrous feat they have performed. Here the train is overlooked to see that the brakes are in perfect order and that all is safe for the coming descent. While this is being done the passengers climb to the observatory above the snow sheds to "view the landscape o'er," and, oh, what a scene to behold! Looking far down below, a ribbon-like trail marks out the perilous way we have come. Looking aloft we meet the proud gaze of majestic Ouray wrapped in the imperial robe of ermine he has worn for countless centuries. We are in the very heart of the Rockies, face to face with Nature in all her dignity and silence and grandeur. A feeling of awe fills the soul, and one almost fancies that one has intruded with covered head and sandaled feet into the very holy of holies! With a farewell look over the vast solitudes and a deep draught of the rarefied air, we reenter our coach. One engine has been uncoupled and precedes us down the steep declivity to the lower levels. We have now crossed the great Continental Divide and enter the Black Canon of the Gunnison. For fourteen miles the railway and the river struggle for right of way through a great cavern of red rock, gloomy and dark. The river is of a beautiful emerald tint and as it

RIVER AND RAILROAD FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT OF WAY

plunges headlong over its stony bed, foamy white caps crest its waves until it looks like a bit of the ocean torn loose from its fathomless fastness and scampering pellmell through the dismal gorge.

The Black Canon, shadowy, somber and solemn, never ceases to charm and never becomes commonplace. At times it narrows until we seem hemmed in on every hand, but presto! a sharp curve opens up a rare vista and the noisy river laughs aloud at our momentary discomfort. One of the special attractions of the canon is Chipeta Falls, named for the wife of the good Indian chief, Ouray. This beautiful cascade starts from a dizzy height, is dashed into fragments by the lower terraces and, tossed by the winds, reaches the river in a snowy spray. Another cataract leaps clear of the walls and thunders unbroken to the depths below. Soon after passing Chipeta Falls, the porter said to me: "If you will step to this side of the car I will show you the profile of Chief Ouray." I looked in the direction indicated and sure enough away up there on the rim of the canon a typical Indian face was silhouetted against the clear blue of the sky, a tiny pine tree forming in his headgear the indispensable feather.

Nature has indeed created things on a grand scale in Black Canon. Huge boulders lie scattered about and steep crags tower heavenward thousands of feet above the bottom of the gorge. Currecanti Needle, the most abrupt and isolated of these pinnacles, has all the grace and symmetry of a Cleopatra obelisk. It is red hued from point to base and stands like a grim sentinel watchful of the canon's solitudes.

I gaze entranced on the wonderful spectacle until my eyes burn and my neck aches, but suddenly the spaces widen, the hills recede and we slip from the somber shades of the canon into the open sunlight of the plains.

I spend the night at Grand Junction but the early morning finds me again enroute. I am now able to answer a question propounded by a fellow tourist the day before: "What in the world do people live on?" for we are now traversing the valley of the Grand with its thrifty looking farms and beautiful orchards and gardens. Just now the orchards are a bower of beauty and bloom whose wealth of pink and white blossoms promises abundance of the delicate, delicious fruit for which Colorado is famous. A ride of two or three hours brings us into the mountains again and to Glenwood Springs. This idyllic spot, nestled heart to heart with nature, is one to charm the senses and capture the soul. But its witchery will ever elude the pen, the brush, the camera. It must have been weird and fascinating even when its only habitations were the wigwams of the Ute Indians, and its only illuminations the glow of their campfires, but only the genii of modern progress could have transformed it into the wonderful resort it is today.

The place is so restful, so peaceful, so beautiful. I stand on the tall bridge and listen to the rymthic flow of the river; I follow the tiny trail up the canon where the wild anemones are already blooming; I sit in the warm sunshine a captive to the spell of the mountains — mountains running the whole chromatic scale of colors from somber shades to vermillion and amethyst hues—and ere I am aware I am building air castles and weaving roseate dreams. But I must not tarry longer here. The observation car is made up. I have reserved my seat the night before. The accommodating ticket agent tells me most graciously he has given me the "best seat in it" and I am again in line for the day's panorama of scenic beauty. From Glenwood our way lies along the canons of the Grand and Eagle rivers. Here again nature has wrought out her most fantastic creations on the most stupendous scale. Egyptian sphinx and pyramids of the Pharoahs sink into utter insignificance in comparison. We are in a region whose prism of colors blend and mingle and harmonize and contrast. On and on through Eagle River Canon, whose marvelous masonry and labyrinthian passageway fill us with admiration and awe. But even in this gigantic chasm there are human beings with courage enough to endure these awful solitudes; men who have perched their frail abiding places high up on the cliffs and are staking their all on a fortunate stroke of the pick. Many of these tiny homes are deserted; a near by prospect hole, abandoned, tells its own pathetic story of blighted hopes and dreams unrealized. Rounding a curve, we come into view of the Mount of the Holy Cross. As I behold the sacred symbol of Christianity, I marvel anew at the doings of nature. My fancy flits down the aisles of time and I see the Pilgrim Fathers on the bleak New England coast; I see the Jesuit Fathers coming to the North, the Franciscan Fathers coming to the

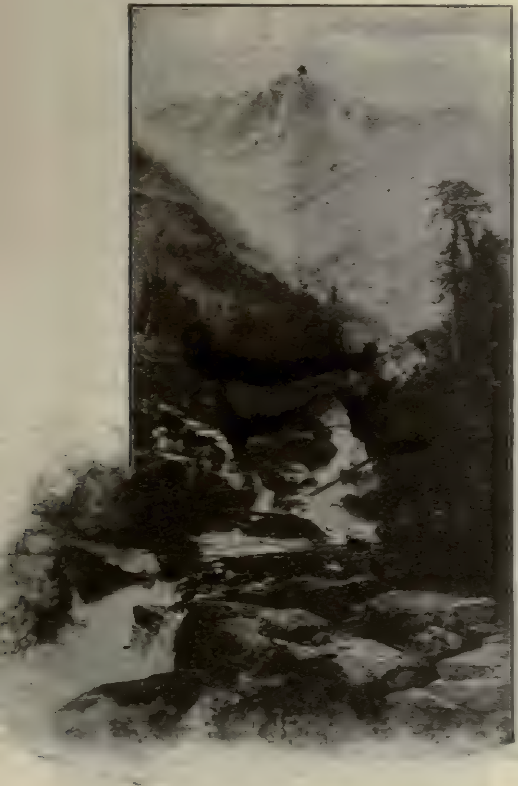
CURECANTI NEEDLE

South and West—all standard bearers of the cross. And yet, ages before any of these were born, Nature had reared this majestic temple and laid on its holy high altar this symbol of faith and emblem of purity.

We are enjoying a delicious luncheon in the dining car when we enter a realm of Stygian darkness. It is a mile long tunnel through a great mountain of granite. We are at the summit of Tennessee Pass, 10,240 feet above sea level and 1,000 feet beneath the crest of the mountain.

Again we seek the lower levels amidst scenes ever changing, ever shifting, but ever charming. It is a red letter day.

The observation car is filled with pleasant people on pleasure bent. Through that subtle freemasonry that seems to exist among tourists each has given the secret sign and password and all are acquainted. We are exchanging thoughts and feelings and impressions when the porter announces: "We are now entering the Royal Gorge."



THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS

How very royal it is only those who see it can ever know! No writer can describe it; no painter can portray it; no poet can sing of it. It simply IS. A spirit of awe, of adoration, of silence pervades our little throng. Few words are spoken. In the eyes of one woman the tears well up and she feels that she is in the presence of all the great souls that have ever lived on earth—sculptors, painters, architects, musicians, poets and —the Infinite!

Soon the tall smokestacks and glowing furnaces of Pueblo, "The Pittsburg of the West," bring us back from dreamland to the busy, work-a-day world. Pueblo, prosperous and progressive: a commercial center of Colorado and the gateway from the East to the enchanted realm through which I am passing. We tarry but a moment here, and continue our way "around the circle." Just as the electric lights begin to twinkle everywhere we roll into Colorado Springs, the very heart of Colorado's Summer playgrounds.

Colorado Springs is one of the most beautiful of the western cities. It rests at an elevation of 6,000 feet above the sea level—a most desirable altitude. To impress this point, let me say that the people of this pretty playground city live, move and have their being at a height which corresponds exactly with the summit of Mount Washington away off in the New England hills— a mountain that easterners travel many miles to see. The city is laid out in broad avenues and streets bordered by beautiful shade trees. Nestled under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, where Pike's Peak, proud sentinel, holds eternal vigil, a magnificent landscape picture may be seen from its streets.

While Colorado Springs possesses all the natural conditions essential to perfect health, it also possesses ideal facilities for out of door sports and pleasures. In fact with its continual sunshine and crisp mountain air, it is preeminently a Summer playground. The outlook for the present Summer is particularly alluring. Foxhall Keene, the polo expert, is here now; Walter Scott and W. J. Jewett, crack players of international fame, will stir up cricket enthusiasm, while Chester Alan Arthur, son of the late President Arthur, and the best whip in the world, will add a delightful zest to coaching. There will also be automobile mountain climbing which will include endurance tests to Pike's Peak.

Altogether Colorado Springs is a most charming place to tarry. The splendid hotels look after one's creature comforts, while the beautiful city, with its beautiful environment, satisfies the aesthetic side of one's nature.

My trip "around the circle" is finished. As I board a Missouri Pacific Pullman and turn my face St. Louisward, I realize that "This journey is written in my memory with a sunbeam."

But as I consider Colorado, queen commonwealth of the Rockies, fraught with such compelling charm, I find myself comparing her with Cleopatra, the Siren of the Nile, and with infatuated Anthony, I am ready to declare,

"Time cannot change, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety!"

DOUGLAS, ARIZONA, THE SMELTER CITY OF THE SOUTHWEST

[The following article was prepared by the Douglas Daily Dispatch, of which James Wood is president; I. N. Kinsey, Secretary and Treasurer; F. B. Dorr, Manager, and A. A. Cohn, City Editor.]

STREET SCENE, COPPER QUEEN STORE ON LEFT, BANK OF DOUGLAS ON RIGHT

THE fact that the city of Douglas, Arizona, cannot be found on any but the recent maps of the United States, and that from its smelters are produced yearly over one-eighth of the entire copper output of the United States, makes it the most wonderful city in the United States. Four years ago last January the town site was located by the International Land & Improvement Company. To-day, where there was then nothing but mesquite bush and uncultivated land, there reside 8,000 souls, and in that short time Douglas has grown to be the most important city in the Southwest. It is also the natural gateway to the great mining fields of Sonora, Mexico, which although extremely old are now but in their infancy. Douglas bears the same relation to northwestern Sonora that Denver does to the great Rocky Mountain region. It is at present the supply point for the great mines of the South.

In this wonder city, one-twelfth of the world's supply of copper is drawn from the crude ore, nearly all of which comes from the Bisbee mines, twenty-eight miles to the west. Nature has been bounteous in her mineral gifts to southern Arizona and northern Mexico. If it were not for the great mineral wealth of this section, Phelps, Dodge & Company would not have spent millions of dollars in building one of the finest equipped railroads in the country, from El Paso, Texas, to Douglas, Bisbee and Benson, Arizona, west, and from Douglas to Nacozari, Sonora, south, all of which has a mileage of 400 miles.

In the latter part of May, Phelps, Dodge & Company purchased the El Paso & Northeastern road, the link of connection between the Rock Island system and the Southern Pacific, which gives the company a total of over 800 miles.

Douglas has a monthly pay roll of over $200,000, the main support of the city being the Copper Queen smelter, the Calumet & Arizona smelter and the E.

PIRTLE BUILDING, DOUGLAS, ARIZONA

MEGUIRE BUILDING, DOUGLAS, ARIZONA

P. & S. W. railroad shops, all of which employ in the vicinity of 2,000 men. The city was recently incorporated and the city council has commenced on excellent lines of good government.

The city is well laid out; its streets are wide and there are many fine business blocks and residences throughout the city. Many are being added daily.

COPPER QUEEN SMELTER

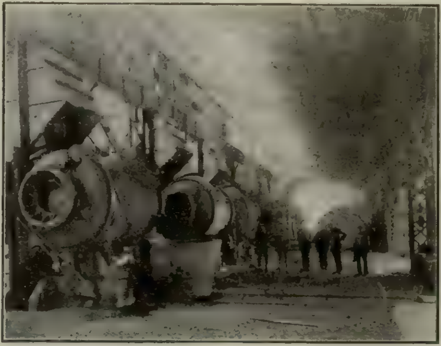
COPPER QUEEN GENERAL OFFICES

CEMENT WORKS

Recent real estate sales have shown a phenomenal increase in the price of lots. The town, however, covers a large acreage.

The climate is excellent and cannot be improved on in any section of the healthful Southwest, yet unlike many cities of Arizona and New Mexico, Douglas is not a health resort but a city of workers. Nevertheless, it is an ideal place for those suffering with tubercular diseases. The elevation is 4,000 feet; the atmosphere clear, dry and invigorating; the water is pure and very soft, and the percentage of cold days in a year is extremely small. Under the entire Sulphur Springs valley is a flowing stream of water ample for irrigation purposes, and twelve miles east of Douglas are four artesian wells which are used for irrigation.

CALIFORNIA AND ARIZONA SMELTER



CONVERTER ROOM, C. & A. SMELTER

The schools of Douglas are equal to any in the Southwest and at present two new ones are in course of construction. A total of $40,000 has been spent for school buildings. The city is well supplied with churches, all of the leading denominations being represented with splendid structures.

A well constructed and splendidly equipped public library graces one of the principal streets, a gift from Professor James Douglas, president of the Phelps-Dodge Company. A new opera house has also been erected at a cost of $20,000. The leading hotels are the Queen and the Roy, and there are others.

Douglas has two banks, which are considered among the most substantial financial institutions in the territory. Their deposits amount to $600,000, which speaks well for a city so young. The banks are the Bank of Douglas, of which C. O. Ellis is cashier, and the First National, Bank. with L. C. Hanks as cashier. The latter has a branch bank at Benson, Arizona.

Electric lights and an excellent water system and telephone service are furnished by the Douglas Improvement Company. Telephone communications may be had with Bisbee, Tombstone, Naco and Cananea, the latter place some fifty miles southwest of Douglas in Mexico, the home of the Green Consolidated Copper Company. A street railway system connects the city with the smelting plants, there being about five miles of track.

A DOUGLAS SCHOOL HOUSE

Two daily papers with excellent news service have a good circulation in the surrounding country. They are the Douglas Daily Dispatch, a morning paper and the Internation-American, an evening publication.

The Douglas Cast Stone Company is one of the leading industries of the city. The company has a large factory where artificial stone and cement plaster are manufactured, and which are used extensively in building operations throughout this section of the country. The material used for the cement is quarried a few miles from the city and makes a very desirable as well as a cheap material for building.

THE ORPHEUM THEATER

A splendid new Y. M. C. A. building is now under construction, to cost at completion $35,000, which was raised by subscription. It is the first Y. M. C. A. building to be erected in Arizona.

The Copper City Brewery was built last Fall and has an excellent reputation for the quality of its product.

All of the many retail stores carry full and complete lines of goods, by far larger than in towns twice the size of Douglas in the East. The Copper Queen Story is one of the finest wholesale and retail establishments in the Southwest, and its building would do credit to a cite of 40,000.

At present, real estate business is

PUBLIC LIBRARY

increasing and outside parties looking for investment arrive daily. Among the leading dealers in real estate are H. E. Dugan, E. A. Von Arnim Company, J. Powell, E. R. Pirtle Company and H. E. Stone & Company.

RESIDENCE OF S. W. FRENCH

⁂

THE OVERLOCK RESIDENCE

⁂

APARTMENT HOUSES

Arizona is noted for her mineral production, more especially copper, and it is a safe prediction that the coming year the Territory will take second place among the copper states of the United States. Some experts predict that within five years Arizona will lead even Montana in the production of copper. More copper is shipped from Douglas every month than from any city in the Territory or in the Southwest. The two smelters, the Copper Queen and the Calumet & Arizona, send to the market every month 5,000 tons of pure copper, or over 165 car loads. Nearly the entire tonnage of ore for reduction in these great smelters is shipped from Bisbee, twenty-eight miles distant, in steel cars with a capacity of fifty tons each. Nearly 2,500 tons of ore arrive in Douglas daily. Additions to both smelters are being constructed and the output of both will be increased by half of their present production within six months.

The Arizona Rangers, the mounted police of the Southwest, are stationed in Douglas and the force is composed largely of former Rough Riders and veterans of the Spanish-American war. They have been largely instrumental in exterminating outlawry in southern Arizona. There is less crime now in this territory than in any state of the Union.

The El Paso & Western railroad does a monthly business of approximately $300,000 through its local office and each month more than 3,000 car loads of material are received at Douglas for the local smelters and business houses. The cattle shipments from Douglas annually amount to 25,000 head, which is small compared with that of small towns along the line. The machine shops of the road are located in Douglas and the machine shops and foundry of the Copper Queen Smelter are the largest and most complete in the Southwest.

There are no vacant houses in the city, as all are occupied as fast as constructed. Last year over 250 new residences were erected, many of them being excellent examples of architectural art. Many more are being erected this year and the residence district is spreading on all sides.

Douglas is on the international boundary, the line being less than a mile from the center of the city. In Agua Prieta, the Mexican town across the line, reside many of the Mexican employes of the smelters. A new custom house to cost $35,000 will be erected in Agua Prieta by the Nacozari Railway Company.

The vast mining district which is tributary to Douglas in Northern Mexico is rich beyond realization, and although it is new to American capital, several fortunes have been made in Sonora, noticeably that of Col. W. C. Greene. Mining machinery is sent across the line daily and new mines begin operations every week. Many large sales of mining property have been made through R. S. Vickers, banker and broker, and president of the Sonora Mining Agency, the headquarters of which are at Moctezuma, Sonora.

The Nacozari Railroad enters extremely rich territory and an extension of it is contemplated. An extension of the Sierra Madre road, owned by Colonel Greene, which will connect with the Cananea road, will pass through northern Sonora and will enter Agua Prieta.

The Paradise mining district is also tributary to Douglas, and, although it is only a year old, shows promise of becoming one of the richest copper producers in the Southwest. The district is located in the Chiricahua Mountains, fifty miles east of Douglas.

Douglas has also a well equipped hospital, the Calumet & Arizona, with an excellent staff of surgeons and nurses.

Nearly all of the fraternal orders of the United States are represented by local lodges and there are several splendid halls for meeting places of the various orders.

The people of Douglas, like those in other cities throughout the territory, are strong advocates of single statehood for Arizona. In a recent convention of both political parties at Phoenix, a strong platform was adopted and protest made against the proposed jointure of Arizona and New Mexico as one state. The people of Arizona love their territory. When made a state, it will be one of the most characteristic members of the Union.

Despite its phenomenal growth Douglas is not a "boom" town but a city built on a solid, substantial basis, with men of unquestionable ability and integrity at the head of its government and unlimited capital behind it.

There can be no future for it, save one of great prosperity, in which residents and visitors alike have the greatest faith. In addition to becoming in the near future the greatest smelter city in the United States, it also shows promise of becoming one of the greatest railroad centers in the Southwest. It will be to the state of Sonora what El Paso now is to the state of Chihuahua. It has been aptly termed the "Wonder City of the Southwest" but it does not care to pose as a wonder. The people believe in Douglas and nothing could happen to shake their faith in the city's future greatness.

EL PASO & SOUTHWESTERN RAILWAY STATION

LET'S TALK IT OVER

REFRESHING it is in these strenuous times to learn of a man who has achieved eminence in a business career that was characterized by giving a helping hand and substantial boost to young men who have been associated with him. There is no man more notable for good work of this kind than Charles Warren Smith, now living a retired life in Pasadena, California, but who at one time was a powerful influence in railroad circles. One of the men whom he brought from the farm and encouraged in obtaining an education and in the study of law was his namesake, Charles Warren Fairbanks, now vice president of the United States. His brother, William Henry Smith, was general manager and a strong initiative force in the organization of the Associated Press, now recognized as a potent world influence in its wide range of garnering the news of the hour.

It was a beautiful tribute that Secretary of the Navy Paul Morton paid to Charles Warren Smith recently. Mr. Morton was his office boy at one time and Mr. Smith was never too busy to give a kind word of encouragement and inspiration to his boys.

At Lakewood recently, Homer Davenport, the famous cartoonist, paid a tribute to Mr. Smith, who brought him out, transplanting him from an obscure railroad job to a position as a newspaper illustrator. It was the drawing of a horse that first made Mr. Davenport famous. His intense love of animals is one of his marked characteristics. He drew the sketch of a noted race horse after having seen the animal but once, and brought out the individuality of the animal as he would in the drawing of a famous man.

Traffic Manager Stubbs of the Southern Pacific is another of Mr. Smith's "boys" who has been very successful, and the list might go on and on.

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AT the annual banquet of the Periodical Club at Lakewood, New Jersey, was a mingling of kindred spirits, so to speak; there were publishers, authors, editors, illustrators and sellers.

It was a delight to wander down through the pines and along the shady roads of Lakewood with John Burroughs, Thompson-Seton and Charles D. G. Roberts. Although they may not always have agreed on phases of natural life, there was no disagreement among these kindred spirits as to the good time they were having as they wandered through the groves at Lakewood. A walk of three miles around the lake was enjoyed on the afternoon of arrival by most of the guests after a sip of "five o'clock tea" — at which the western veterans shied. The beautiful home of George Gould, Georgian Court, was one of the sights to be seen, and as I looked upon the great stretch of walks, drives and artistic effect in landscape gardening, it occurred to me that the visitors at Lakewood enjoyed the beauties of the place quite as much as the owner who is able to spend only a part of his time here owing to the incessant demands of business interests.

The banquet was held at the famous hostelry "Laurel-in-the-Pines." There are two pine trees growing right through the lobby of the hotel, which give it a distinctive natural decoration. Lakewood has long been famous for its balmy climate in the Winter, and enjoys the distinction of being a resort where the Rockefellers, Goulds, James J. Hill and other magnates go for rest and recuperation when the rigorous climate of the city wears on them.

The speeches at the banquet were inspiring. Especially interesting was that of Dr. Lyman Abbott, whose half century of active interest in literary and periodical work has been notable. He has a faculty of expressing concisely what everyone else knows but has never been able to express. The remarks of Hamilton Wright Mabie, Charles Battell Loomis, Holman F. Day and George Ade were feasts in themselves. Melville E. Stone set forth an impression of a prominent Russian concerning American development which furnished plenty of food for discussion during the evening. The address of Mr. Leupp, Indian commissioner, gave the occasion a representation of officialdom. Last year President Roosevelt and Secretary John Hay spoke. Assistant Postmaster General Madden also broke bread with the men with whose business he keeps in close touch.

Mr. Curtis, the publisher of the Ladies Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post, also enjoyed the wonders of Lakewood, and it was long past the early hours of the morning before the guests began to think of retiring. The pleasant verandas and the witchery of the moonlight made the spirit of comradeship more manifest in this gathering than any I have attended for long years past. There was no hurrying to catch suburban trains, and they talked and talked. As the years come and go the annual meetings of these co-workers who are building up one of the strongest and most potential forces in America will have a deeper and more far reaching significance than ever before.

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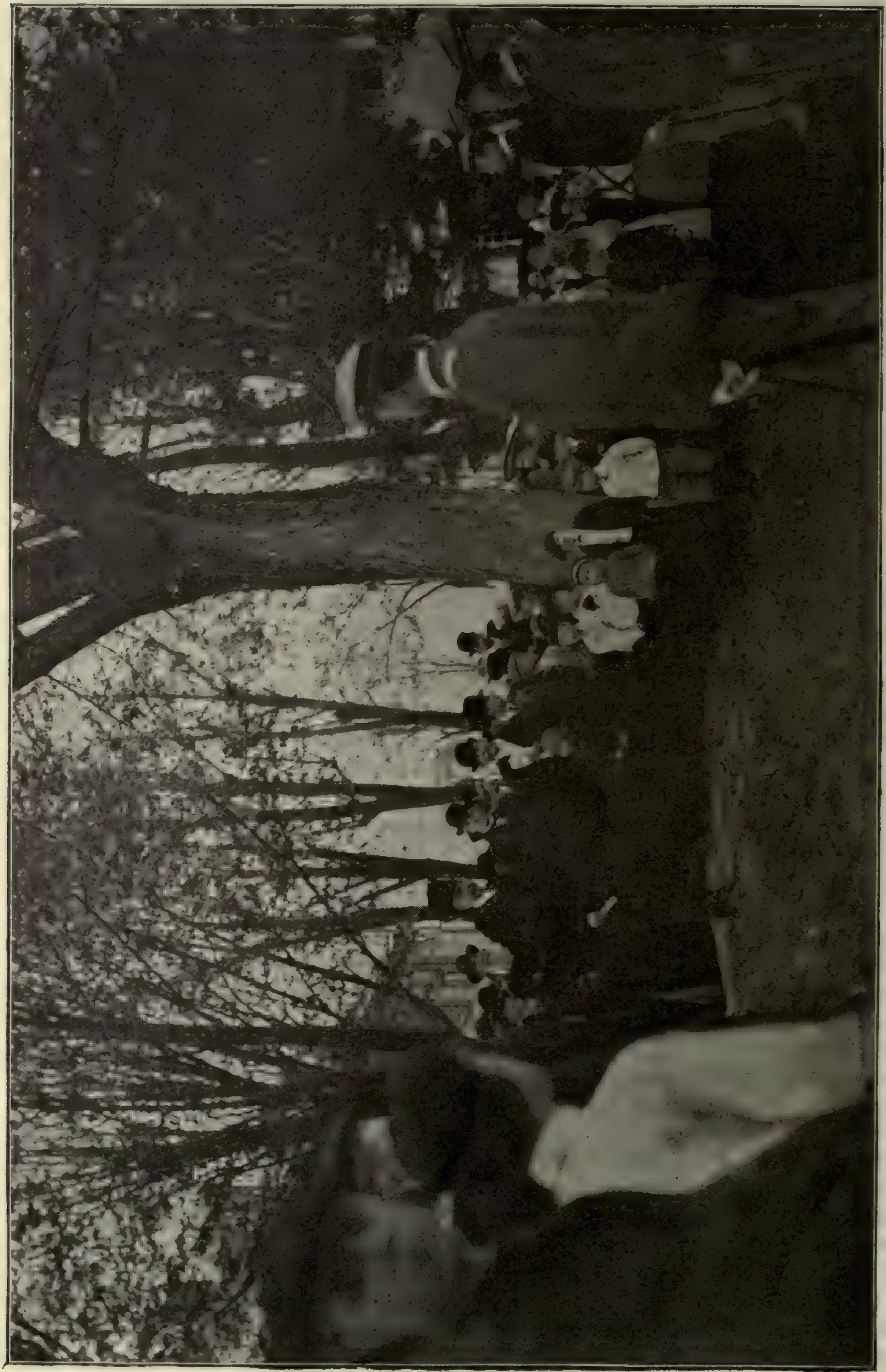
IN a chat with Mr. Martin Justice, the celebrated young artist and illustrator, he told me how the artist must give unreservedly of his physical vitality into feeling what he is trying to produce in a drawing. If he is illustrating a man in a fight the mind of the artist is worked up to the tension that he really feels as well as "looks the part."

He also related how a young artist who went to the Zoo to sketch animals drew monkeys for some hours, and when he looked in a mirror he felt that he really saw in the reflection of his own face the portraiture of a monkey. This sentiment was agreed to by Mr. Homer Davenport and other artists, members of the group who were enjoying with us that delightful occasion together at Lakewood.

It was revealed to me how an artist or writer deals with the same fundamental conditions. Feeling is the base of permanent conviction and forceful reflection. No matter how positive the logic may be, without feeling there is little to be hoped for in transmitting impressions. The artist or author unconsciously utilizes the subtle phases of his own emotions which defy deliberate analysis. The writer has no affection for conjugations and syntax or a chase for synonyms. The picture unfolds to him in words as it does in lines to the artist, and pen and brush cannot travel rapidly enough to gather it all in. If he is devout in his purpose to drive straight and direct to the conclusions, it must be reached through feeling. Again I revert



POSTMASTER GENERAL CORTELYOU ADDRESSING THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS AT NAZARETH, PENNSYLVANIA

SACÁGAWEA

(The Indian girl who guided Lewis and Clark in their expedition to the Pacific)

By Edna Dean Proctor

SHOSHONE SACÁGAWEA — captive and wife was she
On the grassy plains of Dakota in the land of the Minnetaree;
But she heard the west wind calling and longed to follow the sun
Back to the shining mountains and the glens where her life begun.
So, when the valiant Captains, fain for the Asian sea,
Stayed their marvelous journey in the land of the Minnetaree,
(The Red men wondering, wary — Omaha, Mandan, Sioux —
Friendly now, now hostile, as they toiled the wilderness through)
Glad she turned from the grassy plains and led their way to the West,
Her course as true as the swan's that flew north to its reedy nest;
Her eye as keen as the eagle's when the young lambs feed below;
Her ear alert as the stag's at morn guarding the fawn and doe.
Straight was she as a hill side fir, lithe as the willow tree,
And her foot as fleet as the antelope's when the hunter rides the lea,
In broidered tunic and moccasins, with braided raven hair,
And closely belted buffalo robe with her baby nestling there —
Girl of but sixteen summers, the homing bird of the quest,
Free of the tongues of the mountains, deep on her heart imprest,
Shoshone Sacágawea led the way to the West!—
To Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison and deer,
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and cougar and wolf prowled near;
To the cataract's leap, and the meadows with lily and rose abloom;
The sunless trails of the forest, and the canyon's hush and gloom;
By the veins of gold and silver, and the mountains vast and grim —
Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's rim;
Through somber pass, by soaring peak, till the Asian wind blew free,
And lo! the roar of the Oregon and the splendor of the sea!

Some day, in the lordly upland where the snow-fed streams divide —
Afoam for the far Atlantic, afoam for Pacific's tide —
There, by the valiant Captains whose glory will never dim
While the sun goes down to the Asian sea and the stars in ether swim,
She will stand in bronze as richly brown as the hue of her girlish cheek,
With broidered robe and braided hair and lips just curved to speak;
And the mountain winds will murmur as they linger along the crest,
"Shoshone Sacágawea, who led the way to the West!"

MR. KOGORO TAKAHIRA, MINISTER OF JAPAN, AND THE ATTACHES OF THE LEGATION, PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE NATIONAL

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

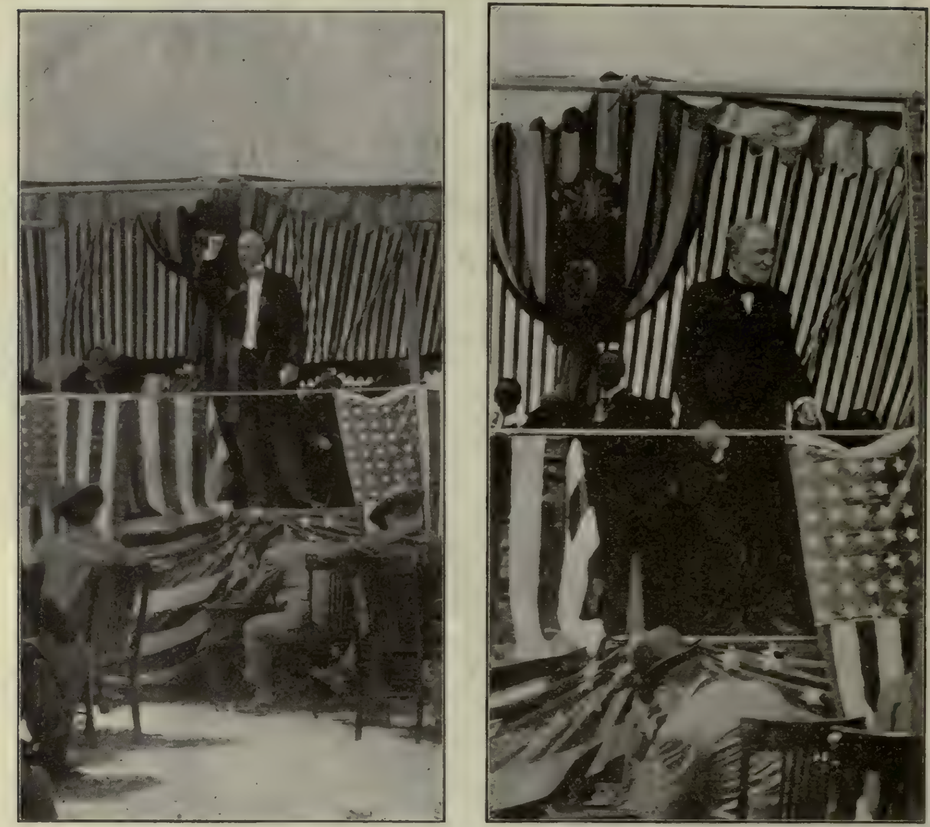
VOL. XXII. AUGUST, 1905 No. 5

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE elements of the ablest statesmanship in our country and our time are common sense, common honesty, plain courage and the democratic spirit — in the broad sense of that word democratic. Not within the memory of our generation have we had a president who possessed more of these qualities, or made freer use of them, than Theodore Roosevelt. As commander in chief of army and navy, he put an end to unseemly quarrels in both organizations with brief statements so forceful and so fair that even the angry factions of the general public were convinced — and silenced. He knew the quality of General Leonard Wood, knew also the work to be done in the Philippines, and knew that Wood was the man for the job. Neither red tape nor political pull served to balk

STATUES OF LEWIS AND CLARK, THE PIONEERS OF THE OREGON COUNTRY, ERECTED AT THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION IN PORTLAND, OREGON



VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS AND SPEAKER CANNON ADDRESSING THE MULTITUDE ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AT PORTLAND, JUNE 1

Wood's selection for that post, which he now fills with highest credit to himself and his country. It was Theodore Roosevelt who held us to our duty in the matter of making a reciprocity treaty with Cuba; the agents of certain special interests fought it, but the vast majority of the American people were with him. The settlement of the coal strike, his refusal to "close the door of hope" against negro citizens, and other like instances might be cited. The latest on the list, as this is written—(though it may not be the latest when this magazine is in your hands)—is the case of Paul Morton, late secretary of the navy, now the chairman of the board of directors of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York.

A good many well intentioned but impatient people have been saying the president ought to "prosecute Paul Morton for giving rate rebates while Mr. Morton was an executive officer of the Sante Fe Railroad." The president's answer to this criticism is extraordinarily interesting: first, as exculpating Mr. Morton; second, as giving us the measure of the younger man, and a good idea of what may be expected from him in the big task he has now undertaken; third, as warning insurance managers all along the line that the time has come for a new deal and a square deal, with higher ideals of service than have hitherto obtained among many of these societies; and fourth, as proving that the president has not given up his purpose to urge federal supervision of insurance corporations doing interstate business. The letter in full is given herewith:

"White House,
Washington, June 12, 1905.

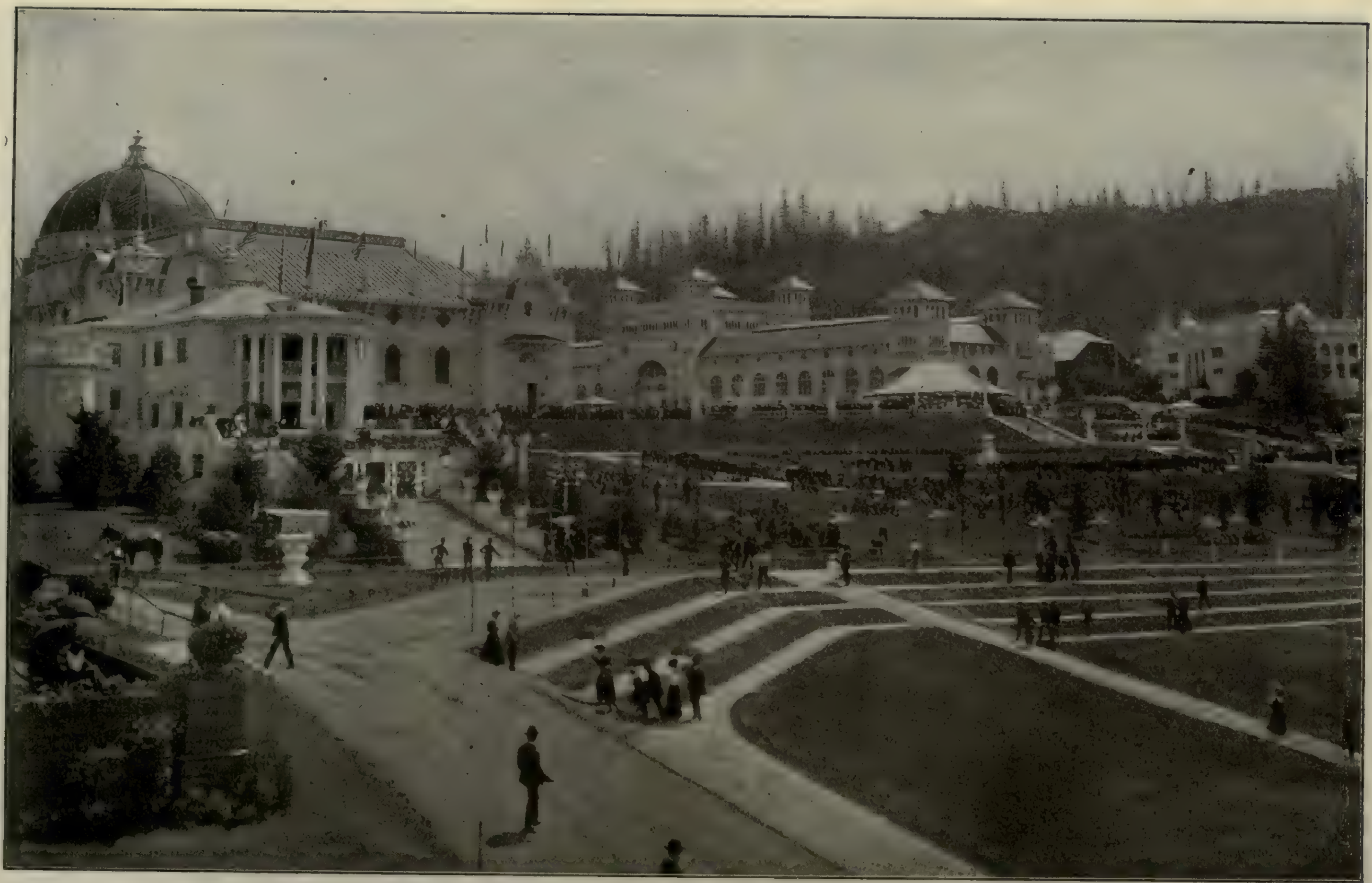
"My Dear Mr. Morton: I have received your letter of the 5th instant in reference to your own action concerning the rebates which the Interstate Commerce Commission have found to have been granted by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad to the Colorado Fuel Company at the time you were the vice president of the railroad. Not a shred of testimony, so far as I know, has been presented from any source, whether by the interstate commerce commission or by the special counsel employed by the department of justice, which personally implicates you in granting these rebates.

"In your letter you show not only that you were ignorant of the existence of such rebates, but that you had taken every possible step to see that neither in this case nor in any other were any rebates granted, and you quote documents which show that your subordinates were repeatedly and explicitly warned to obey the law as regards these rebates, as well as in all other respects. With that showing on your part, and in view of the fact that, as

"HITTING THE TRAIL," REMINGTON'S COWBOY GROUP, THE SCULPTURAL MASTERPIECE OF THE PORTLAND FAIR

A GLIMPSE OF THE GROUNDS OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION ON THE OPENING DAY, THE UNITED STATES BUILDING ACROSS THE LAKE; TROOPS IN THE FOREGOUND AWAITING THE CLOSE OF THE CEREMONIES

A HAPPY SNAPSHOT ON THE RUSTIC STAIRWAY, FORESTRY BUILDING, PORTLAND



LAKE VIEW TERRACE, LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION, ON THE OPENING DAY, THE NEW YORK BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND, THE PINE CLAD HILLS IN THE BACKGROUND

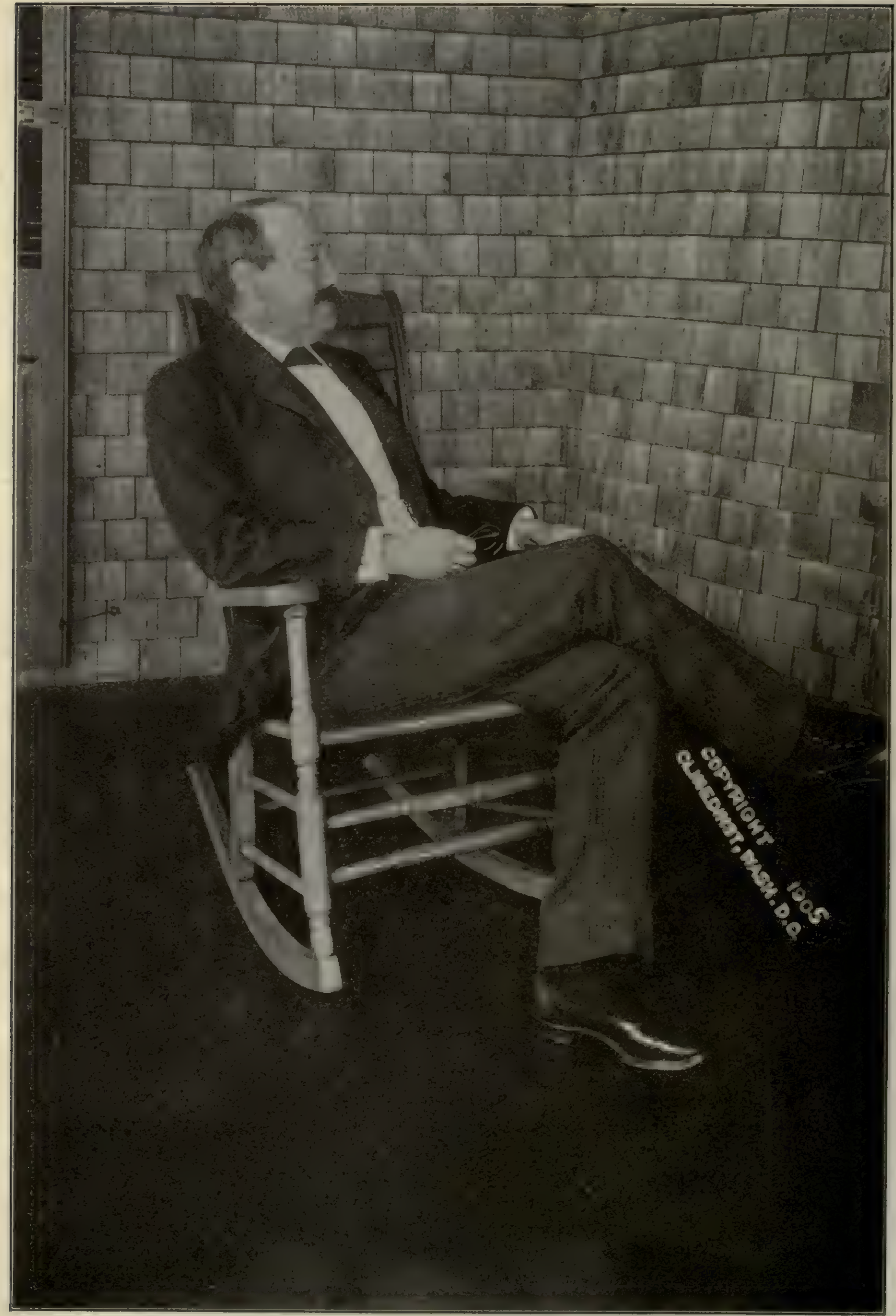
I have said, not a shred of testimony has been produced against you from any source whatever, I do not think that you need pay any further heed to the accusations that have been made against you.

"I do not myself need any corroboration of any statement you make; but if I did need it, it would be furnished by the boldness and frankness with which over three years ago, and before any of the proceedings with which we are now dealing took place, you testified to the entire truth in connection with the taking of rebates from the railroads; and it is deeply discreditable that this testimony should not only now be quoted against you, but with shameless perversion of the truth should be quoted as having been given by you in this case.

"At the time when you gave this testimony the interstate commerce law in the matter of rebates was practically a dead letter. Every railroad man admitted privately that he paid no heed whatever to it, and the interstate commerce commission has shown itself absolutely powerless to secure this heed. When I took up the matter and endeavored to enforce obedience to the law on the part of the railroads in the question of rebates I encountered violent opposition from the great bulk of the railroad men and a refusal by all of those to whom I spoke to testify in public to the very state of affairs which they freely admitted to me in private.

"You alone stated that you would do all in your power to break up this system of giving rebates; that you strongly objected to it; but that as long as the law was a dead letter the railroads which preferred to obey it were forced to disobey it if they were to continue in business at all, under the competition of their less scrupulous fellows. I agreed with you cordially that the only

PRESIDENT AND DIRECTOR GENERAL GOODE, HEAD OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION

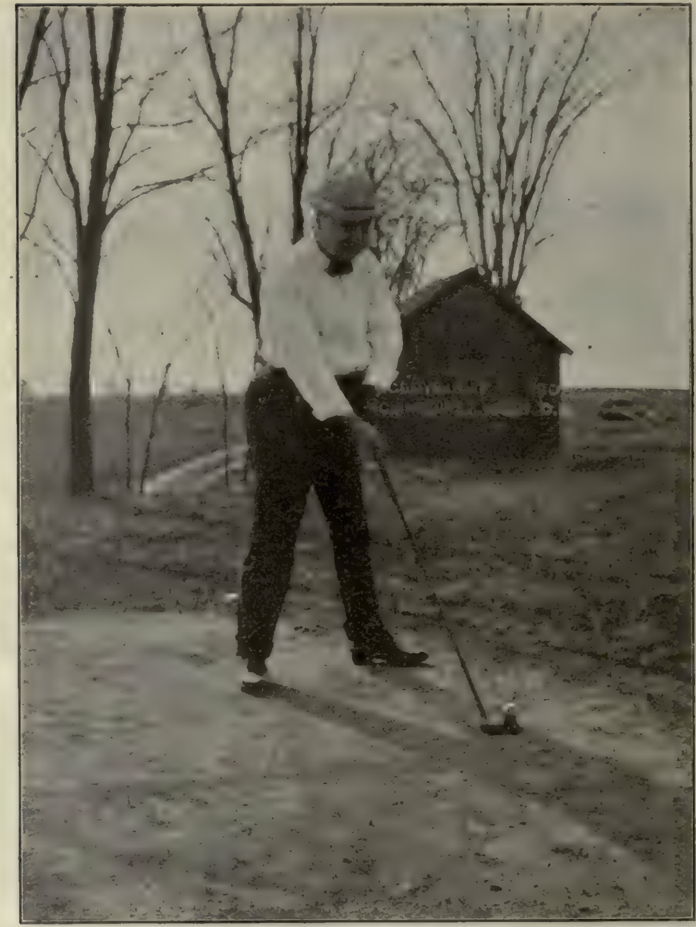


CHARLES JEROME BONAPARTE OF MARYLAND, WHO SUCCEEDS PAUL MORTON OF NEBRASKA AS SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FOR THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE AT MR. BONAPARTE'S COUNTRY HOME

MRS. CHARLES JEROME BONAPARTE, THE WIFE OF THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

way in which it would be possible to secure the enforcement of the law would be by making it effective against all railroads alike, as, if some were allowed to violate it, it necessarily meant that the others in self protection would be driven to violate it also; and I cannot too heartily commend the fearless and frank way in which you (and you alone) came forward and in the interest of the government and the public gave legal evidence of the facts which everyone in interest privately admitted to exist, but which the interstate commerce commission had previously been unable legally to establish.

"It was primarily due to this testimony of yours that we were able to put so nearly effective a stop to the system of rebates as it then existed. You rendered a great public service by your testimony. You enabled the government to accomplish in the interest of the public what it would not otherwise have accomplished, and you showed yourself to be, more than any other railroad man with whom I came in contact, zealous in your endeavor to see that the



SENATOR KNOX OF PENNSYLVANIA GETS HIS EYE ON THE BALL — BUT IT'S A GOLF BALL

law should no longer remain a dead letter, but that all the railroads alike should be required to obey it. Your manliness and frankness in this matter attracted my particular attention. It showed you to be, in my judgment, a man whose word could be trusted absolutely and whose decision to do full justice and to have it done could likewise be trusted.

"When a vacancy occurred in the navy department I made up my mind that I wished you in my cabinet — where, permit me to reiterate, you have shown yourself to be one of the most faithful and devoted public servants with whom it has ever been my good fortune to be connected. You came in at my urgent request and in spite of your natural reluctance to accept the very heavy financial loss in which taking the position of secretary of the navy necessarily involved you. I certainly would not shield you because you are in my cabinet; but equally certainly I shall not sanction an attack upon you which I would not dream of sanctioning if you had not become a member of my cabinet.

"Since I accepted your resignation as a member of my cabinet you have undertaken perhaps the greatest and

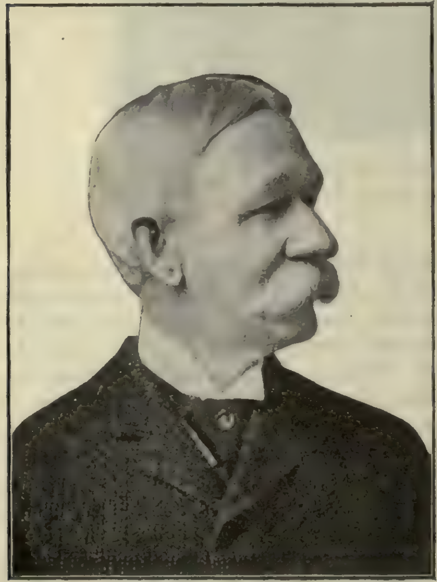
MISS MARION OLIVER, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL OLIVER, PLAYING GOLF AT CHEVY CHASE

most important work now open to any business man in assuming control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. You do not need to be told again the confidence I have in you and my belief in your absolute sincerity of purpose and your unflinching courage. I know that the mere fact that you have consented thus to take control of the society means that there will be a genuine attempt to make a new, clean management, a control really and honestly in the interests of the policy holders, and one which will make impossible the crooked and objectionable practises that have hitherto prevailed in the society.

"Ex-President Cleveland, in consenting to act as one of the three trustees to hold the stock of the society and to use the voting power of such stock in the selection of directors concludes his letter by saying: 'We shall be safer if we regain our old habit of looking at the appropriation to personal uses of property and interests held in trust in the same light as other forms of stealing.' In other words, you and Mr. Cleveland intend to see that the affairs of the society are managed not merely with the honesty requisite in order to keep clear of criminal proceedings, but with the fine sense of honor which recognizes in the trustee—and that is what the man responsible for the management of any great business corporation is nowadays—the duty of managing his business affairs with a high sense of obligation not only to the stock holders and the policy holders but to the general public.

"Mr. Cleveland has especially stipulated that he is to be absolutely free and undisturbed in the exercise of his judgment; you have especially stipulated that you are to be absolutely free and undisturbed in the exercise of your judgment. I have faith not only in your will to do right but in the judgment which will enable you to do right. As I understand it, the majority of the stock is to be put in the hands of a board of trustees, of which Mr. Cleveland has accepted the chairmanship, and they will have absolute control, subject, as to the majority of the directors, to the policy holders' instructions, and subject, as to the minority directors, to exercising their own judgment without control.

"Your policy will be, I know, to give the policy holders a square deal and to clean house thoroughly. You would not take such a position if you did not have a perfectly free hand and if you were not unhampered by commitments to anybody.



REAR ADMIRAL ENDICOTT, WHO REPRESENTS THE NAVY IN THE PANAMA CANAL COMMISION
Photograph by Clinedinst

"I do not congratulate you upon entering upon this work, for I do not wish to congratulate any man when he puts his harness on, but rather to wait until he takes it off. But I do wish to express to you not only my belief in you and in your success but my strong feelting that you have undertaken one of the most important public duties that can befall any man just at present.

"The scandal which has been so deplorable for the Equitable Life Assurance Society has also had effects far beyond the society itself. Not only is it lamentable to think of the condition of hundreds of thousands of poor people all over the country who have found their confidence shaken in the provision which they have made for their families and for their old age by putting the savings of years in this society, but the loss of confidence thereby created affects the whole insurance business of the country and weakens that great tendency for the promotion of thrift and providence.

"Your success in your new position will mean not only a great achievement for you but a great achievement for the American public. In business conditions as they are today the head of one of these great insurance societies should be regarded as just as emphatically a public servant as if he were occupying any office through the direct vote of the people. He should be held to the same strict accountability if he goes wrong; and he is entitled to the same meed of praise if by doing his duty fearlessly, honestly and intelligently he increases the stability of the business world, raises its moral tone and puts a premium upon those habits of thrift and saving which are so essential to the welfare of the people as a body.

"Incidentally it seems to me that what has occurred furnishes another argument for effective supervision by the national government, if such supervision can be obtained, over all these great insurance corporations which do an interstate business.

A PORTRAIT BUST OF JOHN PAUL JONES, OUR FIRST ADMIRAL, WHOSE DUST WAS LATELY BROUGHT FROM PARIS IN THE CRUISER BROOKLYN AND LAID TO REST AT ANNAPOLIS, THE SEAT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

"With earnest good wishes,

"Faithfully yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"Hon. Paul Morton, Chairman Board of Directors Equitable Life Assurance Society, New York, N. Y."

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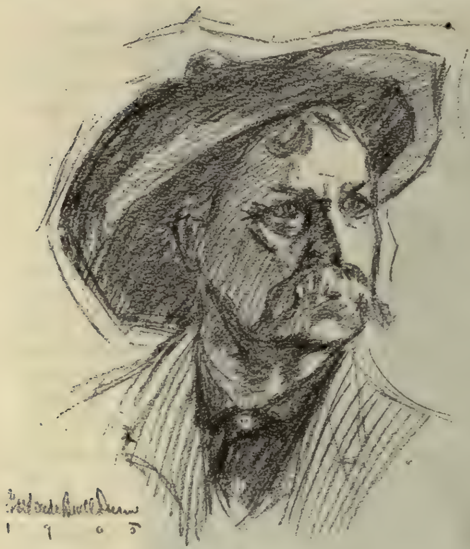
MR. BALLARD DUNN of the editorial staff of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, places us under obligation for the following brief inner glimpse of the president's recent bear hunt in Colorado. Mr. Dunn had a long talk with "Jake" Borah, the president's guide, and not the least interesting fruit of that interview is the pencil sketch of Mr. Borah by Gertrude Buell Dunn. This is Mr. Dunn's account of the hunt:

"Boys, I'm no dude. Don't forget that, and I want you to overlook the fact that I am the president. Out here I am just plain Mr. Roosevelt, who is looking for a good time in the hills."

It was in this way that Jake Borah, one of the president's guides into the big game country of Colorado, quoted the nation's chief executive after the hunt had become history.

Possessing all the dignity and probity required of his high office, Mr. Roosevelt, who has become plain "Teddy" on



"JAKE" BORAH, THE PRESIDENT'S GUIDE

From a pencil sketch made for the National at Colorado Springs by Gertrude Buell Dunn

the lips of millions of his fellow citizens, is as unstilted today and as wholly democratic as when he was himself one of the "cow punchers" on the western prairies.

For some time after the camp had been pitched in the mountains, the guides, hunters and camp attendants showed uneasiness in the presence of the president. There was formality and stiffness that reacted upon Mr. Roosevelt. He saw it and at once determined to relieve a situation that he realized would prevent any familiar intercourse between him and the men around him.

"Call up the boys, Borah; I want to talk with them a minute," he said. The "boys" reported with alacrity, but they were visibly nervous for they did not know what was in the wind, and the sudden summons was interpreted as meaning the president was not pleased with the preparations made for his comfort and pleasure.

"Now boys," he told them, when they had gathered in a half circle before him, "forget it is the president who is with you. I'm plain Mr. Roosevelt out for a good time. Remember, I'm no dude, and you must treat me as if I had lived with you all my life; if you don't I won't stay. Borah tells me you are all wranglers of one kind or another, and I'm going to call you wranglers."

Thus the president carried with him into the mountains the same openness

THE COURIER OF THE PRESIDENTIAL HUNTING PARTY ON THE TRAIL

WAITING FOR THE PRESIDENT TO COME INTO THE PLUNGE AT GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO

MOUNT SOPRIO FROM THE PRESIDENT'S COLORADO HUNTING CAMP: COLORADO MAY TAKE STEPS TO HAVE IT NAMED MOUNT ROOSEVELT

and lack of formality that has made him one of the people wherever he has gone and in whatever he has done.

After the close of the hunt the president had all the cowboys with him at a farewell dinner in the big dining room at the Hotel Colorado in Glenwood Springs, where Secretary Loeb had his headquarters during the three weeks of the hunt.

"You can call me a dude now," he said, when they were all gathered around him at the table. "I've got on my dude clothes.

"I've had the best time of my life, boys," he continued, "you don't know how good it feels just to be an ordinary man for three weeks; not to have those secret service men with me; to know that I can ride the hills without being followed and watched all the time."

During that hunt the president had the most faithful and devoted bodyguard in the cowboys around him, any one of whom would have laid down his life in the face of whatever danger might have confronted him.

"To all hunters a bear hunt's much the same," said Jake Borah in telling the story of his trip with the president; "a chase after bayin' hounds, the treein' and the death, but on the president's

THE PRESIDENT'S FIRST BEAR

WHERE BRUIN IS FOUND — A SHADY POOL IN THE WILDERNESS

hunt there was more'n one thrillin' incident that won't be overlooked. The toughest scrap was on the first day out, when the president bagged a big brown bear. That was the day we lost old Spot, my best dog. Spot was the last dog in the track, an' he died like a terrier always dies—game.

"When we first saw the bear, the dogs had him bayed on the side o' the mountain, about half way up. I sent Al Anderson up the hill so's he could get in above him and drive him down. A bear always runs down, you know, if you get in above him. Al commenced peltin' him with rocks, but that bear never moved, just looked at him. Al kept on throwin' and the bear kept on lookin', and then he commenced takin' it out on the dogs that was a-snappin' at him from all sides.

PLUCKY LITTLE "SPOT"

"We knew that wouldn't do. There wouldn't been a dog left if that kept up long. So I told Al to quit throwin', and when he did the bear hustled off around the other side of the mountain, the dogs right after him.

"Pretty soon we heard the dogs again, and knew they had him bayed. We come up on them at the head of a little draw, and there was that bear backed up ag'in a big rock, clawin' and slashin' at the dogs and sendin' 'em whirlin' every time he hit them.

PART OF THE TRAIL INTO THE PRESIDENT'S COLORADO HUNTING GROUNDS

"He wouldn't tree and the dogs kept closin' on him. Old Spot was right up in front. He never did know what it was to be scared of the biggest bear in the hills, and the first thing I see was the bear reachin' out and pullin' the dog to him.

"Then the president got his sight on the old bear, and in a second he rolled over, Spot still in his arms. When they was a-rollin' down the gulch the old bear reached over and got hold of Spot's back with his teeth, breakin' his backbone. Spot never whimpered. He got up and was pullin' himself together for another go at the bear, when I went over and picked him up. The president fired again, and by that time the bear was 'all in.'

"That was the gamest fight I ever see dogs put up, and Spot never had his equal. We had to shoot him, and we dug a hole right there and covered him over. We put a rock on top of his grave an' rode back to camp.

"'I don't like to see a good dog killed that way,' said the president. 'I might have saved him if I had shot a little quicker.'"

After the close of the hunt, from which all newspaper men were excluded upon the request of Mr. Roosevelt, who said he could not hunt bear with a brass band along, the president loosened his stiffened joints in the hot mineral cave baths at Glenwood Springs.

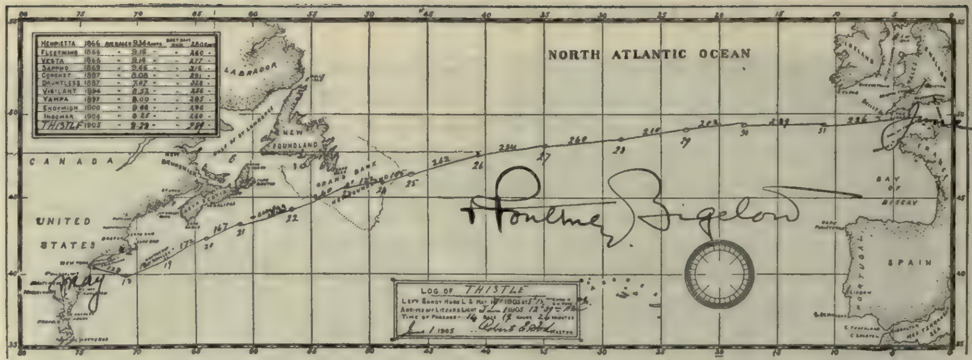
The name of the little town will long be associated with the occasion when it was the capital of the United States for three weeks.

HOW THE BATTERY WAS TAKEN

By George Birdseye

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS

'TWAS at the earliest flush of dawn,
While Shiloh's fight was raging on;
Grant, with his field glass, stood serene,
But anxiously surveyed the scene.
Up rushed a rider, hand to brim;
Stopt, and cried out, saluting him:
"My General, report I make:
Der Rebels haf a Battery take —
Schwartz's Battery vas der von!"
Said Grant: "Speak out! How was it done?"
"By flank und rear — pefore ve look —
So Schwartz's Battery vas took!"
Cried Grant: "You spiked the guns, of course?"
Amazed, the Deutscher's voice was hoarse:
"Vot? Shpike dem guns — dem brand new guns?
Vy, it vould shpoil dem! You make funs."
"Make fun?" said Grant, "make fun with you?"
Then sharply asked: "What did you do?"
"Do?" said the Deutscher, "dot vas plain,—
Do? — Ve yoost took dem pack again."



THE LOG OF THE THISTLE IN THE OCEAN YACHT RACE FROM SANDY HOOK TO THE LIZARD

YACHT RACING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

By Poultney Bigelow

MUNICH, BAVARIA

WHEN the owner commands and navigates his own boat, as does Robert Tod of the Thistle, we have the ideal of deep sea yachting.

Anyone with a long purse may build a boat and hire a professional cup lifter — but where does the sport come in under such conditions?

On the second night out from New York there had been some hard work in the way of shifting sail, and so all hands were called aft, the steward was ordered to bring the big whisky flask and the owner commenced to pour out a tot for each gallant tar.

The whole ship's company, including two passengers, makes only twenty-five; and when I found that our genial host was pouring the fiftieth glass I commenced to take an interest, and discovered that in the darkness the crew were revolving past him much as an army on the stage—passing along into the darkness and reappearing from behind the main mast with splendid regularity.

After this Tod counted his tots.

II

To please Mrs. Tod, he shipped a venerable first mate whose atmosphere was that of deliberation. With such a careful assistant, thought his loving spouse, nothing but good could happen to the Thistle.

She was right. This gentle mate was never allowed to do anything about the decks save such noncommittal work as testing thermometrically the temperature of air and water, reading off the numbers on the taffrail log, playing with the sextant and going aloft with opera glasses in search of news. He was a pleasant addition to a tea party, but mostly in the way otherwise.

III

The skipper had little to do with his guests — these took their meals alone, our host refusing to leave the deck or the chart room night or day.

Personally this would have used me up in a very few days. Dr. J. C. Ayre, my fellow passenger, told me that in the course of his long and active professional career he had never met with anyone who could resist sleep so long as the skipper of the Thistle. And after fourteen full days of sleeplessness he appeared to be as wide awake and fresh looking as on the day of leaving Sandy Hook.

One reason for this vitality lies in the fact that my host neither smokes nor indulges in wine of any kind—furthermore he does not indulge in profane language, which many think is a part of a sailor's necessary outfit.

IV

As to this or that yacht winning the race—that is a matter of secondary importance.

The same wind does not favor all, and while the Thistle selected the most northerly route through the ice fields and lost, it is no reason why she might not have won over the same line a few days earlier or later.

The fascination of these long races is in the hard test which it gives to both boats and their crews. It awakens confidence in the sea as a mother of manly virtue — it increases our respect for our Viking Ancestors who pushed out into the great ocean in search of adventure fearing nothing save inactivity.

When I left New York some of my friends pictured the race as a sociable journey that would resemble somewhat that of a man-of-war with a convoy—lazily jogging over the swells and occasionally offering us opportunity to lower a boat in order to take dinner with a neighboring yacht.

Others deemed me a reckless fool bound on self destruction.

And indeed, while I knew from some seventy crossings of this Atlantic that sails are scarce things on the horizon, still, there was, it seemed to all of us, a fair chance of meeting with one or two of our competitors at some part of the trip.

But not once on the whole journey did we catch sight of a single one of our competitors.

Not once did we even sight a passenger steamer—and only once did we come near enough to any vessel for an exchange of signals.

We had several days of gale and sleet —of very heavy seas and fear of icebergs, but only once did we feel some nervousness, when we found ourselves in the midst of drift ice, with darkness coming on, the air and water close to freezing and the sea so thick with white caps that it was not easy to distinguish the ragged tops of sunken ice from the foaming of the angry waves.

Do you think there was ever a dull moment aboard?—not one. The hours run by as they do on shore when one is thoroughly interested in work and play.

The weather we had was unfortunate in so far as winning the cup is concerned; it was mainly westerly, but veering and of unequal strength—necessitating constant jibing and shifting of sail.

Where we had a right to expect good, strong wind, we had merely five or six knot weather—at other times we had gales so strong and seas so heavy across the Gulf Stream that we could not work our sails to full advantage. But this weather gave us an abundance of physical exercise, and no man with red blood in his veins can remain inactive on a sailing craft when there is work at the halyards and sheets.

V

Our dear Doctor suffered keen disappointment—our men obstinately refused to break their ribs or split their heads, and so for the whole cruise he had to practice on himself for want of a patient. He came near to having a fine practice, but it was nipped in the bud by the second mate.

This is how it happened.

One of the quartermasters confessed that he had a bit of a stomach ache.

Doctor was delighted — came on deck with something mixed in whiskey. The news of this reached the forecastle and presto, each man in succession commenced to complain of analogous symptoms.

The second mate, however, checked the threatened run on the whiskey supply by substituting castor oil—and after the first dose stomach ache disappeared completely from the forecastle.

VI

The next race should be from Boston to Gibraltar by way of the Azores. This race from New York to the Lizard was to have come off in 1904, and would have been then run but for a strange series of misunderstandings.

The next contest of this nature may well be raised above all such possibility by being regarded as international in the highest sense.

Uncle Sam can do the starting in Massachusetts Bay and John Bull will cheerfully, I am sure, welcome the survivors under the Pillars of Hercules.

New England is the home of the hardy fishing craft which furnishes us today the best type of the deep sea small craft suitable for such a contest. It is the nursery of American seamanship—it is the only part of America where the so-called "Protection" tariff has not yet wholly sapped away the life of the American sailor.

So here's a health to the gallant skipper of the Thistle—the man who not merely proposed the Ocean Race of 1905 but succeeded in making it real in spite of many obstacles.

Here's to the next race, to a longer race and increased entries.

And above all, here's to more sport on the high seas—more fellowship 'twixt all who speak our language, and may the day soon dawn when the grand watchword of New England shall again ring in political conventions!

Free Trade and Sailor's Rights.

SOME OF THE UNOFFICIAL LOG ON BOARD THE THISTLE

May 22nd. Off Sable Island. Dense fog — thermometer has been going down steadily for two days — this Sable Island is so thick with wrecks that you can't see it — so we did not see it — and we were correspondingly grateful.

May 23rd. Stopped our morning baths — fresh water needed elsewhere and salt water has run down to thirty-four degrees Fahrenheit. Our doctor says it is bad to bathe in such water — I agree with him when the air is freezing damp.

Last night the main topsail balloon staysail, a sheet as big as a Japanese Garden, was taken in all crackling with beads of ice — cold and damp — it was brought down to the main cabin. Then the wind changed and the rest of the light sails were brought in all dripping with frozen fog, and stacked up near our meal table. This produced a clammy, vault-like atmosphere which became mouldy when we lit a gas stove by way of making ourselves cheerful of an evening.

Yacht racing is a fine thing — it's not intended for people who need comfort or have a weak lung.

The steam rising from that mass of damp sails suggested the New York subway.

We put on our caps and mittens when we went down to dinner.

Last night the Doctor went head over heels down to leeward, chair and all, landing on top of the oil stove.

He said he became warm for the first time since leaving Sandy Hook.

I had almost forgotten to record the advent of our black cat, because some people are not superstitious and might think such things unworthy of a historic log.

Well, when about thirty miles south of Nantucket shoal light ship we were sweeping along in the late afternoon under studding sails and double raffee when what should appear on our starboard bow but a derelict three master of maybe 1,000 tons, nothing showing above water save her capstan, her galley house and her jibboom.

The sun was setting behind angry clouds and the skipper had just given the order to haul down the stuns'l when I noted something black waving and bobbing up and down at the end of the broken jibboom. On swinging close to the derelict, there jumped on to the end of our spinnaker a black cat with yellow eyes which looked like the bow ornaments of a Chinese junk.

This was accepted by all as a sign of good omen — and it is no doubt to this that we owe our miraculous escape from death in the midst of the ice and polar bears later on.

Our black cat was exhausted with watching and dodging the waves which had kept lapping up at her on the wreck, so after drinking several buckets of condensed milk, she curled herself up by the oil stove in the main saloon and went sound asleep as though she had been kittened and christened aboard the THISTLE.

After we had gone to bed, however, the little stove went out, the cabin grew cold and the black cat naturally crept into the nearest warm thing, and that meant that she curled up inside of the main topmast staysail and continued her sleep—until the staysail was suddenly carried out, cat and all, and hoisted up aloft before our strange guest could extricate herself.

This was none of your ordinary cats, but one that knew her way about, below and aloft. When the big sail was shaken out from the stops, the black cat clutched the cross trees and thought awhile, gazing intently down on the binnacle, and when the first mate came on watch at eight bells—midnight,—what should he see but two yellow eyes looking down at him from the main top.

But he didn't know then that they were cat's eyes. On the contrary, he was not thinking of cats in that part of the heavens.

He was anxious about latitude and longitude; and thinking that he had here a couple of constellations in conjunction he rushed below for his sextant and commenced to bring those yellow orbs into harmony with the nautical almanach.

But just then the black cat began to stroke her nose, and this frightened the mate because he thought it was an eclipse and there was nothing in the nautical almanach to warn him of this.

So he shouted down to the Skipper for help; announcing an eclipse of Castor and Pollux at 72° altitude. But the Skipper looked at him hard and said something profane.

And just then the black cat miawed and up went one of the quartermasters and brought her down in his arms from the rigging.

I never did see such shiny eyes on any cat before.

May 25th. When we were in latitude about 47 north and longitude 45 west we passed some powerful big porpoises—and one of them snapped at the patent log that was whizzing astern and carried it away clean — just one bite.

I've heard tell that porpoises were human and had consciences. Now I believe it.

Well, I didn't report this to the skipper, for I believed in my porpoises — and sure enough — at five bells of the afternoon watch I noticed one lone porpoise sort of rising up on his hind legs like and stretching up, and his eyes almost spoke to me, they were so expressive.

Well, I didn't think much of it until I heard a buzzing inside of him, which was the machinery of the patent log still going around owing to the palpitation of his heart.

I was just going forward to look for a hook when a green sea came aboard and with it this same porpoise — and no sooner had the water drained off in the scuppers than out belched my patent log.

Such honesty as this doesn't happen amongst men — leastways not amongst sailor men.

After that I couldn't kill the porpoise — but I educated it and he'd play with the black cat and walk about the decks with her.

But one day he grew careless; he went chasing after that black cat and got too near the edge, fell overboard and was drowned.

I could quote more of this log, but rival historians might accuse me of exaggeration.

IN THE SAND HILLS

By Walter Bidwell

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS

HARRY HAWKINS was local representative of a loan company I was interested in and which operated mainly in Kansas. He and I had attended college together, so when I arrived at his headquarters one hot day in July, and we started south through the Arkansas valley to inspect a tract of land which lay over beyond the sand hills, the dread of the journey that I was entering upon was made tolerable only by the thought that I had an entertaining driver. The hot winds which had blown incessantly for three days, blasting vegetation and sending the farmers upon their knees in supplication to God to spare the remainder of their crops, were still coming from the south. We had not gone far when I began to suffer from the grains of sand hurled by the insane fury of the wind against my face and hands—cutting like bits of steel from a fiery furnace; never before did I realize with what feelings of dread and apprehension the inhabitants of this country view the coming of the hot winds, which fortunately do not come often; they have only been known to sweep across the country at their worst about half a dozen times within the memory of the oldest resident.

We passed through a field of corn which looked entirely dead ("fired" it was called)—through it rather than by it, for the field stretched off immense distances on either side of the road—coming in view of the river, beyond which the sand shifted around in the brazen sky as though the law of gravitation had become inoperative and the very earth was subject to the will of the winds.

"What was the condition of corn before the hot winds came?" I asked, breaking a dry leaf between my thumbs and forefingers—a leaf I had plucked from the field through which we had passed, where all the leaves were seared and curled as though fire had passed through the field.

"Never better," replied Mr. Hawkins, giving the horses a sharp cut as they labored out of the sand and up the steep ascent leading to the bridge. "Three days ago corn was just silking out—fine prospects; there was no reason to believe that we would not have an immense crop, sending the price down to twelve or fourteen cents, but on the whole giving the country a big lift. But now—" he concluded with a backward gesture to indicate the desolate field through which we had passed. I could readily have supplied from observation the description that should have followed.

I had turned my attention from the corn to the turbid stream flowing lazily over its bed of sand, impressing me with the sharp contrast between its velocity and the velocity of the wind, when upon an island not far from the bank we were approaching I observed a large marble shaft, around the base of which a few weeds and grasses were struggling for existence in the tawny sand. Noticing an inscription upon the shaft I remarked upon the oddity of such a burying place.

"A strange tale, that," observed my companion, as the horses, given free rein, trotted off the bridge, then came to a walk on the sandy road.

It was with considerable interest that I listened to the story which followed.

"Many years ago Judd Peters and his wife, Julia, came here and located on this side of the river, subsequently building the house over there, now occupied by Clark's," indicating a frame dwelling to the right of the road, surrounded by all the conveniences of a well regulated Kansas farm—rows of cottonwoods lifting their refreshing shade upon either side of the drive leading out to the road.

"They were a middle aged couple," continued Mr. Hawkins, "of apparent respectability and considerable means—as means are rated in this section—who met their obligations promptly, attended strictly to their own business and spoke no ill of anyone. Aside from this, their neighbors knew nothing about them; no one had the temerity to make open inquiries about their antecedents. It was said that they hailed from Pennsylvania, where they had made a speck in the oil business and that they occasionally talked of returning to their old home. But this was denied by those who were best acquainted with them; they never returned and no one came from the East who had ever known them. A few busybodies attempted, by speculation and conjecture, to unravel the mystery that surrounded their past, but after several years of fruitless effort the undertaking was abandoned and the solitary couple were left to guard their history as they might. Of course there were those—only a few, however—who envied Peters. The well-to-do are always viewed with odium by some, especially in Kansas, where there is an incorrigible, implacable element which breaks out—kicks and spouts—whenever prosperity crowns the efforts of industry.

"Peters and his wife were a very devoted couple. Having no children, they bestowed that affection upon each other which would otherwise have been given to their offspring. Their relations were always harmonious; they seemed radiantly happy when together, and indeed they were seldom seen apart. It was said that they used to sit back there on the bank of the river watching the water flow by—acting for all the world like little children—care free and happy. I have often thought how much brighter the world would be if the love of youth should continue unabated after marriage in other cases as it apparently did in theirs.

"As a result of this attachment, Judd and his wife had no personal friends; they never mixed in the affairs of others. They found in each other that sympathy and consolation for which one who is denied it often leaves the family circle and seeks elsewhere. They seldom attended public worship and contributed but little to the support of the church. On the whole they impressed one as rather independent — insular in their lives and habits—asking no favors from God or man. Across the placid surface of their marital relations no wave of jealousy had ever come; not even such as sometimes comes to a devoted heart when it discovers that a loved one is secretly calling upon God for some favor — a favor which, perhaps, the jealous one had considered unworthy of note.

"Years passed by, during which Peters added to his possessions while he and his wife continued to live in isolation—holding aloof from society — 'in the world but not of the world.'

"One Sunday afternoon in early July when the Arkansas was on a boom, undermining the bank on this side of the river just north of the bridge we crossed, letting great chunks of earth into the seething water, Peters sat alone upon the bank, not far from where it was caving in, enjoying himself in his peculiar way, when he was suddenly swallowed up by the river. At least that was the universal conclusion, for Millie Clark saw him sitting upon the bank about two o'clock in the afternoon and no one has ever seen him since.

"Nothing was known of the catastrophe until about three o'clock, when Mrs. Peters, who had been at home doing up the dinner dishes, came running across the field from the river to Clark's crying: 'He's drowned —

drowned; I know he's drowned!' Nothing else was said, but those few words came with a wail so deep and pathetic that they left an indelible impression upon the minds of those who heard them. She went positively wild —tore her hair, clawed her flesh, bit her arms, laughed and cried, then looked away in blank despair. I have always thought that on that very day her reason was dethroned, for she never afterward impressed me as being entirely sane. She was certainly in a pitiable plight. She had no friend to console with; she had never confided in anyone. She could not pray to God, for she had never known God. There was no avenue of escape. She took her grief to heart, and in the wild storm that beat upon her soul her mind was hopelessly shattered.

"We hunted all through this country — some thinking Peters had become insane and wandered away; we dredged the river for ten miles down stream, and even went so far as to send a score of notices to towns situated upon the river between here and Arkansas. But all to no avail; no trace of Peters was ever found.

"Several days after her husband's disappearance—she in the meantime having carried on dreadfully — Mrs. Peters showed the strangest conduct imaginable. Suddenly conceiving a horror of the river—the river she had liked so well, but which had finally robbed her of her husband — she sold all of her possessions for a song, and going back to the foot of the sand hills—a little way ahead of us — she bought a farm which has since been covered up by sand, rendering it worthless.

"While abhorring the river with unabated vehemence, she still regarded it as the Mecca of her devotion; and every year, as unfailing as the anniversary of her husband's disappearance, she journeyed thither and sat all the afternoon upon the bank just north of the bridge, looking into the water with gloomy remembrance. Here had gone out the only star of her hope, and to her blighted, fast failing mind the heavens were still lit with the fire of the dying orb.

"Back at the foot of the sand hills, her meager possessions being yearly encroached upon by the merciless sand, she continued her isolated life, now more retired than ever, for she was entirely alone—not even a servant to relieve the monotony of her barren existence. When the few acres of tillable land, as worked by herself, failed to supply her wants, she drew upon her steadily decreasing bank account for her support. She went about the place — a hopeless old crone—babbling like a child. Her husband's pipe and a paper he had read upon the eve of his disappearance lay upon the parlor table where, she said, he had left them; this when he had never been in the house in his life. He would shortly come back and want them, and she was patiently waiting for him to return. She was young and full of hope and any reference to her advanced years was sharply resented.

"But under the surface of these inconsistencies was an undercurrent of rational thought. In her serious moments she realized her condition and even acknowledged that her vitality was almost exhausted. But instead of giving up as the aged generally do, she redoubled her efforts to build up her body and mind. Nothing should be left undone to further this end. I shall never forget the passionate fierceness with which she rebelled against the approach of the inevitable end.

"Last July, just ten years after her husband's departure, she made her annual pilgrimage to the river, which was then almost out of its banks from a late Summer freshet. She was sitting upon the bank, looking into the water, when the earth on which she sat gave way and she, too, was carried to her death.

"John Wilberforce, who was riding by at the time, saw her fall into the stream, and, jumping out of the buggy, went below the bridge and eventually succeeded in drawing her out. But she was never resuscitated, her wasted vitality failing to respond to the efforts of those who attempted to revive her.

"We knew of no better place to bury her than that endeared to her heart by her annual pilgrimages; hence the marble shaft you marveled at when we were crossing the bridge."

After the period of silence which followed the conclusion of his story, and while we were approaching a place reminiscent of homestead days, Mr. Hawkins remarked: "This is the property owned by the late Mrs. Peters."

The little house, surrounded by a few outbuildings, stood in the edge of a sea of sand which was constantly encroaching upon it in little fluffy drifts. After we had driven by the deserted property and the scenes of the story had passed out of my mind, I again became conscious of the sand beating against my face and hands and of the awful heat of the day, my sympathy going out to the horses, foam flecked and jaded, laboring out into the scorching, shifting dunes.

GOMEZ (1898) ❧ By Frank Putnam

TO that high plane where Love enshrines his name who gave this Nation life,
Unerring Time's decree assigns the hero of a newer strife.
His fight is that undying fight, whose martyr roll is ages long —
The ceaseless battle waged by Right against the sway of cruel Wrong.
His arms are few, his purse is lean, the woods his templed cities are;
His road is long, Death lurks between, but at the end shines Freedom's star.
Of dauntless courage, splendid skill, unwearied purpose, noble mind,
His final years are Freedom's still; youth's roseate dreams are left behind.
One dear desire is his alone — whose fruit pray God he live to see —
The hated arms of Spain o'erthrown, the land of his affection free!

THE QUEST OF MARTHA JUSTICE

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

PATTERSON had been directed to take the "straight for'ard path" through the woods, and within five minutes he had come to a fork where the over grown trail branched at right angles. To wait for a chance passer by was more uncertain than to trudge back to the inn, but it was decidedly cooler, so Patterson flung himself under a tree and took out his aunt's letter.

He was her favorite nephew, and she had abundant means to make that position a very pleasant one; but he had always foreseen that their comfortable relations were built upon an unstable foundation that was apt to crumble at a crucial test. For Patterson was quietly determined to have his own way, and Aunt Sophia was a born dictator, though Patterson was genuinely fond of her and was rather amused by her eccentricities, so long as they did not conflict with his wishes.

The last time he had visited her, she

had announced, in her emphatic, inconsequent fashion:

"If you marry to suit me, Douglass, I shall settle a pretty sum on you for a wedding gift. But I warn you, that if you ruin your life by marrying some ninny, I shall not even come to the ceremony, and I shall make a new will, leaving every cent to poor Alfred's nieces—hideous girls they are, too! I detest a long chin, don't you? You know young men are sure to do something silly when it comes to falling in love — always running after a petticoat! I wear black ones myself; it saves washing."

He turned the sheets of her letter and read:

"Be sure to call on my dear friend, Miss Martha Justice, when you go to D——. She has a very pretty taste, as I know from her skill in choosing patterns for our cross stitch, and no doubt she can advise you where to find the most suitable scenes for your painting. Speaking of water colors reminds me that young Ellis was nearly drowned in the surf yesterday. I have frequently mentioned you to Martha, and she would feel aggrieved if a nephew of mine should be in her neighborhood without rendering her the courtesy of a call. Tell her I've mislaid the recipe for stuffed bell peppers that she sent me, and ask her to save me some of her gladiolus bulbs this Fall!"

"Hang Miss Martha Justice!" he ejaculated aloud, and then sprang to his feet at the sound of light steps behind him.

"I beg pardon, but will you have the very great kindness to tell me which of these paths leads to the home of Miss Justice?"

The girl paused a moment. Her eyes were downcast.

"I heard you say something about hanging her. If it is a lynching party, I had rather not be an accessory."

He explained his difficulty in deciding upon the "straight for'ard path," and with a slight inclination of her pretty head she preceded him on the path to the right.

"If you follow me," she said, glancing over her shoulder, "you will not lose your way, as I happen to be going to Miss Martha's myself."

What would you have done?

Patterson's artistic eye lingered on the daintiest of flowered organdies. The skirt was fluffy with ruffles, the quaint fichu added to the sloping effect of the shoulders; the poke bonnet, with a wreath of pink roses underneath the brim, against the hair, and filmy strings brought under the chin and knotted to one side, completed a correct 1830 costume—to a woman's eye. To a man's it was seeing young beauty masquerading in her grandmother's gown.

"And a bird overhead sang 'Follow!'
And a bird to the right sang 'Here!'
And the arch in the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear."

He hurriedly overtook her, hat in hand, his manner courteously apologetic, but not emphasized to that degree when an apology seems a covert affront. Fortunately he was tall and good to look upon, and his suit of white flannels was distinctly becoming.

"Would it be unpardonably presumptuous in me to ask for the introduction, now that I am sure Miss Justice will accord me one later? But then I should have missed the pleasure of walking with you—so great a pleasure that it tempts me to overleap the conventionalities. I am Douglas Patterson, and if you will have the graciousness to glance at my aunt's letter to Miss Justice, perhaps it may serve as an introduction to you."

He looked so deferential, yet eager, that the girl hesitated and was lost. She read the note, and he saw, though she repressed the smile on her lips, that her eyes were brimming with laughter.

"I have never read so complimentary a letter of its kind, save the one our last butler brought. He stole the spoons," she added pensively.

"By Jove, Aunt Sophia has laid it on thick!" groaned Patterson, possessing himself of its contents. "I hadn't read it over before. This old lady and my aunt are great chums, match worsteds together and all that sort of thing, and my aunt insisted on my looking her up. Of course it will bore her to death, and I'm already hopelessly frightened."

"Why?"

"Isn't 'Martha Justice' enough to scare a mere man? Ah, that's good of you!" (This referred to the fact that she had started on again, tacitly accepting his position beside her). "I've been fancying the sort of tranquil Puritan who would belong to that name—a dignified, reserved spinster, smooth hair, straight lips, level voice. She should have been born elderly. There are some names that seem a part of Spring—"

"May," she suggested. "Or perhaps Rose and Violet?"

"Don't make fun of me! And there are names that partake of the warmth and luxuriance of Summer. But 'Martha Justice' is distinctly Autumnal."

"You have seen her photograph? No? You gave a remarkably faithful picture of her. But she is a perfect dear! added the girl loyally. "One has to know her well to grow accustomed to her forbidding manner, but there are very few people for whom I care more than I do for her. That's why I don't feel really unconventional in accepting your aunt's introduction a little prematurely. We should meet each other in half an hour anyway, and if Miss Martha likes you she'll probably ask us both to tea."

Patterson's spirits soared to the zenith. Never before had the road to that tiresome thing known as a "duty call" led through green woods that stilled their echoes and listened in friendly silence to the low, sweet laughter of the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He was effervescently happy, and perhaps that is the condition under which one shows to the best advantage.

"I have seen your illustrations in the magazines," said the girl presently. "I cut out two that I liked especially, and had them framed."

"Where did you hang them?" he asked with direct frankness that robbed the question of crudeness.

"In my room," she answered shyly.

An exclamation of pleasure escaped him.

"Will you let me make a sketch now, just for you? You won't send it back with the assurance that it is excellently done, but not quite adapted to your immediate requirements? A step or two back, you admired the maidenhair growing in the crevices of that gray old rock."

He took out his sketch book and with rapid, skillful touches he portrayed the pretty bit of still life.

"How delightful it must be!" she exclaimed, looking over his shoulder. "You make one feel the contrast between that old, lichen covered boulder that cannot be rent by storms and the delicate ferns that sway in a baby breeze."

The same light breeze was blowing the little curls about her forehead and the filmy string of her bonnet floated out and brushed his cheek. He lost his head a little.

"Please, please," he begged impulsively, "let me make a sketch of you! Here's the maidenhair for your souvenir of our walk. May I sketch you—for mine? Mayn't I? Won't you?"

"Your aunt said that, with all your excellent qualities, she feared you lacked initiative," mused the girl. "I should consider that your dominant characteristic."

"She didn't say that in her letter," puzzled Patterson.

"No, it was in a letter that I read to Miss Martha. She—her glasses were mislaid," explained the girl hurriedly.

He took advantage of her slight confusion to press his point.

"Then your knowledge of my failings antedated our meeting? I think you might have told me before, and not have allowed me to remain in happy ignorance, believing that I was as heartily endorsed as the butler. Seriously, won't you permit me to make a sketch of your head in that little bonnet? I need it for an illustration to some verses."

"Oh, do you write poetry?" she inquired with interest.

"Not yet," he confessed, "but I've been told that there is a period in every man's life when he turns to versifying. I feel a presentiment that I shall write my maiden poem no later than tonight. There!" he cried impulsively, the enthusiasm of the artist possessing him, "keep still! Just as you are—your head at that adorable angle!"

Certainly it was a fascinating task. He could gaze as straight as he liked now at the roseleaf face, the piquant chin, the alluring mouth.

" 'Eyes colored like a water flower,' " he quoted absently. "O for a paint box, to try to approximate that color!

'The greenest of things blue
And bluest of things gray!'

Why did you move?"

"Because I don't like for you to say personal things in an impersonal way," she retorted. "I find it embarrassing. Please let me see it."

She put out her hand for the sketch.

"I'm not nearly as — as that," she said, reproach and pleasure mingled in her tone.

He seemed to understand that sentence, though Lindley Murray himself couldn't have parsed it.

"You're a thousand times more so." He deliberately tore the paper into bits. "I had rather keep my mental picture of you. If I might gather one of the little buds that blossom all over your gown, it would bring you to mind more vividly than the libel I destroyed."

She touched one of the flowers on her dress.

"It's a pity they can't be pulled," she said thoughtfully. "It would be too bad for that poem not to be written."

They were very near the edge of the wood. She took off her bonnet, swinging it lightly by the strings, and he discovered that bright, rippling hair is lovelier than the most attractive headgear.

"Perhaps one of the roses from my wreath might do?" she suggested innocently. "Have you a pen knife?"

She held up the bonnet and he snipped off the tiniest pink bud. He felt as if he could not endure for his halcyon hour to end, and he pleaded desperately:

"Can't you stay a little longer? Grant me even ten minutes' grace! I cannot endure the thought of seeing Miss Justice just yet."

"I'm afraid I can't prevent that," she answered, a hint of laughter betraying itself in the corners of her mouth. "I met your aunt two years ago in the mountains. She is an old dear, and I—I'm Martha Justice."

But everybody agrees that Patty Patterson suits her a great deal better!

For their wedding gift, Aunt Sophia gave a cheque so generous as to surprise the most sanguine.

"It was entirely through me that they met. I knew they were exactly suited, for Douglas is an artist, and Martha can concoct anything in a chafing dish. For my part, I prefer shrimps a la Newburg to lobsters. Happy as they are, it goes to prove that marriages are not made in heaven, for I made that match myself and I was down on the Jersey coast. Do you use mosquito bars or pennyroyal oil?"

THE LAY OF THE LAND

By Dallas Lore Sharp

SOUTH HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

SHE loved nature — from a veranda, a dogcart, the deck of a vessel. She had been to the sea shore for a whole June, the next June to the mountains and then to a farm. "And I enjoyed it!" she exclaimed; — "the sky-blue, I mean, the sea-blue, and the green of the hills. But as for seeing fiddler-crabs and chewinks and woodchucks—things! Why I simply didn't. Now don't you think this nature study is mostly fad, anyway?"

Certainly not. A fiddler-crab is as real an entity as a thousand-acre marsh. It is a sorry soul that looks for nothing but fiddler-crabs, that scratches nature always with a muck-rake, that never sees the sky-blue, the sea-blue and the green of the rolling hills. I shall never forget a moonrise over the Maurice River marshes that I saw one night in June—a solemn sight, one of the profoundly beautiful experiences of life, in the wide, weird silence of the half sea-land with the tide at flood. Nor shall I ever forget two or three of the stops I made in the marsh that day to watch the fiddler-crabs.

Nature study, (the term grows seedy) this watching of fiddler-crabs, is not a fad, not make believe, not a pleasure imagined. If my skeptic of the opening paragraph finds nothing of interest in the out of doors smaller and more thing-like than fresh air, it maybe that she doesn't know how to look for it.

Going to the sea shore for one June, to the mountains for another, and to a farm for the next is not the best way to study nature. She may discover the farm, but little else out of doors that is smaller. There will be plenty on the farm to see; just as there will be plenty in the middle of a Hebrew book to read. But the chances are she has the book upside down and is trying to read the lines backward. She won't see much in it. So on the farm in the crowded month of June. There is a medley of voices and she hears music; a blending of colors and she sees green; a mingling of odors and she catches a breath of fragrance. But as for all this talk about chewinks and woodchucks—she does not believe in it.

That is because she did not spend the other two Junes upon the farm. It is when one abides on the farm the year around through several Junes that he sees the woodchucks. There are too many leaves and too much clover in June. As one of twelve, June is a very good month; but as a season for nature study—no single month is satisfactory.

A naturalist needs time for intimate acquaintance. Like a farmer, he can be land poor, can have too much ground to cultivate. I know of a man in New Jersey who owns over 500 acres of pine barrens, and who can scarcely till enough of it to pay taxes. I have a friend near Boston who is quietly getting rich on one one-hundredth as many acres.

Is not this the matter with my skeptic? She has too many acres. She goes to the sea shore one Summer, then to the mountains, then to a farm—and wonders why she sees so little out of doors. Who would see anything? You cannot scrape an acquaintance with a sea shore in one Summer, not even with an ordinary farm. The trouble is one of size. As well try to make friends with a crowded street. Acquaintance and friendship require time.

It is so with persons. Introduction means little more than a name. Not until you have looked into a face many times do you see the much that may be there. So with the face of the fields.

The first necessity in nature study is to become acquainted with some locality—say with a farm. It does not matter how small, how commonplace, how near the city—the nearer the better, provided there are trees, water, fences and some seclusion. If your own cabin can be in the middle of such a spot—that is ideal.

For there is no make believe when you buy a field or a piece of woods and settle down there to stay. Nature respects you. You have taken her into your confidence. She will take you into hers, and in the course of a few seasons (if you will limit the size of your garden) you will begin to discover what a multitude of interesting things come with the place that were not mentioned in the deed.

Learning the lay of the land is the beginning of nature study. And what is the course, anyway? Not sixteen weeks in zoology, or botany, or geology. But a gentle life course in learning to know and to love your out of doors.

Owning a farm, of course, is not necessary. Sometimes I am quite convinced that for pure and lasting joy in nature one should not possess an acre. Once you have looked upon land of your own, once you have trodden upon earth that belongs to you, and all your Sundays will be spent looking and walking there. The man in the Scriptures who bought a field and lost his interest in other pleasant things had a real case. However, I am not always sure of this. But I am always sure that for nature study you ought to live near an open region so that you can come to know it intimately the changing seasons through. "He is a thoroughly good naturalist," says Kingsley, "who knows his own parish thoroughly." He must have had Gilbert White in mind—the kind of a naturalist who lives in Selborne and grows old with his tortoise.

No neighborhood will lack life and interest on close acquaintance. I doubt if any one driving past my hill farm would see anything extraordinary, even worth while—a hill, a house, a patch of garden, a piece of woods, a few old apple trees, and a rather sterile, stony field. But let him live there as I do. Let him know the paths, the apple trees, the stone piles, the stumps, the spring, the meadow, the multitude of tree holes, earth holes—why, there is no end of holes, and they are all inhabited!

By actual count, there are thirty-six woodchuck holes on my fourteen acres. But I have been three years counting them. Just two of these holes are in the open where the casual observer, the Summer boarder, would be likely to see them. Such a boarder might think I had no woodchucks at all!

He should milk for me some morning. All through the early Summer I had left the kitchen with my milk pail rather late—a little after five o'clock. One morning in September I stepped out of the door a little before five, and there in the clover at the foot of the steps sat a fine old woodchuck. He was not expecting me yet, for he knew my comings out and goings in, and he was up to his eyes in the clover, so that he neither saw nor heard me.

Here he had fed about the kitchen door all Summer, and I had not known it. Had I been a boarder, perhaps I never should have known it. But after that I saw him frequently. I took pains to get up before five. Just over the edge of the lawn, along the wooded slope, was his burrow, which was one of the latest of the thirty-six to be discovered.

When I shall have been milking and huckleberrying and hen's-nesting and aimlessly meandering for three more years over these few acres, perhaps I shall have found the last of these woodchuck holes. Though that can hardly be, for new ones are being dug all the time. Meanwhile I am making other discoveries.

I might live here forever without seeing a fox if I kept no chickens, and if I never studied the lay of my land. I personally look after the hens, and it is I, consequently, who sees the foxes. I know the individual voices of these nine leghorns, and the meanings of all the cries they make in concert. I can hear them farther off than anybody else.

We were sitting down to dinner a little while ago when I heard the hens squawk. No one else heard them and no one else saw the fox. I rushed out and chased him up the back ridge, where he was forced to drop the dying hen. All that the other members of the household got out of it was the chicken pot pie the next noon — just what a boarder gets!

A fox, like all animals, is very mechanical in his going and coming. He moves within certain well defined boundaries, runs certain definite routes: crossing the stream at a particular ford every time, running this ridge and not that, leaving the road at this point, and swinging off in just such a circle through the swamp.

A good hunter knows this and makes it his business to discover the run. Two foxes last Fall were shot at my lower bars as they were jumping the river. Their course fords the stream here, then leads through the bars, along the base of the ridge and up my path to the pasture. I stood in this path one night when the fox, with the hounds driving him, came up and sniffed my boots. Again last Fall, after the dogs had been called off, a young fox trotted over the old route up the path and turned in the pasture toward the house. He stopped on the edge of the lawn just above the woodchuck's hole, already mentioned, and for ten minutes stood there in the moonlight yapping back at my neighbor's dog that was barking below.

I know the lay of the land where the foxes cross, and now with little watching I am almost sure of seeing Reynard, especially in the Fall, when the dogs are on his trail.

Many of our happiest glimpses of the out of doors are accidental. We stumble upon things, but it is usually when we are trying to find something. You may happen upon a humming bird's nest, but for an owl's nest you must hunt. How rare the interesting accidents are may be shown by a statement of Mr. Burroughs' where he says he has found but three humming bird's nests in all his life! You would hardly find that number of owl's nests if you trusted to luck.

Night after night in the sweet silence through which our little river sings, we hear the whimpering of the small screech owls. They are hunting over the meadow. So much we get without watching, but the sight of them and their nests — that only came with my visiting every tree in the neighborhood with a cavity big enough to hold one of the birds.

And what a series of discoveries I made in that study of my old trees! Nests, roosts, store houses! Bats, birds, bugs, snails, mice, squirrels, salamanders!—everything that takes to holes, except my swarm of golden Italian bees that absconded to parts unknown, because I suppose, there was no tree in the vicinity quite capable of containing them. There is no single chapter in the book of your out of doors that it will pay you to study more carefully than the chapter on holes.

To know the land, the lay of every foot of it, and the very nature of every foot of the soil, is necessary if you would know the times and places of your flowers. You will have no trouble with finding the dandelions, and perhaps a dozen others that make themselves at home in your earth; but there are two score of others, strangely rare and secluded, that you must seek for with patience, season after season.

For three years I have been working on my little floral world, mapping it by species and by dates. Last year I added a dozen; this year I expect to add as many more—such as the single spot in a sunny dip of the ridge where the arbutus grows—a bed that I could cover with my coat, and a like-sized patch of dog-toothed violets between two boulders at the foot of the slope; the single cluster of cardinal flower at the bend of the river; the single struggling dogwood that flowers in the shadow of the hemlocks; and the three tiny spirals of ladies' tresses in a patch of wild cranberry in the swamp.

Nature study is not some new cult, like Mazdaznanism, but simply the old watching of the out of doors with new knowledge and sympathy. It is not a search after a living uintatherium, or after a frog that swallowed his pond, or a fish hawk that reads—not a hunt for the extraordinary or the marvelous at all; but for things as the Lord made them. The marvelous you can get in the Bestiaries, ancient and modern. Nature study rather is the out door side of natural science, the unexpressed, unprinted side of poetry. It is joy in breathing the air of the fields, joy in seeing, hearing, living the life of the fields; joy in knowing and loving all that lives with you in YOUR out of doors.

A MOTH

By Ernest McGaffey

LEWISTON, ILLINOIS

THE house was still, the woods were still
The leaves were reft of sound ;
And flared the lamp across the sill
Casting its halo round ;
When suddenly before my sight
Against the glasses thin,
A great moth darting to the light
Fought bravely to get in.

Will my lone soul when freed from earth
Seek Heaven in this wise ?
See light from some immortal hearth
And to the windows rise?
Blinded by some far-reaching gleam
Like this poor woodland gnome,
When out from life's uncertain dream
God calls my spirit home!

MICHAEL RYAN, CAPITALIST

A STORY OF LABOR

By F. F. D. Albery

COLUMBUS, OHIO

(Publication of this story was begun in June, 1905)

VIII

BILL KITCHEN

If ever there was a human interrogation point, it was William Kitchen, Esq., erstwhile and even now leader of strikes, labor agitator, mental dyspeptic and general all around rebel against the existing order of things, and for the matter of that the whole system of the universe. Why the Almighty puts such men into the world is sometimes hard to account for, and why He burdens any individual with such a curse is still harder to work out. As a child, Willie Kitchen was always waiting for answer to his perpetual Why? and it required nerves of iron to tolerate much of his presence. As he grew older he became more insistent and his questions more pointed. Much of his time was spent in dreaming, and his fellow laborers laughed at him a great deal because of mishaps which befell him on account of his far away thoughts when he should have been attentively watching the work in hand, and it happened often that he was rescued from imminent peril by the timely arrival or intervention of his fellows. Later on, this mania took the more serious turn of wrong conclusions when he could not find answers to his queries. Thus it followed that, having observed that some men were always rich and some men always poor, and his why receiving no satisfactory answer, he quite naturally concluded that the state of man was wrong and could be and ought to be righted. Why should this man be worth a million dollars and live in luxury when his neighbor, who was apparently just as good a human being in every way—physically, mentally and morally, should be condemned to live in the alley and struggle from day to day to get enough just barely to feed and clothe his family? The money that the one paid his cook would fairly represent what the other was allowed to live on. His coachman lived in a much better house than the other. Even his stable had cost the price of a good house. His children had spending money allowed them which looked like a fairly good income. One of his wife's Paris gowns would cost enough to clothe Kitchen's whole family for years. A single meal would pay for food at the Kitchen home for months. Every thinkable or imaginable item of personal comfort or luxury bore the same proportion of outrageous disproportion and to a mind like Kitchen's it was simply maddening.

To his own thoughts and speculations he had added all the discomfort of an attempt to find some way out of his mortal predicament by studying the works of certain other dyspeptic minds which had from time to time given themselves over to the task of solving the unsolvable problem. Many of these persons he had not been able to follow through their labyrinthian ways, but out of the whole mass of miserable misunderstanding, misstatement and perverted argument and conclusion certain things had become more settled in his mind, and among these he had convinced himself that property is only a fiction. That no man owns anything. That no man has a right to own anything. That the theory of private, personal ownership of land or goods or money is false and that its falsity is absolutely settled by the fact that the thing owned always exists after the owner no longer exists. The dead do not carry their millions with them into the other state and after a short time (except for the difference that hermetically sealed metal caskets make) the pauper and the millionaire are resolved into the same original mud; and, as mere fertilizer, neither is superior to the other.

He easily convinced himself that property is only a trust given to a man to use and enjoy during his temporary residence on earth, that all one man might properly do with it is to manipulate and enjoy while he lives and drop it when he dies. That he acquires this right primarily by taking the raw material out of the earth and, adding his labor and ingenuity, makes it useful for himself; and that therefore all labor used in changing the finished product gives the laborer the same right to use and enjoy the finished product today that it did in the beginning of development. It was most easy for him to brush aside all consideration of the complicated relations of humanity lying between aboriginal man who worked iron out of a lump of ore and made himself a spear head, and the corporate man of today who in his collective capacity, with the additions of machinery and other modern devices, makes railroad iron for his present uses. Abstractly considered, there is absolutely no difference. On the one hand there is the man and the lump of ore; the man manipulates this lump and the result is a spear head with which he acquires food and clothing. On the other hand here is the man collectively (machinery, invention, processes, money, combinations of money of some and labor of others.) Here is the lump of ore (now in the form of pig iron); the man manipulates the lump and the result is the equivalent of the spear head in as many different forms as he chooses. The man's labor has changed the lump of ore into the spear head, which is now his to use to win him food, clothing and shelter. Therefore the man whose labor goes into the spear head owns it. If two have worked on the same lump they own it in common, and the conclusion became to him irresistible that capital and labor own the results of their combination and therefore, again, the laborer has just as much right to say how things shall be done, when they shall be done and what share labor shall have in the result. Combined labor can only express itself forcefully by the strike, and therefore the strike is justifiable. To say the very least that can be said the strike is just as correct morally as the close-down when capital can no longer make profits. The capitalist owns his share and may quit and the laborer owns his share and may quit.

Having worked out some problems to his own satisfaction, it was most natural that a man of his nature should impart his conclusions to others, and thus the habit was formed in him of preaching constantly to his associates; and because he talked well and had original ideas he was readily accorded leadership. This was greatly to his liking, for he had learned to admire his own inquisitive nature and to look upon it as evidence of great brain power, and so a labor agitator was evolved from what was originally only an over inquisitive child.

One of his favorite statements, and one which always took well with the men, was that no human being could in an ordinary lifetime earn a million dollars. The very statement of the proposition was absurd. Take any one of the many millionaires in America. What have they done to earn their millions? The truth is that no man can earn more than a good living for himself and family and a moderate competence beside, and no man deserves more. It's enough, too. So that when we contemplate the millionaires on the one hand and the multitude of honest, deserving poor on the other, it shows an abnormal state of affairs. He believed in proper, equitable distribution of property between all those who by reason of their contributing to the general wealth, were entitled to it; and since it would be a violation of law to take it away forcibly from those who have in some way got possession of it, what better way than to enable the laboring classes to earn more, that is to say their just share, and thus gradually bring about a redistribution of the joint product in the interest of equity and justice.

Such ideas addressed in forceful language to the ones whom it was proposed should get the benefit of the redistribution were of course convincing, and even those who were contented with their lot and who could not see how any better conditions could be brought about, acknowledged that it sounded right. It was plausible at least, and therein lay the danger of his influence.

IX

MORE OF BILL KITCHEN

BY the time he reached the works of Kruger, Gill & Wamser, Mr. Kitchen had become a full-fledged anarchist. The reasoning processes which he employed had brought him to a clear understanding with himself as to many of the questions which had troubled him, and he now worried only as to the remedies. The conditions were settled. By the apparent consent of the Almighty, conditions prevailed which could shock the sense of propriety of many fair minded men outside the ranks of the toiling masses. Sympathy would be counted on in almost any kind of contest between labor and capital, and a strong factor of support existed among the aspirants for public office, who by affecting interest in the laboring classes could count on their votes.

Experienced as he was in most of these things, Kitchen soon made such headway among the employes at the mill that he was recognized as the leader and spokesman of the dissatisfied as well as of the uncertain ones who had not yet made up their minds as to their position. As long as Ryan remained among the workers, his strong personality and good sense held in check the influence of Kitchen and his teachings, for he was much the stronger of the two and his example, his untiring industry and unfailing good humor of itself furnished the best refutation of Kitchen's theories. But when he was transferred from the ranks to his position with the employers, jealousy and envy began to assume their part and Kitchen found no trouble in playing upon the human weakness which his knowledge of human nature taught him existed in high degree among the class with which he had to deal.

He found Hall an easy mark, and by working on his peculiar infirmities soon had him entirely in his power and rejoiced in the knowledge that Hall's former friendship for Ryan could be turned into hatred.

He probably did not care to do more than make Hall his disciple, but if the working out of his plans necessitated the greater evil, he felt no responsibility for that, and he was careful not to indulge in any personal allusions to Ryan in any other form than as he was associated with and included in the class of capitalists against whom Kitchen constantly railed.

There were others of his class among the employes, it is true, but none who had the faculty of leadership, so that it happened, while all did not follow him in his extremest doctrines, yet they did agree with him up to a certain point and beyond that admitted that he might be right. They were not as a class in favor of violence, but when the strike had reached the stage of physical interference with those who seemed to be against them, and who, as they now felt convinced, were ready to take their jobs away from them, they did not protest, but calmly allowed events to take what seemed to be their natural course. They then consoled themselves with the thought that not their hands but those of the extremists, the irreconcilables, had committed the overt acts, and disclaimed any responsibility, moral or otherwise. The union was never to blame, for the union as such did none of the unlawful things, and if some whom they could not control or were not responsible for chose to assault or even murder, it was like any other personal encounter between men, when such unfortunate things were apt to occur.

Thus Kitchen and his kind sowed the seed and the harvest ripened in disorder and crime. He was no worse than many others, except in the larger intelligence that made it possible for him to keep the flame alive in the breasts of those who, seeing nothing but their imagined wrongs, became his instrument in carrying out to the bitter end the conflict between labor and capital which had its foundation stones laid in ignorance and misunderstanding. The men had been taught that they were contending for their liberty and rights, for only their just reward and proper share in the results of their labor. They had wrought the lump of ore into a useful tool, which it was now proposed they should not be allowed to use for their own good, for their own maintenance and advancement; and for this natural and lawful right they were now contending and were prepared, if need be, to fight.

Kitchen was wise enough to know that his cause must not depend upon the lawless. Those he had always with him, but there were others of good reasoning powers among the workmen—the respectable and the semi-respectable, whom he needed more. The men who had families for whom they cared and who were ambitious to become independent in a way, to own homes and have something laid away for a rainy day and for the education of their children. With these he labored incessantly and to these he never advocated his extremest anarchistic views. At the least, whenever he touched upon these views it was with mild and dispassionate reasoning and with frequent quotations from well known authors whom he had read and whose doctrines are couched in the subtlest and most deceptive words.

The force at the mill was made up from many different nationalities, but the foreigners prevailed in great numbers, particularly those from the borderlands of Russia: Slavs, Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians and Finns, and among these were, no doubt, many outlaws and fugitives from justice. This element was ever ready for riot and bloodshed when it could be made to appear that their wages were in danger. It was not necessary for Kitchen and the other leaders to preach resistance to them. All they demanded to know was that trouble was on between the bosses and the men and their torches were aflame and their knives whetted. They had no ties, no affections, no loyalty, and the man who interfered with them was their natural enemy. If Robert Duncan chose to work for any reason, he was a traitor whose death was a small matter so long as he stood in the way. What that meant to his family was of no concern. So also with the property of their employers, if there were no other way to prevent the scabs from stealing their jobs, the destruction of that property was legitimate, for it made it impossible for them to work.

When it came to the question of the right to interfere and prevent others from making contracts with the company or the right of the company to hire others when the regular force refused to work, it must be confessed the argument was weak, almost imbecile indeed; but that did not deter the strikers from still claiming that the jobs were their jobs which no one had a right to take away. They ignored entirely their own acts in refusing to keep their jobs. They broke their contracts but would not allow the company to accept the result of their own acts. In other words, the company might not exercise a free will such as they demanded for themselves. It could only contract with those who had been its employes, but who refused to contract further.

X

SORROW

HOW fly the years! Could we but realize the flight of time how much more earnestly we would appreciate our friends; but care and ambition dull our sensibilities and we do not know that life is over till we face death. And so it was with Michael Ryan, who today stood by the corpse of his old mother, a grizzled, middle-aged man, and weeping bitter tears was carried back to that other time when as a broken hearted little boy he tried to realize what they told him then of death. It was of no use to blame himself now. He had been better than most sons. He had cared for her tenderly and had thought of her every hour, and yet he condemned himself for being so devoted to his work as sometimes to forget her. It was still the simple heart of the little boy that was bursting with grief and blame of himself, and yet he could not see what he had left undone, for as fast as business allowed it he had added comfort after comfort, until at last she lacked nothing; and he had not allowed the image of any other woman to come between. He simply could not become interested in any other, and now he was absolutely alone, without even one near friend or relative to console. His faith in a future life was unbounded. That is to say, he believed he should some day be with his father and mother again, but when, where and how were impenetrable mysteries which he did not seek to solve. He required no proof. He asked no one to tell him that he should live again, and now that she in whom his life was bound up was gone, it was only a temporary separation, and that thought brought comfort and assuaged his grief. As long as her body was visible there was something tangible to mourn over, but when the funeral was over and he sat alone in the empty house, the abomination of desolation came over him and he rushed out into the open air for very relief. And so it continued without interruption or any perceptible change for many weary weeks, in which he sought to drown his grief in hard work, but as often as the full measure of his loss came to him he bowed his head and sobbed like a little child. How he would have welcomed any proffer of sympathy from Hall, the only one connected in any way with the old days; but Hall had drifted again and was fully in the camp of the anarchists with all their bad habits and unreasonableness, and never in Ryan's distress did he hint that he had any feeling in the matter.

It worried Ryan a great deal to devise some plan to continue his aid to Hall's wife and children without his mother's intervention, for up to the present time that had been easily accomplished through the same rare tact which he had inherited, but he knew Hall's disposition too well to risk any direct overtures. He had thought of offering them a home with him, but his good sense told him that would not do, and he despaired of ever finding a way out of his dilemma. There was no one whom he could trust and he saw that in losing his mother he was cut off from doing the good work which he had appointed for himself. His faithful lieutenant was gone and as the months slipped by and no suggestion came it gradually dawned upon him that it was not right for him to live alone, simply to lead an existence devoted to self with no higher or better aim than to continue a successful business career and accumulate wealth to be thrown to the winds after his own death. It was no cold, calculating view that led him thus to contemplate marriage. On the contrary, it was the great warm heart of a man taking a man's view of the aims and possibilities of life. He was rich and alone. There were no possible entanglements, and it seemed to him that he would be sinning against nature and destiny to allow his own life to end it all. Why be born and exist and struggle and succeed? What was the end and aim of it all? So far there had been enough to stimulate and encourage and satisfy, but at once, with one blow, it was all gone—the object of affection and the means of doing good.

Gradually, reasonably, but none the less surely, it became a conviction that he must seek a helpmate — one who would enter into all his plans and become part of himself. But he was sorely puzzled as to just how he should go about it. His partners had often invited him to social gatherings at their homes, but so long as his mother could not be included it was out of the question with him. Her lack of education and social attainments were so vigorously insisted upon by herself that he had only tried to persuade her on one occasion to go with him. After that he felt that he would be wounding her pride if he suggested such a thing again and he religiously avoided the whole subject.

He would have preferred a continuance of the same conditions, but now that the barriers had been ruthlessly torn down, there was no reason why he should not at least experiment and test the social conditions which he had heard praised so much, as it seemed to him to constitute a reasonable part of human existence.

Therefore, as the period of mourning slipped by he began modestly to develop into a social creature, and found much divertisement and occasionally real pleasure in the little companies which he attended. His own powers of conversation and entertainment were exceptionally good, and he soon became popular. His quick wit and clear head enabled him, after the first embarrassment of newness had worn off, to hold his own on all occasions; while his unfailing good temper and happy disposition, coupled with the kindest heart in the world, made him the ideal of the unpopular who failed of their proper share of attention, for he was prone to pick out some poor wall flower as an object of special attention.

It was probably in some such spirit that he asked Miss Amy Shackelford for the privilege of being her knight at supper on the occasion of a general gathering. He had not forgotten her father's treachery. Indeed, it probably occurred to him that she was not receiving as much attention as some of the other women and that of itself appealed to his gallantry. Besides, the young woman was comely and modest, and why should he condemn her for a thing which she probably knew nothing about. He found her a very pleasant and agreeable young person, and in the course of the conversation which ensued was able to forget her identity in the developing interest which he took in her conversational powers and her sensible views of men and events which appealed most strongly to him. None of the women he had met so far was quite so intelligent and broad minded. She had read extensively and to good purpose, and she developed unusual capacity for discussing those social problems which at that particular period agitated the public mind. The condition of the laboring classes, their needs and their relation to the employers of labor had attracted her attention and she was able to express intelligent views in a just and amiable spirit that seemed to him to be admirable, and the remainder ot the evening passed away before he quite realized it. She was certainly very attractive, he thought, and he asked himself many times whether it was fair either to himself or her to allow his acquaintance and interest to go farther, or whether it was not his duty to let it go at that and merely treat her politely hereafter.

He did not believe altogether in heredity, for he had known many children of renegade parents against whom no breath of suspicion could be breathed. And on the other hand many an upright parent was compelled to mourn the waywardness of offspring whose weakness could not be traced. But the thought of voluntary alliance with one whose relationship with a man who would have robbed him of his greatest accomplishment made it impossible to eliminate the miserable recollection which could never, probably, be forgotten by him, and suggested a problem which he readily saw would be most difficult of just solution. If she were indeed the superior woman she seemed, and free from any taint, what right had he to allow the unpleasant past with which she had no connection to stand in the way of the happiness or usefulness of either? Ordinarily such doubts are quickly solved, and always in favor of the personal inclination, but Ryan's habit was to look ahead, and each important step was to him only part of a whole lifetime. To be linked irrevocably to an association which might destroy the happiness of both was not to be thought of. He could, no doubt, in time forgive, for that was his nature, but to forgive and still despise presented a state of affairs which was to be feared as to its possibilities. He would wait and see. In the meantime he might find that his interest was not deep seated and time might solve the problem.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MAKING A "HAND" ✲ By Ernest McGaffey

THE haying season was on, and farm hands were not any too plentiful in such a new country. Most of the farmers calculated on doing their own work, except at harvest time. There was a big field of timothy on the Brown farm that was just drooping to be cut, and John's uncle had been getting ready for three days to get at it. The weather was hot, dry and stifling, but there had been signs and portents of a storm, and Uncle Tom had been a little afraid that if he started in with only one man to help him he might get the hay down and then have a storm catch him between field and barn, or between cutting and stacking. But he had made up his mind to go ahead the next morning, provided the weather looked favorable. So as he came in that night and got a piece of bar soap preparatory to washing in the tin basin that lay outside on a basswood stump, he spoke to John. "Want to make a hand tomorrow?" he asked the boy.

Now this "making a hand" was a matter of some importance in that section of the country. It meant a day's work, whether done by man or boy. If a boy "made a hand" he was entitled not only to a man's wages, but to something vastly more. He was to take a mighty step forward in his own estimation, for as boys are usually pining to be men, this was a proceeding that anticipated time and added years of importance sometimes to mere urchins.

John had secretly envied his friend Ferris his prowess in this respect, for Ferris had "made a hand" so often that the novelty had entirely worn off for him. But John, coming from the city, had hardly essayed a real man's work, excepting one day with the cattle and another time when he had gone to the timber for a load of wood. "I'd like to, first rate," he replied; "what do you want me to do, Uncle Tom?"

"We're going to cut that timothy on the east forty," said his uncle, "and I want you to take the rake and old Jack and follow the machine. We'll be out by daylight and I want to get as much done as possible. You get regular pay, you know, and you can drive a rake as well as anybody." John had driven a hay rake and knew the use of the lever sufficiently, and he felt no hesitancy in undertaking the job. So he said: "I'll be up before the sun shows, and do my best." That night after he had gone to bed he thought the matter out carefully and laid his plans to go a little slow at the beginning. Even if he got behind he believed that he could get along. He wondered if the men would try to "put up a job" on him and work so fast that he would be disgraced. In the same length of time they would distance him, and if they wanted to have a laugh on him they could do it. He thought and thought, and finally got up and trailed down stairs to the pantry. There he found some doughnuts and bread, some ham and apples, and these with a big bottle of milk he tied up in an old cloth. This lunch he hid, intending to tie it under the seat of the hay rake when he went to the field the next morning. "I'll eat my dinner in ten minutes," he said to himself, "and have fifty minutes to catch up in, anyway."

He was awake long before daylight and scurried down to the pantry and out to the barn, and had his dinner neatly hidden under the rake before anyone saw what he was doing. The way over the slope to the "east forty" was made in the dark almost, but when the team that hauled the combined reaper and mower got there it was light enough to see. Mart Barr, who was driving them, was one of the best men in the country with a team, and he sailed in as if he was going to cut the hay all down in a few minutes. Uncle Tom was to follow after John and "cock" the hay as he raked it up. John was laboring under certain disadvantages with his horse. To begin with, it was a mule of a pale ecru color. Everyone called this mule "Yellow Jack" on account of his ears, which were of a saffron shade. He was a mournful looking beast, with a tail cut "paint brush" fashion, and a deceptive look of meekness in his large, sandy eyes. Jack had been branded on his right fore-shoulder while working for the government. If he was touched, or even brushed lightly, on that spot, he would "buck." If anyone was riding him at the time he would "buck" the rider until the rider was off, and then he would "buck" till he got the saddle off, and wind up by trying to "buck" the bridle and halter off. John knew this weakness on the part of his steed, and was afraid that the tall timothy might tickle the mule into an exhibition of his powers. But as it happened the hay did not arouse him. The work was not hard and called more for skill and care than for mere strength.

The hay rake was a set of long iron teeth, somewhat like a lady's comb in shape, crooked over with a curve and sweeping the ground a few inches apart. These teeth were set in a frame, and this frame was worked with a lever. When the rake had gathered a sufficient quantity of the hay that the mower had cut, the lever was raised and the gathered bunch of hay dropped. If the lever was raised too soon, there would not be enough hay to work with properly for the man who followed with a pitchfork. If too much hay was gathered up before you tipped the lever, you were in danger of tipping the rake itself over, scaring the mule and scattering the hay. The secret was to keep your mind on your work and get just the right amount of hay in the rake and "h'ist" the lever at the right time. The boy was careful. What hay he raked was in clean bunches solidly packed, and he did not have any accidents. But he was getting away behind Mart Barr.

The sun shone down on the dry hay field and not a cloud floated by or drowsed on the glassy skies. Away off Tarkio way a buzzard wheeled above the river bottom, but beyond that there was no sign of bird life, except an occasional ground sparrow that darted out before the mower. Grasshoppers, little and big, hopped up and out as the mule's hoofs pounded along, and out beyond the hot air shimmered and quivered with the heat of a July day. The perspiration was trickling down John's brown cheeks and he mopped his tanned countenance frequently with the sleeves of his hickory shirt. It wasn't heavy work, but it was steady and painstaking. After him came Uncle Tom, and ahead of him went the mower, the rattle of its sharp toothed sickle sounding grittily in the timothy. Yellow Jack dropped his enormous ears and ambled on with the boy, who, perched on the rake, lifted and dropped the lever at regular intervals and pursued the even tenor of his way silently.

At twelve the horn blew with the mower in advance by a good distance. John's uncle and Mart Barr got on the team from the machine and started for the house, but the boy unhitched Yellow Jack and started for the spring. This was at the end of the field, and was so called because a little water always collected there, and by economy you could water one "beast critter" there. "Where you going?" called his uncle. "Ain't you coming to the house for dinner?" "No, I brought my dinner, and I'm going to water Jack and feed him out here." "All right," said his uncle, and the boy "loped" off to the water and gave the mule a drink. Then he brought out some oats, and while the gray eyed brute was licking them up John bolted his own lunch. Then he hurried the surprised mule back to the rake, hitched up again, and slowly but steadily began to cut down the lead that Mart Barr had obtained in the morning. He was gratified to see that with the experience of the hours before dinner and the care he had taken, he could now work faster, and as the sun dipped over to the west from the dead center of high noon he was making splendid progress.

His uncle and Barr, both good feeders, and neither of them relishing any chopping off of the regular dinner hour, arrived in the field a few minutes after one o'clock. By that time John was nearly abreast of the machine and had his fighting blood up besides. Again the mower started on its rounds. The close headed timothy fell in level swaths as the bright blade darted back and forth, and the rattle of the machine came clashingly across the slopes. Following on came the patient mule and the tall rake, and the lever rose and fell monotonously. The tines of the pitchfork flashed and the bright sun burned blazingly in the copper sky. The heat was intense. A dry odor of cured and curing grasses rose up, and fine particles of dusty hay ascended and filled the boy's nostrils and got into his ears and down the back of his neck. "Making a hand" was no child's play on a July day in the hay field. But the joy of being able to keep up his end and his success in catching up at the noon hour braced and comforted him. The men worked without a word, except when they stopped to take a pull at a water jug of white stone which was filled with well water and lay in the shade of a cock of hay at one end of the field.

What a comfort a good swig of this was. John could take this jug in one hand, flip it back on his elbow, and drink out of it with one hand just like a man could. The beads of cold sweat stood out on the neck of the jug whenever he picked it up, and he used to rub these cool globules off on his cheek before he tilted the jug for a drink. And when the team was unhitched for the day and the tall ears of the mule also were pointed homeward, it was a proud boy who rode in dignified silence toward the barn, conscious of his success in "making a hand" and assured of his ability to do work just like a man.

JOHN AND JANE ❧ ❧ By Henry Rightor

[From the New Orleans Times-Democrat]

JOHN BARLEY was a hefty wight,
Soho and down the meadow!
He drank his gallon every night,
Soho and down the meadow!
His shoulders they were broad and square,
His head he carried high in air,
His merry eye glanced everywhere;
Soho and down the meadow!

Jane Cowslip was a comely maid,
Soho and down the meadow!
Of man nor devil was afraid,
Soho and down the meadow!
She never dropped her bonny eye
To any man, or low or high;
Ye gods! how she went tripping by!
Soho and down the meadow!

Upon a jolly Summer day,
Soho and down the meadow!
John Barley passed down Janie's way,
Soho and down the meadow!
He looked at Janie up and down,
He was a swain of great renown,
She stood six feet and wore a frown;
Soho and down the meadow!

" A kiss, I prithee, pretty Jane!"
Soho and down the meadow!
" The chance may never come again."
Soho and down the meadow!
"I tell you, Master John," said she,
"That man shall kiss me fair and free
Who can in strength outrival me."
Soho and down the meadow!

Bewildered stood John Barley there,
Soho and down the meadow!
Uprolled her sleeves the lassie fair,
Soho and down the meadow!
Said John: "I must fare on, I fear,"
Said Jane: "You wouldn't leave me here!
A moment, John! I'll help you, dear."
Soho and down the meadow!

She caught John Barley by the wrist,
Soho and down the meadow!
And gave him half a Nelson twist,
Soho and down the meadow!
She barely gave him time to blow,
Then threw him high and threw him low,
Out-wrestling him on every throw;
Soho and down the meadow!

And when exhausted Barley lay,
Soho and down the meadow!
The doughty maid stood fresh and gay.
Soho and down the meadow!
"You may not kiss me, Barley man,
By wrestling, yet kiss me you can;"
And, speaking thus, away she ran;
Soho and down the meadow!

John Barley leaped unto his feet,
Soho and down the meadow!
Took after Janie, fair and fleet,
Soho and down the meadow!
Away upon the road he clips,
When, heaven! buxom Janie trips!
John kisses her upon the lips,
Soho and down the meadow!

Ah, many dainty Cowslips blow,
Soho and down the meadow!
Whom Love contentious cannot throw,
Soho and down the meadow!
But when, consenting, they are fraught
With that fair flame that Venus taught,
They make it easy to be caught.
Soho and down the meadow!

"LITTLE JIM-BOY"

By Annie M. Barnes

SUMMERVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

IN the year 1820, the city of Charleston, South Carolina, nestled along the peninsula formed by the junction of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, uplifted a serene and prosperous front to the lapping waves of the Atlantic. Elegance and luxury spoke in every glistening pillar of the white mansions looking out to sea, while refinement and culture had left their impress in the beautiful gardens surrounding them. For all this upper strata of luxury and beauty there was the substantial subsoil of a commerce that held dominion over the whole south Atlantic slope, and a business credit that extended from Yeddo and the Sea of Japan to Liverpool and the British Isles.

As in the serenest expanse of blue there may gather an almost indefinable haze, dimly, yet unpleasantly portentious of a coming cloud, so across the background of this fair and smiling picture skeleton fingers had already begun to trace the faint and mysterious outlinings of a chill and ghastly shadow. Just how long these haunting shades had been defining themselves in tangible outline across the mental vision, no man could say. Surely not so far back as 1671, when Sir John Yeamans, one of the earliest of the colonial governors, with his ship freshly laden from Barbadoes, had come sailing up the west bank of the Ashley and landed his cargo of 200 slaves in the midst of the little colony of whites on Oyster Point. If there was then even the faintest foreshadowing in the serene blue of the sky, no man saw it or dreamed that it was there.

Nearly a century and a half had gone by since the coming of Sir John's slave ship had instituted a new and momentous departure from the old regime of labor. Other speculators, dazzled by the financial success of the bold navigator, had daringly, and let us hope blindly, imitated his example. Now, scarcely a month passed that some slave ship, often as many as four and five, did not disgorge at the wharves of Charleston cargoes of wretched black humanity. Already the city had been filled, and the overflow extended to the islands.

From its earliest days, the colony of South Carolina had been distinctively a planting colony. From the time that the first experiment made with the seeds of the rice plant, brought from Madagascar, had proven both an agricultural and a monetary success, that and the "fleecy staple" had become the Aladdin's lamps of wealth that made princes of their planters. But what would even these wonderful lamps have been in themselves without the magical touch of the black Aladdins to compel from the genii of the earth the richest of his treasures?

It was the custom of these planters to have their Winter residences in Charleston and their Summer homes out on the islands. Here also were the plantations, extending for miles up and down the coasts, each of them stocked with hundreds of slaves and sometimes employing as many as eight and ten overseers.

What wonder, then, that when these slaves outnumbered the whites twenty to one, when already the seeds of rebellion against the cruelty of overseers had been sown broadcast, when more than one open uprising had taken place, that those grimly portentious shapes should begin to creep across the sky? When the storm would burst no man could say, but that the gathering clouds presaged a tempest was plain even to the most unobservant.

If the Huguenot and cavalier blood had given to the society of Charleston an impetus toward a life of opulence and ease, so the sturdy old Scotch and Irish infusion brought a steadying pulse that was like a rugged foundation stone beneath an array of rich lettering. Among this latter class were many of the merchants and tradesmen of the city. They, too, owned slaves, but instead of being sent to work on plantations they were put to labor in the warehouses, the factories and various furniture establishments.

One of the solid business firms of Charleston of that day was that of Joshua Neville & Son. They had a large undertaking and furniture establishment on Meeting street near Market. Many slaves worked in this establishment, but with only two of them is it our purpose to deal; with one in particular. Father and son they were, yet I doubt if a more distinctly drawn contrast has ever existed. "Little Jim-Boy" stood five feet two inches in the shoes which nature had given him. His face was wrinkled like the outer hull of a walnut that has dried too quickly. He had white teeth that a belle might have envied, and the whites of his eyes were the whitest ever seen. From each the little round, restless iris shone forth as a glittering black bead might shine from the heart of a cotton flake. His frame was small, wiry, and tough as that of a marsh pony. Looking at the well carded tags of wool, crisp and black as those that make the glory of a young sheep's back, it would have been hard to believe that already the suns of sixty Summers had done their best to bleach it.

"Big Jim" was the tallest negro in the establishment. He towered above all the others as a post oak towers above blackjacks. He had a big head and a big body, and a big way that gave him a bigger appearance still. His hair was combed out as straight as nature would permit, and parted at the side with a precision and neatness that were wonderful, considering the difficulties to be overcome. There was very little of the whites of his eyes showing, and the changing shades in the iris reminded one of the shadows borne about by shifting winds. But there was nothing either shifting or shiftless about "Big Jim."

There was not in all the establishment a better workman. Repeatedly his master had been heard to declare: "If I had a half dozen such negroes as Big Jim, they would make my fortune!" He had scarcely ever to be corrected; had never given his masters a word of impudence; had never felt the cut of the whip; and, most glorious record of all in the eyes of his dusky brethren, had never been in the guard house! Of his honesty and faithfulness there seemed no question, and, young as he was, his masters had already begun to trust him as they trusted none other of their slaves.

It was the wonder of both whites and blacks as to how such a graceless scamp as "Little Jim-Boy" could have had so model a son. No one appeared more mystified than did Rachel herself, the wife and mother, respectively, of "Little Jim-Boy" and "Big Jim."

"Da' boy ain' no mo' lak (like) 'e farder dan if him was a bean out'n ernother hull!" she would frequently declare.

Poor "Little Jim-Boy!" It seemed as if he had started out from the first to see how little claim he could lay to the habiliments of respectability. From the day that, as a grace forsaken young scamp, he had begun his career in depravity by eating the mocking bird's food, down to the present, when the almost daily torment of his master's life was in getting him out of the guard-house, his case did appear most dismally hopeless. He early developed the taking propensity. Things seemed to stick as naturally to "Little Jim-Boy's" fingers as cockle burrs to the sheep's back. When any article was missing, they had only to go and look about Jim's bed for it. Strange to say, he was never known to dispose of anything, nor did he ever take anything of great value. The straw filled tick of his bed was usually a regular jackdaw's hole of slyly purloined articles, in eight cases out of ten wholly worthless.

Somehow, despite all this, there was something unaccountably and irresistibly winning about the seemingly worthless and exasperating little atom of black humanity, that even now, when the winds of sixty Winters had chilled the once vigorous sap in the veins, had all the happy-heartedness of a child. It was impossible to stay long provoked with him. The spirit of mischief seemed as naturally a part of him as the black eye was of the pea.

"I can't believe he is as bad as he seems," his master declared again and again. "There surely is something good in one who will pick up a poor little starved and beaten dog and bring it home to wash its sores and give it food."

Yes, Jim had done this, the same Jim who had stolen the mocking bird'- "egg and tater." And somehow, as the years crept on, just such little deeds as these, only sometimes much greater, gave a brightening touch to the tarnished coin of Jim's character. But as the dog with the bad name can never be seen to do anything good, so eyes long accustomed to the lusterless surface of Jim's outer mold were blind to these glimmerings of the pure gold. He had burned his hands to blisters while putting out the blazing clothing of a poor, half-witted negro girl, when every man and woman in the kitchen at the time had taken to their heels in fright. He had remained up all night moistening the lips and fanning the fever scorched brow of a child the heartless mother had left to itself; but, bravest of all, Jim had plunged downward amid the foul gases of a loathsome sink to the rescue of a baby a careless nurse had dropped. No one expected to see Jim or the baby alive again; but with the pluck of a young grizzly and the agility of a cat, he climbed out safely with his burden, though he fainted dead away when the upper air was reached.

There was one, however, not so blind as the others. This was Jim's master. He saw the gleam of the pure metal here and there, but even he was hopeless that the coin would ever become wholly bright or promising.

Three times in as many weeks the master had paid "Little Jim-Boy's" fine at the guard house and released him ere the overseers could administer the sound strapping that was the penalty. All sorts of tricks the wiry little negro had played upon the guardsmen. He had even stolen their rattles, sounding them at another portion of the street, causing the men to flee thither, thinking one of their brother guardsmen in urgent need. Jim would stay out after hours, and his natural bent toward mischief plunged him into an endless sea of trouble.

"Jim, you rascsal," his master said to him one morning, "do you know that this is the fourth time in as many weeks I have paid you out of the guard house? A small pile of good money wasted on a trifling scamp it is, I must say."

"Yes, Mossa," replied Jim humbly.

"Jim," reproachfully, "what makes you do it? Why do you try me so? Why do you stay out on the streets after drumbeat? And why will you persist in making trouble for the guardsmen?"

"I dunno, Mossa," replied Jim hopelessly. "Jim's feet jus' natchally tek him into mischief. Dey jus' ha'nt dem places dey ortern't to ha'nt, Mossa, lak de hungry dog roun' de markit house."

When those first faint portentous

shadowings had outlined themselves across the serene blue of the sky, the Nevilles, father and son, had been among those who felt little alarm. But now, when the phantom-like shapes had assumed a more grimly determined aspect, vague feelings of uneasiness began to stir within them. Yet, like the more hopeful ones, they could not believe otherwise than that if the turbulent elements did break forth they would be easily quelled. All looked toward the islands as the seat of the threatened outbreak. Little thought was taken of the city, beyond the unpleasant one that it would very likely not wholly escape.

As to their own slaves the Nevilles had few anxious forebodings. They had all, with one or two exceptions, been raised in the family. The older Neville would as soon have expected to see his own children rise against him as one of his slaves raise hand to harm a hair of his head or those dear to him.

"Of one thing we are assured," both father and son frequently declared, "whatever comes and whoever turns, Big Jim will stand firm. We would as soon look for the heavens to fall as for Big Jim to turn traitor!" And indeed Big Jim seemed at this time more determined than ever to show himself worthy of the trust. He prayed regularly twice a week in the kitchen. He took charge of various class meetings and love feasts, while his devoutly attentive face was never absent from its place in the gallery of the white people's church. His masters were more assured of him than ever; his mother nearly overcome by her pride in him.

"Dat boy has jus' got de words as natchal as de preacher! Him talk sweet as de bee gettin' honey out o' de jes'mine."

So great indeed was the confidence placed by his masters in this unusual slave that he could, whenever he desired, secure from them a privilege that was at this time granted to none other of their slaves. This was a pass to certain neighboring islands, a liberty now generally prohibited by the slave owners of the city in view of the momentous aspect of the times. But "Big Jim" got this pass whenever he desired it. It was believed that "Big Jim" was zealously sowing the seeds of the gospel and that influence was not to be gainsaid now.

Anyone who had given time to the study of the varying phases of the moods of "Little Jim-Boy" about this time, would have observed a peculiar change in his conduct toward his son. His restless little eyes seemed constantly upon "Big Jim," yet not with open or steady glance. They were rather the covert ones with which a hidden ground squirrel might watch the movements of a great dog he feared. It was noticeable, too, that he spoke less to "Big Jim" than heretofore, but when in his company now remained moody and silent. This change Rachel joyfully attributed to a conviction of sin. The noble example of the son was surely having its effect upon the father. Many fervent "Bress Gods!" Rachel uttered in consequence. One day, however, her castles had a sad tumble through certain words she overheard "Little Jim-Boy" say to "Big Jim:"

"Yisterd'y, as I was comin' home f'om de markit, I see you hangin' 'bout de corner wid dat bad aig ob a nigger, Denmark Veazy. What you t'ink Mossa goin' say when he hear dat?"

"Big Jim's" face was an expanded exclamation point of mild rebuke as he turned it upon his father.

"Him call to me, an' I no he'p but stop. De bressid Moster turn roun' to pass words wid eben de leper. Mus' Jim be mo' stiff necked dan de bressid Moster? But Brudder Denmark," he added with vehemence, "him no longer one bad aig as you call 'im. Him done sperunced (experienced) de stirrin' at him soul, and hab axed for a seat in de meetin' house."

"Him one bad aig, I tell you! Him one bad aig!" Little Jim reiterated with a persistency that seemed wholly unjust in the light of the evidence advanced.

One evening not long after that the elder Neville was much surprised by the application of "Little Jim-Boy" for a pass to M—— Island.

"I can't do it, Jim, my boy," he returned kindly yet firmly. "It is against the rules now."

"But, Mossa," pathetically, "you gib one to Big Jim ever' time he ax you. What's yer po' yillie Jim-Boy done dat you can't show 'im de same trus' you gib Big Jim?"

"You know very well, Jim, what is the cause of my denial. It isn't, my poor fellow, that I believe you would wilfully go wrong, but you are weak, Jim, and easily persuaded."

"O, Mossa, if I was on'y a white mon wid a white mon's purty words to show you what's in po' yillie Jim-Boy's heart dis night! You's er wrongin' yo' nigger, Mossa, wid a wrong dat cuts lak de knife. O Mossa, Mossa, you t'inks as how him won' do to trus'! You bliebs he goin' brek' an' run w'en de trouble comes, or elst be foun' wid dem as brings it. O, Mossa, kind gemplemon Mossa, de whole worl' might gib a deaf ear to yo' wailin's in de night, yo' own chillrens turn de back an' leab you, but Yillie Jim-Boy, yo' po' yillie Jim-Boy what you can't trus', him stick to you to de las', eben troo fire, Mossa."

If master and slave could have realized at this moment how prophetic these words were to prove!

"Little Jim-Boy" did not get his pass, even witn all this pathetic eloquence.

That very evening, as a small boat containing "Big Jim," Denmark Veazy and another negro, all triumphantly armed with passes, shot boldly out from the foot of Tradd street, another and a much smaller one followed cautiously. One peculiarity of this boat was that it had more the appearance of an old log than a boat. On M—— Island two scores or more of whites, lured into heavy slumber through cunningly administered potions, slept in blissful unconsciousness of the awful shadows even then closing about them. The soft night winds rustling the stiff fronds of the palmettoes sounded no ghostly alarms. The pale moon hanging like the blade of a harvest sickle above the tops of the tall tulip trees mirrored on its serene surface no reflex of the turbulent scenes upon which it looked. The storm had indeed burst, or rather the destroying elements had come together with a grimly determined force.

On the night of July 3, 1820, the mayor of Charleston sat lost in the contemplation of a weighty matter that for the past two days had engrossed his attention. Three-quarters past eleven sounded from the chimes of St. Michael's, and still he bent over his papers. Suddenly, and without any previous sound or warning, a wet and tattered figure came swirling with the headlong sweep of a bat into the room. It struck with a thud against the table, and hung there apparently motionless, as a bat might have clung to the ceiling.

The surprised and indignant mayor was on the point of dragging this figure to the door and summoning a patrolman, when something unaccountably thrilling in the gesture with which the little black figure flung itself to its knees before him stayed his hand.

"O, Mossa Mayor, don't call de gyardmon, don't! don't! Mossa, if you hab me lock up, all's los'!"

"What do you mean? Speak out! Who are you?"

"Mossa, me Yillie Jim, Mossa Josherway Nebbil's Yillie Jim. Mossa lib on Meetin' street clost to Markit. You know him! I see you know him! Mossa, for God's sake lis'en to what Yillie Jim goin' tell you dis night. Dere ain't one single, bressid minute to lose. Lis'en, Mossa, lis'en! When de clock soun' twelb in Sain' Mikeyel's stepil, an' de Fourf o' July is yere, den de city goin' be fired by de blacks in more'n a dozen places. O, Mossa, don't stan' dere as dough you never blieb one single word o' what Yillie Jim-Boy sayin'! Dis ver' night me hear de whole t'ing from de tulip tree dat hang ober de myrtle t'icket. At dis ver' minute dem as is to set de city on fire is in dere places. Dis where you fin' 'em: lis'en, Mossa."

Rapidly he told off a dozen prominent portions of the city.

"When de fire leap up an' de people rush out," Jim continued breathlessly, "den dey goin' kill de men an' tek de women an' chillern an' 'scape back to de islan's, where dey goin' finish de work. O, Mossa, sen' de gyardmon, quick! quick!"

"But tell me," the mayor began.

The sentence was never finished, for at that moment, clear and mellow, came the first chime of twelve from the steeple of St. Michael's.

With a terrified movement Little Jim leapt to his feet, and, not waiting to reach the door, shot through the open window.

There was now but the one thought leaping upward in his breast. This was the thought of his master and that master's dear ones. While he had turned aside to warn the city through its mayor, what might not have happened to the master beloved and those dear as the apple of his eye?

With no thought of himself, no thought of what he should do if he came suddenly upon any of those whose horrible plot he had that night revealed, "Little Jim-Boy" sped on. Once, as a furious drumbeat sounded from the vicinity of the guard house, followed by an unusual commotion from the great bell of St. Michael's, he turned suddenly and gazed behind him with a half startled, half comprehensive movement, then renewed his speed. His flying feet seemed scarcely to touch the pavement, his breath came quick and labored, the fire within his breast had burst into hot and choking flames. Already ahead of him a sullen copper glow had begun to define itself with angry persistence against the sky. O, God! If, after all, he should be too late!

Once a mighty groan burst from him, followed by a muffled cry, and then the words: "O my God! what Yillie Jim done? What Yillie Jim done? Him gone on to sabe dem as is no part o' him, wid no t'ought o' de one as is flesh o' him flesh an' blood o' him blood. Moss' Jesus, Moss' Jesus, tell Yillie Jim him doin' right! Show him dat de voice speakin' in him heart at dis minute is de voice to follow."

As "Little Jim-Boy" came in sight of the quaint old house with its square of pretty garden at the side and the tall Pride of India tree swaying above it, the devouring flames had already seized it. The street was filled with hurrying forms. Men, women and children stood huddled together in groups beneath the trees. Not only one house but others in that square were burning. At one side a half dozen patrolmen were keeping guard over three times as many bound and sullen forms, but none of this Jim saw. His eyes, his thoughts were all upon the lurid mass of flames curling high above the Pride of India tree. He stumbled upon his young master, safe, but scorched and temporarily blinded from injuries received while saving wife and child. But where, O where was "Ole Mossa?" The words came in a wailing cry from "Little Jim-Boy" and he had his answer in the terrified faces about him and the frantic exclamations. "Ole Mossa" was in an upper room. He had been forgotten, for the moment, in the confusion. No doubt he was by this time suffocated by the fumes of the smoke and unable to save himself. The entire lower part of the house seemed wrapped in flames. What hope was there for him?

"Ole Mossa, kind gemplemon Mossa," cried Jim as he rushed frantically toward the burning house. "Yillie Jim sabe you, else him goin' die in de fire wid you!"

The next moment he was climbing the Pride of India tree as he had never climbed it in those days when he had played pranks on the guardsmen and flown thither to conceal himself. What energy there was in those wiry black legs! How those monkey-like arms twisted and wound about the swaying limbs!

The flames had not yet reached the room where "Ole Mossa" lay, but it was filled with smoke and flying cinders, while little tongues of flame were already beginning to play about its outer walls. it took all Little Jim's courage to fight his way through those blinding, choking clouds of smoke, but at last he had his master's unconscious form in his arms. Yet how was it possible to reach the ground with so heavy a burden? The stairway was a mass of flames; the only hope of escape was by the veranda. But almost at the moment he thought of it a fact struck Jim with staggering force. To attempt to leap from the veranda to the street with his master in his arms would no doubt mean certain death for both. Why did not some one bring a ladder? Were they all lunatics in the street below? Again Jim fought his way into the room. He swept the sheets from the bed; he tore them into strong shreds, and knotted the ropes thus formed about the old man's body. With a shout to those below, and a strength born of sudden desperation, he swung the form clear of the flames and into the blanket outstretched to receive it.

The mad flames were now revelling all about the veranda. The floor trembled beneath Jim's feet. Smoke poured into his eyes, while twisting tongues of flame began to lick and scorch his bare legs. With a bound he reached the corner of the angle in the railing. He strained every nerve for the leap into the Pride of India tree. Alas, he miscalculated the distance, or no doubt it was, after all, that his strength was expended. There was the crash of a body falling through the tree, then the sickening thud with which it struck the ground.

They picked him up and placed him on the same blanket where his master lay. His back was broken, the blood trickled from mouth and nostrils, but his heart still beat.

As Mr. Neville opened his eyes in returning consciousness there was a sudden commotion near the upper end of the street. Directly a heavy black body, panting as a great dog pants whose legs have borne him a hard chase, precipitated itself at his feet.

"O, Mossa, Mossa, sabe Big Jim! Him hab done nuttin; yet de gyardmon a'ter him, an' two sogers!"

"Why are you pursuing him?" the old man asked faintly, as the men came running up. "He is the last one in the world knowingly to commit an offense."

"There you are mistaken, sir," one of the soldiers replied. "He is one of the three ringleaders in this horrible plot to destroy the city. We caught him in the very act of firing a building. Thwarted in this, he sprang to strike down an old man who had just rushed from the burning house next door. My own bayonet stayed the fall of his hatchet."

"There surely is some terrible mistake!"

"There is none, sir. We must take him."

Struggling like some wild beast, raving, swearing fearful oaths now that the mask had been dropped, "Big Jim" was led away.

The master shuddered and covered his eyes to shut out the terrible sight, his ears that they might be dulled to the still more terrible sounds. When he opened his eyes again it was to see for the first time the figure lying so still upon the blanket beside him.

"Little Jim-Boy! Little Jim-Boy!" he exclaimed anxiously.

"He saved you from the burning house," a voice replied, "and fell as he was himself seeking to escape. His back is broken, poor fellow! He will die!"

"Little Jim-Boy! Little Jim-Boy!"

The old man's voice was low and broken by sobs, but it reached the soul even then nearing the confines of the unseen world, and called it back with a smile that stamped itself in infinite beauty upon the withered black face.

"Ole Mossa! Ole Mossa!" The voice quavered like the wind stirring through the reeds of a broken instrument. He made superhuman effort and raised his head to his hands. He looked full into his master's eyes. There was a glory in his own that even death could not quench; a pathos, too, words could not describe.

"Ole Mossa! Ole Mossa! say as you could no longer fear to trus' yo' po' Yillie Jim. Say's if you could go back to the pas' you'd gib him de ticket same as you did Big Jim. O, Mossa, 'twas on'y for to watch de res' Yillie Jim want it. Him know what was comin'! O, Mossa, say as you'd gib de ticket to Yillie Jim now! Say it, Mossa, say it!"

"I would, my poor boy. O, I would! I would! My God! how blind I have been!"

Up a little nearer yet "Little Jim-Boy" dragged himself, every inch of gain an added weight of torture.

"O Mossa, I jus' wan' er look at you clost onct mo'! I just wan' er tek you by de han' an' tell you—an' tell you—how glad — how glad—O, good, kind, gemplemon Mossa, Yillie Jim is glad to — to— die for you!"

The hand but half way out in its wistful quest quivered and was still, then Little Jim's head lay upon his master's breast, his master's arm around him.

Three days later, on seven scaffolds erected in one of the most public portions of the city, the three ringleaders of the insurrection with eighteen of their accomplices were hanged. Among them was "Big Jim," who died blaspheming to the last.

A document issued about the same time by the city of Charleston provided for the freedom of the slave known as "Little Jim-Boy Neville," "for and in consideration of the most inestimable service he had rendered to said city on the night of July 3, 1820." It further set apart a sufficient sum for the purchase of a house and lot, a mule and a dray, with provision for a free license in any business in which the said Jim might wish to engage.

But this document was never executed, for Little Jim had entered into a far better freedom — that of the Great White Home on high.

PEACE ❧ By J. Beverley Robinson

BEHIND the darkling ridge the sun goes down,
With one last burst of flaming golden glory;
It leaves the lake beneath without a frown,
Of perfect peace the perfect allegory.

A PRISONER IN THE HANDS OF DE WET

By Robert M'Caw

FORT NIOBRARA, NEBRASKA

WHEN the regiment (the Royal Scots Fusiliers) came down from Natal, I was left sick at Cape Town, along with a good many more, but I was now fully recovered, and was working my way back to the regiment and my company. On the nineteenth day of July, at three in the morning, we left Bloemfontein on a train of loaded trucks. There were eighty of us, all told, and we were perched on top of the swaying loads from end to end of the train wherever we could find room to hang on. We were lying on the top of a truck laden with sacks of corn at the end of the train, but it swayed so dreadfully that the sacks were falling off, and every moment that the sacks would fall we expected to be thrown off ourselves; so that when we stopped for supper at six o'clock at night in Kroonstadt, we were glad to shift from our car to the one in the very front. There were several men on it already, and by lying close we would be a little warmer. I climbed up, and when the train left the station after dark we clutched our rifles with the one hand and held ourselves on with the other, at the same time trying to keep wrapped up in our blankets, for there was a very cold wind blowing. When we reached Honing Spruit, about ten miles out, the train stopped again, and I heard an official tell the driver that fifteen hundred Boers had crossed the line the night before and we were to be on our guard; but the driver had got his orders and decided to chance it. We steamed on again. It was very dark, for there was neither moon nor stars. Whenever the furnace door was thrown open the glare from the fire lit up our car and the forms and faces of the men on it, and I could not help thinking what a good mark we would make for snipers. I drew the blanket over my head and tried to sleep, but the engine gasped so breathlessly as she struggled up the hill, and the load on which I lay jolted and swayed so sickeningly that I could not close my eyes.

About four miles out from Honing Spruit the train drew up with a sudden jerk, almost throwing us from our precarious perches.

Her vacuum tube was broken. We knew in a moment what that meant. Instantly every man was awake and grasping his rifle. In the pitchy darkness we saw the spitting flame of rifles, and the whole country seemed to swarm with mounted men. I heard somebody saying: "My God, we'll all be killed if we can't drive them back and get down from here." We were all loading and firing as fast as we could, in an agony of desperation, and bullets buzzed about us like swarming bees. The man on my right was shot through the thigh; he leapt up with a shriek of pain, as if the shock had drawn all his nerves together with a jerk. Another bullet took him in the forehead and he fell dead, bumping against my side. I heard wild cries and curses along the train, and there was an endless cracking and flashing of rifle fire. At the other end of the truck a man shrieked "O God!" and rolled on his back, with his hands grasping at the air, and squirming in his agony he fell over the side with a horrid smash. I turned sick. It was a hell of leaping fire and spitting bullets; the shouts and curses of men; dark figures speeding on horseback, and wild, white faces rimmed with red in the furnace glare; and hissing, roaring steam as the engine struggled to lift its load, with the wheels clattering as they slipped on the rails, for the brakes were hard against it and the hill was steep. For half an hour we held them back, and in that half hour I lived through years of agony, and every moment seemed to feel the burning of the bullets through my flesh. Our ammunition was exhausted, and we heard the Boers crying: "Up hands, surrender!" What could we do but surrender? It was hopeless to try to hold out longer with no ammunition. The Boers had closed up on the train. One cried in English, "Get down, and mind you keep your hands up." We dropped sullenly from the trucks, muttering and swearing—a drop of nine feet. Strange that men should swear thus in the face of death, but it is even so. One stumbled and put down his hands to save himself from falling. He was immediately shot dead through the back. They lined up along the train: fifteen hundred men under Theron, with two British fifteen-pounders captured at Colenso, and one pompom (non-effective). The train was set on fire, after they had taken our rifles and such stores as the spare horses could carry, for they had no baggage or army wagons. They told us afterward that we had thirty killed and twenty wounded, but I have learned since that our loss was but five killed and nine wounded. The command divided into two sections, each taking a number of prisoners.

We marched nineteen miles to De Wet's camp or "laager" and the night was dark as the mouth of a pit. I could have sworn that we marched thirty, but a scout with whom I afterward got friendly told me the distances. When we reached the laager an old man came over to where we were drawn up in line and spat in our faces, calling us "English pigs" and all the vile names he could think of, and said that if the general would give him permission he would cut the throats of all of us.

We lay for the rest of the morning on the bare veldt, for we had left our blankets. It was dreadfully chilly, and I could not sleep. Just before daybreak I was sitting near a fire, at which an old, white haired man was cooking a ration, and seeing me watching him so hungrily he called me over. Perhaps it was because I was the youngest looking of the whole party, or perhaps he had taken a fancy to me, but he asked my age and where I came from. He said that he had a son the same age as myself killed by the British at Peiter's Hill, along with an elder brother. Then he talked about his family. At one time he had seven sons in the field, but two were killed at Pieter's Hill and one at Magersfontein and the remaining four were with him now. He called them over and talked with them. They were fine strapping fellows, the youngest a boy of nine years, who carried a rifle and fought along with his brothers. When I asked for a drink, he sent this boy to a well more than a mile away to bring me some water. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we were marched up in front of the only tent in the laager, which was DeWet's headquarters. DeWet came out, accompanied by ex-President Steyn and a brother of that Prinsloo whom General Hunter captured in the Orange Free State. He counted us and asked where we had been going and what regiments we belonged to. He spoke very pleasantly and said that it was the fortune of war that we had been taken prisoners, and that we would very likely have a hard time of it for awhile, but it couldn't be avoided. Concerning food, he had not much to give, but such as it was, depend upon it, we would get our share. At midday they forsook the laager, taking everything away. There was a convoy about three miles long, mostly bullock carts, with two fifteen-pounder guns, two twelve-pounders, one disabled pompom, and one quick-firing Colt gun.

We trekked or marched for twenty-two miles, but a dreadful thunder storm came up, with a heavy, sheeting rain that turned the veldt to a bog and made it impossible to go any further, as the wagons were continually breaking down or getting stuck in ruts in the sticky mud of the track, that ran with water like a mountain stream. When it fell dark we camped near a roaring, muddy stream, the prisoners lying like pigs in the mud, with no blankets or shelter of any kind, and the rain pouring mercilessly down upon us. We were all ravenous with hunger, and when a mess of wet mealie meal was served out to us it was put in a Kaffir pot to boil, but we could not wait for it cooking; we were delving into it with our grimy hands before it was even warm. Next day we marched twenty-four miles. We always marched with our guards, who were mounted, behind the convoy, while the fighting men were way in the rear keeping back the column that we knew was pursuing us, for all day we heard their guns going. Three of Marshall's horse were taken prisoners that day while out scouting, and they told us that Methuen was chasing us very hard. On the next day we marched till long after darkness had fallen. With the night came a heavy thunder storm, with blinding lightning, which made the thick cords of pouring rain glitter like strings of diamonds and showed us limitless miles of bare, rain lashed, God forsaken veldt, in which a rat could not have found shelter. We halted at eight o'clock in a darkness so thick that the men cursed the lightning for blinding them. Our guards told us that we would be taken into shelter. We were driven to a low lying piece of swampy ground near a stream where the water and mud were so deep that we could not lie down, and there we stood, huddled together like beasts, in the pouring rain until nearly midnight. Then our guards led us down into a donga, through a stream waist deep, and up the further bank, to a tin shed, cursing us all the time for being the cause of so much trouble. The shed was about twenty feet by twelve, and we were crammed in, close packed like herring. The men who were in first lay down, but there was not room for all to lie, much less stand, and we crowded in, half lying, half sitting, in a solid, clustering mass of miserable humanity, threatened with instant death if we dared for a moment to show our faces at the door, and breathing the horrid, clammy, steaming atmosphere from wet clothes and heavy breaths. All night long the guards paced up and down before the door. No language can describe the ghastly misery of the awful night; man's wildest dreams have never plumbed its depths. Even yet, when the nights are wild and wet, I find myself with straining ear listening for the tramp of heavy boots that squelch and splash in the sticky, sludgy mud outside the door, or the swish of rain on the roof, and fancy that the steaming mist that rises from the huddled bodies is stifling me. In the morning the rain was over, and the suns's rays shot in a watery glare along the drenched face of the far reaching, desolate veldt.

For five days the Boers were hemmed in here, and could neither advance nor retire. In all that time we only saw DeWet once, accompanied, as usual, by his gaunt shadow, Steyn. Nobody dared speak to him at such a time. For the first two days we heard the continuous thunder of the British guns and saw the shells bursting along the ridges that were held by the Boers about a mile off. We were somewhere in the Orange Free State near the Vaal River. Every day prisoners were brought in, and our number was growing. One day it was one of Marshall's horse, wounded; next day two Seventeenth Lancers; next day four Marshall's; and again two of Strathcona's. Some of them when brought in had poultry hanging to their saddles. The horses and accoutrements were taken from them, but they were allowed to keep the fowls. One day some of the Boers who had been out on a reconnaisance came in and bragged about having wrecked a train near Bank, killing a number of men of the Shropshire regiment. On the last day of our stay twelve of the sick prisoners were sent away on a wagon to Fridaport Boer hospital. We learned from a scout that this hospital was captured next day by the British. On the first of August DeWet discovered a way out of this trap. We marched nineteen miles and camped beside the Vaal river. Every day fresh prisoners were added to our company, and now it was French's scouts, and now mounted infantry; but the Boers had prisoners of their own apart from us. There were about thirty foreigners and Boers who would not break their oaths, but these were allowed to ride on the carts. They used to wave their hands to us and cry: "How goes it, troops?" which was rather a quaint form of salutation.

All this time I believe we were somewhere in the Free State, but we doubled and dodged so continuously that I was completely at a loss. On the fourth of August we heard the guns going on both sides, both British and Boer. Metheun had caught up with us again. At night the Boer signals flashed down into the camp from the outpost among the hills. By this time DeWet's command had grown to 6,000 or 7,000 strong, composed of various smaller commands under their own leaders, but all acting under his orders. For all these men there was only one doctor, a German, who treated our sick very well. He was at a big disadvantage, however, as he had to carry all his medicines and instruments in his pockets or on his saddle. He was wearying to get away, as he was in a sense a prisoner. Of course the command was not always so strong, because every day parties of two to five hundred were going out on their own account, scouring the whole country, and doing as much damage as they could. They always returned to headquarters wherever DeWet was. The commanders of these small scouting parties always knew where he was making for and what route he intended taking. Next day the guns were still going, and we could see the shells bursting on the hills. One night a man of the Welsh Fusiliers escaped by hiding in a hole in the river bank and swimming across to Transvaal territory in the darkness, where he soon fell in with a British column.

How we all survived that dreadful time is a mystery. We were all in utter rags and swarming with vermin. Our boots were worn out, and most of us marched with putties or pieces of bag wrapped round our feet. One night (the nights were so dreadfully cold) I burned the putties off my feet through lying too close to a fire. Another time I burned my tunic through rolling on a fire in my sleep. The mind cannot grasp the awful wretchedness, the hellish mystery, of that weary trek. One afternoon a sergeant of the Welsh Fusiliers sat down on the roadside, dead beat, and leaned his head on his hands; his limbs had given out, and even his heart refused to carry him further. One of the guards went up and lashed him with his whip, but the man did not stir. There was a volley of oaths and the cruel lash curled around his neck. The man looked up; there were white furrows on his face where the tears had run down. "God Almighty!" he sobbed, "has the soul gone out of the world? Have men with reason sunk lower than the beasts?" The whip turned with a hiss around his face amidst a volley of curses and kicks—"Get up, you English pig, get up!" Through all those days of suffering most of the men retained their indomitable spirit.

When we crossed the Vaal at Schurman's Drift there was a house in which lived an Englishman with his wife, who came to the door to see the convoy pass. The prisoners jibed and jeered at him, telling him that he wouldn't live in comfort long, as there were those coming who would make him account for his presence there. His wife was a soft spoken Dutch woman who seemed much distressed at the state we were in. Imagine us with matted hair, and wild, unshaven faces thick with mud and grime, our clothes, or as much of them as were left, hanging in mud soiled tatters, our feet wrapped in putties or pieces of sacking, our hands covered with suppurating veldt sores, and every man with a huge stick in his hand to help him along. The sick whom the doctor had placed on the wagons were in a far worse state — filthy, helpless, thirst-tortured, gaunt skeletons, racked with fever and dysentery. She promised to send down some blankets to us. The Boers took all the stores from the house that they could find, but at night the doctor came galloping down with six blankets under his saddle for the sick. She had not forgotten her promise. Every Boer had at least two horses—some had three and four. When they lay down to sleep they passed an arm through the reins and were ready to jump at a moment's notice, as the saddles were never taken off unless to change horses. Sometimes the horses were hobbled in a circle, the head of one to the tail of another, so that if they moved they would move in a circle and could not stray far.

When we forded Schurman's Drift we were in the Transvaal. We lost a good deal of time in crossing, and next day Metheun was up with us again, at a place called Tygarsfontein. His infantry drove the Boers from ridge to ridge, and a British shell burst in the midst of a group and killed fourteen; a Boer scout told me—and they were not given to lying on that side of the ledger. At one time the British were within 1,000 yards of us. I did not know then that the infantry was composed of two companies of Scots Fusiliers and two companies of Welsh Fusiliers. The Boers were utterly routed, and scattered groups came galloping past us crying: "Kharkees coming! Kharkees coming!" The drivers on the convoy were seized with panic. The long whips curled snapping at the oxen, and with lash and yell they were kept trotting till long after darkness had come. Bullocks falling dead from fatigue were replaced by others that plunged in a bellowing drove beside us, trumpeting with fear when a shell burst near them. All the time the stinging whips and the ready rifles of the guard were among the prisoners, hounding us on. With heads that whirled dizzily from hunger, thirst and fatigue, with limbs tottering under us, spurred on by whips and threats of death, we prayed, oh, how we prayed, that a shell would burst among us and shatter us out of our misery.

Thirty-four miles of a march, or trek, as we called it, that seems a ghastly nightmare — tumbling through streams, and along rocky tracks in the hills, swerving aside to pass shell battered wagons and dead cattle, staggering blindly through thorn bushes and among boulders—and it was midnight when we halted. But the fever racked sick on that horrible, jolting, springless wagon on such a trek — God help them! DeWet was right when he said that he had not much in the way of provisions to give us. Sometimes we were two whole days without food of any kind and frequently we had not time to cook what we did get. A torn nose bag was a providential dispensation, for there were always a few grains of corn lying about. Occasionally we got a sack of mealies or wheat. The wheat we either boiled or crushed between stones into a coarse kind of bran, which we made into a paste with water and roasted on the fire; once we got a bullock and at another time a few sheep. One night a Boer gave me a piece of tobacco — such a luxury! I didn't understand what he said, for he could not speak English, but his laugh was the purest English when he saw how I enjoyed it. I could have kissed him, and yet under his old tattered hat there seemed to be nothing but whiskers and eyes. Once while boiling some Indian meal for supper I came down heavily on a huge white thorn with my knee, and next day it was so badly swollen and so painful that I was unable to walk. I was continually dragging behind and being ordered to get on, until at last in despair I lay down, in the hope that some one would shoot me dead where I lay and put an end to all my sufferings. I was kicked up and ordered to hold on by the end of a wagon.

A field officer came past and I showed him my knee, telling him that I could not walk. He gave orders for me to be placed on a wagon. I was put on one with no sides to it and it was all that I could do to hold myself on as it jolted along the uneven, deeply rutted road. You will remember that the wagon was at the end of the convoy which was nearly three miles long, and the track was therefore badly cut up. I do not remember anything about that day, as every jerk of the wagon caused me such excruciating pain that I was half delirious all the time. Next morning we broke camp at three o'clock. When day broke we saw British mounted men on a hill two miles off. Soon their gunners got our distance and shells were screaming and bursting over the convoy. Several wagons in front of us were blown up and the oxen scattered in writhing masses on the road. The Kaffir who led our team took fright and bolted; the oxen swerved as a shell burst in front of them, and the wheels suddenly going into a deep rut, the heavy wagon turned completely over, grinding me beneath its weight. My head bursting, I was falling down through blackness in the midst of a thousand crimson serpents; somebody held my heart in his hand was squeezing it and then—thank heaven, this is death!

Ages after, there was a roaring of waters far beneath me. Then it thundered on my naked brain. A faint star was shining somewhere; it rushed toward me, growing bigger and bigger, until I was swallowed up in it — and my eyes were open. The wagon was righted. I was dripping wet, for the drivers had thrown water upon me. I heard the boom of the guns and the crash of bursting shells. I tried to rise but my head seemed to float away from me, and I felt myself striking the ground, but I did not feel myself falling. They lifted me onto the wagon, and the oxen moved off. My head and face were sticky with thick blood and dust, and I was in such pain that I did not know where the pain was. How those British gunners were working. I wondered if they would manage to hit me. The sun was strong in my eyes; I tried to raise my hand and found that both wrists were sprained. There was a dreadful torn wound in my leg, but the thick dust had dried the blood and horrid, shiny, green flies were clustered all over it and on the vent of my poisoned knee. It looked like jelly, and, by Jove, I was hungry. That was a rare feed we had in Cape Town, in the Swiss restaurant. I wish I had some of those tomatoes. They were red and ripe. Hello, there's two horses and a man killed! Look at the blood! I wonder if I'm like that. Another shell. I wonder what my mother is doing just now?

It was eleven o'clock at night when I awoke and pitch dark. I learned afterward that we had marched thirty-seven miles. The convoy waited till the following afternoon, waiting until Metheun could come up close that they might start off fresh, by which time his column would be nearly done up. Whenever his scouts came in sight we moved off and got into Buffelsdoorn Pass, but Metheun did not try to force it, as it would have been quite impossible with the number of infantry at his command. We began to see then that it was no part of Metheun's plan to try to head us off, but simply to drive us before him until we would be hemmed in between other columns, possibly at Oliphant's Neck. The game was too evident, and DeWet laid his plans accordingly. His scouts and small commands always operated two or three days in advance of the main body, still keeping in touch with it, and he knew where every British column was, within days of him. We left Buffelsdoorn Pass at dark and crossed the railway between Welverdiend and Bank at midnight, afterward blowing it up for a distance of a mile and a half.

We marched thirty-four miles that night, but next day Metheun was at our heels again, shelling us all day. I was again on foot, as it was less painful to be on foot and holding on the end of the wagon than to ride on it.

Next day we were very hard pressed, and the British captured one of the fifteen pounders. The British gunners were in deadly form; they were deliberate in their aim and seldom missed the mark. The teams belonging to several wagons of stores and ammunition were killed, and the wagons had to be abandoned. About four in the afternoon we were staggering along wearily behind the last wagon when a shell leapt shrieking over our heads and burst with a horrible crash, a thick cloud of dust and stones and a gurgle of strange sounds from the midst of the cloud. Our guards scattered to every side. We turned and ran—about fifty of us—back over the road we had just come, back toward the British guns and freedom. Our guards turned and came galloping after us, firing all the time, but they dared not come too close. We forgot our weakness and fatigue, forgot our wounds and sores. We scattered out over the veldt and ran on in a mad rush for safety. Then for the first time a British shell sought us; a shrapnel burst in the air and killed two of our party as we rose to the crest of the ridge. The British pompom was trained on us. We saw them all before us, and frantically waved our hands and rags to draw their attention. The officer at the pompom, looking through his glasses, saw us just in time. "My God! they're a lot of our own men; don't fire!" We were frantic with joy. We hugged the men; we hugged the horses. We shouted and laughed and tossed our helmets in the air. We shook hands with each other, with the soldiers, with everybody who came in our way. Can you blame us if we wept or laughed, for were we not back again to freedom; back under the old flag?

HOME AT LAST ☙ By Minnie Reid French

ALONG the familiar road, by the meadows' blossoming way,
Beneath the skies of my childhood, they have borne me home today.

They have turned the beloved sod and hollowed my narrow bed;
And like the arms of a mother it pillows my weary head;

While the sounds that I love to hear have filled me with peace so deep,
As a child to its innocent dreaming I have laid me down to sleep.

MODERN JAPANESE WRITERS AND THEIR READING PUBLIC

By Yone Noguchi

TOKYO, JAPAN

OUR Japanese writers are working under the most unfortunate conditions. They are not given a proper reading public as in America — or the "Western Sea," as we say in Japan. Strange to say,in spite of the widespread report of the enlightened civilization of the Meija Era, the truth is that not until lately is the general public beginning to recognize that culture, the feeding one's thoughts nobly, or "the understanding what is human kind", is gained only through literature.

Since the Restoration (1867), Japan was put in a forge of change — the most sudden and tremendous revolution ever known in the history of the world — whose tumult has not yet subsided. Spiritual peace is not yet attained. The builders of Modern Japan, having been born in the disturbance of the destruction of the Tokugawa feudalism, did not get the perfect samurai education, or gentlemen's education of those days. Briefly, this consisted in learning the Chinese classics and Oriental philosophy, in studying the art of "Kanoriu" or "Sessu", becoming accomplished slightly in vocal culture so that a few pieces of the "No" (a dramatic composition) could be sung; in being restricted under the "Bushido" (that simple ethical code which was the backbone of our old generation); and in learning the arts of fencing and archery. Now this was not mastered by the founders of our Meija Era. They came to America instead. They saw and were astounded at the material civilization of telegraphs, steamers and machinery. The real American culture they did not have time to fathom; the spiritual civilization was a closed book. Only a few of them acquired superficial knowledge of Christianity, "swallowed it," as we say colloquially. They had neither the best of their ancestors' culture nor could they grasp completely the best essence of American civilization. They were fascinated by the American style of living but they were not equal to digesting the foreign philosophy and religion, therefore they could not have been expected to introduce the real American literature which is the companion of philosophy and religion.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding their poor equipment, these people formed the educational structure of Japan today, and they belong to what are termed our upper classes. True literature they have always regarded as an imbecility. They are on speaking acquaintance with Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens, and Hugo. But they do not know that English literature is builded on the Greek or Roman. They do not know any of the present writers or poets of England or America, and furthermore they know not one of their own, but they denounce, without the slightest investigation, the modern Japanese literature as inferior.

They have not read any of the best literature of our Japan of the early age, either: the books of Chikamatsu, of Saikaku, of Genji or Makurazoshi. And as for the modern masters, the late Koyo Ozaki, Roban Koda and Ichiyo Higuchi, they never mention them.

And the people under forty as a reading public? They also are a disappointment. And the source of the whole evil is in the flimsy education they have gained and are gaining. Our modern education is far too hasty; our common high school has too many courses of useless study and lacks the most important one for the nourishment of the human mind. The students are then moved into the higher middle school, where they are turned into a specialty all at once and are not given time for general knowledge or for gaining the cultivation worthy of a man. Then they enter the university, and with the exception of the students of the literary department, all show a terrible gap in human knowledge. As students of humanity, history and general culture they are poverty stricken. Their thoughts are not uplifting. Their ignorance of the purest literature lowers their ideals—all but obliterates them. They become the most uninteresting persons. The children of such fathers will be bound to suffer. The family will be a tasteless gathering.

If there are some among the younger generations who have a fancy for books, they will choose a volume which contains some firing and sensational discussion, a story with a new plot and easy reading.

The literary critics denounce everywhere the vulgarity and hopeless state, the impossibility, of the Japanese reading public of today.

A year or two ago there actually appeared a reading club in the Japanese smart set in Tokio known as the "Dokusho Kai," who formulated a rule forbidding the reading of Japanese stories! That was the surest symptom of the under valuation of the native authors. We frankly admit that we have no Shakespeare or Dante, and we have not an equal to Tolstoi or Maeterlinck, but we do feel justified in saying that Ozaki's "Oborobune," Miss Higuchi's "Takeurabe" and Roban Koda's "Gojuno To" will not take a second place even in English literature. Then Shimei Futaba's "Meguriai," and Ogai Mori's "Sokkyo Shijin" are the best literature itself, if they are a Japanese version of certain European stories.

In addition to the conflict with so ignorant a public, our writers are encountering hardship in their own work. Any architect and builder must select his own plans and designs, his stones. timber and materials for building, and our Japanese have no fit timbers to even start with—the language. For there is no more confused language than the written Japanese. Some prefer the Chinese classical, some the "Yamatobun" (the original Japanese writing) and many use the mixture of Chinese, Japanese and even English. The late Koyo Ozaki spent half his life in making a style of his own fit for his stories. He attempted the mingling of refined language and colloquialism at the outset and he turned out a "Genbun icchi," to say as we talk. Then finally he invented a new style of his own. When Romanization is fully adopted many difficulties will be done away with.

There are many hasty critics who put the idea above the writing. Literature cannot be discussed by separating the idea from the writing! But every Japanese author is experimenting today in the formation of a modern Japanese style of writing.

They are not without hope. The western civilization is speedily destroying our old prejudices and uplifting the position of authors. Only lately are the Japanese authors beginning to have social reputation. Till some years ago Japan valued the critics far more than the authors. These "learned outsiders" had a great influence. They were familiar with literature and clever in discussion and were considered authority. They suggested and dictated to our authors, who quite humbly followed the lead. But now our authors are having more independence; they have begun to know their own business, as an American might say. They begin to compel recognition by displaying ability.

COMPANION CLOUDS

By Jasper Barnett Cowdin

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

COME to the window, love, your hand in mine,
And let us watch this wonder of the night —
Companion clouds, two domes of dazzling white,
Bold through the amber haze uplift and shine,
Slow drifting to the south,
Full charged with August heats and Summer's drought.

Each dome alternate silver shimmers lighten;
Quick golden veins disperse in zigzag shape,
Like frighted serpents looking for escape;
A purple spark will oft the whole sky brighten;
While phosphorescent sheets
Widely reveal the thunder's dim retreats.

White periods on the ebon page of night
Glow the poor stars; the pensive moon doth yearn,
With silver locks low-dipt in Neptune's urn,
Sad-leaning from her cloud-veiled casement bright;
Oft a dull thunder-tone
Takes a long journey round the heavens alone.

Bright boon companions! — whither are they going?
Low on the dim horizon yet they burn,
But nevermore this way do they return,
Alternate thrills through each vast bosom showing.
So, love, may you and I
Find a new sphere when these horizons die.

Is it not sweet, dear heart, to fancy them
Immortal seraphs twined in social bliss,
One moment chancing o'er a world like this,
(Beheld by us beneath love's diadem)
Both on their happy way
To regions far beyond our mortal day?

In that long upward flight our eyes may see
A shining waste of joys without a shore;
The marvel of our being more and more,
As more unsealed, a mightier mystery;
Till our thrilled lips grow dumb
Through vague surmisings what we may become!

GAIL HAMILTON'S SINGLE BLESSEDNESS

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "Islands of Tranquil Delight," "South Sea Idyls," etc.

BEING importuned she wrote:—"I'm not married and I don't think I shall be. I can't afford the time, and besides, the men ought to be given to the women who can't get along without 'em. I can support myself, and so I think I'd better do it. Besides, I have a greater 'run' among the men themselves than if I were married. Now I am independent and every man is my 'humble servant.' If I were married I should be dependent upon the caprices of one. An unmarried woman has an immense advantage over the married woman. You think I 'may have seen women on New Year's day, but I make no mention of them.' My dear, I like women. In fact, I esteem them very highly, but I bag higher game, when I can. Women do to fall back upon, but for first choice, give me a brace of bearded men."

There spoke the brave and honest heart, and it was true to itself until it ceased to beat. A very healthy, a very wholesome and a very valiant soul was this, in its prime. What other could cry out, as she did:—

> I am *real* glad to be alive. I am glad I was born in the first place. It does not seem as if there was any world until I came into it. Is that modesty? And when I think of the possibility even of living forever, and the sun growing every day brighter, and the skies bluer, and the infinite heavens opening up to you, isn't it glorious? I wonder if I shall sit down and have a real good long talk with [St.] Paul. I believe I like him the best of them all. I can't conceive he should ever take the least notice of me; but if he should give lectures I could go and hear them, and there is so much time in heaven that one could very well afford to wait. If he is as far ahead there as he is here I shall have to wait pretty long.

Even though she was unmarried and gloried in her freedom, she was subject to her moods. I am told that married people are sometimes moody; that the cricket on the hearth does not always chirp merrily as the curtain descends to slow music on a living picture of domesticity. There were days when the wind blew from the wrong quarter and the chimney smoked, and when the unshaven hobo who peered in at the window upon her virgin solitude frightened her nearly out of her wits, and she was glad when the men folk rallied from the neighboring families and offered her the freedom of their strong right arms. But she complained not. In all her life of letters there is never a whimper, and only those who have read them know how full of peace and hope and joy they are and how comforting and uplifting they were to those to whom they were addressed. She says:—

> Life always sat very loosely on me. I have no particular plans for this world, and never did have any. I just live along from day to day, taking things as they come. Better has happened to me than I ever dreamed of happening to me, but far below what might have happened if the order of the universe were changed. I have no hope of any personal revenue from the future beyond what the past has brought me, and I do not know that I ever was sanguine. The only personal ambition I recollect was, when I should have left school, to have a steel-colored silk dress with a large cape, and not to marry any one till I had taught school for a year. I never had the steel-colored silk, and I did teach my year, but I found no great sorrow in the one, and no great solace in the other—but other things have come and a change of base followed, and somehow it does not seem as if there was any me at all. I am like the late Confederacy, a mere shell. Somewhere, I suspect, hidden in some remote corner, the germ of a person with large personal life lies unseen, and

> will one day, under other skies, spring into light and then it will be me; but for the present I am one, and another, and all souls, but in the great stress of the world there is no room for me. In a crowd whoever can hold himself in abeyance ought to do so, for the great throng have no consciousness and no choice but to be oblivious. But when I do live, how I shall live!

She probably lived in the seventh heaven of single blessedness all the next day. And she had a right to. She was unselfish to a fault. She gave out of her heart of hearts that she might help to strengthen the weak, encourage the faltering, and lift up the downtrodden and faint of heart. She could fight, too, and was worthy of the steel of any "orthodox" foeman who dared to brand her as unorthodox. They were men, of course, who assailed her orthodoxy; but they didn't look like men or feel like them when she had finished with them.

"The only thing I am afraid of," wrote Gail, "is that Mr. R—— will be scared and won't print my pieces. That won't make any difference about my writing them, however. I shall write and print somewhere. If one won't, another will. There is an undercurrent of feeling that will sustain me. I want to upheave and overturn. Land needs to be sub-soiled as well as top-dressed. 'The time is out of joint; O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right,' says Hamlet, but I don't say so. It's just what I should like to be born for, and I hope I was."

Though she sat in the shadow of her own vine and fig tree, seeking to veil her identity with a pleasing pen name, and losing her patience only when strangers intruded upon her pastoral seclusion, she blew a trumpet blast that might have shattered the walls of a Jericho, if there had been any Jericho walls to shatter. Her "New Atmosphere," "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness," "Woman's Wrongs," and "Sermons to the Clergy" have probably accomplished more in a quiet way than all the so-called Reformers, in petticoats or out, shouting in chorus from sea to sea.

To her mother she wrote:—

> As for my writing "harshly" to the "Cong." [Congregationalist] people, why, Mr. Dexter says he likes me when I'm wrathy. I told him the other day that he was the splendidest old fogy that ever was, only he had no *sense*. I scolded him terribly about one of his editorials, and he said that it was every word true, and if he'd only had me sooner, what a man he'd have made! And that he had several rods in pickle for me. And you see, mother, I didn't tell them they were block-heads — only b—k-h—ds, and if they choose to fill in the missing letters, why it's no fault of mine.

She was twenty-seven years old when she wrote that letter, and she could have written its mate when she was sixty.

Was she unfeminine? Was she new-womanish in any way, shape or manner? Far from it. That letter alone is enough to prove it.

Unfeminine? She wrote from Washington, D. C., at twenty-six:—

> In the evening, at the president's, I was introduced to a famous old man — a Mr. Jacob Barker — an immensely rich old Quaker who lives in New Orleans. I've seen plenty of stories about him in the newspapers. He was mightily smitten with me — you see I laid myself out to amuse him, not because he was rich, but because he was such a jolly old fellow — he's a cousin, I believe, of Dr. Franklin's and looks very much like him. He told Mr. Wood he thought I must make the young men's heart-strings thrill a little, and Mr. W. told him he guessed it didn't make much difference whether they were young or old.

Buttercups and daisies are not more Springlike in their fresh innocence than was Gail Hamilton when she set forth, wide-eyed and open-eared and found that she was unconsciously conquering a new world. What more naive than this?

> I always find it easy to believe agreeable things. When people say they like me, it seems so natural that they *should* like me that I have not the smallest hesitation in giving them full credence. If they say they do not like me I always think it is prejudice, or they do not know me, or something. It is an agreeable frame of mind to be in, is it not.

And this: —

> I tell you I could "cut a dash" if I should set out! Sometimes I think I will. Most women are so stolid. They stand still and expect to be entertained. I circulate and talk wild and make 'em laugh and am natural and so people get round me. I told Mrs. Adams I had been wanting to be introduced to her a long while. She said she had seen me several times before, but there was always such a crowd round me and I was so busy talking that she had not come up to be introduced. Of course it was mere politeness that made *her* speak of being introduced to *me*. It was *I* that wanted to be introduced to *her*.

And this: —

> Augusta [her sister] says she never saw anybody *toot his own horn* as I do — that I tell off puffs as coolly as if they were about somebody else and not myself, but I do it because I know if you were here, and I were there, I should want you to do just the same. I don't to anybody else except you and the family letters, only as I write the latter every week, of course they have more of it than you, who only get what happens at the moment to be uppermost in my mind. It's good fun, though. I like to get in a corner and have half a dozen round me and feel a little excited, and make 'em all laugh, and see the women look and wonder what is going on. I tell you, if I *should* give my mind to it, wouldn't I do a thing or two? Nevertheless I get horribly bored. We have so much company evenings. I long for quiet.

And again this: —

> In the evening three men fell to *my* share. Mrs. P. said that she told Mr. P. how I set myself down before these three men like a Christian and a martyr and entertained them. I told her I didn't entertain them much. I just let them talk. "Ah," said she, "but you had magnetism enough to set them a-going, and you did talk a good deal yourself, too." I happened to feel in the mood, though, so we got on very well. It is a great deal easier to manage three men than it is one. You can make them play into each other's hands, somehow. It is the single tete-a-tetes that kill me.

In her sprightly way, Gail Hamilton, the Letter Writer, leads one to half suspect that she might, under favorable and entirely irreproachable circumstances, be beguiled into a blameless flirtation. To a judicial friend she writes: —

> My mother says you have all been poisoned. It was my arrows that did it, undoubtedly, only you will not confess. As to your eyes, I am sure you have nothing to complain of. I have been half blind ever since I was two years old and have seen more at that than was for my comfort. All you have to do is, when you are looking at pleasant things like me, open the double eye and shut the single one, and when you are looking at unpleasant ones, *vice versa*. That is good Latin, isn't it? Anyway, if you grow blind I will come to see you, for I don't care about my looks either, and I will lend to the rhyme of the poet (myself) the beauty of my voice, 'till you shall bless the darkness that unfolded to you the heaven of my song! My voice is, in fact, something between a shriek and a howl, — in poetry I don't know what it might be, — but you will know when you, I beg your pardon, go it blind.

Washington life amused her in those earlier days; it did not satisfy. Of course it never can satisfy anyone who asks more of it than the fantastic artificialities on which it is founded. Her fame was spreading, and this embarrassed her naturally sensitive and retiring nature. She complains :—

> I am dreadfully tired of people. People are made up chiefly of eyes. When people go to Amherst, do Amherst people look at them? If you go to church will they loiter around the door till you come out? When you go into a

> shop will you see the clerks nudge each other, and you try to look unconscious and make a sorry failure of it? And will you please tell me on what general principle the universe is hung together, in such a way that a little notoriety brings you all the disagreeableness of a great fame? Why should their mortal life be teased who will have no compensations of immortality.

Of Washington, D. C., she says: —

> You needn't sigh over my privileges. I am just as eager to get home as you are to get here — and a great deal more so * * I like here. I'm glad I came, but I don't want to live here, and unless I *am* going to live here, it's high time I was away. There *is* a kind of fascination in society. When I get a-going, I like to — go it! I've really had some thoughts of giving myself up to it in earnest, and seeing what I could do. You may think me very foolish, and I am quite aware that I have not beauty or money, yet without them, and without giving much thought to it, I can make a *little stir*, and if I should give my mind to it I think I could do something. Still I don't suppose it would be spending life to the best advantage, so, on the whole, I think I shall go to New England if my life is spared to get there. I shall leave pleasant friends and pleasant memories here.

Her life was fortunately spared and she returned unto her own in due season. Though very far from being a butterfly, she was born in a bower, and there she should have passed the fullness of her days, delighting her friends with her admirable letters and the world with her charming and divine philosophy.

She has said: —

> People bore me dreadfully. I'd like to see nobody from week's end to week's end. * * * *
>
> Today I locked myself in and wrote all day. When people came thundering at the door I said nothing, and escaped all callers; they thought I was out, you know,—shan't tell anybody—mean to do it again.

Letters were her specialty — no one can question this. If she had never done anything else in the world but write letters to her friends, she would have done more than most writers who fill volume after volume with essays and reviews, fact, fiction, fancy, etc. Listen: —

> Mr. D. has gone over to the opposition about my letters. Since he has been away I have written him several; perfectly so-so letters they were, too. The other day he came up on an errand and invited himself here to tea, to our great satisfaction, and broke out: "I don't wonder people want you to write letters to them." Today he was up again and said he got a letter from me yesterday, "and a beautiful letter it was, too!" The fact is, I don't suppose he has been accustomed to any but business letters all his life. He is one of the best of men, honest and true, and it really did me good to see his round, ruddy face smiling in at the door. I never heard of your platonic attachments. I know very well which class I should fall into. I am not very intellectual, but I am religious. A gentleman asked me last Saturday how I liked the minister. I said "I hated him! that's how I liked him." When I heard, however, that he was a Methodist brother I held my tongue. I don't feel any call to chastise my neighbor's children, nor to refrain from chastising my own! Do you mean to say that I grow less agreeable as I grow old? [She was thirty-four.] On the contrary, I think I improve vastly, and by the time I get to be eighty I expect to be a belle and a beauty. May you be there to see. * * *

In another mood she wrote: —

> There is no particular exhilaration in walking down and up and up and down the same gravel path, though it may be tamely pleasant if it is not always a covered way, and even then there is a degree of joy in the mere motion; but it is a great deal nicer to go down a lane where you have never been and know not whence it came nor whither it leads, but only know you struck into it all of a sudden, and will perhaps strike out again just as suddenly — but meanwhile the apple trees are abloom and the grey walls green and graceful with swaying

> vines and vocal with tiny life. I am not deceived for all the blue sky and splendid sun. I know there are snow banks underneath, but I know something more than this which makes me happy, that violets and anemones and blood-root and spring beauties are under the snow. You are missionary ground and you must be converted. What are you better than the Emperor Aurelius? You talk of the past as if it held the elixir of life, and of the future as if it had no certain treasure in its bosom. For me, I am not sure of the past, but if there is any present I am sure of the future. Life is not made up of this Spring, or next Summer,or last Winter. Life is one. Next Spring is only a lifting up of the fair and fragrant Spring that underlies all life, lifting itself up above the snows and frosts which have overgrown it but can never crush it, and will finally die away in the sunshine that never dies. Winter is not "just as good," and never will be, and you know it. Even if you are shut up in a city the very knowledge that the "birds are singing elsewhere" is an unspeakable blessing. It is not the music that you hear, but the songs that sing themselves in your heart that make the melody of life. When I am ready to fly out with impatience of the clang of tin pans and iron kettles it is just those otherwhere singing birds that make it all tolerable, for I know that somewhere, *somewhere*, there must be a land where pans and kettles are unknown, and the robins have it all their own way, and there I mean one day to pitch my tent. I shall feel just so at fifty. What difference will it make? It is not another but only the fiftieth part of the same Spring. If God only gives me health and independence there never will, I think there never can come a time when I shall not grow green and tender and fresh and happy with the leaves! Memories are nothing. That which has been is nothing to that which shall be. One of the few things I don't know, and cannot understand, is why evil is let run wild in the world. I can understand why it should be let in, but not why it should be let loose.

I ask the reader if that letter sounds like the letter of a married woman, even though she were happily married? The most happily married woman if she is at all domestic must surely have some care upon her mind, some anxiety at heart. In the letters of Gail Hamilton I find a spirit as nearly free as it is possible for spirit to be while in the flesh. Hers is a winged soul. Her troubles are all borrowed, but borrowed only that she may lighten the burden of those who have borne them. Her life was illuminated with friendships that were, many of them, rare and fine. She drew a line there and claimed the right of perpetual freedom. Something happened once—perhaps many times; somebody blundered! She wrote concerning this matter:

> I wanted to say to you that I was not harsh, as indeed I had no right to be, for he is the most generous of men. He is a real good, honorable man, but it is a sad waste of material for anybody to fall in love with me. But it is all over now, and nobody hurt. * * * I am as far as possible from believing that friendship should or can encroach upon love. It seems to me they may run in parallel lines forever, since parallels never meet. I have a very great scorn for the notion you often find afloat that propinquity is the — what do the theologians call it? — predisposing cause of love. It may be a sufficient cause for that bread and-butter sentiment which keeps the pot boiling; and, of course, if two substances have the natural affinity the coming together is all that is necessary, but the natural affinity is the very thing in question. Oil and water are no more one thing in a dish-pan than they are out of it. And I wish there were high living enough in the world to be at least recognized as a ponderable and visible and appreciable thing in its own right.

Gail Hamilton once said: "It would annoy me very much to have anybody agree with what I wrote, because that would show that there was no need of my writing."

I suppose she meant that her vocation was missionary work in the epistolary line; and that if she were not original in thought and method she would have been born in vain. How many married women are there who will not read the following with a certain satisfaction and glory in the perfect independence of the writer?

> Look at me. I have friends on every side who delight in me, men and women who come to me for joy, and solace, and strength. Is it because I am better, or brighter, or stronger than other women? Not the least in the world. I am constantly meeting women whose shoe latchets I am not worthy to unloose, but to whom nobody ever comes. It is solely because I have never been overborne by hard physical labor, nor undermined by the unspeakable disappointments of marriage God has suffered me to keep my life in my own right hand. I have never been crushed — I have never been oppressed. Those other women, better than I, with more capacity than I, with higher possibilities than I, are mere household drudges, insignificant wives, uncommanding mothers, because they are buried under an Ossa on Pelion piled, of degrading labor without supporting love. They passed in their youth under the yoke of a man, and the yoke was hard and the burden heavy. And just as long as their necks are bowed to them, women cannot reveal themselves. The sole advantage that I have over other women is, that I stand in the sunshine. If I were married the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that I should be digging in the dark, down in the cellar where all the dead-alive women are. People are accustomed to see beasts of burden, and, accordingly, when they see me, a woman, they are pleased with the novelty. * * *
>
> So far as I come in contact with men, they unconsciously swerve into my orbit, — never mind if the metaphors don't "go on all fours," — because I am a woman under full headway; and in the collision of sincerity with falsehood, or perhaps I ought to say error, the error goes down. When a man comes so near me that I can touch him, he cannot help himself, but turns into pure gold—or at least the pure gold that existed in him in solution is precipitated into visibility; and if I were a wandering Jewess, and could be the wife of every man I see, I never would touch pen to paper to reform the world. Mind, I could not have done it if I had married him before I had myself waked to consciousness, but I could do it now.

This admirable woman — a spinster come to judgment—knew whereof she wrote. She was a wise soul of the widest observation and the calmest judgment. She writes:

> When I compare my life with the lives around me, with nine out ten of all the lives I know, I esteem myself indeed favored of heaven, and thank God for a most undeserved happiness, and pray that I may do good enough to my fellow beings to compensate them, as it were. * * I don't deny that through weakness, weariness, impatience, I may sometimes be a little in the trough of the sea, but it is not on the crest of any billow that I ever saw that I would have my ship go riding. I never have thought, or professed to think, that the actual unmarried life was as happy as the ideal married life, but I assure you with entire seriousness that nothing which my own life has missed has given me a tithe of the disturbance, I might almost say despair, which I have found in the terrible bewilderments of the married lives I have seen. I could well do without happiness myself if I could only see a possibility of happiness in the experience of others. * * * This I can assure you most truly, and if you are my friend you will be glad of the assurance — loneliness, as you mean it, is a sensation which I have never felt, to the best of my knowledge and belief. I am afraid to be in the house alone nights, and, daytimes, too, for that matter; but let me know that there is a trusty person down stairs to keep out robbers and ghosts, and I can sit in my own room day and night, alone, and never tire. I do not mean that I do not know an aloneness, nor that I cannot conceive of something that would be better; but as far as mortal companionships go, I have, let me see, at least five men and no end of women who are more friends to me than most men are to their wives. I find in them more sympathy, more resource, more sustenance, more tangible, practical, honest, real help than most women find in their husbands; and two of them at least and perhaps three, and possibly four, are more agreeable to me than most husbands are to their wives. I like their society better, they

> exert themselves far more to entertain and please me; they have more consideration and chivalry. You say I don't know what husbands are to their wives, but make me believe it if you can.

Here is her parting shot:

> What is marriage here? A little speck of honey in a hogshead of vinegar. But in Heaven there will be something of which earth marriage is a type, but which will be all honey and no vinegar. You may depend upon it there is something in Heaven which corresponds to marriage, because that which alone gives marriage vitality and worth, that alone which lifts it above the earth, is a need, an element of the soul, and if the soul dies not, its elements cannot die. You would not be yourself without your memory. You do not marry on account of your memory, but that thing which you do marry on account of is as essential to your identity as your memory. If there is one thing I cannot abide it is settling down into anything. Do you know the great trouble is that people "marry and settle." They would better be hanged. "Settle" is just another word for growing set and crusty and routiney. When you have leveled one forest, turn to fresh woods and pastures new. Cultivate the soil till you have exhausted its possibilities. I do not believe in exhausting them anyway. We often think we have when we have not. It is our own slight farming, not the field, that is exhausted, and we often think we have fathomed our friends when it is that our short lines have given out, not that we have touched bottom. Every human soul is infinite and you cannot settle down with it if you have any appreciation of it. If you have but eyes to see you will always be making new discoveries.

I believe there is a place for everyone in this world and whosoever finds himself in his place—he will very soon know whether it fits or not — is the happiest of all. I believe that Gail Hamilton's place was in her old New England home, and that she was happier, healthier, holier there than anywhere else under heaven. I believe she should have stayed right there and have written letters to all sorts of people—preaching her gospel of peace and patience and reciprocity until her ink well ran dry and the pen dropped from the fingers that were to write no more.

She grew to like Washington and Washington ways, and to spend much time there and fall into those ways herself. She went abroad, but in all her letters home there was no breath so fresh and fragrant as that which breathes from this letter she wrote me twenty years before she visited Europe and five before I did:

> Well now, did your spirit tell you I was not gone, and have you been thinking of me over-sea all this while? I fear you will be sadly disappointed at receiving a letter from me with the commonplace mail marks of Brooklyn — instead of Rome or Athens — but here I am. Will it console you at all to know that my paper cutter is from an oak of Marathon, and my ruler from Neufchatel; that my slippers are of Damascus workmanship, and my necklace of Indian aloe, brown and spicy? I cannot write to you from St. Peters, but St. Peters lies before me in my paper weight, wrought in mosaic. I could not cross myself for you in the Cathedral of Milan, but my friends here, whom I have come to see, give me vivid descriptions of its magnificence, and they went down to the silver sarcophagus of the high born saint and saw his resting place and the home of his soul. They have wandered Europe from Norway and Sweden to the Mediterranean, from Ireland to the frozen Caucasus. They went down into the silent land of Egypt; saw the beautiful obelisk of Heliopolis, the ancient An; followed the Nile, lived in hundred-gated Thebes; visited the Holy Land and Turkey; sailed on the Black Sea, and here they are again, with the past and the present all clustering thick around them. You and I have not taken this wonderful journey: you ask me why, when you so long to go, and what does it all mean? Truly *I* do not know, but I am not greatly troubled thereby. This I think sure — that desire indicates capacity. Our souls really long only for that which belongs to them. Most of us in this world have but a half life. We do not begin to live at the top of our bent; but then I reckon this life a mere

beginning, after all. If the choice were given you to travel and grow selfish, or to stay at home and grow noble, you would choose the latter, not for its result but for the sheer happiness of it. So you see the best things are within one's reach; we are not to look forward to another world for compensation. The Kingdom of God is within you. Still, where this world gives scope only to a part of our faculties, whether of living or loving, I think it is but natural we should anticipate in another the joy of our full unfolding. The Divine, the one perfect Life, is a constant outflow of blessing, doing good to the just and the unjust.

Forgive me for being in Brooklyn instead of old Thebes. I shall perhaps go there one day and find you walking about among the ruins. Or, if not, maybe we shall travel about among the stars and know a great deal more about all worlds than a thousand journeys here could tell us; but you must not be so eager of another star as to become impatient of this.

In a fragment of autobiography Gail Hamilton wrote: "I died on the tenth of May, 1895." For seven weeks her spirit was wandering in the debatable borderland; this experience she has treated in a little volume entitled "X-Rays." She awakened from that death-like trance and lived until the seventeenth of August, 1896, when she died the death; and so passed from earth life one of the supreme intelligences of her time.

ON BEING FOUND OUT

THACKERAY PARAPHRASED—WITH VARIATIONS

By Mrs. E. D. Kendall

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

THERE'S an old tale you may have heard,
Of certain friends who met to dine,
And growing reminiscent — stirred
To confidences o'er the wine —
The guards of reticence forgot,
And how their guest, the Abbe's, tongue
Began to wag as it ought not,
His irreligious hosts among.

"The penitent I first confessed —
The very first," the Abbe said,
"An order wore upon his breast,
And yet his hands with crime were red.
A nobleman of ancient name
And stainless lineage, he told
Of murder done to hide his shame —
The gambler's cursed thirst for gold."

And even while the good man spoke,
Entered the Marquis Croquemitaine
In gilt laced doublet, velvet cloak.
And swinging jauntily his cane;

And as he neared the group, his hat
He doffed, and bowed — for well he knew
Each man who at the table sat;
And last a meaning glance he threw
At Abbe Blanc, and blandly said:
"Your pardon, friends, if first I greet
(May blessings rest upon his head!)
My old confessor; at his feet
Years since, these stubborn knees I bent,
And in such wise my soul laid bare,
(I was his earliest penitent)
His speech was stiffened to a stare.
I'll wager that no other since,
More startling tale has told than mine."
He saw Lalance and Morny wince,
Delorme set down untouched his wine,
And in D'Aubigny's eyes he read
The horror of discovery writ; —
Upon his heel he turned and fled —
The Abbe tumbled in a fit.

Consider what would life become
If every reprobate and scamp
In palace, office, workshop, slum,
Should be compelled to flaunt his stamp;
Just fancy all found out who sin,
And punished as each rogue deserves,
And answer, you who stand and grin,
What is your chance — with the reserves?
I wonder how you'd feel to sit
Beside some one who has your measure,—
The coat he's fashioned, just your fit,
In which he takes sardonic pleasure;
And vice versa, how you'd gloat
O'er his discovered weaknesses!
You've conned each blemish — every mote,
No matter what the public says: —
His talent? Bah! 'tis borrowed, man!
His honor? Can't you tell a tale
About that, too? He knows you can,
And through his smiling, waxes pale.
You smile as well, and jest, and talk,
Poor humbugs both — smooth-seeming sinners,
Who side by side from business walk,
And eat each other at your dinners.

O world so strange! how many strive
To cloak their faults with fair disguises!
How many wretched beings live,
Forever hounded by their vices!

Their Nemesis the haunting dread
Of sure detection, crouching still,
Pard-like, to spring; the word unsaid
Which like a trumpet yet shall thrill
Their guilty souls with terrors strong,
God's herald of his judgement day,
When bared shall be each secret wrong
And every man his forfeit pay.

Let him who deems his feet are firm,
Take heed lest he like others fall;
And he who spurns his fellow worm,
Remember we are sinners all.
"None may escape the vermin foul
Of his own evil deeds," though he
Wear crown, or ermine, or the cowl
And robe of priestly sanctity;
And he who magnifies the flaws
That mar his neighbor's fair repute,
While his own failings into straws
His smug conceit would fain transmute,
Let him beware! for as we mete
Shall we be measured soon or late:
Heaven's justice speeds with tireless feet,
And judgement waits "within the gate!"

Night

THE stars burn low above me,
The forest glooms around;
A night bird's melancholy call
Is the only sound.

Day's desires have fallen away,
With all their fret and pain;
In the quiet darkness
I see my future plain.

Love lights the path of it,—
Even thy love, my own,—
All the wild rebellion
Overthrown.

Lure of fame and fortune
I resign;
Mine thou art, mine only,
And I am wholly thine.

THE EVOLUTION OF COUSIN MARCELLA

By Lilian True Bryant

BANGOR, MAINE

PART II

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

I HAVE been writing my daily letter to Gregg. We are one step nearer, Cousin Marcella having decided to come to Naples and sail for London from there. I have been out on a balcony under the stars, with Vesuvius on one side and Capri on the other, and music and laughter and gay voices in the street above, making me feel as if I were a puppet in a play, with no will of my own. Naples is a mass of twinkling lights, and every now and then Vesuvius sends a great golden puff of flame into the night, and the long line of mountains on the opposite coast look on as peacefully as though they never had seen Pompeii die, killed by this same Vesuvius.

International marriages were discussed at dinner tonight, probably because of the new arrivals. The bride is a Swede, the groom is an Italian, and they use French in speaking. Everything is serene and sunny, but I do wonder if it can last. Won't a time come when she would give all the world to hear some good, rugged Swedish? Or to be with her own countrymen again? Won't she look for their sturdy honesty and find the restless irresponsibility of the southerner? Half my happiness with Gregg is because we are bound by the same home interests. Is it possible to buy a wife or a husband and find the love that comes when a man and woman earn the right for a home together?

I have been a little foolish lately, a little flattered, a little disturbed, and a good deal anxious. I have been wondering just what Gregg will think when I unburden my soul to him. I have even wondered if I had best tell him. I have thought of asking Cousin Marcella, indirectly, of course, in order to keep her propriety from being disturbed.

I have thought of saying:

"Cousin Marcella, do you believe all you read in the newspapers?"

And she will remember her Christian Register and her Boston Transcript and her New York Post and her beloved Atlantic, and she will smile benignantly at my childishness and answer:

"Each class has its literature, my dear child." Then I will take another step.

"And each nation its customs?"

"Assuredly," she will nod.

"And it is wise to follow them? To be a Roman while you are in Rome, or a Neapolitan while you are here in Naples?"

I am not sure of the conversation at that point. Her bonnet strings would bob with conviction if it were Boston; but there is a deal of difference between Boston and Naples, so I usually retire in my mind after that and wonder just what I had better do.

We are in an adorable place, too beautiful for ordinary use, and like luxuries, it goes to one's head and you forget the cold, clear cut north and just revel in color and sunshine and flowers and laziness. And yet, in spite of it all, there was a restlessness that only goes to prove that after a while you had rather go back into realities again. We are ladies of high degree. I know exactly how it seems to sit at my window and watch a lordly lover. What I am not so sure of is, have I been wicked in watching him, or only just absorbing the country's customs?

We are in a villa outside the city. A wheezy little tram car takes you a mile or two from the public park and leaves you in a dismal street; hovel-like caves on one side and high stone wall on the other. You gasp with disappointment, and then you cry out with delight, like the princess in the fairy story. You open the iron gate and walk down a winding, looping driveway, fringed with fern and bush and blossom and find yourself at the top of a house with steps leading into the most beautiful courtyard that ever grew. There are fern palms and violet beds and an old moss covered well, and a lattice covered path leading into a lemon orchard beyond the villa's walls. Then if you know the way, you go down four more steps and find a tiny chapel built into the stone foundation, and a few more steps brings the whole broad, glorious Bay of Naples before you, and Vesuvius with all its opal tints, while far down on the horizon lies Capri.

The waves pound and swash against the villa's balcony. The shore curves slightly. On either side is an immensely steep bluff, a castle on one and a villa on the other and each morning an Englishman comes down the stone steps of the latter and gets into his boat. Sometimes he waves his handkerchief at me, if I happen to be at my window. It is part of the scene and the beauty of it makes my heart ache to think that it will last and last forever, probably, and in just a little while I shall be dead and forgotten. It seems more like what the world should be, here—all laughter and sunshine and loveliness, and human beings provided for like children, instead of having to wrench their food from barrenness, as it is in the North. But now I'm going on with my story.

Cousin Marcella and the professor had been sight seeing for a week, and they both were tired out and willing to "devote a day to trivial interests."

"A little shopping, my dear. Possibly an hour at the museum, and then home for a quiet afternoon."

So early that morning we started. There was no carriage in sight, for which I was devoutly thankful. It saves time of course, but they are inhabited so vigorously that I had rather go in the car, which is divided into two compartments, first and second class. There is not much difference between the two; one has cushions and is a little more elaborate, that is all.

As it happened, there were but two vacant seats in the first compartment. Cousin Marcella was discussing Schliemann's excavations, so I laughed a little and said I would chaperone her and went into the other, which held but one passenger. I remember feeling quite pleased with myself that morning. I wore a new serge suit, my first long tailed gown and a fur cape that was comfortable on the shady side of the street, and could be easily carried when we crossed into the sunshine. I had on my best blue hat, tilted over my nose, and I had fastened in my belt a gorgeous cluster of scarlet geraniums that were growing on the wall by the driveway. I thought I looked quite well, so I studied the toes of my beloved American shoes and remembered that I had an extra coin for the house bootblack. I suppose I seemed just as foolishly complacent as I felt, for by and by, after finishing my survey, I looked up and then up again into the blackest, boldest Italian eyes that I ever expect to meet. I couldn't look away. I could feel the color begin at my collar bone and fly up to my face, and past my eyes and over my forehead, and all the time those eyes were laughing at me.

He was a man of about forty-five. His hair was black with flecks of white in it, and quite gray on his temples. His skin was the swarthy Neapolitan. His moustache was waxed until it bristled like spear points, and but for the twinkle in his eyes he might have been the German emperor.

But all else paled before his clothes. No wonder he laughed at my satisfaction over mine. He wore a pearl gray overcoat of most wonderful texture. He wore an imposing hat, no shinier than his beautifully polished boots. And from his head to his toes he was the most immaculate man I have ever seen.

"As regards the advisibility of allowing poverty stricken nations to control excavations of world wide value—" said Cousin Marcella on the other side of the partition.

She stopped; so did the car, and we all lurched forward, the first class passsengers crowding to the door. I stood up, and the man followed my example. The car started as suddenly as it had stopped, and we all sat down abruptly and all because a donkey had insisted upon braying upon the car tracks, which is a way that they have, most annoying to the drivers. Then I laughed and the man laughed, even though his moustache was waxed so fiercely, and Cousin Marcella called me and I left the car.

We went into a shop and stayed half an hour looking at photographs. The man was on the doorsteps when we came out. We went into the museum and I clung to Cousin Marcella's elbow, and tried to hide behind the largest casts in the building. I succeeded admirably and found myself face to face again with him. Then I began to grow cold. I swooped down upon Cousin Marcella and told her that I certainly should have malaria if we poked among those old things any longer, and wouldn't she please go home before I went into a fit and died. She looked at me sympathetically and said I did look pale. Pale! I should think I did. I never was so frightened in my life. Cold shivers ran down my spine, and my knees trembled so that I toed in. So, with Cousin Marcella on one side and the professor on the other, wagging their heads and nodding significantly, I was piloted back to the car line and fanned with a red covered guide book. I felt guilty, though I didn't know just why, for it certainly was no pleasure to me that a man should waste half a day following me, and I fairly gurgled with relief when the car finally came. I stepped into the crowded street to hurry toward it, and a hand came out and pulled me back, and there was my man holding me fast and saying:

"Pardonnez, Mademoiselle."

A public carriage raced over the spot where I had stood. Cousin Marcella bowed her thanks. The man lifted his hat and dropped my hand as if he felt that he must. The professor smiled and nodded, and we got in. About ten minutes later I stopped turning red and white and looked up. In the seat opposite was the man. Not a flicker of expression on his face showed that he had seen me before, and yet I doubt if I ever felt more helpless. I fastened my eyes on my gloves and said the German alphabet over backward and then forward, and there I sat like a stone image till the car stopped before our gate. Once inside, I took the tail of my gown in my hand and flew down the road, loop after loop, till I was safe on the villa's piazza. Then I looked up at the street far above me, and leaning over the wall, laughing at me, stood the man. He lifted his hat.

Some minutes later Cousin Marcella and the professor arrived, a little disturbed, a good deal shocked.

"Such indecorous haste, my dear child," said Cousin Marcella nervously.

I burst into tears and went into my room and shut the door. I am a child, I suppose. Some girls grow into young ladyhood with their first long dress, but I am more and more convinced that I never shall be anything but an infant. I wish I hadn't looked back; I should feel much more comfortable.

The next day it rained, and the next and the next, until a week went by, and still we were shut into the four walls of the villa. All the butterfly boats kept out of sight. The bay was a gray wall, with only the red smokestacks of the

French liner cutting it in the afternoon. The waves roared and pounded against the villa till the balcony was wet, and bits of driftwood clung here and there. The last afternoon of the storm I went down to the drawing room for a book. They are mostly Ouida's novels, very interesting for rainy days, but very shocking; so Cousin Marcella has led me gently but firmly past that bookcase ever since we first came to Naples. An American newspaper was lying on the table, and I began to read an article upon foreign customs regarding matrimony.

"In Italy, no young girl ventures upon the street alone—"

My ears burned, even though I knew I had only been chaperoning Cousin Marcella in the next compartment.

". . . A curious custom is as follows: If a suitor discovers the object of his affections upon the street in company with her family, he devotes his time to following her, discreetly, unobstrusively, yet nevertheless persistently, till he finds her abode—"

The newspaper fell upon the floor and I covered my guilty red cheeks with my hands and sat there, wondering what Gregg would think of it all.

Late that afternoon the sun came out. The waves still roared on the beach, tossing the spray and catching it again as it fell. Rafael, the boatman, was guiding someone down the steps to the beach. Someone with a pearl overcoat and a silk hat and a heavy, silver topped cane. Rafael was apparently explaining something, pointing toward the villa and gesticulating wildly, and the man was carefully choosing his steps in the wet sand. Just at the point where the best view of the whole house is to be had he stood, took out some opera glasses—and then came a wave. It drenched both men. It ruined the silk hat, and the pearl overcoat dripped with water, and the cane with its silver mountings floated off toward the Mediterranean, and the man on the beach stamped and swore.

That was the last I saw of him. Wounded pride was greater than his love for me, evidently; and hearts are brittle things in Naples, anyway.

There is the story, just as it happened. It amuses my vanity a little and gives me a pleasant feeling of importance, as if I were grown up and worth noticing, in spite of Cousin Marcella's remarks to the contrary. At home I suppose it would be called a "flirtatious occurrence." Here it seems to be merely the custom of the country. It may be romantic under certain circumstances, but I cannot see how the love that is to last "for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, till death us do part," can be found by any such method.

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ALL BECAUSE OF MISS PRESLEY

COUSIN MARCELLA is crushed. Beacon street has fallen into the Charles and Commonwealth avenue no longer lifts its head above the South End. She is bewildered and mortified and insecure in the standards that have been life and death to her since she was old enough to carry a note book and take observations.

The Worthingtons, as of course you know, are the toppiest of Boston's aristocracy. To be a Worthington is to walk through life garlanded with roses, showered upon one by an admiring population. To be a Worthington is the height of earthly bliss; and to be a friend of theirs is the utmost that a commoner can hope for in this earthly vale. Cousin Marcella has attained the latter distinction. For years she has "been a friend of the family, my dear;" and her one aim in life was to prove herself worthy of that honor. Consequently, when Mrs. Emily Worthington announced that she would be in Naples for a few days, Cousin Marcella was all of a flutter.

It was obvious that she must scatter a few roses, but she wasn't quite sure as to the proper method of doing it. The villa looked suddenly worn and almost disreputable under the glare of this new responsibility. The dining room did very well for ordinary tourists —but for a Worthington—Cousin Marcella's voice trailed off into hopeless despondency, and the professor looked troubled and ran his fingers through his hair and suggested a picnic, at which Cousin Marcella wept and reminded him that people of their position in life could not stoop to picnics. The professor was startled, but clung to his ground, insisting that people came to Europe for that very purpose. They were tired to death of the same old conventionalities. At which Cousin Marcella took refuge in his masculine strength of mind and was partially comforted. Bravo for the professor. The stronger minded a woman is, the more like wax she is when she falls in love; that is, if the man knows enough to be sweetly independent at times.

Cousin Marcella came to the table that day magnificent in her troubled self consciousness. She surveyed each person critically, and sat all through the soup course with her eyes on the array of bottles and jugs up and down the table. It does look rather intemperate, but it is only another custom of the country. Some new comers had been placed opposite her. A frail little woman exquisitely graceful, with masses of pale brown hair braided at the back of her head, glorious brown eyes that swept up at one and then fell quietly, and the most adorable chin — pointed, innocent, mischievous, bewitching. She wore a severe cloth suit of blue, with a mannish collar and tie and linen cuffs; and being so wholly feminine, she was all the more so in this attempt at severity.

The professor put down his soup spoon and beamed at her. So did the Canadian on the opposite side. The Canadian is the pet of the whole villa. He is big and black and impudent and jolly and kind hearted. But he is an unbeliever, and Cousin Marcella says I must have nothing to do with him. Well, the Canadian looked upon the dainty little lady and was pleased. She chatted unconcernedly with her nurse, finished the dessert and was led out like a little child and carried up stairs, because she is too weak to walk and was sent over here for a rest and to get strong enough for her work again. She was in the drawing room when I went in, leaning with both hands on a table, looking at the home mail just being sorted. She tilted her face up at me—I am fully a head taller — and I felt exactly like taking it in my two hands and kissing it. We talked for a little. She asked me to come to see her. She had a good many famous photographs that might interest me, and would be glad to show them. She was only just over and was deadly homesick, although her nurse was ever so kind; whereat the nurse blushed and bowed and smiled and was grateful at being appreciated. I said I would go with pleasure, but on the way up stairs I met Cousin Marcella. She drew me out into the garden.

"My dear," she said," mysteriously, "I must caution you. On no account do you accept any attention from the young woman opposite us at the table. The professor says she is an actress."

Honest, heart rending horror was in dear Cousin Marcella's eyes and voice, and she trembled with consternation. She was facing a temptation, for there was no doubt but the dainty little creature was as attractive to her as to the rest of us.

"She is a Miss Presley—a Miss Annie Presley," said Cousin Marcella. "She is doubtless very charming and very gifted, but, my dear, actresses are known to have so far forgotten themselves as to wear tights!"

Her voice shook with outraged womanhood and anxiety for me, and I had to pat her cheek and say that probably we would be too busy to see much of the new people, although I had heard that the most exclusive people in America were only too anxious to receive the great actresses.

"But never a Worthington — never a Worthington, my dear," said Cousin Marcella loftily, and for the moment she felt that she, herself, was one.

At dinner that day the unbeliever brought a great cluster of pale wisteria and laid it at Cousin Marcella's plate. She was startled, but regained her composure and thanked him gracefully, while the professor suddenly glared at him over his shoulder and asked Miss Presley if she had enjoyed the beach that morning.

Such a mess.

Cousin Marcella suddenly straightened anxiously, the unbeliever turned his shoulders, which certainly are the most lover-like shoulders that ever grew, toward her and asked if she ever had thought how much women resembled flowers. She looked down at the dainty blossoms, and in spite of herself she blushed. So did he, but because he wanted to laugh, and did not dare. It wasn't fair. She is wholly unused to gallantry, and he should have remembered it. So I asked him for the pepper, and the professor looked at him over his glasses and began to talk about the utter untrustworthiness of the average Italian.

"They are simply nature's children," said the unbeliever. "I regret all my days that I am not a Neapolitan, with nothing to do but love the world I'm in."

Cousin Marcella turned troubled eyes toward me. I was taking it all in, and she rose, motioning for me to follow.

"Your flowers, dear Miss Lapworth," said the unbeliever, jumping up quickly and following her.

She had left them purposely, but he held them out with one hand and opened the door with the other. He certainly has very good manners; but I am afraid he does like to be wicked.

Cousin Marcella went straight out into the garden and the professor followed. They stayed out there an hour, and when they came in she had been crying and they both wore an enormous bunch of violets, hers in her dress and his in his lapel, and he was saying:

"You shan't be troubled, blessed. We will change our seats at the table."

So we are at one end and the dainty actress and the big Canadian are at the other. They do have such jolly, merry times. Sometimes I wonder if it wouldn't seem younger to be down there with them.

Now in order to make you fully understand the situation, I must tell you about one other person in the pension. She is an American, a Mrs. Butlar, well read, well bred—that is to say, with many important ancestors—and eccentric. Her son was married while in college, upsetting his course and breaking her heart. So she came over here to forget it. She plays solitaire and cheats herself, and takes walks and reads novels and cries. We were in Florence together, so she followed us down here and now is living in dread of the third of March. A fortune teller came to the pension in Florence, one day and we all had our fortunes told. Something terrible was coming to her for six consecutive years on that date. Did you ever? It is enough to kill anyone to have that hanging over them. So she takes quinine and scraped beef and cries, and we have to comfort her and give her a soothing mixture and divert her mind and let her cheat at solitaire so she will win and feel happy.

The unbeliever was very sympathetic when she first came. He used to take her rowing and driving and off on excursions, and talk to her over the papers at night. He has quantities of mail; but it is very curious. He knows all about everyone else, but there is not one soul here who can find out about him. Mrs. Butlar gave up trying, and accepted him as he was, and loved him all the better for the mystery, and finally wouldn't allow anyone else to look at him. So when the little lady from the States appeared she nearly had a fit. I am rather inclined to think there is reason for it. There has been such a sneer in his eyes and voice at times, and now he seems utterly different.

I saw him offer to carry Miss Presley up stairs one morning. She turned and looked directly at him, without a smile, as if she were measuring him, mentally and morally. Then she lifted her arms and he took her as if she were the most exquisite thing on earth and he couldn't be too careful. He put her down and steadied her for a minute, and then she thanked him and went down the glass covered balcony in her lavender gown with the great bunches of purple wisteria over her head, and he stood there watching her till she was out of sight. Then he lifted his arm and laid his cheek against the sleeve where hers had rested. Maybe she is teaching him to believe, after all. It is very terrible when a man loses his faith in all women.

After that he used to carry her down on the beach and read to her and catch the little green lizards that scamper about and make them run races. At night they used to pace the balcony, talking about home and watching Vesuvius, and Mrs. Butlar used to come to the window and watch them.

Then came the third of March. Mrs. Butlar sent for Cousin Marcella. She said she was dying. This was her death day. The gypsy had told her so. She had given her love where it never could be returned, and it was well that she was to leave this earth. Cousin Marcella dosed her with Jamaica ginger and valerian and by and by she revived sufficiently to be dressed, and then Cousin Marcella and the professor hired a carriage and carried her off down town, which I thought was very good of them.

"A fool woman," the professor calls her; but Cousin Marcella has learned that even "fool women" suffer.

That night I heard her out on the balcony with the unbeliever.

"But you used to go with me. What has happened?

A grunt and then a silence.

"Can't you understand that a man feels sorry for a woman sometimes, but that that is all there is to it? You are the mother of a grown-up son. You ought to know the world by this time."

Then more silence.

He came down the balcony, out into the garden, where I had hurried for fear they would think I had been eavesdropping.

"Little American," he said irritably, and took my hands and kissed my finger tips, — "if all women were sensible, would all men be, too?" Then he gave me a push.

"Go into the house, child," he said; and when Mrs. Butlar lumbered around the corner he was calmly lighting a cigar, long, black, wicked looking and Neapolitan, and was sauntering out of the garden.

We were working at such cross purposes that I began to get troubled. Cousin Marcella at points with the actress, the professor with the Canadian, with Mrs. Butlar and the actress and I looking on and wondering how it would all come out.

Miss Presley had an afternoon tea one day, but Cousin Marcella was busy down town, and when we came home it was all over and she and the unbeliever were promenading the balcony, as usual, watching the fire pale and glow on Vesuvius, and the fishing boats come around the bend. They are very picturesque, dim, shadowy things, with restless torches and swift spears. One night as I stood watching them they were picturd in the inky black sky above me. Men, boat, spears and fire, no detail was lacking. People said it was a mirage, but it was very real to me.

So the days drifted on, as Neapolitan days do, and then one morning the pretty little lady was lifted into a carriage and her luggage was strapped on behind and her nurse got in, and they were driven away. Cousin Marcella came out on the balcony with a letter in her hand, and a look of intense relief on her face.

"Emily Worthington comes this afternoon," she read. "'On important business. Regrets that I had not made known my presence earlier.' I wonder why?" mused Cousin Marcella.

So she conferred with the landlady, and everything was scrubbed and polished and scoured in the dining room and a nice lunch was ordered, and at noon Mrs. Worthington descended upon us. I never had seen her, so I supposed she was something like Cousin Marcella, only more so. Not a bit of it. She was short and plump and vivacious and covered with feminine, fluttering ribbons and veils and fluffles; and with a big bunch of flowers tied on the handle of her parasol. She kissed Cousin Marcella affectionately on both cheeks, then looked around.

"Where is she?" she asked gayly. "Don't waste a minute. Bring her right on, if you possibly can."

Cousin Marcella looked bewildered. Emily always was in a hurry and usually hungry, but this seemed more impetuous than usual. She was afraid the pigeons were not ready, but would ask the landlady.

Pigeons — landlady?" said Mrs. Worthington, puzzled.

She smoothed out her ribbons.

"Never mind about them," she said excitedly. "I can't stay to dinner. I came for you and Miss Presley to drive with me and have a lunch, and maybe a little—well—call it a picnic, if you like. It is an excursion over here. At home it would be the other."

Cousin Marcella found a chair. Mrs. Worthington rattled on.

"Such a chance. And you never said a word, Marcella Lapworth. In the same pension with one of the world's great actresses for a month, a whole month, when I consider myself lucky if I can get her for a tea in Boston. It was the opportunity of a lifetime; I hope you made the most of it."

"She's gone," said Cousin Marcella faintly. "She went this morning."

Mrs. Worthington never waited for the pigeons. She rattled her ponies up over the hill and down the road toward Naples, hoping to catch the party before the steamer left for the island. I think she did from another letter which Cousin Marcella carried directly to the rofessor. I heard her say to him:

"You were right, my dear. I was wholly in the wrong. I am afraid I was prejudiced and old fashioned."

Which, when you consider that she was saying it to the man she was to marry, and before whom she would naturally wish to seem infallible, was a very womanly and generous thing to do, and quite worthy of a Lapworth.

POMPEIIAN SHADOWS

EUROPE seems to be filled with people who have a past which they are trying either to forget or to outgrow. Cook's tourists, and the man who tries to climb everything in sight and to do the continent in three weeks, are not apt to realize this, but ambling along as we are, taking our views and sight seeings leisurely, we can but catch stories of lives all along the way.

The God of all of us must be very pitiful, there are so many heavy hearts under determinedly bright faces. I have learned so much about human nature lately that it makes me long to stretch out my arms over all humanity and give each soul what it needs for happiness. Why is there sin and sorrow and suffering and poverty in the world, if our Maker has the power to lavish sunshine. If our thought, tiny as we are, can compass the world with compassion, why isn't God's first impulse to sweep away all uncleanliness and evil doing, and let souls grow like flowers. Why must there always be weeds? Gregg calls this my meditating mood, and tells me not to be an Atlas; that my shoulders are not broad enough to carry the burdens of the world; but these thoughts were meant to be expressed, else they would not come pouring into my brain. There would be less malice in the world if people only knew how much sympathy was needed on all sides. I have been thinking of a French woman in the big hotel at Rome. She was dressed in the deepest mourning. She was very tall, very imposing and accustomed to power. Her face was worn, seared like a man's with lines of suffering. I used to meet her each day as we went into the long dining room with two hundred and fifty others. The last day I was there she followed me from the room and put a little box into my hand. I never had spoken with her.

"For you," she said in excellent English, in spite of the accent. "You are like it. You are a heart's ease."

And, opening it, there was a tiny, Roman mosaic in the form of a pansy, cut for a ring or a brooch. I never shall see her again. She never will read this. It was like the passing of two souls.

Cousin Marcella is married. Isn't that surprising? And no one is more astonished than the dear soul herself. It came about in this way.

Too long a tramp in the hot sun brought her down with severe prostration. The professor wrung his hands and tramped back and forth on the balcony, losing the leaves of his last article, which they are preparing together, bringing useless bouquets of violets and asking fifty times a day for her temperature, till I nearly went distracted. So, after it was all over, and she was sitting up, invalid fashion, looking very sweet and loveable in a pale pink negligee, and he was holding her hands and telling her that he never had half realized how much he had grown to depend upon her companionship, I electrified them by asking them what they were waiting for?—why they weren't married here under Italian skies instead of putting it off till they reached the bleak winds of Boston and then contented themselves with filling a house with Galvin's flowers, when they could have a whole southern coast covered with the Lord's, just for the asking?

It was startling, I confess, and they looked like a pair of foolish children in their astonishment; but after numerous objections and haltings and questionings of ways and means, it came about, after much necessary and unnecessary preparation, that Cousin Marcella walked out into the garden, with its ferns and violets and garlanded walls, and, standing under the great fern palm in the center, listened to the simple service that changed her from Marcella Lapworth, U. S. A., into a happier faced woman.

I insisted upon her wearing white.

"I am too old," she said, pathetically, hoping all the time that I would deny it. That is one of the pitiful things about this existence; people fall so easily into thinking that everything belongs to youth, when the years that leave traces upon a woman's face make her infinitely more worth the having.

"Not a bit of it," I said vigorously. "You must have the loveliest gown that money can buy, and instead of a veil, we will have flowers, — soft, white, dear flowers — in your hair, so that you and the professor will remember the glory of your wedding all your lives. Years won't seem so important to you after this," I added sagely.

She put her arms around me, kissing me and leaving the wedding for me to arrange, which I did to my entire satisfaction. And now they are away on their honeymoon, across the bay at Sorrento and Amalfi. I cautioned them about the latter place, knowing how absent minded they are sure to be, and read an article to them about a hotel that suddenly slipped from a cliff and plunged into the sea, killing people, sinking ships in the harbor and demoralizing things generally. So they promised to be careful and to come home in exactly seven days.

It is a month for weddings. The prettiest room in the villa is given to an Italian bride, here with her father and mother as well as the groom; an extremely sensible arrangement, I think, for no girl can leave home and old associations without a heart wrench, no matter how much she may love a man. I shall take the whole family when my turn comes.

While all this was going on at the front of the house, there was an equal amount of excitement at the back. Big, swarthy, black bearded Rafael, the "orphan," brought his bride home, too.

"No fadder. No mudder. No clo'es to wear. So soon get clo'es, marry," has been his one cry, with a wheedling look at our pocketbooks and into our eyes.

Day after day his white boat dances out on the water just beyond the villa. Sometimes he takes visitors across the bay; sometimes he catches fish with his net and eats them raw; sometimes he anchors his boat and falls asleep; but more often, he lies there, singing, beckoning, looking like a satyr posing as a Lorelei. He has waited for two years for his heiress—somebody's maid with a dowry of two hundred francs. Why so thrifty a soul should choose him is beyond my ken, but he probably touched her imagination.

It was funny in spite of its serious side. The second day the bride came down to the beach to see him off. The third she followed him, scolding. The fourth day he beat her. The fifth she stormed up and down the sands, crying, while he sat out in his boat catching fish, eating them raw, and refusing to provide for the family. So she took her household goods and went home. He wears a black ribbon and stalks gloomily about, swearing; and all this trouble came about because of her cooking. He wanted his macaroni hot; she liked it cold; but if it hadn't been macaroni, it would have been something else, for he is as lazy as a sunfish.

Dear me, how can I write, when just below the balcony two Italians are singing and playing on their mandolins! "Santa Lucia" sounds in its proper place, here. But it makes me feel alone and forlorn, when everyone I love is miles and miles away. Pompeii is partially responsible for my blues, but it is just the kind of an evening to lean over the balcony with Gregg and talk over home affairs, and watch Orion up above our heads, and be kissed.

This morning was dire and dreadful. You will understand, now, why I am in such a mood. I visited Pompeii, chaperoned by Mrs. Putlar. It seemed an innocent excursion, but one never can tell what will happen over here.

Two Englishmen smoked all the way in our closed coach, but I feel responsible for no one but Americans. At the station we gave up our lunch boxes and cameras to the officials and stuffed our pockets with fruits and sandwiches, and followed our guide and a party of tourists that got off the train with us. The bleakness and barrenness and deadness of it all shuts around me like a wall.

even now, back here among the flowers and laughter. Gray streets, worn with the passing of so many feet. The watering troughs still in place, furrows in the stone, worn smooth where so many hands had been placed. Gray walls and ruined homes, street after street, block after block; and Vesuvious, sullen, smoke crowned, death dealing, towering above the city.

We wandered there hour after hour, looking at frescoes, watching the workmen excavate the houses, carrying the debris away in baskets. One house was six months old, another just peeped through its burial robe of grey dust; and everywhere hung this ghastly silence. I sat down on a block of stone and watched two tourists, a wheezy, stuffy, red faced man, very short, very stout, very pompous and irritable and short of breath. One of the most beautiful women I ever have seen was with him — the most beautiful and most wretched.

She put her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands and stared at the dust. He stared at her. Finally he shrugged his shoulders and stood up.

"You'll be here when I come back?" he said.

"Naturally," she said mockingly. "Where else would I be?"

It was a leaf torn from some tragedy, a peeping into prison gloom, and I took Mrs. Butlar's fat arm and hurried her away; and then I did have an experience. It had frightened her, too, and she went into hysterics. The tombs and ashes and deadness had gone to her head, reminding her of the fate hanging over her on the third of March.

She was about to die. Her body must be cremated. I must telegraph immediately to her physician at Geneva, and then write a full account later. I must find cognac; and down she went with wails and gasps and groans.

Shades of Cousin Marcella — wasn't I thankful she was safely off on her honeymoon. Didn't I resolve never to get beyond her sight again. I dragged Mrs. Butlar into a corner and started forth on my errand, all alone, not knowing where to go, what to say, or to whom I should say it if I had. I hurried down the long, silent street toward the station, the only inhabited spot, thankful that it was daylight, looking behind me every few steps lest a ghost, or something more substantial, should appear and drag me off. I didn't dare go far for fear of losing my way, even though my bump of locality is extraordinary. I always have a fuss with my hair pins because of it.

Half way down the street I met a group of men, rough looking Italians. I was too frightened to see clearly, too troubled over my errand. There was nothing to do but to ask their help, though they might be brigands, for all that I knew.

They might easily have thought me crazy. But I gulped hard, remembered that I looked like an American, trusted to the streak of chivalry that lies in most men, and faced them, stammering my one poor, significant word — cognac.

They gesticulated, they stared, they jabbered, they took off their hats and bent low and gave it to me in a flask which one of them took from his pocket. The blur came away from my eyes and I thanked them as if they had been American gentlemen, and flew back up the street to find our guide trying to restore Mrs. Butlar with more cognac. I don't know where that came from. I fancy she had it with her. Then that went to her head, along with the deadness, and she sobbed bitterly. There were still hours before it was time for the train, so she leaned against the stones and slept, and I sat indignantly erect and the guide lolled against the walls of the house nearest us, perfectly contented and amused, earning his fee in the easiest way, and enjoying the situation and the sunshine.

At five she awoke, in time for the

train and to explain to me the evils of writing letters on Sunday; how a good Christian never should grow into the habit.

We reached the station, somehow, and got into the coach. Three young tourists were in it already. One of them reminded her of her son, and she wept again. My only comfort was that they were foreigners—Germans, I thought. She retold me the history of her son. She found a distinct likeness in the brown eyes of the man nearest me. She expressed her admiration, and again I was thankful that they were foreigners. I was at my wits' end, when suddenly she stopped, looked up, and said in her own natural voice:

"How very ill I have been. Such a distressing attack," and slept peacefully till we reached Naples. I studied my gloves and my boot toes and stared out of the window to keep from crying. The three read industriously till we came into the station, and the guard opened the door. Mrs. Butlar awoke with a start and rose unsteadily. Two of the young men swung themselves down on the platform, the third turned to me.

"It's a deuced shame," he said in the most American accent. "I do beg of you to let me put you into a carriage." And I did.

It is just as well that Cousin Marcella's honeymoon is nearly over. I am afraid that she is needed at home.

⁂

ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN

GOODBYE, dear, dirty, bewitching Naples. Goodbye, dear little, white butterfly boats, skimming over the bay past the villas and the gardens and the broken coast line. I shall carry your beauty with me as long as I live, and try to be glad that my life is but for a little while, while yours stays unchanged and glorious and wonderful and inspiring long, long after I have grown old and forgotten. I wonder why the beauty of the world brings such an ache into my heart. I do not understand it, but it is there.

We are on our way toward London. I am writing this stretched in my steamer chair, an awning over my head, a fan in my lap, and two small English children at my elbow, watching my fountain pen with much curiosity. Farther along the deck a group of men and women are playing with rings and a stick, their object being to put as many of the former over the latter as possible, and lying comfortably in their steamer chairs are half a dozen more women in Summer gowns and slippers, each with a man in attendance.

I am in a new world, like only unto Kipling. No wonder he finds it hard to tell one story without dipping into half a hundred. He sees so much that he has something to say when he sits down to write.

All around me are flirtations and love makings and heart burnings and heart breakings, and Southern skies and stars, and the blue water of the Mediterranean by day and soft, close, warm darkness at night. We are on the British India steamer Golconda, bound for London via Gibraltar and the coast of Portugal and the Bay of Biscay,—where everyone expects to be deadly sea sick and so is laying in a stock of good times in advance.

Poor Cousin Marcella has been tied to her berth from the moment we started, thereby missing a series of shocks that might have proved fatal. The professor is still in his state room, so these first four days I have been all alone, discreet and conventional, as becometh a stranger. I am very much of a stranger, too.

There are whole families on their way to England. There are engaged couples, and couples that ought to be, and couples that evidently are engaged to the wrong one. There is a tall, pale

English girl, who walks with a little limp, and a tall English officer who is with her, reading aloud or talking or holding her embroidery silks all day long. There is a knot of talkative women who look at me curiously and turn their backs. And there are loads and loads of men. I never saw so many eligible men in my life. Young, middle aged, rich, mediumly so, good looking and otherwise, and with nothing to do but to be attentive.

Cousin Marcella would have ten fits if she were on deck. Everywhere is the mysterious, subtle, Eastern intrigue. Dark skinned men in blue turbans and toga-like garments slide and glide and steal past before you have the least idea of their being in sight. A punkah boy —I suppose that is his title—fans you at tiffin with an enormous fan. Queer looking dishes are held at your elbow, and you choose the most innocent looking and trust to the gods that no poison is in it, while the Malay or Hindoo or whatever he is, looks unutterable things and the children of light seem suddenly unsophisticated and shallow, when compared with the unfathomable depths of the inscrutable eyes that watch our slightest motion.

You are sure of but one thing: that life is of no consequence. The ship's officers are armed. Their cabins are filled with ammunition. The first officer told me today that if the passengers on a steamer knew a quarter of the things that go on there, there would be a panic in no time.

He is a Scotchman. A red haired, strong faced man, in exactly the place of his choice, and cheerfully conscious of the fact that but thirteen men stand between him and promotion, and "three of those may go at any time."

The steamer is so crowded that we have to share our state rooms, and the first morning I swung down from my berth on a sleeping ayah, curled upon the floor. I have not recovered yet.

Each little child has its ayah. Poor babies, white faced, dreamy eyed, stupid little creatures, and all of them drunk with opium. No wonder the English fathers and mothers spell Home with a capital. Only this morning I saw my ayah give some to a two year old boy down in the bath room, and his face was so white, with brilliant, beautiful, abnormal black eyes, that it sent a clammy feeling down my spine, as if I were inhaling some exquisite perfume, knowing all the time that it was poisonous. My ayah wears jewels in her nostrils and all along the rim of her ears, and bracelets far up her arms, and anklets and rings on her toes. She is a woman of importance, is that ayah.

But to go on with the story.

The first morning I climbed on deck and steadied myself in the doorway for a moment, looking for my steamer chair. The next moment I was surrounded.

Would I like a seat near the ladies? Did I prefer the inner rail?

Had I a parosol? Or a fan? Or a lemon? A cushion at my head?

I tried to keep my balance, but before I had recovered, the purser had me safely piloted down the deck at a convenient distance from the others, and there I was made comfortable.

And then began the promenade.

Back and forth went long men and short men and bored men and lazy men, betting on the rate of speed, roaring over jokes, pacing the deck so many times for their constitutional.

Two of them looked at me. One was short and stout and brown. Brown skin, curly brown hair, brown eyes that twinkled, and a mouth that went from ear to ear when my one precious lemon rolled off and careered wildly down the deck while he ran after it.

He brought it back in such a jolly way that I liked him. So I smiled, and he asked me if I got on at Naples, and if I were sea sick, and if I were able to walk yet, and would I like a book from the ship's library. I thanked him and said no; and then the First Officer, who is the host on deck, came down and presented several more men. It seemed a curious way of doing, but everything is curious over here. So we talked about the weather and the water and the sky, and everything else we could think of, and then a woman called the short, fat one away for a game. The other pulled a steamer chair toward me and sat down.

"You are an American," he said, abruptly, looking me all over.

I immediately began to hate him.

"Yes," I said, looking off at the water.

"I knew you were," he said next.

"From my accent?" I suggested.

"No; from your shoes."

They are very good shoes, with mildly pointed toes and sensible heels and lacings. I looked at them with some interest and pride.

"Oh yes," I said sedately. "There's nothing as nice as that over here."

He laughed.

"It's not half bad over there, I dare say," he said patronizingly, "but it's a deuced extraordinary place. I suppose you are used to tramping about the country alone. The cowboys are said to be quite clever. I've seen Buffalo Bill. Saw his autograph in the visitors' book at the station in Pompeii. Doesn't write very well, but then, most cowboys don't, I fancy."

"Some are quite decent," I said loftily, thinking of Gregg.

"It must be a very unsophisticated country," he put forth next. "Else so many American girls wouldn't be wandering over Europe alone. There was a girl at Cairo—"

"But I am not alone," I said indignantly. "Cousin Marcella and the professor are both sea sick down in their state rooms. That is where American men of your class in life are finer grained than you. An American would have taken it for granted that there was a chaperon somewhere, or else have thought nothing about it. Buffalo Bill represents America just as much as Mulvaney represents all England."

His lower jaw dropped a little. How I do hate a man whose mouth flops about.

"But there was a girl in Cairo," he insisted, beginning all over again. And then Lady Dubney came up and asked him to promenade, and she trotted him back and forth before me, so that I heard snatches like this:

"An American — says chaperon is down stairs—curious what globe trotters people from the States seem to be. Now there was that girl in Cairo —"

I asked the short, fat man, Mr. Hamilton, about the girl in Cairo, a little later. He swung around and looked at me hard.

"Where did you hear of that?" he asked.

I told him, and he shrugged his shoulders and looked rather red and queer.

"You mustn't believe everything you hear on a British India steamer," he said, hesitating a good deal. "She was a silly little thing, showing off in a hotel parlor."

"And you mustn't judge all America by the few that stray over here and do unconventional things," I said crossly.

"She was a Miss ———," he went one, as if he had not heard me at all. And to show you how small the world is, she proved to be a girl I had met at home.

I found out about it later. They dared her to do a dance, and she did it. The women were shocked, or pretended to be, and the men were amused, and the whole blame was laid on American customs. It does really seem, sometimes, as if all the well bred Americans were too poor to go abroad, and all the rich ones to vulgar to stay at home.

One day I went up into the monastery at Naples, a beautiful, reverent, saintlike old place. In the center was a well filled completely with wonderful maidenhair fern. Everything was so peaceful and quiet and old worldly, and we stopped to look at the ferns and to say a little wish for the people at home who would so appreciate these things and yet cannot afford to come. While we were saying it, around the corner rushed a group, and a girl screamed:

"I'm tireder than a brass monkey, and I wish you'd let this old pile alone and come along home."

I wished she had stayed there.

By and by Lady Dubney got tired and sat down, and the man, whom I will call Mr. Badger, because it is appropriate, came over to me and asked me to promenade, or rather to try it, because I can't walk alone yet.

"Thank you so much," I said sweetly, "but it wouldn't be correct."

He looked blank.

"We've only just been presented," I informed him. "I don't really know you, you know."

"Extraordinary!" he exploded, and stared as if I were a new species.

"Not at all," I explained. "We are rather conventional in some parts of America. I am a New England girl, you know — near Boston—eastern coast of the country—and really, the people there are very much like old England in their ideas of conventionalities."

Shades of Cousin Marcella! Didn't I elaborate with glee. Didn't I know the rare bliss of sweet malice as I looked pointedly down the deck where one woman was tying a man's necktie and another's hands were being held under the pretence of palmistry, and a third woman was languishingly allowing a man to feed her with some unpronounceable Indian mixture.

The British mind is not dense upon all occasions. His eyes followed mine, and he understood. He bowed very stiffly, very snubbily, and marched off to the smoking room, while Mr. Hamilton looked up from his book and chair and laughed till he nearly had a fit. He is a tea planter—the only son of a tea merchant in London. He lives in Ceylon and has twenty thousand pounds a year, which is quite a little income for one young man to spend. He is going home to find him a wife, which wouldn't be at all difficult right here. The women all pet him and call him Tony and ask his advice and tell him how lonely and misunderstood they are; and he listens and smiles at them and by and by excuses himself and goes off alone and smokes, just as they are reaching the most interesting part. It must be extremely trying to do the love making yourself, and then not succeed. I had rather go without it. One of them asked him for one of his curls just now, and he sat up straight and ran his fingers through them—they are so closely cropped that they do not amount to much.

"Couldn't possibly," he said, alarmed. "I'm saving them for my wife to pull."

And then he jammed a cloth cap over them and went on reading.

That was yesterday, but it seems like a thousand years. The days are beautifully long, and you grow lazier each hour, till it takes all your courage to watch the water and sky and stars and play an occasional game in the afternoon and dress for dinner and watch the flirtations. Late in the afternoon Mr. Hamilton rushed down the deck to my chair. "They're at it," he called. "Hurry up, and you will see something." So I scrambled up, he took my arm to steady me, and we trotted down the deck together and met Mr. Badger half way. He scowled, then followed.

On the lower deck the men were filing into place. Each wore something like a white satin smoking jacket, heavily embroidered with silver, and a white smoking cap to match. The satin and silver glistened like snow and the water stretching far off on the horizon seemed deeper and more mysterious than ever as I came to the end of the boat, where I could look off and off into eternity. The priest came down the deck. The men seated themselves on squares of red silk, then bowed and bent till their foreheads touched the floor, and the Mohammedan service with the Koran went on, just as if they were back in the East, instead of rising, falling, pushing ahead on the broad Mediterranean.

"You don't often get this chance," said Mr. Hamilton, watching them. "The ship's barber usually does the praying for them all. It's more convenient and saves time."

Lady Dubney pulled his sleeve. Mr. Badger swung close to me.

"Where's the difference?" he said pointedly. "It's only a day later."

"One day is as a thousand years," I quoted, with much loftiness, trying to be like Cousin Marcella.

"It's more apt to be in the twenty thousand pounds," he said savagely, looking at Mr. Hamilton — which is how I happened to know about his income.

And then I did honestly snub him. I turned my back with dignity, and asked Mr. Hamilton to teach me to walk. So we promenaded back and forth, for turns, till it grew toward evening and I knew Cousin Marcella would need me.

I am not on deck all the time. There are a good many hours when I am looking after her, bringing her lemons and trying to make her comfortable. It was close in the cabin today, after the bright, beautiful air above, and my head ached when I finally went up stairs. The music room was open, so I sat there for a moment before going out into the light. Mr. Badger was turning over some books on the piano. At last he found what he wanted and brought it to me.

"Let's be friends," he said, sitting down on the long seat with me. "There is not the least use in spoiling this beautiful trip."

"But I haven't," I said, a good deal astonished. "I never had such a good time in my life."

His mouth wobbled slightly, after its own fashion, and he put the book into my hands,—some waltzes called "My Queen."

"Will you be that?" he said, bending over me and trying to take my hand.

"Certainly not," I said stiffly. "I am an American, of the United States of America." And he looked so exactly as if he were proposing that I got up and hurried down stairs to Cousin Marcella as quickly as possible.

"Cousin Marcella," I said, looking at her firmly. "It is your duty to be dressed and carried up stairs, no matter how you feel. I do certainly need a chaperon."

She beamed at me in a gratified way, as if her teachings had borne fruit, and a little later, very pale, very dignified, very Beacon-street-unapproachable, was escorted down the deck and placed in a chair and carefully attended by her devoted and concerned young relative, who had the exquisite bliss of seeing an Englishman's face lengthen into astonished lines as her lorgnette swept the deck in its own peculiar fashion. Mr. Hamilton was kind and attentive, and chatted with the professor, and behaved as a well bred man does the world over. Now I must skip a few days. So many things have been happening that I have had no time to write.

The day before we reached Gibraltar, the captain arranged a dance on deck. It was the last chance, before entering the Bay of Biscay-o, he said. Everyone was sea sick and things always changed after that. He supposed it was due to the different climate. And so it proved.

All one afternoon the dark skinned servants were winding bunting on the railings and stairway, putting up awnings over the deck, with lanterns and flags, till it was as pretty as possible, and quite like a gay ball room. The piano was carried from the music room and lashed to the inner rail. The men joked and laughed and finally went down stairs to dress for the affair.

I asked Mr. Hamilton what I should wear. He rubbed his curls rather helplessly and said some fluffy, light thing, he supposed. So I looked judicious and said I would put on pale blue, which was wondrously discreet, because it was the only evening gown I had. He agreed that it would be just the thing, which was a comfort. It is a little discouraging to be so limited in one's wardrobe when you wish to represent America. But I took satisfaction in arraying Cousin Marcella. She was glorified in pale grey crepe, with beautiful old lace on the bodice. Her hair was soft and wavy and knotted low at the back, with a smart little comb holding it in just the place to show the lovely curve of her head. The professor felt proud of her.

"Unusually beautiful tonight, Marcella," he said, beaming at her.

"A typical American of gentle birth," she said to him, looking at his fine head and clear cut face.

"You will do very well, my dear," she said to me cautiously. "Let me warn you against youthful indiscretions," with a bit of her old manner, which made me feel suddenly alone and forlorn. I wanted someone to praise me a little, too, and wished I could see Gregg just for five minutes.

We were late. Everyone else was on deck, and as I stepped out into the light the man at the piano played "Yankee Doodle," and the big, fat, fine looking captain made me a bow; and lo and behold the ball was given "in honor of the only American girl on board."

Wasn't he a dear?

I danced and danced. My waltzes were divided into four parts to give my partners equal shares, all expect one which Mr. Hamilton stubbornly refused to give up. After each one I was carried back to Cousin Marcella's side, as if I had been at home, instead of floating down a deck that rose and fell so beautifully in exact rhythm with the music.

Mr. Badger begged very humbly for the corner of one dance, so after a very long while I gave it to him. He had been grumping against the rail all the evening, and it seemed unfair for anyone to be unhappy this one little time we were to be together. He put his arm around me, took my hand, went straight down the deck and across it, and before I knew what had happened we were out on the other side, where it was all dark and only a few loverly couples were at the far end.

"I've got you alone, at last, you little North American savage," he whispered, holding me close. "I love you — I love you — do you hear?"

I never moved. I seemed to be dreaming. I could neither think nor speak nor act, I was so bewildered. And all the time the music was swinging with the motion of the boat and the dancers' feet swept down the deck just beyond us. The soft, warm air of the night blew against our faces and the water beyond the ship's rails slipped by silently. It was so unreal, so like the plant that grows before your eyes from a tiny seed, or the ladder which the magician sends into the sky and then climbs it and disappears. I was so still that he was frightened. "Wake up, darling," he said hurriedly. "Did I frighten you?"

His face was coming down close to mine again, and I shook myself free from the spell that seemed to be over everything and everybody. "Take me back to Cousin Marcella," I said, something coming up into my throat and choking the words, and wrenching away I hurried out into the light, and slipped into a corner and pretended to watch the dance, when all the time my heart was thumping so I could scarcely hear the music.

"Tired?" said Cousin Marcella, sympathetically.

And I said I was, thinking how strange it was that human beings should have so many queer emotions and experiences and those nearest them know nothing about it.

After it was all over and I had danced Sir Roger de Coverly with the captain, I went down to my berth and lay there listening to the ship's engines and the water against the port holes; and then I fell asleep and dreamed I had married Mr. Badger and was teaching Hindoo servants how to grind coffee.

The next day we passed Gibraltar, stern and grim and beautiful, and the steamer picked her way among the rocks and cliffs beyond, jutting out from the water like frozen lightning, so keen and cruel and terrible in their strength. Once past them, we sped on by the coast of Portugal and into the Bay of Biscay-o, and once there everything changed. A cold, sleety rain swept the decks and into the sea. Choppy waves sent everyone to their berths. The decks were deserted and all the dolce far niente life was gone. We had struck the northern bleakness, and human beings crept into their shells sullenly. There never was such a change.

Then one night, cold, bleak, forbidding, Mr. Hamilton hunted me up and we went on deck. Off at the right the great light of the Eddystone light house was flashing, growing faint, flashing, growing faint, and we paced back and forth, watching it keep us from danger. Mr. Hamilton wrapped his plaid around me as the keen air swept down upon us, and I laughed a little and began to sing, "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, I'd shelter thee."

"I didn't know you could sing," he said, very surprised.

"My music is my livelihood," I answered. He brightened all over, as if he suddenly dared be himself. He turned me around till I faced the black water.

"You weren't meant for that," he said, and steadied me as we stood there. "You ought to have flowers and sunshine and bright things. Ceylon is very beautiful. I wish you would go back there with me. I'd try hard to make you happy as my wife."

He pulled off his cap, the wind lifting the curls he was "saving for his wife to pull," and he did look so brave and bonny and boyish and in earnest, that for the only time in my life I wished I had been a twin. Then I would have given her to him and have been happy.

After that everything seemed at sixes and sevens all over the ship. The captain was roaring orders, the men were sulky, the music room was filled with people sitting stupidly together. A girl was trying to write to her lover and sat chewing the pencil, finding nothing to say. Fancy that! Mr. Hamilton had left me down stairs, but I had slipped back, finding the closeness there intolerable. The English officer and the pale, lame English girl were on deck, and I followed them, meaning to hide in some corner and just think and watch the water. Something fell on the deck with a cling, and rolled toward the rail. The girl sprang after it and caught it.

"Let it go," said the man. "It's a good omen. You never loved him. It's not for a day. Think of the years and years ahead."

"But I promised—I promised," said the girl, sobbing. She took the little thing, and in the light from the door I caught the flash of a diamond. She tried it on her finger, but her hands trembled.

"Give it to me," said the man. 'Poor little fingers; how thin they have grown. See—"

His arm swung back and then far out, and something flew into the air over the rail and shot into the black water beyond.

"Oh—" shivered the girl. Then she turned to him and clung and hid her face on his breast, and he kissed her hair and held her.

And I went down to my state room, troubled and homesick and sorrowful, and wrote the whole thing to Gregg.

THE BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD

WE have stepped from the limelight of the tropics back into sweet, wholesome sunshine again; and the realities are good, even though the past few months seem like a beautiful bit of dream life.

Dorset Square is our habitation, at present, an eminently respectable though not fashionable neighborhood. The square is hedged with substantial brick houses. A high iron fence runs around the green grass of the park-like enclosure. Inside are shrubs and trees and little paths, and each morning a young wife opens the great iron gate, and walks slowly back and forth, a St. Bernard followingly protectingly, his nose under her hand. She is like the hawthorn, or our own May-flowers, with her clear pink and white coloring.

Mr. Badger has come and gone. He asked me, point blank, to marry him, and I told him it was impossible. Mr. Hamilton came, too, one afternoon and stayed three hours. The dear old ladies owning the pension got together in the hall and fluttered and consulted, and when the dinner hour went by and he stayed on, they rang the gong, feebly at first, then more vigorously, then with force; but he never heard it, and they finally gave up in despair, and contented themselves with eyeing me reproachfully, later on.

He looked out of the window a good deal, and told me about his home and family life; but he never mentioned Ceylon. Then he stopped looking out of the window and began to look at me, and after a very little, he got up quickly, took my hand with a rush, and said: "God bless you, dear," and went out of the room and down the steps, never turning once toward the house again. I wish Gregg might have met him. He would have liked him, too.

The next day came an avalanche of trunks, two elderly Americans and a girl. She was strangely familiar, though I could not place her. Her skin was tanned till it was a rich brown. Her hair fell in short curls around her face, making it childishly young for her height and proportions. I studied her all through dinner, listening to her chitchat with the others. She was going home in time for a certain young man's graduation. There were twenty gowns from Paris in her trunks up stairs. Would we like to see them? She would show me curios and all sorts of things, and tell me of her experiences, exciting enough for a novel, if she only could write. She would show me her costumes for fancy dress parties.

So up stairs we went, and, gathering the curls into a little knot, she slipped a crown of false ones deftly over them, put on a red cap and an embroidered jacket, all the time commenting upon this and that—an endless line of stories—her back toward me.

She was nearly run away with. Such a handsome man, too. It was the custom of the country for the young men to race for their brides, swooping them up and carrying them off on their horses. This man spoke English perfectly. He asked poppa if he might explain the custom to him. Poppa said: "Yes, but with one of your own countrywomen," and the man was furious. Such a pity. Such gorgeous brown eyes. Such excitement, everywhere. A perfect furore at one place of admiration and astonishment and surprise that she should have conquered the country's customs so quickly. It happened in this way. She had always known how to dance since she was a tiny girl.

The brown curls bobbed briskly as she turned and faced me. And I placed her. It was the girl from Cairo.

A day or two afterward in walked Gregg and Jack, as unconcernedly as if they had taken a car from Newton.

"Came over on business," said Gregg, when I fell upon them and demanded the reason for their appearance. But it wasn't that, at all. He looked at me waveringly, as if he weren't quite sure of me, and then took possession of my hand and tucked it under his arm, intending to keep it there for the rest of my natural life. I had forgotten how masterful he is at times. I feel like Cousin Marcella, now that he is here, taken care of, protected, looked out for and loved—it's good. I am not a bit of a clinging vine, but a sturdy oak in the family certainly is a comfort.

And as for Jack—how have I ever lived without that child? Every freckle, every bruise, every bunchy place where he has tried to mend his stockings himself, is precious. I simply curled up on the couch and spent one whole day listening to the home doings. And whatever could equal those in Ceylon?

I led him into all sorts of confessions—the boys' treats of soda water; the taming of Caesar, the homeliest, ugliest bull terrier that ever wrought havoc in a peaceful home; mother's birthday, and the apple blossoms around the cake and the scissors he bought with his own money for a present. How he was seventeen cents in debt and was worried. How he spoiled his best clothes by leaning against the freshly painted piazza post. How mother said she certainly should sew up his pockets if he stuffed them so full day times that it took all night to empty them. How he didn't believe much in the Bible lately, though he didn't dare tell mother so. It was all foolishness to think that John the Baptist's head could come galloping in on a charger. How could it stay on?

Here the professor chuckled, and Jack stopped his half murmured confidences. The first two or three days he was wide eyed and silent, following us about in our sight seeings. Shall I ever forget Westminster and the great organ and the choir boys and the afternoon lights on the windows? Jack trotted with us very wise, very absorbed, but when we reached home he slipped away and went into his room. A little later a series of sobs and gurgles and chokes startled us.

"Bless my soul," said the professor. "What's that?"

I listened, then sprang to my feet.

"Let me go," said the professor.

Cousin Marcella laid down her pen and looked at him with concern. He knew nothing whatever about children, and I felt that my place was with Jack.

"Under the weather?" said the professor, opening the door briskly.

No answer.

"Got a stomach ache?"

A subdued denial.

"It's a bad feeling," said the professor, sitting down with him. "I've been troubled with it, myself. It's just about the worst kind of an ache to have. I've been homesick for a home a good many years. In fact I've only just gotten over it."

"Shouldn't care so much if I had my 'Swiss Family Robinson,' " sobbed Jack.

Visions of a worn out, much thumbed, defaced book flashed before me. It went to bed with Jack at night. He sat on it during meals. How could he have forgotten it?

"I will just take off my coat," said the professor, meditatively. "I have been thinking for some time that I would like to play Robinson Crusoe myself."

And we had supposed that the professor cared nothing about children. Cousin Marcella's mouth quivered a little, and she swept her writing materials aside impatiently.

"I think," she said with a little quaver in her voice, "that we have all been wanderers on the face of the earth long enough. I propose that we go home."

"Admirable, my dear Marcella," said the professor, coming to the door and looking anything but dignified and literary as he mopped his face with his handkerchief.

Gregg never said a word, but he looked into my eyes and I put my hands in his.

We tried hard to finish our sight seeing after that, but it was mostly a blur of shoppings and short excursions and hurryings home to talk over gifts to be considered. And then came the last ocean trip—so different from the other two, so infinitely happier. The day before we landed, Jack climbed on the arm of my chair, pointing at a passenger.

"That man lies," he said solemnly.

I was shocked.

"Mother never would let you speak like that Jack, dear," I said gravely, thankful that he was almost home again.

"He does," said Jack. "He told me if I would walk you up and down the deck every morning he would take lots and lots of pictures of you and give me some; and he hasn't given me one, and I don't dare ask him."

I nearly had a fit. Day after day I had paraded those decks, blown by the wind, burned by the sun, in all sorts and kinds of moods, simply because a strange man had wished to take my picture and had bribed Jack — Jack, whom I thought I was entertaining because he was homesick. I fell against my chair and Gregg went off into a gale of laughter, throwing back his head with the little wag I love, and utterly refusing to see the horror of the situation.

"You'll not wish you were in Ceylon?" he said to me, half banteringly, half wistfully the last night on board the steamer as we stood by the rail.

"Gregg, dear," I answered, clinging fast to his arm and looking off toward the horizon, that I might steady my voice more easily, "there is no place in this whole world like home for me. And just as my mother and father stood together for the best things of life, the good, true, fine things, free from littleness and suspicion and treachery, so I mean to stand with you—God willing—till the end."

Dear little book, I am turning the last page. You have gone with me through many beautiful days and through experiences that have deepened me and made me better worth the loving, I hope, since to realize good we must recognize evil and learn to be pitiful before we can be truly just. The tangled, sorrowful lives I have caught glimpses of, here and there, make me doubly grateful for my New England heritage, with its quieter, saner conditions. I have written much, yet the dearest experience of all lies behind each page, where only the one I love best can find it.

I owe so much to Cousin Marcella for the trip. I have told her so many times, though she insists that it brought her her life happiness as well. It seems a little absurd to think of the seriousness with which I began her education along lines where I had had absolutely no experience myself, but poverty and anxieties and the struggle with life unprotected by a father made me feel a kinship with suffering. I read people's needs. I knew how to work, but I had to learn how to play. I could face duties, but I certainly was a baby as regards the life of the emotions.

"Almost through?" says Gregg, anxiously, bending over my shoulder as I write.

"All through," I answer happily.

Dear little book—goodbye.

THE FOREGOING IS ONLY A FAIRLY GOOD LIKENESS OF ALBERT EDWARD WINSHIP, LITT. D., THE HANDSOME YOUNG EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, OF BOSTON. — DR. WINSHIP'S SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY WAS SIGNALIZED BY THE PRESENTATION TO HIM, WITH SUITABLE ACCOMPANIMENTS OF EATING, DRINKING AND TALKING, OF A BEAUTIFUL VOLUME CONTAINING PORTRAITS AND AUTOGRAPHED SENTIMENTS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE WINSHIP CLUB, COMPRISING, AS SET FORTH ON THE TITLE PAGE, "LESS THAN ONE PER CENT. OF HIS FRIENDS."—WE DO NOT CLAIM THAT THE FOLLOWING SENTIMENT IS GOOD POETRY, BUT WE DO ASSERT THAT IT IS A TEMPERATE AND JUST ESTIMATE OF DR. WINSHIP. — IT SHOULD BE BORNE IN MIND THAT MR. LUCE'S SPECIALTY IS NOT POETRY, BUT STATESMANSHIP; HE IS A MEMBER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE AND A LEADER IN PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION. — THE POETRY IN THE WINSHIP BOOK WAS DONE BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS, PROFESSOR AMOS DOLBEAR OF TUFTS COLLEGE, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED BARDS. — NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR., THE LAUREATE OF ADVERTISING, SET DOWN A SHINING TRUTH WHEN HE STATED THAT WINSHIP HAS DONE A LOT MORE GOOD IN THE WORLD THAN HE HAS EVER GOT CREDIT FOR,— WHICH IS LIKELY TO BE THE CASE WITH MEN WHO THINK FIRST OF THE GOOD, AND LATER, IF AT ALL, OF THE CREDIT FOR IT.

DR. A. E. WINSHIP ❧ By Robert Luce

TO you who have shown that Church and State
Need not in truth be separate;
That one may study both books and men,
May do good work with both tongue and pen;
A stalwart partisan may be,
Without a single enemy;
May burn the candle at each end,
And still have light enough to lend;
To you who ne'er a friend forsook,
A friend helps dedicate this book.

CORPORAL GRIFF

By Oscar Hatch Hawley

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY

THE burning disk of day slipped from view over the edge of the horizon and the black pall of night blanketed the earth with tropical rapidity as the troops dropped to the sun baked earth,exhausted from a day's march. Innumerable specks of light soon dotted the darkness and flashed with fitful glare or burned with dull glow as light wood or charcoal was thrown in the blaze.

Around one of these fires five "non-coms" from C Company gathered to prepare their evening rations of coffee and bacon. In a silence eloquent of fatigue the brief meal had been disposed of and pipes lighted when out from the darkness near at hand a scrap of conversation fell on their ears:

"— have come to a pretty pass when a whole regiment of infantry must go on an expedition against a lot of niggers," said the first voice scornfully.

"Disgusting!" was the reply.

"And saddled us with artillery and engineers, too."

"Sent us out to get used to the country, I guess."

"To chase our shadows, more likely."

"The idea of looking for fight off in this part of the world is strictly the limit."

"Do you suppose we'll ever see the enemy?"

"Enemy's a hot name to give a bunch of niggers." (In a sneering tone of voice.) "No, I don't suppose we'll ever see 'em — or even hear 'em!" (With an attempt at facetiousness.)

"If any of 'em should happen to get in our way—"

"What we'd do to 'em would be a plenty."

"Too bad we won't have a chance for some real good scrapping."

"Out of the question, but I'd give my—"

The voices trailed off into inaudible murmurs. For a few moments there was silence around the camp fire, but after a while one of the men spoke:

"That shave-tail ought t' have a bandage on his nut," he said.

"Wouldn't be a bad thing fer th' sky pilot, either," commented another.

"'Suppose we'll ever see 'em?'" In a mimicking undertone.

"'Er even hear 'em,'" laughed the other with heavy sarcasm.

"You'd think he was used t' havin' niggers fer breakfast."

"My eye! but he's savage."

"An' did y'u hear that dispenser o' grace?"

"Reg'lar fire eater."

"Guess he wants t' save souls an' then send 'em home 'fore they have a chance to git contaminated."

Both speakers laughed heartily at this sally of wit.

"Aw, stow that yap an' tackle a man o' your size."

It was the voice of Corporal Griff, gruff and authoritative yet not domineering or overbearing.

"But did y'u hear 'em?" protested Corporal Roper.

"Wot of it? Let him talk. Who's got a better right?" demanded Griff.

"Him? A shave-tail, jest from th' 'Point'?" returned Roper in astonishment. "What's he shootin' off his mouth so savage fer?"

"Well, give him a chance, 'n' don't fergit that he ranks you a peg or two."

"But he never seen a regiment before. Wha' does he know 'bout th' fightin' game?"

"Probably 's much 's a lance corporal," returned Griff laconically.

The others set up a howl of pleasure. It was a thrust home, for Roper, who had seen only six months of service, had just been granted the privilege of wearing the two barred chevrons.

Lieutenant Hartley and Chaplain Dean, the cause of the controversy among the "non-coms," had joined the Tenth a fortnight before. The former had just completed his course at the academy and, perhaps, held a somewhat exaggerated view of his importance and of his vast erudition on things military. The chaplain, appointed directly from the theological seminary, was still at that period of egoistic and arrogant newness when a glance at the barless shoulder straps on his khaki blouse served to fill him with a sense of great dignity and authority. He and the lieutenant had quite naturally drifted together and were a great solace to each other, for both were heartily opposed to the present campaign and could sit or walk together by the hour anathematizing the islands, the climate, the natives, the war office and—when they had run out of all other subjects—the postoffice.

When they joined the Tenth they had been overjoyed to learn of the contemplated campaign against an insurrectionary force in northern Luzon. They knew nothing about the country, but had formed certain ideas from reports they had read and heard, and felt that the campaign would be more or less of an outing in which they could combine business with pleasure and thoroughly enjoy many new and novel experiences. Two weeks of steady marching under a tropical sun, through dense chaparral, over turgid mountain streams, across great stretches of open country covered with tangled pampas grass, had taken something of the romance out of the expedition and both young men had grown sour and disgruntled. This was not greatly to be wondered at, for thus far there had been no sign of hostile natives save occasional black men, of whom fleeting glimpses were now and then seen, and at whom the soldiers took pot shots for practice.

In the ranks there was something of the same feeling, especially among the "rookies" who had not yet learned to take the soldier's life with that philosophical indifference so noticable in old campaigners. The "rookies" simulated contempt for any foe they might encounter in Luzon or elsewhere in the Philippine group, and especially did they laugh at the wild and weird tales told by Macabebe scouts about the insurgents at Balombong. It was impossible that there could be a foe worthy the name in all the East, therefore they listened with scoffing incredulity to the Macabebes' assertions of well drilled armies, Spanish officers, smokless powder and artillery. From the Macabebe point of view it might be all right, but then the Macabebes were savages themselves and their standard of fighting was slightly different from that of civilized men and of course could not be taken at par value.

"Don't you think they're a lot o' wind bags, Griff?" asked Roper a day or two after the incident first mentioned and after the Macabebes had given a particularly long and lurid account of the native garrison at Balombong.

"Tomorrow'll pro'bly tell," was the short response.

"Wha d' y'u mean?" asked Roper, greatly puzzled. "Y'u don't s'pose there's goin' t' be any such thing's a fight d' y'u?"

No response.

"I jest heard th' shave-tail sayin' 'at he didn't anticipate no 'mmediate trouble," continued Roper.

"Well, I got over this anticipatin' business quite a while ago," said Griff slowly.

"How d' y'u mean?"

"Sixteen year in th' injun country's shown me what y'u might call th' futility o' anticipatin' anything in this kind o' business."

"But these ain't injuns."

"No?" Griff's voice showed tolerant amusement.

"They're nothin' but a lot o' niggers."

"Maybe so they be; I ain't had much experience with 'em, but they's one thing y'u don't want to fergit."

"Wat's that?"

"Not to under rate y'ur enemy."

"Well, d' y'u figger 'at there's likely to be somethin' doin' t'morrow?"

"That's w'at."

"But y'u said y'u wa'n't anticipatin' anything," said Roper querulously.

"Y'u don't have t' anticipate with the enemy intrenched three mile away."

"Then you believe w'at the Macabebes said?" Roper asked the question incredulously.

"Likely they know w'at they're talkin' about."

After that there was a pause for several minutes, during which Roper seemed to be thinking deeply. Presently a smile overspread his features and he said with an air of great amusement.

"Say, it'll be a barrel o' fun, won't it?"

"I've never noticed anything perticklar humorous in th' business," responded Griff dryly.

"No, not that," Roper laughed, "but if 't should happen t' be a good fight it'll be fun t' watch th' shave-tail an' see how he takes it."

"Say, sonny,"—Griff spoke paternally —"don't run away with th' idee that y'u'll have a chance t' work that rubber neck o' yourn, not t' any great extent, fer unless I'm mistaken y'ur time'll be fully occupied lookin' after th' unblemished hide of a certain lance corporal 'bout y'ur size."

"Say, git a new tune t' whang on, can't y'u." Roper grew surly under the taunt. "Anyway, I'll bet I don't flunk," he added boastingly.

"Pro'bly not, hope y'u don't; we'll know 'bout sun-up tomorrow," answered Griff complacently.

"As early as that?"

"I guess."

The gray mist of early dawn still enshrouded the earth when Roper pulled himself out of his poncho and sat up with a jerk. The bugler was blowing reveille, but at tempo presto, which seemed to indicate that something unusual was on foot. Men and objects showed indistinctly through the haze, but the camp was astir and everyone seemed filled with the impulse of haste.

The electric current of unrest was in the air and mingled feelings of apprehension and joy surged in Roper's brain. Perhaps Griff was right in his estimate of the situation. Perhaps it was only a few hours to the time when the Tenth would be advancing in line of skirmishers, driving a lot of niggers before them. What else could it mean? Never before had they been routed out at such an early hour and never before had such feverish excitement been evident in every quarter. Yes, it was fight, and he would soon be in the thick of it—such as it was—and would have the opportunity of knowing how it felt to be under fire.

Under fire. The thought filled him with a vague sense of uneasiness, and a fleeting emotion, almost of fear, crossed his mind. What would be the result of the encounter? Would he be one of those marked for oblivion or would kind fate permit him to enjoy the thrill of victory, to exult in the lust of conquest. He wondered how the others felt; if any of them had sensations akin to his own, and how—

There was the shave-tail now, not a dozen yards away. How was he taking it? He stood with folded arms, directing the movements of his "striker," who was busy with a blanket roll, and seemed not the least concerned with what others were doing. If anything, he seemed more reserved, quiet, unassuming and dignified than at any time since he had joined the regiment, and his general demeanor was much like that of the older, more experienced officers. It had lost all semblance of braggadocio.

"Say, he looks like th' real goods, don't he," said Roper, ramming his mess kit into the haversack and throwing his blankets together.

The remark was addressed to Griff, seated on his little pile of accoutrements, complacently puffing at a corn cob pipe and staring through the smoke at the stirring camp. He either did not hear the question or chose to ignore it, for he made no reply, and did not even turn his head to see who was addressing him.

"Wake up, can't y'u?" called Roper angrily.

"Speakin' t' me?" queried Griff, looking around.

"Yes, speakin' t' you," answered the other shortly. "I said he looked like th' real thing this morning." Nodding toward Lieutenant Hartley.

"Say, sonny, y'u might find out some day that he is th' real thing—if y'u live long enough," he added after a pause.

The indifferent manner in which the words were spoken caused an unpleasant chill to creep along the spine of the younger man.

"Why," he asked, with all the calmness at his command, "y'u don't s'pose anyone's goin' t'—t'—git—a—a—"

Griff smiled. It was an uncomprehending, pitying smile, and he might have replied had not the bugler blown the call to "fall in" just then.

With half the men still on their knees strapping blankets or haversacks, the morning routine was perfunctorily dismissed and the regiment was on the march almost before roll call had been completed.

It was much the same as on every other day since the regiment left the transport, save that the start was earlier and the progress more rapid. The column swung along in double file, twisting and turning with the sinuous nature of the trail, but advancing steadily toward Balombong, which, the scouts reported, was not more than half a dozen miles distant.

Old Sol was still sulking behind the mountains to the east and a faint mist was yet hanging in the air, when a report like the crack of a toy pistol echoed and reechoed down the valley. A "non-com" near the head of the column dropped his rifle, stood stock still for one minute, then fell forward on his face and lay quite still. His comrades stepped over the inert form, apparently giving it no heed, and the body was left lying where it had fallen. The grim business of war admitted of no delay. In a forward movement of this kind there could be no stops to succor the wounded, no loitering to look after the dead.

Within ten minutes half a dozen men—all officers or "non-coms"—had fallen from the ranks. Each had been laid low by a bullet from an unseen foe, and Colonel Stanley wore a somewhat troubled and anxious look as he realized that one by one his best men were being picked off and that he was powerless to stop it. What could he do to put an end to the slaughter? To halt and reconnoiter would be unavailing, as the regiment would then present a stationary target; so the advance must be kept up until the position for which they were aiming had been gained. Suddenly his attention was attracted by loud shouting down the line.

"Here, corporal, what 'n hell you doing there!"

It was the voice of Lieutenant Hartley, and Colonel Stanley turned just in time to see Griff rip the chevrons from one sleeve, the two-barred strip of cloth having already been torn from the other.

"Sharpshooters, sir," quietly responded the corporal, as he threw the cloth into the bushes.

"How dare you discard your sign of rank without permission from your superior officer," demanded the lieutenant, advancing with menacing gesture.

"Injun style, sir," replied the "non-com."

"By God! Griff's right," ejaculated the colonel. "It's sharpshooters that we're up against, and they're making targets of every man who wears a sign of rank."

A minute later an order had been given, and as it passed from mouth to mouth down the length of the column, shoulder straps as well as chevrons were torn off and thrown away or pocketed.

Presently the air was filled with a hail of flying bullets and it was evident that the column had come within range of the main body of insurgents intrenched on Martana heights a mile away.

"Double quick!" called the bugle.

The regiment swept forward on the run, and, reaching the Malaban river, deployed right and left along the half dry bed of the stream. Artillery came into action and filled the air with screaming shell, while hissing bullets sang an incessant song of death and destruction overhead or tore up the dirt and gravel with a rasping, twisting "swick, swick,"—an evil sound and one calculated to inspire men to deeds of desperation.

It was at midday when the crest of Maratana Heights was gained, and the insurgents driven from their trenches. The hill had been taken, but only after a long, wearying fight in which many a man had been left behind to be attended to later by the hospital corps—or burial squad.

Now the men were on their knees, picking the hard gravel with bayonets and throwing up little piles of dirt and stone to shield them from the enemy's fire. Two miles away the red tiled roofs of Balombong shimmered in the glaring sun, and a mile nearer could be seen the secondary rifle pits of the insurgents, into which they were piling with more haste than order.

"Corporal Griff!"

The command, sharp and incisive, was given by Colonel Stanley, who came running along the ridge of the hill.

"Here, sir."

Griff jumped to his feet and saluted.

"Take a detail of twelve men, go down onto the bottoms there, and clean out some o' them sharpshooters."

The colonel pointed to the track in the rear, over which the regiment had recently passed.

"Very well, sir," responded the corporal, saluting.

"And say, corporal, look out for Major Dalton, who was hit just after we left the river."

"Yes sir."

"Where's Lieutenant Hartley; did he get plugged, too?"

"I guess so, sir. I haven't seen him for three or four hours."

"Well, the hospital corps is down there now, but if you run across the major or lieutenant, do what you can for them."

"Very well, sir." Corporal Griff slid his bayonet into the sheath and, walking slowly along the line, began calling out names.

"Maxwell, Brice, Henderson, Dayter, Corporal Roper," he called, and the men left their work to follow him down the hillside to the broad plain in the rear which was dotted with bread fruit trees and cocoanut palms.

Arrived at the foot of the hill, Griff deployed his squad at four paces with himself at one end and Roper at the other.

"Keep a sharp lookout on every tree and fire at the first sign of an injun," he commanded as they prepared to sweep the plain.

It was harrowing, nerve racking work.

The continual cracking of rifles on top of the hill effectually covered any reports in the rear and the squad had not advanced a quarter of a mile before the dozen men who had started out were reduced to half that number.

"This is gittin' too damn interestin'," commented Griff as he called the remnant of his squad together.

"Now see here," he continued. "We ain't got nothin' t' show fer our work yet, an' they's only six of us left. We're up ag'in' what y'u might call a brace game, but we can't squeal; we got t' take our medicine. But just so 's t' make th' dose pleasant an' give us some show fer gittin' back, I want every man t' hustle fer himself. Watch th' tree tops 'specially an' meet me back where Joyce got hit this mornin'. I'll take down th' center, th' rest o' y'u go off right an' left."

"But say," said Roper, before the men split up. "It's terrible, y'u know, t' be doin' this when we ain't got no show 't all."

The others—all veterans—turned and looked at him in amazement. He was white as a sheet and trembled so that he leaned on his rifle for support.

"Besides, I know I'll be th' next one t' git it," he continued, his voice shaking with fear.

"Who th' hell are you?" savagely demanded Griff. "D' y'u think y'ur carcass amounts t' anything?"

"N—no," answered the other, "only my girl, y'u know — an' I'm sure I'll be killed."

"Y'ur right there," said Griff, bringing his rifle to his shoulder. "Y'u'll git killed damn sudden 'f I hear any more o' y'ur snivellin'."

The gleam in his eye and ugly tone of his voice seemed to serve as a bracer for Roper, who suddenly ceased shaking.

"I'm all right now," he said aloud, grasping his rifle barrel close to the stock and getting ready to start on his lone trip. He had scarcely turned his face to the rear when he gave a spring into the air, clutched his throat and then fell forward into the tall grass.

"Poor devil," muttered Griff. "Poor little devil. Hope his girl don't wait fer him, 'cause she might have quite a spell of it 'fore he gits back."

It was a half mile further to the rear that Griff's attention was attracted by voices near at hand. He was stealthily making his way through heavy bushes, keeping clear of well marked trails as much as possible and shooting into the top of every palm tree that was big enough to conceal a native. Luck had been with him. He had seen six sharpshooters tumble to the ground, and he felt that his work had been fairly successful, but for the last ten minutes he had seen nothing to shoot at. He was just preparing for another chance shot when he heard someone talking.

"Cheer up, old man, it's not so bad as you imagine," said the first voice.

"It could not be worse," answered the other.

Griff listened. He knew the voices. It was Lieutenant Hartley and the chaplain, and probably the lieutenant was badly wounded. He would go to them and see if he could be of any assistance. But he suddenly became riveted where he stood. What was it they were saying?

"I'm forever disgraced," said the voice of Lieutenant Hartley. "Think of showing a yellow streak first time under fire."

"And I'm in the same boat," answered the chaplain.

"Hardly. A chaplain is not supposed to fight; we are. No, I can never face the regiment again. I'd rather die than let them know I lost my head in my first fight. If I'd only been wounded, it would be all right. But here I am without a scratch and nothing to show for not remaining with my regiment."

"Why don't you wound yourself?"

asked the chaplain hopefully. "I've read of men doing that."

"Then I'd despise myself even more than now. I couldn't do it. If I'd only been hit by a stray bullet or a sharpshooter, or anything, just so I would have something to show as a reason, then I could retain my self respect and the respect of them. But now it is all over and I must—"

"Don't take on like that, old man, please don't," interrupted the chaplain sympathetically. "I'll tell you, it'll be all right if you will only go ahead and join the regiment. Say nothing. Make no explanations. It'll be all right."

"Can't see it your way, my boy. There's only one thing left for me, and if you'll kindly take yourself away I'll be much obliged."

Could this be Lieutenant Hartley, an officer and a West Pointer? Griff could scarcely believe his ears, yet he knew it must be, for the voice was unmistakable. An officer and a coward? It was inconceivable. Long years in the service had given Griff a respect and veneration for officers amounting almost to worship, and as he listened to Lieutenant Hartley and the chaplain his heart was filled with pity for the young man who had flunked when it came to the trial. It must have been a momentary weakness, for the boy showed nerve enough now. Did it not require the supremest courage to take one's life, and was not that what the young lieutenant was planning to do? If given another chance, he would prove himself as good as the best of them. It was not a great wonder, after all, that he had lost his nerve in the maneuvers of the morning. It had been a hard and trying fight, enough to test the mettle of the oldest veteran, let alone beardless youths whose most exciting experiences up to that time had been Fourth of July celebrations. What compassion filled Griff's breast. If he had only been near that morning the boy never would have been left behind. He would have helped the novice along, he would have done anything for him. If he could only do something now, how gladly would he—

"If I'd only been hit by a stray bullet, or a sharpshooter."

The lieutenant's words seemed to ring in Griff's ears. Why hadn't the officer been hit. There were sharpshooters in plenty on the plain, and more stray bullets than a few. It was a shame that when a man wanted to get hit, when he needed to get hit in order to save his reputation, he could not be accommodated.

"'Hit by a stray bullet or a sharpshooter,' eh?" said Griff under his breath. "By hell, Lieutenant, y'u shall be accommodated, and," with a glance at the miniature metal targets on the lapels of his blouse—badges of marksmanship—"and it'll be kind of a combination sharpshooter stray bullet affair, too.

"Through th' right leg," he commented to himself, taking his rifle from his shoulder a moment later. "Guess that sky pilot's got sense 'nough t' put a first aid bandage on."

He crept away into the tall bushes, and was on his way to the rendezvous which he had appointed a few hours before.

* * * *

Black night had enveloped the earth when Griff again made his appearance on the firing line.

"Hello, corporal, 's that you?" asked Colonel Stanley as the "non-com" stumbled into the light of the headquarters camp fire.

"Yes sir, it's me," returned Griff, saluting.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"I'd like another detail, sir."

"Another detail! What for?"

"T' bury th' first one, sir."

"Th' hell you say."

"Yes sir."

"Did you have any luck?"

"'Bout even up, I guess, sir."

"Hm. Well, that's not so bad."

"No sir."

"All right, take your new detail, and when you've finished report back here."

"Very well, sir."

Griff saluted and moved away into the darkness.

"By the way," called Colonel Stanley, "see anything of Major Dalton or Lieutenant Hartley?"

"Yes sir. Major Dalton's killed. Lieutenant Hartley is wounded and being attended by Chaplain Dean," answered Griff.

"Hm. Take along a stretcher and when you get through bring the lieutenant up to the temporary hospital."

"Very well, sir."

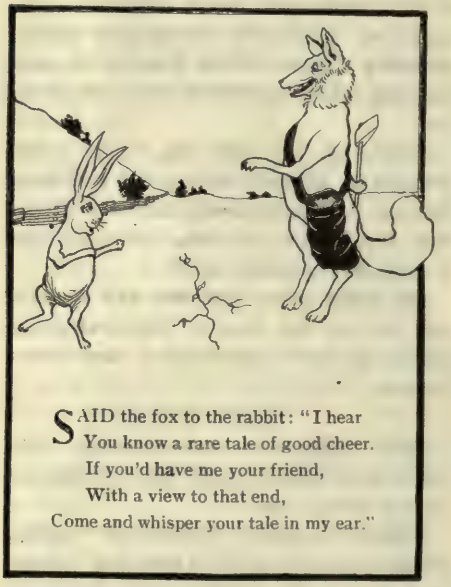
Griff disappeared with a salute.

THE RABBIT'S TALE

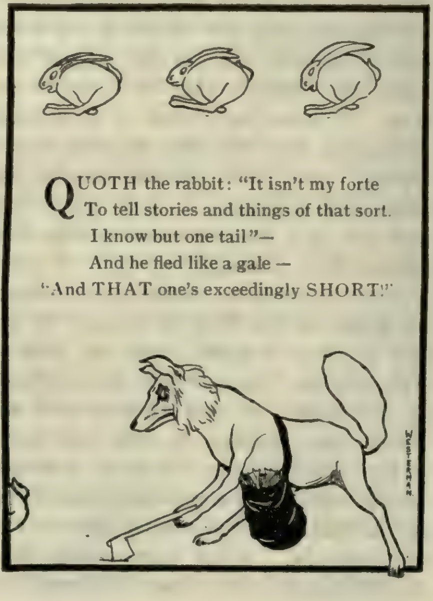
By James Ball Naylor

MALTA, OHIO

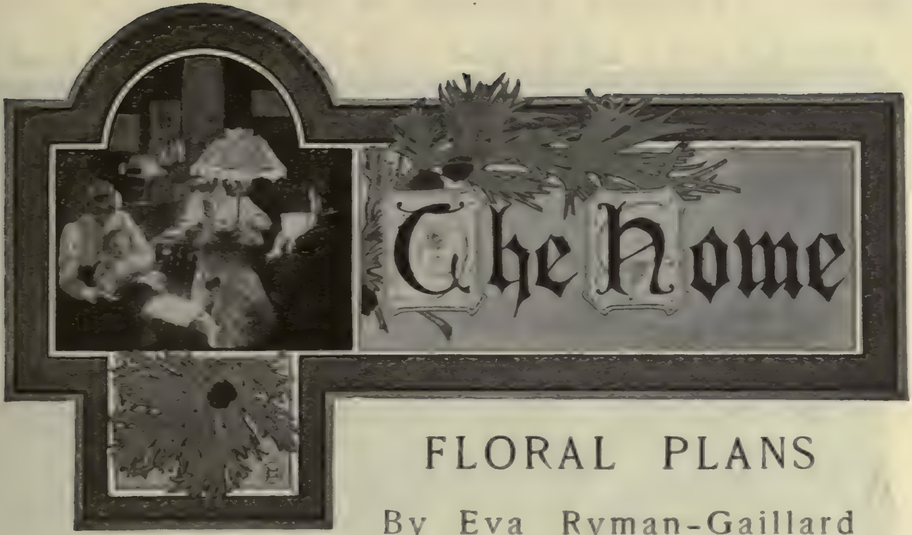
Pictures by Westerman



SAID the fox to the rabbit: "I hear
You know a rare tale of good cheer.
If you'd have me your friend,
With a view to that end,
Come and whisper your tale in my ear."



QUOTH the rabbit: "It isn't my forte
To tell stories and things of that sort.
I know but one tail"—
And he fled like a gale —
"And THAT one's exceedingly SHORT!"



The Home

FLORAL PLANS

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

IF any plants in the garden are to be taken indoors for use in the window garden during the Winter they should be selected now; the branches pinched back to force a compact and symmetrical form of growth; all blossom buds pinched out as soon as visible (to permit blooming now is to sacrifice the power to bloom freely during the mid-Winter season), and care taken to keep them free from insects.

—

At every opportunity add to the supply of sand, leaf mould and fertilizers for the preparation of potting soil when needed, and be sure that a supply is stored away, ready for the hour of need, which may arise when all out-of-doors is frozen hard.

—

Pots should be ready by the last of August, for some of the more tender plants will need to be taken in before there is danger of frost. In fact, all plants will be in far better condition if lifted early enough to be kept on the veranda, or other shaded place, for a short time and then put into their Winter quarters before it is necessary to close the house and start fires. Treated in this way the change is so gradual that it affects the plants but little, whereas those left out until the last possible moment and then hustled into pots and brought directly into closed and heated rooms are anything but ornamental for a number of weeks.

—

When planning the Winter collection, remember that plants cannot attain perfect development of either form or foliage when crowded. Two or three plants developed to their utmost beauty are far more ornamental than any number of half developed specimens. Give them room, and plenty of it.

—

Plants which have a woody stalk are not injured by having the surface of the soil level, or lowest in the center, for water does not injure the stalk; but in the case of plants growing in rosette form, from a crown center, the soil should be lowest at the edge of the pot to prevent water from settling into the crown of the plant and producing what is called crown rot.

—

When potting plants, bear in mind the fact that those grown for the beauty of their foliage should have large pots and plenty of rich soil to induce a luxuriant growth, but those grown for their blossoms will bloom more freely when root bound.

Whether a pot be large or small, never fill it so full that it is impossible to give the plant in it sufficient water without having it run over; when a pot is level full of soil much of the water poured on runs off and the plant gets very little moisture.

Plenty of space at the top, to permit the water to stand until it can soak down into the soil, is even more important in the case of hanging baskets, than with other pots, from the fact that being higher up, where the air is hotter and dryer, they require more water.

If large plants are to be taken up the root growth will probably be too large for any pot of convenient size and it is a good plan to cut down through the soil and roots around the plant, leaving the part to be lifted slightly smaller than the pot into which it will be put. If this is done a week or more before lifting, the severed roots will heal and the plant suffer no shock. The method is far better than taking the entire root and crowding it into a space far too small for it.

WHERE THE POND LILIES GROW

By Elizabeth Leffingwell

BURLINGTON, IOWA

A HOT August day is closing. On the shore of a little lake, a cozy cottage is a house of gold in the evening sunshine. The great white pond lilies—the lake is full of them—rest gently on their immense leaves.

As the trees across the water take the setting sun into their midst, the quiet that has reigned all day is more pronounced. Now and then a timid "bob-white" comes from somewhere in the adjoining corn field. Away down the dusty road leading to the cottage the call is answered.

The lilies close, taking the day's secrets with them. Their dazzling whiteness is subdued, for the hour of memories has come; the twilight. Brightness has gone from all things. Lake and trees are fast blending into an indistinct dark mass. The sun's farewell in the west has changed from red and gold to dull gray.

As though anxious to blot out the light, darkness comes and seizes all.

Quietly in the black dome above, the stars look down, shining their best; there is no moon.

The concerts of the insects and living things begin and the lake is full of sounds. From somewhere a light breeze springs; the leaves and grasses move softly.

There is a last gust of wind; a final harsh croak of a frog; the murmur of a million breaths is more and more faint. Another day has gone to join the long, dark procession of the past.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you Try again. Enclose a stamped and self addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

TO REMOVE COCOA STAINS

By W. A.

Tombstone, Arizona

To remove cocoa stains from table linen or other fabric, soak the article in COLD water, when the discoloration will quickly disappear.

AN INSECTICIDE FOR ROSES

By MISS CARRIE MIMS

Elliott, Georgia

Save coffee grounds, dry them out, and put around your roses with equal parts of soot. It is a good fertilizer and insecticide.

WASHING AN EVENING SHAWL

By MRS. THOMAS A. HANSON

Pontiac, Michigan

Many beautiful evening shawls are ruined by home washing, and frequent dry cleansing is costly. If washed by the following method, an umbrella shawl will retain its original appearance.

Soak the shawl in a warm suds of white soap. Do not rub soap on the shawl. Squeeze the suds through it, but do not wring. When clean rinse in a weak suds of the same temperature as the first water. Throw in a heap on a clean sheet to dry, turning occasionally. When dry, pin in shape on a sheet, then sprinkle with cold water to raise the fluffy fiber.

A knitted or crocheted shawl so washed will appear like new.

"JUST AS YOU TOLD ME, MAMMA, A LITTLE COMMON BAKING SODA IN THE DISH WATER REMOVES GREASE FROM THE DISHES MUCH EASIER THAN SOAP AND LEAVES THEM LOOKING MUCH NICER." — [*Mrs. M. L. Swingle, Dillon, Ohio.*]

TO RENDER HARD WATER SOFT

By MRS. W. J. D.
Falmouth, Indiana

Take one ounce of the best quicklime and stir it well into a bucket of water; then stir all thoroughly in a barrel of water, and as soon as it settles the water will be soft and fit for use: the lime, having united with the carbonate of lime, which makes the hard water, will be all deposited.

TO RENEW TARNISHED GILT FRAMES

By GRACE R. ELDRIDGE
Grand Ridge, Florida

Take sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to one and one-half pints of water, and boil in it five onions; strain, and when cool apply to the parts that require restoring, with a soft brush, and it will come out as good as new when dry.

TO REVIVE PATENT LEATHER

By MRS. H. W. WAGENSELLER
Fairbury, Illinois

First rub with a linen rag soaked with olive oil or milk, and polish with a dry, soft duster. Cream and linseed oil in equal parts are a good polish for patent leather boots.

AMMONIA'S USES AND ITS ANTIDOTE

I

By O. A. HOLBROOK
Red Bush, Kentucky

A little ammonia in tepid water will soften and cleanse the skin.

Spirits of ammonia inhaled will often relieve a severe headache.

If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains ammonia will usually restore the color.

One or two tablespoonsful added to a pail of water will clean windows better than soap.

A few drops in a cupful of warm water, applied carefully, will remove spots from paintings and chromos.

To brighten carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

Keep nickel, silver ornaments and mounts bright by rubbing with woolen cloth saturated in spirits of ammonia.

II.

By MRS. M. K. GLADMAN
Richland, Kansas

If one of you has swallowed ammonia accidentally, make haste IMMEDIATELY to drink lots of water or skim milk or both, at FREQUENT intervals, while some one is stirring up a half-cup of STARCH and cold water, (two or three heaping teaspoonfuls of starch)—give a teaspoonful or so, every fifteen minutes.

The reason for this: First, the water to "flush" the stomach, thus diluting the ammonia so it will not find lodgement and burn the stomach; then the starch water forms a coating on the suffering gullet which the ammonia burnt like fire, and alleviates this distress until the doctor gets there. Otherwise your patient will likely be asphyxiated long before other help than yours can reach him. It will take QUICK work.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET

By MISS. R. M. KINGSTON
Jell-O Exhibit, Lewis and Clark Exposition

Two cups sugar, one can shredded pineapple, juice of three lemons, one pint milk, whites three eggs and water enough to make one gallon. Make syrup of sugar and water and cook three minutes. When cool, add the pineapple, lemon juice and milk into which has been dissolved one package Unflavored Jell-O ice cream powder. Now see that water enough is added to make a gallon, and then add the beaten whites of the eggs. Freeze in the usual manner.

WASHING CHAMOIS SKINS

By LILA I. DUNBAR
Mason City, Iowa

If washed in cold water with plenty of soap and rinsed well in clear cold water, the skins will never be hard, but very soft and pliable.

CLEAN KITCHEN SHELVES

By EFFIE JACKSON-BIGGERSTAFF
Kalamazoo, Michigan

The kitchen cupboard is more easily kept clean and in order if, instead of having paper on the shelves, white table oil cloth is used. Cut the oil cloth the size of the shelf and paste it securely on with either flour, paste or mucilage. The shelf can be wiped off with the dish cloth as often as needed and the cupboard is always clean.

TO MEND OIL CLOTH

By ETTA GOWDY
Walkerville, Michigan

Trim the edges of the hole to be mended, place an oil cloth patch beneath, and paint the edges on the wrong side. Press down tight against the patch and let dry. Paint all worn places, using the same color as the oil cloth.

FANCY STUFFED DATES

By M. W. P.
Boston, Massachusetts

Into a spoonful or two of jelly (quince is very nice for this purpose) stir some English walnuts, finely chopped, a very little crystalized ginger and a trifle of sweet mango pickle, all finely cut and well mixed together. Take the stones from Persian dates and fill each date with the mixture; roll the dates tightly in fine sugar.

TO EXTERMINATE BURDOCKS

By T. R. FRENCH
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

The hardest thing to contend with in many localities is the burdock. It is next to an impossibility to dig them out. If the least part of a root is left in the ground it will grow, but if you will take an axe or a sharp butcher knife any time in the Summer and cut them off level with the ground, and then pour on about a teaspoonful of kerosene oil, the plant will die at once and never start again. You can rid a whole field of them in a day.

FOR CLIMBING BABIES

By MRS. B. CHAPPLE
Wilmette, Illinois

Good sleep at night is necessary to the health of both mother and baby. My baby having fallen out of bed seven times during his first year, I was convinced that it was necessary to get something that would save me from this constant worry. I saw an ad. in the National Magazine of the Ideal Crib, made by Foster Bros. Mfg. Co., Utica, N. Y., and sent for it. The Ideal Crib is a great boon to mothers. The baby cannot fall out, climb over, or stick its head between the spindles. The crib is very neat in design and both sides raise and lower. The cost is $10.

CAKE FROSTING

By MISS KATE FOWLER
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

One full cup sugar to each egg; three tablespoons water to each cup sugar; a pinch of tartaric acid. Boil syrup made of the sugar and water until it begins to thicken, pour half of it on the whipped whites, beating thoroughly; cook the remainder of the syrup until it ropes like spun glass, then pour into the mixture and beat hard. This icing will not crumble and does not lose its freshness.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM BROTH

By L. R. WOOD
Spartanburg, South Carolina

A good way to remove "eyes" of grease from beef or chicken broth, is to pass a piece of brown or white wrapping paper across the top of the bowl of broth before using. The grease adheres to the paper.

MILDEW

By E. O. K.
Highland, Ohio

To remove mildew, wet the article with soft water and rub it well with white soap, then with powdered chalk; place it on the grass in the sunshine and keep it damp with soft water. Next day repeat the process, and in a few hours the mildew will disappear.

A LAUNDRY HELP

By M. E.
Delevan, New York

Much of the labor of ironing sheets is saved if when washed they are hung lengthwise on the clothes line. The selvedge will be found smooth as the rest of the sheet instead of "curled up."

WHITE SPOTS ON TABLES

By P. B.
Hanover, New Hampshire

To remove white spots from polished tables or other wooden furniture, pour upon the spots a few drops of spirits of camphor. Let the camphor remain for two or three minutes, then rub with a clean cloth. The spots, otherwise so difficult to remove, will wipe off.

SUGGESTION FOR DARNING

By C. L. S.
Ephraim, Wisconsin

If a woolen dress be darned with a raveling of the same, the place darned will hardly show. Use lengthwise thread on plain material. If a mixed goods, use thread to match direction of darning. Slightly wear end of thread to make threading of needle easier.

HOW TO TELL YOUNG BIRDS

By MRS. J. D. S.
Vernon, Texas

To tell young birds from old ones, when shooting or buying in the market, hold them up by the under bill so that the weight will fall on it. If the bill breaks the bird is young; if not, it is old.

FOR BAKING DAY

By MRS. L. T. ADAMS
Drakola, South Dakota

After taking bread from the oven, do not wrap tightly in cloth as many do; but rub the top of loaves with a little lard or butter, tip on edge on your kneeding board so that all possible crust is exposed to the air and if possible place out doors or in the wind to cool quickly a few minutes, then remove to convenient place and let stand until thoroughly cold before putting away in box or can, and you will have delicious, tender crust.

WHEN THE KETTLE BURNS

By MRS. E. M. K.
Binghampton, New York

When a kettle of meat or vegetables scorches, place the kettle in cold water as quickly as possible and the food will not taste scorched.

THREADING NEEDLES

By D.
Granton, Wisconsin

When it is dusk and the sewing machine needle becomes unthreaded, just before the last quarter of a yard is finished, just raise the needle to a threading position, slip a piece of white paper or cloth under needle and see how easy you can thread it.

FRIED SQUASH

By MRS. MAUDE GOLDING
Hatfield, Missouri

Cut a fine-grained, dry, sweet squash into thin slices, pare, and fry in plenty of butter and season well. This dish will be found an excellent substitute for sweet potatoes.

CARE OF WOODEN BOWLS

By MRS. MARTIN JACOBY
Logan, Montana

To prevent the wooden bowls from splitting, take them when new, before they have been touched with water, apply boiling hot linseed oil over the outside and top edge, all that will penetrate.

NOTE AND COMMENT

By Frank Putnam

RIGHT in the midst of the reception tendered by Mr. Togo to his friends from St. Petersburg, and just as I was intently speculating upon the plans of a pair of robins that have been looking over the vacant nest in the cedar next my south window with an evident purpose to take it for the season if they liked it, the postman brought me an advance copy of "John Henry Smith," the newest work from the pen of Frederick Upham Adams, late of Chicago, now resident in Hastings-on-the-Hudson, New York. Mr. Adams will be affectionately remembered by a large circle of Chicagoans, in journalism, politics, letters and among the good eaters, as "Grizzly." Only warm hearted men ever get such intimately personal nicknames, and Mr. Adams deserves the best there is going, not more for his astonishing versatility—you will recall that he built the first electric light tower, invented a hundred mile an hour train, founded and edited the ablest socialist magazine that ever lived and died in this country, and was, was he not?—Chicago's first smoke commissioner—but also, and even more, because he has given us three of the most readable and original popular novels published in America during recent years. The books bear these titles: "The Kidnapped Millionaires," "John Burt," and "John Henry Smith,"—and the latest is the best of the lot.

—

As this is written it becomes apparent that the robins have decided to take the house in the cedar. By united effort they have just stolen the light cord that loosely bound together the sticks surrounding Helen's small bed of pansies. Mr. Robin grabbed it in his bill and pulled. It stretched a bit but held fast. Mrs. Robin flew down to help him. She seized the string near her lord and master and they pulled together. The string slipped off the top of one stick. Then they took hold near the top of another stick and pulled again. Off came the string, and so on, until they got it loose entirely, and darted up into the cedar together, gabbling frantically — probably disputing over the best use to make of it in the nest. I don't see why they need go to any trouble over the nest. It seems to me to be in perfect order, barring a few fragments of egg shells left there by the murderous cat, or crow, or snake, or whatever it was that robbed the first pair's home two weeks ago. Still, I suppose that Mrs. Robin, like the females of other species, has her own ideas about interior decoration, and won't be satisfied until she has made an attempt to gratify them.

—

Meantime, I've been reading "John Henry Smith" and chuckling over it with a somewhat limited understanding of the golfology that liberally sprinkles its pages, but with a large and hearty appreciation of the human nature limned therein. Mr. Adams, it appears, has since he came East become not only a golfer but a golf philosopher. Witness these remarks:

> Woodvale is very exclusive. The membership is limited, and hundreds of the best people in the city are on the waiting list. I live here during the golfing season, and one is unfortunate if he cannot play nine months in the year in Woodvale. In the Winter it is safer to go to Florida or California, and I purpose to do so rather than risk a repetition of last season's heavy snows, which made golf impossible for days at a time.
>
> One saves a vast amount of time by living in such a club house as that of Woodvale. The hours expended by golfers in traveling between their places of business and the links will foot up to an enormous total each year. I remain here and save all that time. Not that I neglect my business; far from it. Once a week my private secretary comes to the club house from my office in the city. He brings with him letters and other matters which imperatively demand my personal attention, and I sternly abandon all else for the time being.
>
> On the days when he is here I play twenty-four holes instead of the usual thirty-six or more, but I find the change diverting rather than otherwise, Without claiming special merit for an original discovery, I believe I have struck what may be termed the happy medium between work and relaxation.

—

And this, which is John Henry Smith's reply to a novice who disparages golf in comparing it with billiards as a game of skill:

> You play billiards on a table which is not more than five feet by ten, and you play golf on a table which may cover 200 acres of hills, woods, marshes, ponds, brooks and meadows. You play billiards in a room which is always at about the same temperature, and where there is not a breath of air stirring. You play golf out of doors, where it may be 100 in the shade or far below freezing; under conditions of perfect calm, or with winds ranging all the way from a zephyr to gales from every point of the compass.
>
> Your billiard table is always the same. It consists of the cloth and the four cushions, and they are smooth as art can make them. Your golf course is never the same on any two days, and would not be if you played through all eternity. Sometimes the grass in a certain place is long, and sometimes it is short; sometimes the ground is hard from lack of rain, and again it is soft and spongy from an excess of rain. There are millions of variations in these conditions, and every one of them must be considered in making a perfect shot.
>
> There are days when the air is light, and when a certain stroke will send the ball where you wish it to go. There are other days when the air is heavy, and when a hit ball seems to have no life in it. You must allow for the force and direction of every slant of wind. There are conditions of atmosphere when objects seem near, and others when they seem far away, and you must take this into account.
>
> On a billiard table your ball is always within easy reach. You stand on a level floor and play on a level table. In golf your ball never lands in the same place twice. It may be above you or below you. It may lie in any one of ten million separate conformations of ground, and for each you must exercise judgment. Your clubs change in weight as you clean them; no two golf balls have the same amount of elasticity when new, and as you use them it decreases. But more than all else, you are not the same man physically or mentally on any two days. A slight increase in weight, the wearing of an extra garment, the congestion of a muscle or the stiffening

of a cord may be sufficient to throw you off your stroke and seriously impair your game.

—

The novice declared his belief that when he once found out how to make a certain shot he would keep right on improving until he had it perfect, but John Henry, the golf philosopher, retorted:

> "If that were possible, golf would lose its charm. A man will go on making a certain shot with almost perfect accuracy for months, and all at once lose the knack of it, and not be able to recover it for months, and perhaps never. In order to hit a golf ball accurately, there are scores of muscles which must act in perfect accord, and the several parts of the body must maintain certain positions during the various parts of the stroke. If the shoulder drops the quarter of an inch, if the heel rises too soon by the minutest fraction of a second, if either hand grasping the club turns in any degree, the stroke is ruined. You will hit the ball but it will not go the distance or the direction required.

—

Opie Read, Stanley Waterloo and Ernest McGaffey are rated first class rifle shots, and the first two named once took part in a remarkable match at Hot Springs, in which both were victorious—according to which one tells you the story. Peter "Dooley" Dunne holds the long distance dining record of the world jointly with Dr. Reilly. John McGovern is prouder of his whist trophies than of his magnificent library. And so through the list of Chicago's distinguished writers—each has a streak of boy in him that keeps him young and imparts to his writings a gayety, either wholly happy or sardonic, which is not a characteristic of most eastern writers. It is enough to make almost any man sad to contemplate some things that make up a large part of life in any big eastern community. Mr. Adams' new novel proves anew that in moving East he has not ceased to be a Chicagoan, wherefore, if Colonel Read and Major Waterloo and the other gentlemen will make room for him, I beg leave to assign Mr. Adams to that group which they have so long and so easily dominated—the group of the Chicago novelists of national reputation. So far as I know, Mr. Adams owns the only whiskers in the group, and these alone should entitle him to a respectful hearing in any western assembly.

⁂

A GOOD many men have set up lightning rods to catch the presidential flashes in 1908. Vice President Fairbanks, Speaker Cannon, Governor-Senator Lafollette, Governor Folk, Governor Deneen, Secretary Taft — perhaps; Mr. Bryan—of course; Mr. Hearst, Mayor Dunne of Chicago and Senator Foraker are all either active or receptive candidates. But the men who will be nominated have not yet been named in print. The Democrats will nominate that peerless scrapper, Thomas W. Lawson of Boston, and the Republicans will be compelled by the logic of events to nominate his great enemy, Henry H. Rogers. These men better than any others represent the opposing sides in the only real issue that is before the people of the United States. That issue is: SHALL THE TRUSTS OWN THE PEOPLE, or SHALL THE PEOPLE OWN THE TRUSTS?

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, OFFERS FREE SITES FOR FACTORIES

By ARTHUR M. JACKSON

Illustrations from photographs by Putney

LEAVENWORTH PUBLIC LIBRARY

ONE of the best manufacturing cities of the middle West is Leavenworth, Kansas. This city has a standing offer of a free site for any reliable manufacturing enterprise. All of her factories are making money. This is because of her fine location and natural resources. It is a healthy city. Its population is about 25,000, and a large per cent. of its day laborers are employed either in the mines or factories. The owners of the factories are not troubled with strikes. An organized strike has never been known ln Leavenworth.

Among the largest factories are the Great Western Manufacturing Company, making mill machinery; the Great Western Stove Company, shipping stoves to all parts of the world; the Missouri Valley Bridge Company, making iron and steel bridges; the Abernathy Furniture Company, known all over the country; the Broadway Manufacturing Company, making sashes, doors, blinds and interior furnishings; the Kelly & Lysle Milling Company, with a capacity of 1,500 barrels of flour daily; the Klemp Manufacturing Company, making all kinds of furniture; the Fisher Machine Works, making Corliss engines; the Helmers Manufacturing Company, making furniture; the Hesse & Sons Manufacturing Company, making heavy wagons, transfer wagons, and buggies; the Leavenworth Overall Company, making shirts and overalls; the Leavenworth Glove Factory; the Leavenworth Broom Factory, and many other smaller ones.

Nine railroads enter the city from different directions, and freight rates are low. Four large coal mines, yielding thousands of tons of high grade bituminous coal per year, supply the city and its factories with cheap fuel; natural gas from the great Kansas gas field is now being piped to this city, and very soon competition between the producers of natural gas aad the coal mines will make the cost of fuel nominal.

Leavenworth is one of the oldest citties in the middle West. Fort Leavenworth, now the largest military post in the world, adjacent to the city on the north, was established in an early day, and in the "fifties" Leavenworth was a prosperous western trading post. Its history began with the days of the border ruffian. It was besieged by Quantrell, Jesse James and other frontier bandits, who at that time cowed the most courageous western emigrants.

Since those days the progress of Leavenworth has been along safe and conservative lines. Most of the older citizens are from the East, and they brought their conservatism with them. Its older factories began on a small scale but have gradually increased their capacity until they now have a national reputation. The city has plenty of room to expand. Building sites may be secured in good locations for a moderate sum.

RESIDENCE OF W. E. THOMAS

RESIDENCE OF D. R. ANTHONY, JR.

The coal mines furnish the factories with an excellent quality of "slack" for one dollar per ton. When the natural gas mains reach the city it is expected that this fuel will be furnished to the factories at from five to ten cents per thousand cubic feet.

The streets of Leavenworth are well paved with vitrified brick and asphalt. It has five prosperous banks whose deposits aggregate about $4,500,000. Three of them are national banks. She is especially fortunate in being a central point in the great Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri farming district, making her an excellent distributing point for agricultural implements and all commodities for the dairy or farm. Her railroads reach all four of the states mentioned above and make them easily accessible as a market for her manufactured products.

RESIDENCE OF JAMES A. MCGONIGLE

RESIDENCE OF N. H BURT

It is supplied with wholesome water

from the Missouri river, which stream, because of the swiftness of its current, purifies itself very quickly. Immense reservoirs are built on the bluffs west of the city and water from the river is pumped into them. These reservoirs are about one hundred and fifty feet above the city, and this altitude gives the city a very high water pressure for its protection in case of fire. The street car service is first class A fine interurban line connects Leavenworth with Kansas City. Cars run every hour and make fast time.

LEAVENWORTH HIGH SCHOOL

LEAVENWORTH NATIONAL BANK

Leavenworth's public schools are not excelled in any western city. The school buildings are all modern, light and airy. A new high school building has just been completed that would be a credit to any city in the country.

KANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY

Leavenworth has many beautiful residences. The lawns are well kept; the residence streets are lined with stately maple and elm trees.

An article on Leavenworth would not be complete without speaking of its surroundings. No other city in the country can boast of so many attractions for excursionists. Immediately north of the city is the United States military reservation, comprising about 7,000 acres, and Fort Leavenworth, the largest as well as the most beautiful miitary post in the world, is located on this reservation. This post must be seen to be appreciated. Within the last five years the government has spent almost $3,000,000 at this post for new barracks, officers's quarters, hospitals and store houses. Here every branch of the army is represented; engineer corps, artillery, cavalry and infantry. From 2,000 to 3,000 officers and soldiers of the United States army are usually quartered there. The government maintains an officers' school at Fort Leavenworth where even the graduate of West Point may advance himself in the science of war. Officers are detailed from all parts of the country and the Philippines for advanced instruction in this school. On this reservation there is in process of construction the largest and most improved federal prison in the United States. The government has been engaged in its building for five years, but it will not be completed for at least four or five years yet to come.

OFFICERS' QUARTERS, FORT LEAVENWORTH

Immediately south of the city, on beautiful grounds, is located the western branch of the national home for disabled volunteer soldiers. About 3,000 veterans are here given all the comforts of home. The grounds and buildings are beautiful.

Immediately south of the soldiers' home, but five miles from the city, is the Kansas state penitentiary. The prisoners in this institution are employed at coal mining and the manufacture of furniture, boots and shoes. A modern binding twine plant is also operated by the prisoners, and as a result many Kansas farmers are not hampered by the twine trust. All three of these big institutions, Fort Leavenworth, the soldiers' home and the Kansas state penitentiary, are valuable to Leavenworth and are connected with the city by the street railway system and by beautiful drives.

Leavenworth offers many advantages to the manufacturer who seeks a location where he may operate his factory at the minimum of expense and be exempt from strikes. It has a Commercial Club composed of business men who are willing to donate to any reliable manufacturer a free site for his factory, no matter how large it may be. Factories making chairs, shoes, farming implements, leather and cotton and woollen goods are desired and will prosper here.

Leavenworth extends the hand of welcome to any prospective factory, and any inquiries addressed to the Commercial Club will receive prompt attention.

A CONNECTICUT PILGRIMAGE

By JOE M. CHAPPLE

IT was one of those delightful days in early May that I was impelled by an insuppressible yearning to go some where. I cannot explain why this impulse came over me any better, perhaps, than can the small boy who yields to a great force in his heart to run away from school on some balmy afternoon and explore the wonders of the world that lie just over the adjacent hill or up the valley whence comes the musical brook. But men as well as boys were ever thus; translate Chaucer's old-fashioned poetry into plainer English and it reads:

"When that April with his showers sweet
The drought of March hath pierced to the root
. . . . . .
Then impelled are folks to go on pilgrimages."

Chaucer tells us about the pilgrimages that people were wont to make to Canterbury, England, but I am going to relate a visit I've made to Glastonbury, Connecticut, a town which was settled by emigrants from Glastonbury, England, and named in honor of their home over sea.

It was likewise a Spring day during my callow youth that I stood irresolutely before the barber shop of my boyhood's town and mustered courage to go in for my first shave. It was a short operation and painless. The thing I noticed most was the shaving soap's wonderful lather, profuse, creamy, soothing and delicate in perfume. When I sat up and looked at the soap and the neat package which was marked "Williams," I said to myself, "Williams, you and I can do business" and we have ever since. I have procured it without difficulty while abroad on my various pilgrimages to London, Paris, Vienna and Rome. The term "Shaving Soap" seems to be synonymous with "Williams" in every continent and clime where men have beards to shave.

I've often wondered how many men among the National's readers begin the day as I do with a shave before breakfast. For seven mornings in each week for many years I've been coming face to face with Williams' Shaving Soap, until finally the impulse to see the place where emanates this one of the civilizing factors of our time sent me to Glastonbury.

It is a singularly picturesque old town, retaining the unmarred beauty and calm of the real New England village, shaded with great elms and peopled by a sturdy, contented folk of Puritan stock.

A little out from the village itself, in a verdant hollow among the hills is the shrine which I sought; the plant of the J. B. Williams Company. It made a pleasing picture in the light of the afternoon sun: a huge, sky-soaring chimney; factories both frame and brick, whence came the low hum of machinery; another large brick building in course of erection; a charming office-building of colonial design—and all about and among the buildings fine old trees, singing birds and brilliant, redolent field flowers. What a contrast with the ugly, sooty factories of a great city, huddled in a slum and filled with smoky, germ-laden air. I think that other things being equal, I should always have a preference for articles from the clean, green, God-made country.

As I entered the handsome and well appointed office buildings I was interested in paintings and etchings on subjects associated with the barbers' craft. There was the monk shaving, and a boy putting lather on grandpa's face, and others suggestive of the human interest in the act of shaving.

And I was interested to hear something about a business which has obtained such world wide proportions. It was started in a modest way in 1840, and the foundation was "quality." "Quality" was the watchword; quality of materials for compounding as well as quality of care and work in every step of the process. It was not long before there came back to the drab shop beside the little brook echoing returns of welcome from thousands of appreciative customers, and the foundations for a world wide business were laid.

The process of manufacture is unusually interesting. There are kettles of bubbling whiteness where the various ingredients are mixed and the soap compounded; there are rolling machines whence the soap issues in wide, thin, paper-like sheets of startling whiteness and smelling good enough to eat; there are wonderful machines which exert a terrific pressure on the soap and force it into bars and cakes; there are stamping machines and packing rooms, until a simple cake of soap stands revealed as the result of a very long and complicated process.

And what a clean, delightful place it was! The odors of the perfumes which are used in the soap pervaded the buildings, and a scrupulous cleanliness is wonderfully maintained. I think a germ or a speck of dirt would feel completely out of place there and go away from sheer loneliness. Very remarkable, too, was the appearance of the employees. Men and girls alike seemed alert, healthy and contented, with a zeal for good work and a pride in it. They were certainly in highest contrast with the ever-weary bodies and the drawn, pallid faces of city factory operatives.

Beside shaving soap, the company also manufactures toilet soaps, talcum powder, toilet waters, etc. These have a large and growing sale but that, as Kipling would say, "is another story."

Before leaving the factory I remarked: "I've seen the cleanliness and the care, but after all what is it that accounts for that wonderful lather, rich, creamy and abundant? Why doesn't it dry on my face, like other soaps, and smart and sting; why does it leave my face so cool and comfortable?"

My guide answered: "Well it's a long story from the beginning. You see we are the largest shaving soap manufacturers in the world, — in fact the only large firm whose specialty is shaving soap. In brief, we put into each cake the best and purest ingredients, sixty-five years' experience, an extensive technical knowledge, and last but not least a large amount of 'New England conscience.' It ought to be good."

And I agreed.

Thus I found Glastonbury, and thus I left it, rejoicing in my pilgrimage and bound in still firmer friendship to Williams' Shaving Soap, which for so long has blessed me and will bless.

PORTLAND'S FAIR AND THE GREAT NORTHWEST

I—OUTWARD BOUND OVER THE "NORTHWESTERN"

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

AT the witching hour of eight—or two minutes past—in a June twilight—I boarded the Overland Limited on the Chicago & Northwestern for a transcontinental trip. The mellow glow of the electric lights and the red rear signal lights conveyed the impression of footlights turned on for a great scenic panorama — a living play of the times.

The train itself was like a palatial ship ready to cross those grassy seas. Luggage stowed away in berth or state room and golf caps donned, the scene suggested preparations for a pleasant sea voyage. It seemed incredible to believe that the berth set apart for our use was to be our home for less than three days in traversing the continent from Chicago to Portland, a distance of over 2,500 miles. The train was comfortably filled, and it was not long before the passengers were acquainted in true American travelers' style. What a weird picture might be seen from the rear of the train as we passed out of the yards at Chicago: thousands of red, white, blue, purple and green lights, while arching overhead were the block signals, blinking first a green and then a white light as if coyly winking at us to wish us a good time.

A moonlight trip across the prairies of Illinois: the steady sing of the wheels clinging close to the rails as we rounded the gentle curves; the view of the great rolling prairies clad in their best; the odor of new mown hay from widespread fields; the dark beauty of the forest; as far off as the eye could see, the twinkling lights in homes nestling in clusters of somber shaded trees, set in a sea of green under the glow of a full moon, made a picture which defies the subtle touch of pen or brush to portray it.

We lingered long on the brass railed observation platform under the spell of the beauties of this nocturnal scene. Though provided with a folder, we forgot to note the various cities as we swept through at catapult speed.

The first few hours on the Northwestern confirms the general belief that this road of over 9,000 miles is one of the most perfectly equipped railroads in America, covering, as it does, the nine great states of the middle West. In this trip over the pioneer line to the Northwest from Chicago, the four words that tell the story were further emphasized—"the best of everything." Speeding along over the double track toward the Missouri river in a handsome, electric lighted train was a vivid contrast to the Lewis & Clark expedition sent out by President Jefferson to explore the Pacific Northwest! Here we were, a new, a modern Lewis & Clark expedition—six sleepers strong—to say nothing of the buffet, library and parlor car, the baggage, express and chair cars! It was long past midnight before I turned into my berth. We were well into another state—dear old Iowa, with its rich, fertile fields and valleys. Sleep? Well, I never slept more soundly, and the train whisked on toward the realm of the setting sun!

After an early breakfast, which would have done justice to the Waldorf itself, the train stopped for a short breathing spell at Omaha. Here an avalanche of souvenir postal cards were mailed, telling the folks at home in all parts of the United States of the progress of the Overland — to say nothing of the souvenirs bearing the handsome embossed

"Overland"—written on the Northwestern. Pulling out of Omaha on the Union Pacific, one is reminded of the fact that this was the first transcontinental railroad to join together with bands of steel the Atlantic and Pacific. The day passed all too soon, as the train swept like a bird across the green prairies of Nebraska, dotted as far as the eye could reach with habitations entrenched in leafy groves. At Grand Island we were reminded of the great success which has been made of the beet sugar industry. At Kearney we were reminded of the exciting days of frontier life at this army post, protecting the settlers from the Indians. Everywhere along the line were thriving little cities, revealing what the American spirit can accomplish in home building. At North Platte the passengers were keenly interested in seeing the ranch of Buffalo Bill (Colonel Cody). Sure enough, there was a large sign indicating the entrance to the ranch. We almost felt like getting off to attend a wild west show, but Colonel Cody is just now entertaining Europe with glimpses of Indian life on the plains. At Julesburg the Denver car left the main line and we parted with regret from the enthusiastic Denverites who had made the day all too short because of their genial hospitality and entertaining conversation concerning the building of the West. In this southwest corner of Nebraska, the Platte and the North Platte river have worked wonders in the way of irrigation. It was late that night when we reached Cheyenne and parted with other pleasant companions from the great state of Wyoming. It seemed impossible to realize that every minute—in fact every second of the time—we were making a steady climb up the Rockies. At Laramie we said "good night" with kindly thoughts of Bill Nye, the whole souled American humorist who made his Laramie "Boomerang" famous. It was near here, at Sherman, that we passed the highest point on the line. The panorama had changed constantly, furnishing a never ending variety. Now the rugged cliffs and snow capped mountains, the great sheep ranches, the rich coal fields at Rock river, all seemed to indicate that nature, in her bounteous provision, has provided some great source of wealth for every part of our nation. At Green River our genial company was broken up again, for some had planned for a trip to Salt Lake via Ogden, and on to San Francisco and Los Angeles over the Southern Pacific.

Pushing diagonally across the line of three states, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, we came upon the famous soda springs. Here a little girl of the plains passed through the train selling soda water fresh from the springs, which was relished much more than the mixtures compounded at the marble fronted fountains of the city. At Pocatello another division was made in our ranks, for go where you will, in the far West there is always "the man from Butte;" and he started north. Pocatello will always be remembered for its hot peanuts and popcorn.

The Oregon Short Line, running from Granger to Huntington, goes through a most interesting stretch of country, but more than all that, it saves seventeen hours on the trip from Chicago to Portland. At Baker City we stopped off between trains and saw something of the amazing results of irrigation. Nestling between great mountains the vast plain of sage brush has been transformed into one of the most beautiful valleys that can be found anywhere. The people of Baker have the go-glint in their eye and typify admirably the achievement possible when the American spirit of "push" prevails. It was a disappointment not to visit Boise, Idaho, because at Boise the National has over 500 interested readers and one of its ablest representatives, and everyone speaks of Boise as the great center of that section.

On the line of the Oregon Railroad

and Navigation Company are the famous hot springs. The lake was steaming on both sides of the track, and the wonders of these springs and of the Powder valley the people never tire of talking about. If there is one thing more than another that distinguishes the western people, it is their enthusiastic love and admiration for their own home country.

That ride down the Columbia from Umatilla—who can ever forget it! To the north was that marvel of northwestern cities, Spokane, and the far famed Walla Walla valley, to say nothing of Pasco, on which the farmers "kept a kindly eye." Closely skirting the banks of the Columbia the train rushes onward! On either side are the towering cliffs and beautiful waterfalls which make the trip, up or down this river, one of the most charming rides indicated on a tourist's itinerary. This great river is the artery through which flows a large traffic, and the Cascade locks make this river practically navigable to Lewiston, Idaho. Bridal Veil and other beauty spots are passed all too soon.

At six o'clock—just in time for dinner — the passengers alight from the Overland Limited and look in wonderment upon the beautiful "City of Roses." We have swept down the valley on a natural grade of the railroad, crossing the mountains; an outlet for the great granary that has made Portland the third largest wheat exporting port in the United States. Sixty cars are handled with one engine from the great wheat fields of the West over the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company.

The great inland empire finds an outlet over this road. The cost of raising wheat in the West is very much less than in other parts of the United States. It cures standing and in the cutting provides for what are known as "volunteer crops;" that is to say, several crops have been raised off the same land without re planting; but it is hops that is proving the most profitable crop during the past few years, and I should have to make an affidavit to my statement if I were to relate the simple facts. The only way you can really know of this great wonderland of the West — this favored clime warmed by the Japanese current, with its ever green foliage and brilliant roses, is to go and see it for yourself.

Just get right up and go!

The Exposition has, without doubt, one of the most charming locations ever provided for this purpose. Nestling at the foot of the mountains, with a beautiful natural lake and island, it has a setting unequalled in natural landscape beauty — the Exposition is well worth the trip. Off in the distance Mount Hood kindly nodded his snow capped peak, welcoming the traveler to the Lewis and Clark Exposition, which is less than three days on the far famed Overland Limited, reached from Chicago.

The rush to the West during this year suggests the days of '49. The railroads are now giving an opportunity for reaching the West never before equalled. The rate from Chicago and return is only $56.50, while the regular one way rate is $72.50. For $67.50 a trip to California can be included. Was there ever such an opportunity to see your country! For my own part, I believe that no boy's or girl's education is complete without having seen for himself or herself the country which they learn of from the maps of their geographies. In traveling one unconsciously absorbs information that nothing else can furnish. Pronunciations are easier and the whole point of view broadens; one feels a personal and possessive knowledge, which those who have not "been there" can never hope to have.

In my Pleasure Book I have no brighter pages than those on which is written the "log" of the tour on the Overland Limited.

II.—IN PORTLAND, THE "ROSE CITY" OF THE EXPOSITION

A CENTURY of vivid contrast is presented to the traveler as he sweeps along the banks of the Willamette on the Puget Sound Limited, and looks upon the highest point of the river reached by Captain Clark and Captain Lewis in their famous expedition. These explorers were sent forth by President Jefferson, and gave to our country the great Pacific Northwest. Who knows but in their dreams they may have had presented to them the realistic picture of the scene that greets the traveler today.

As we approached Portland the passengers in the train all rushed to the right side of the cars to look upon a sight that can never be forgotten. In the center of a great natural lake stands an island, on which are the twin towers of the Government Building. To the left is a light house gleaming with electric bulbs; to the right are the mountains silhouetted against the sky, festooned with fir trees and clad in the rich evergreen foliage of the genial climate of the coast. Reaching from the island to the slope, immediately in front, is a long bridge lined with clusters of electric lights that stand out like illuminated fairy trees in the night. It was eleven o'clock when we arrived that night, and the lights mirrored in the lake and on every side indicated the regal sway of Queen Electra. On the slope, in the background, are beautiful terraces adorned with trees and walks, and here are located the buildings of the Lewis & Clark Exposition, commemorating a notable event in the history of our country. At Buffalo and St. Louis artificial towers and cascades were the center of attraction, and added beauty to the scene, but in Portland nature has provided a setting such as man can never hope to rival.

* * *

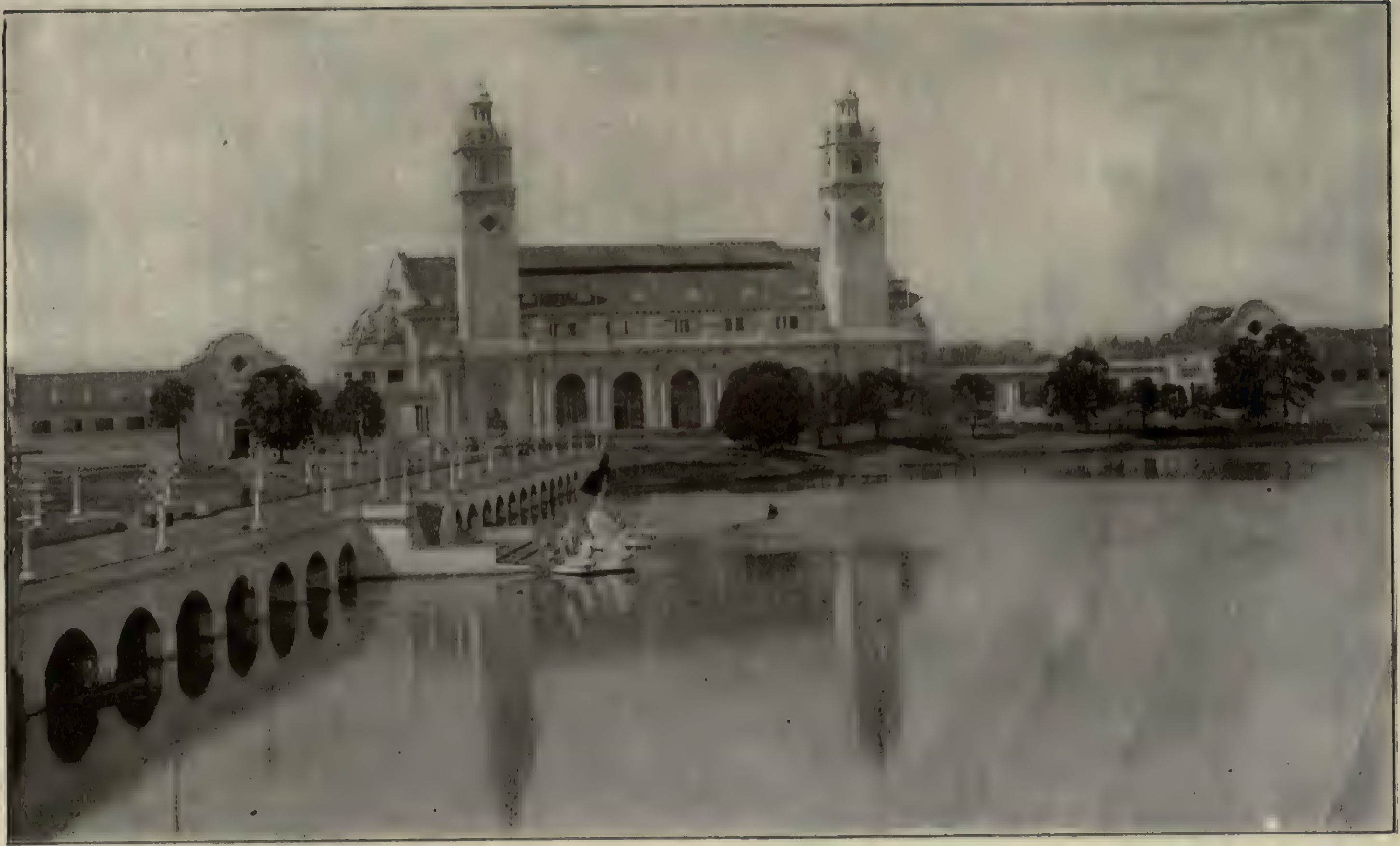
Far off to the right in the Exposition ground is the Trail and Bridge of Nations, while the American Inn, robed in its garb of electric light, seems like some enchanted Swiss chalet. I have long been a devotee of expositions—to me they are an educative force—but as the flying train neared this scene of nocturnal grandeur my heart thrilled with new admiration and love for the great country which could, in one glance, provide a scene that could so deeply move the wandering tourist. Expositions are expositions, but this great achievement in Portland will open to the outside world as to many Americans, an almost unknown region in a way which I believe never could be done through any other medium. It may seem to the reader that the great distance to be covered in coming from the East to Portland must preclude many people from visiting the Exposition, but where is there an American who does not dream of some time viewing the great empire beyond the Rockies?

* * *

The emblem of the Exposition is a shield showing the explorers pressing forward on either side of Sacagawea, who is pointing them onward toward the setting sun, literally fulfilling the prophecy of "Westward the course of empire takes its way." There is in this insignia a "go", a "push" that symbolizes American progress as nothing else does. And it is most appropriate, for no sooner does the traveler alight from the train than he finds in the expression of every face that same "go-at-it-iveness" and "push-at-it-iveness" that is too rarely met with elsewhere.

There is also a unanimity of action that explains the marvels in growth that dazzle the beholder. The community have worked together in the cause of progress. Although a century has elapsed since Lewis and Clark made

IN PORTLAND, THE "ROSE CITY" OF THE EXPOSITION



THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION their famous expedition, it is less than a half century since the country was opened up by the magic touch of steam.

The pioneer locomotive of the West, brought to the coast in the late forties and called the "Oregon Pony," is an interesting exhibit, and while it looks rather diminutive compared with the leviathans of today, it has a romantic attraction all its own.

* * *

In order to make myself perfectly secure with the readers of the National in presenting this matter as an eastern writer, I desire to prefix an affidavit to whatever may be hereafter expressed, for the story is difficult to believe.

The City of Roses—no place on earth can rival Portland for its roses—bunches of roses, bushels of roses, barrels of roses, wagons of roses. Large, generous, fragrant, beautiful—what adjectives can be used in describing the profusion of the queen of flowers! They trail from every home, mansion and hut alike and are to be found in every shade and size.

When we first arrived in Portland the lady who keeps the score sheet in our family had evidently seen something that pleased her. She hailed me, her eyes dancing.

"I have just seen roses as large as saucers."

I suggested to her that she should not throw off her New England habit of exact representation merely because she had come to the West. But she insisted that she had not exaggerated, and to convince me she returned and we measured the roses and found that they really were as large as she had said, and even had a row of petals to spare.

Arriving at the famous Hotel Portland, founded by Henry Villard, who was also instrumental in completing the Northern Pacific, we found the building thronged with guests from all parts of the world. There was the Raymond & Whitcomb party, 200 strong, seeing the Fair and preparing for the special trip to Alaska. I know of nobody better fitted to conduct an American party to see American sights than this well known firm. Their party was like one great family enjoying a sort of compound holiday.

* * *

The orchestra, located in the hotel court, near a mass of foliage, through which twinkled the electric lights, gave the scene the air of a gala day, or rather a gala night. Everybody enjoyed the music and seemed equally glad to meet fellow travelers from the East, the West or the Orient. Far into the night the verandas were filled with guests from every quarter of the globe, fraternizing in that democratic fashion which seems to prevail as soon as one crosses the Rockies.

* * *

But we must move on—out to the grounds. We were about the first guests at the American Inn, which accommodates 1,100 people. This new hotel is conveniently located at the foot of the mountains inside the grounds. On two sides are broad verandas facing the lake. It far surpasses the Inside Inn at St. Louis and is a glorious place to rest after a strenuous day. Much credit must be given to Mrs. J. T. McCready for her splendid hostelry; her varied experience enables her to supply her guests with every possible comfort.

Seated before the great log fireplace in the evening, what a pleasant time we had talking over the events of the day and plans for the morrow.

Being almost the initial guests, we had an abundance of attention paid to us, in fact when I rang for ice water no less than four boys, each carrying a pitcher, appeared. I need not say that the water was not all consumed, though Portland water is the pure mountain aqua; four pitchers was a little too strong—even for me. But it was evident that the bell boys were animated by the

IN PORTLAND, THE "ROSE CITY" OF THE EXPOSITION

CROWDS AROUND THE CEREMONIAL PLATFORM ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE EXPOSITION right spirit and were anxious to have a chance to "get busy''.

Bright and early the next morning we started in to "do" the Exposition grounds. The splendid service afforded by the Portland street railway secures rapid and comfortable transit for large numbers of travelers. As we neared the gates there was that same old feeling of "going to the circus," for inside the ground the bands were playing and the program boys were shouting while the visitors were wandering about with lunch baskets and "Jello" souvenir boxes. Once inside the gate, it was inspiring to look upon the throngs of visitors, so varied in character and including a good sprinkling of the sturdy sons of the coast. It was easy to pick out the ruddy descendants of the fighting pioneers, the men who passed through the stern vicissitudes of those early days; and the experience of that time has bred in their sons and daughters a love of home and country that is ineradicable.

* * *

Various cities on the coast have their special days at the Fair, and the day on which we arrived happened to be Umatilla day. The procession marched along bearing banners on which were the significant words, "We brought the weather with us;" but in many of these processions the banners are lettered with mottoes which tell of the wonderful resources of the country; on this occasion men, women and children followed the band with an enthusiasm that was infectious, and the exercises in the Festival Hall were a veritable "love feast," descriptive of home and country. One thing specially impressed me: the open hearted welcome accorded by western people to home seekers. They do not seem to look so much for investment funds as for families or individuals who will establish new homes among them.

The delegates from the various cities are welcomed by the Exposition officials, and it must be said at the outset that no exposition was ever more fortunate in its executive head than is the Lewis & Clark. Honorable H. W. Goode, president, and director general, is the one for the work — a quiet, modest young man, but possessed of infinite executive ability. Kindly and genial to the last degree, he is indeed a true type of western push and enterprise. His heart and soul are in the Exposition work, and it is doubtless largely through his efforts that the record made for the opening months is unparalleled. The Exposition has been most ably managed from a business point of view. Vice President Fairbanks and Speaker Joseph Cannon participated in the opening exercises and their expressions concerning the success of the achievement were well deserved.

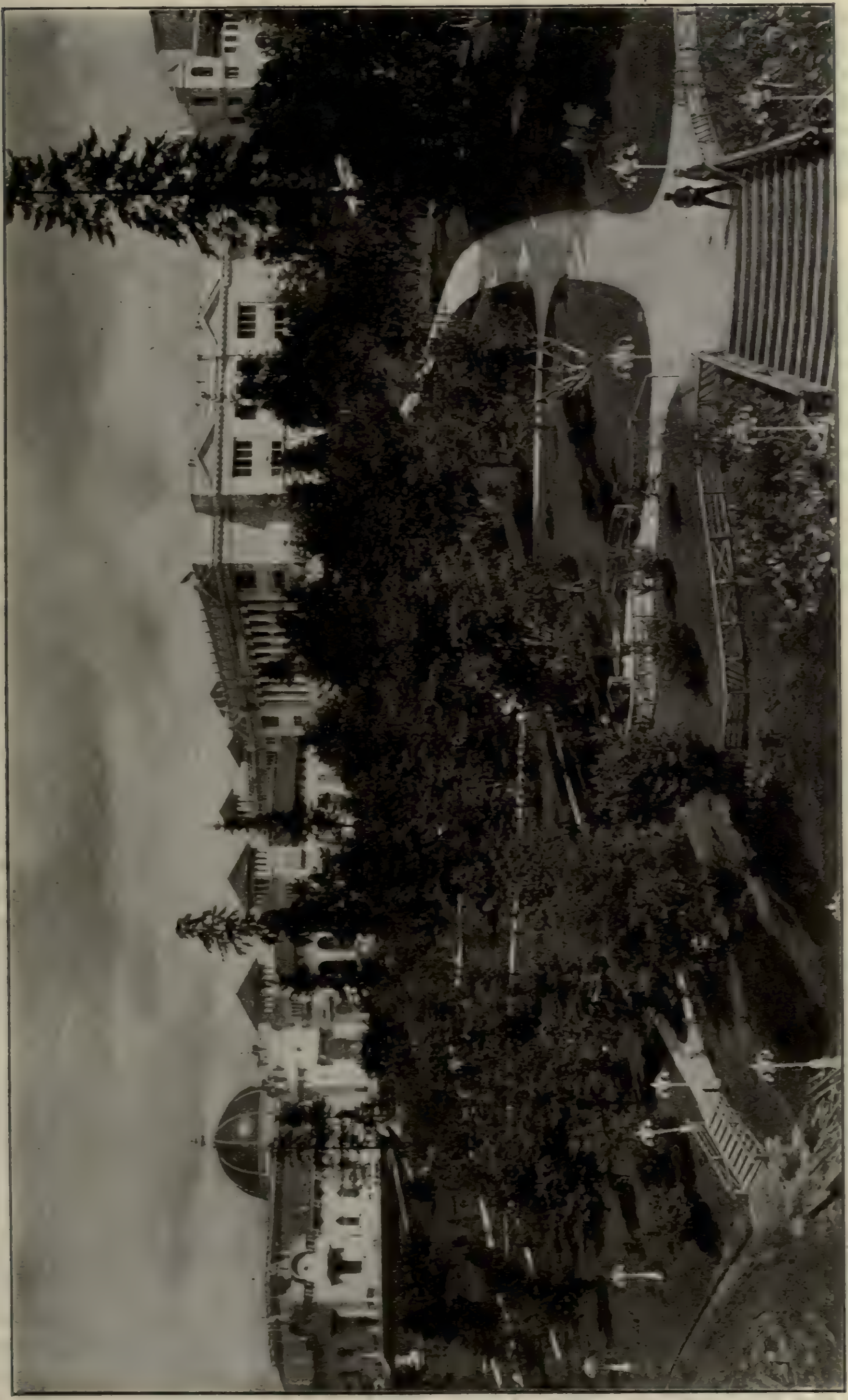
* * *

One of the things which impressed me most was the Forestry Building. In that massive structure, made of logs, are collected exhibits from God's own temple, the forest. The massive, tall timbers remind one of a great cathedral, and everything is on those large and generous lines which characterize the Pacific Northwest — big, bigger, biggest. Big, gigantic, majestic are the words that occur to the mind, for everything is in consonance with the great mountains of the West and every thought and action on the wholesale plan. The salmon fishery on the Columbia, with products sold at three millions a year, brings to mind that universal viand known where-ever the word "salad" is spoken.

* * *

The Fisheries exhibit is especially interesting, because many native varieties are here exhibited that could not be shown farther east. A pathetic fact in connection with the salmon fishery is that when the salmon leaves his native waters and goes to sea, on his return trip to his home he is doomed; even if not caught his journey and his life end together. There is but one sea voyage in his existence, and he returns to his

IN PORTLAND, THE "ROSE CITY" OF THE EXPOSITION



CENTENNIAL PARK, SHOWING THE BUILDING OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON IN THE CENTER native river to certain death. As they come up the river to die, they meet the shoals of young salmon going out to gather experience and "see the world" and find final rest in the water-wheel nets which grind out their quota of fish night and day.

* * *

In the Agricultural Building is the cabin which Roosevelt occupied while on his Dakota ranch, and it was inspiring to see the way in which the boys and girls advanced and touched it, with a manner almost reverent. It showed the loyalty and patriotism that inspires our western people, which can be awakened even by the crude dwelling in which one of our presidents has lived.

In the Liberal Arts Building an edition of the National Magazine is being printed, and the odor of printing ink and the busy hum of the presses commemorates the third exposition in which our magazine has been printed.

On every hand were many familiar reminders of St. Louis, and though there were fewer exhibits, they were so well arranged that one had an excellent opportunity to see them, and then one must remember that thousands of people are visiting this display who could not possibly get to the St. Louis Fair. I also observed the familiar giant barber chair associated with the name of Koken, just the same as in St. Louis.

In the Machinery, Electric and Transportation Building is a gigantic walking crane, which carries visitors from one end of the building to the other, furnishing them with an excellent view of the exhibits.

* * *

In the Alaska building there was an old miner who greeted us pleasantly and in a few minutes, with a topographical map, gave us a geography lesson upon our largest territory and its resources. It is difficult to realize that Alaska includes almost as great a variety of climate and resources as the whole United States. The old miner's eyes glistened as he recalled exploits along the beaches and over the passes; he seemed to take a deep interest in all accounts of the latest "strikes." This building is a sort of rendezvous for those who have been to Alaska. It is a singular fact that, no matter whether success or failure has attended an expedition to Alaska, most men who have once been there speak in glowing terms of the country, and seem to be desirous of returning some day. To me the most interesting exhibit in the Alaska Building is the work of the school children. From this far off land came children's essays, which I read with as much interest as I ever read an MS. How their little fingers and brains have pictured the history of their country, and how the loyal spirit shines through every word! There is a strong leaven of patriotism in the Alaskan schools which is well worthy of emulation. True citizens are a source of wealth to a country that cannot be computed in gold or precious metals.

* * *

In the same building is the Philippine exhibit, which shows something of the character of the work carried on by the government of that colony, and these islands and Alaska represent the extremes of the wide range of American influence exerted for the uplifting of the human race.

Perhaps it was because the exposition was smaller than that at St. Louis, but I appreciated the government exhibit at Portland more than that at any other exposition I have attended. In this building the visitor can obtain in half an hour a fund of information not to be acquired in any other way, even with days of study. In every department is the concrete results of the work done by the government for the people. The irrigation exhibit was especially interesting to me, for if there is one question

FISHING IN WESTERN WASHINGTON

above all others with which the National Magazine has been prominently identified for several years past, it is irrigation. Here was shown a model of the great Roosevelt dam in Arizona, as well as other remarkable projects now in hand.

* * *

One of the memorable days at the Fair was the visit of the California Promotion Committee, 100 strong, coming to Portland under the guidance of Chairman Sparboro and the well known Mr. Rufus P. Jennings, the executive officer of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. They came to the Exposition with all the enthusiasm of college boys, and they brought with them "promotion" yells and songs. It was a busy week for the Promotion Committee, and before they returned they had well established their reputation as a commotion contingent as well as a promotion committee. At a lunch given them at the Commercial Club in Portland, presided over by the hustling Tom Richardson, who has done so much to exploit Portland and the Pacific Northwest, there were several intensely interesting speeches concerning the country. Every man had his story to tell and he did it earnestly and with an enthusisam which was contagious. It was a lesson as to what may be achieved by cooperation. One member of the committee facetiously remarked:

"I could not tell exactly when the boundary line into Oregon was passed, because the ever popular poppy was still to be found in bloom in both states."

This yellow poppy is the California emblem and was worn by the Promotion Committee as a badge. The work of promotion as conducted on the Pacific coast furnishes a lesson which might be learned with profit by other sections of the country. The fact is emphasized that the interest of one is the interest of all. It is more than a mere commercial proposition: a sociological question is involved—a lesson in practical socialism. At this banquet it was gratifying to hear a tribute paid to the old Bay State, as being the first to announce her intention of having a building at the Lewis & Clark Centennial. The speaker paid a well merited tribute to Senator Fairbanks, who had charge of the Massachusetts exhibit, as he also had at the St. Louis Exposition. The building is one of the most attractive and homelike on the grounds at Portland, and, despite the meagre appropriation wonders have been worked. In truth, the senator went to work with the same care and attention to detail that he might display if he were building a home in his native New England. When the opening day arrived everything was ready at the Massachusetts building, and thousands of visitors from the East have found there a welcome that made them feel at home as nothing else could have done. Massachusetts Day was June 17. The loyal interest of New England people who now have homes in the Pacific Northwest showed that the sweet ties that connect them with their native state are as strong as ever. One thing is remarkable about the Massachusettts exhibit: while other states show their material wealth, the Bay State has concentrated her energies largely upon educational exhibits, showing the splendid record she has made along this line. This building was one of the first places I wandered into, and after I had registered I began to feel quite at home. It seemed to me, too, that I could see evidence of the personal work done by Senator Fairbanks, who had not hesitated to help with his own hands, soon transforming the aboriginal mud and clay into the beauty and order which now delight the visitor.

* * *

The name of Tom Richardson is one often heard in Portland. He has organized the Oregon Development League all over the state of Oregon, and prob-

CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE AT THE LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENNIAL, PORTLAND:—PRESIDENT GOODE OF THE CENTENNIAL AND RUFUS JENNINGS, EXECUTIVE CHIEF OF THE COMMITTEE, IN THE CENTER OF THE FIRST LINE ably 100 towns at least now boast a branch of this valuable institution. They have meetings every month and seem to have enthusiasm enough and to spare. Mr. Richardson has done good work in interesting the people and getting them to come to the Exposition, and has also accomplished a wonderful work among the school children. He conducts his work on systematic lines, with a "follow up" method which is very effective. Everybody recognizes that Tom Richardson is a typical hustler of the times.

* * *

In the Foreign Exhibit Building one gets a glimpse of the great development of Oriental trade, which is so important a factor in the building up of the entire nation. This does not mean prosperity for the West alone, but also affords an outlet for the products of the entire country. The fact that the volume of business done by our home market is two and one-half times as great as the interchange between all nations, convinces us that it is important that the home market be studied in every possible way, and it is essential that we of the East keep in close touch with our western states as well as the foreign markets.

* * *

It happened. There was one building which was not quite complete, and despite the old superstition about going under a ladder, I made my inspection, but came away with a little tattoo of paint. This naturally attracted attention, and I believe if there was one person who suggested a means of removing it, there were fifteen, all of whom I met within fifteen minutes after I had secured my new decoration. Some poets wear their hair long to attract attention, but I can recommend a smear of paint as a most effectual method of obtaining the zenith of publicity.

But in all my wanderings about the grounds what was it that appealed to me most? It may be tinctured with self interest, but nothing pleased me so well as the fact that in the two days I spent at the Exposition I was accosted by eighteen subscribers of the National Magazine. Then I felt that I was indeed at home, for wherever I find a subscriber, I feel sure that I have a friend. These subscribers were chiefly from Oregon, but some of them came from Illinois, Missouri and two or three from the far Eastern states. I carefully took their names, because I find one always feels a little better acquainted when meeting friends in a far land than when merely seeing them at home in the ordinary way.

I was enjoying the festivities of Portland when a motherly lady accosted us.

"Are you Mr. Joe Chapple?"

"Yes, madam"—I bowed with all the dignity at my command.

"Well, I am one of your subscribers from Winona, Minnesota, and I just thought it was like you to run into paint—I remember about those morning clothes in Jamaica" and she began rubbing at the few spots of paint that still adorned my raiment.

* * *

In the Mines and Metallurgy Building, facing the Concourse Plaza, is a perfect revelation of the mining wealth of the West, but the Agricultural Building, with its massive dome, is perhaps the building which best reflects the spirit of the Northwest; everywhere the exhibits speak of the marvels of the various sections which they represent, and the order of the day throughout the West seems to be to specialize in some product. Probably in no other part of the world are agriculture and horticulture conducted on such original lines. The soil and climatic conditions are studied with foresight that would do credit to a scientist. The amazing profits which have been made in the raising of hops have been a great source of revenue, for here almost half of the hop crop of the United States is grown. We were fortunate in attending several social functions while in Portland. Delightful it is to find that amid all the glamor of success the graces and courtesies of the best society are not neglected, but are so welded with the frank hospitality of the West as to make up a social order that is almost ideal, and contrasts refreshingly with the superficiality to be found in social functions where society is a business. The beauty and grace of the women of the Pacific coast, their keen witted intelligence and never ceasing interest in their homes, are quite as attractive to the visitor as the splendors of nature in the state they adorn.

* * *

From the tower of the Chamber of Commerce we looked upon the beauties of Mount Hood and Saint Helen's. As if for our special benefit, the clouds rolled gently back, like curtains, from the mountain sides, and revealed the snowy peaks in all their glory. Mount Hood seems to Portland people to possess almost human personality. But somehow the majesty and beauty of the mountain made me feel homesick. It was so majestic in its loveliness.

And yet with the keen regret of leave taking I looked that last night upon the lights of the Lewis & Clark Exposition. I thought if I could say a word that would burn into the hearts of every reader of ours the desire to go there, I should like to do it. If I were a young man at college, I would rather cut off one year's exams — and even my diploma — than miss seeing this great Northwest; and if I were a young woman, I would do without all manner of dainty things in order to see the Lewis & Clark Centennial. It is the opportunity of a lifetime. The time is ripe, the rates are ripe and the Exposition and the country are waiting in welcoming mood for you.

* * *

Now, I have a suggestion to make. I would like to hear from every reader of the National who intends to visit the Exposition, as we have in view a National Magazine Day, provided we get sufficient replies to make such a day worth while. We wish to entertain our subscribers at the Exposition for a day, the fifteenth of September, and should like to have all replies in before the fifteenth of August. I think our readers know us well enough to believe that if we undertake this, we will make it a very pleasant occasion, which will be participated in not only by those actually present, but will be enjoyed also in the thousands of homes where the National is read. Now don't fail to let me hear from you, and if we celebrate that day, I know it will be a happy memory to all concerned. We will make up another Lewis & Clark Expedition, and will endeavor to reflect the "go" spirit of our century. The National's readers will go to the West in the same spirit as those sturdy explorers, who gave to us this great region, and I am sure that the good people of the Northwest will give every one of you that hearty and cordial welcome for which they are so justly celebrated. The memory of your initial trip will be to you, as mine is to me, an epoch in the span of life. I feel broader—will think broader—and I hope act broader since I have crossed and recrossed the crest of the Rockies.

MRS. H. W GOODE, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AND A LEADER OF PORTLAND SOCIETY

INDISPENSABLE, International and Incomparable is the Ingersoll watch. How's that for alliteration? There they were of course. If "Expositions are the time keepers of progress," as President McKinley has so eloquently said, what more suitable place could be found for the display of Ingersoll watches than the Portland Exposition? Can you conceive of an exposition without them? I made an experiment on the Exposition grounds which will be of interest to the posessors of Ingersolls. I made inquiry of eighteen people to ascertain what kind of watch they carried. Of that eighteen, eight carried Ingersolls, which fair proportion proves the popularity of these watches, especially among travelers The people of the Pacific Northwest will keenly appreciate the enterprise of the Ingersoll people in focussing their advertising for the time upon the Portland Exposition.

MRS. THEODORE HARDEE, WIFE OF THE ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENNIAL AND ONE OF PORTLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

ONE of the handsomest exhibits at the Lewis and Clark Exposition is that of the Singer Manufacturing Company, and there is scarcely an exhibition visitor who cannot recall having seen somewhere a national or international exhibit of this company. They seem to have taken particular pains to make a good showing at the Portland Exposition. The Singer Sewing Machine is looked upon as an indispensable part of the household mechanism of the age, and the company seems to have the happy faculty of at all times and on all occasions retaining the interest of the women of America. What happy faces I saw coming away from their booth in Portland, each woman holding an envelope containing ten handsome souvenir postal cards, with views of special interest. There are five different sets of these, all ready for mailing. Who would ever have been so thoughtful for the pleasure of visitors except the Singer Company? These views are all very rare and can be had for the asking. If you do not happen to attend the Fair, you had better write to the company, located at 149 Broadway, New York, and get some of these handsome postals. The sets include views of the old missions of California, as well as scenes from the Yosemite, and the Pacific Coast generally. This enterprise on the part of the Singer people has been keenly appreciated by the dwellers on the Pacific Coast, as it shows that an interest has been taken by this exhibitor in exploiting the fair and the locality generally. The trade mark—the familiar big S—may be seen elsewhere in our pages. It stands for Success as well as Singer, and it will be a strong reminder to householders that the "Song of the Singer" has struck the note of cheery helpfulness in the home.

III.—YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON

HAVE you ever heard of Yamhill County, Oregon? If you have not, you have missed knowing one of the most picturesque and solidly substantial agricultural districts in the great Northwest. Boundary lines of the counties seem to be distinctly drawn in the development of the Northwest. Each county finds out its special advantages and lays particular stress on what it excels in, comparing itself with its neighbors and sometimes even carrying out the comparison to a degree almost invidious.

My interest in Yamhill increased when I passed into the Agricultural Building at Portland and came upon the Yamhill County exhibit, and there partook of cherries, rich, ripe, juicy cherries, fresh from the tree. But this county seemed to produce about everything that I could think of, from English walnuts to wheat, barley and all the cereals. Yamhill fruit, however, has already established its reputation.

Among the exhibits from Linn County across the way was one from a manufacturer of pipe organs and other instruments devoted to the gentle art, which would have delighted the hearts of its devotees.

It was here that I found several good subscribers for the National. There was General J. C. Cooper, whose Indian romance on Yamhill is a product of high literary character and takes rank with the best of modern romances. The book is alive with the full-blood Indian traits, which can only be obtained by a life time study of them. Aside from this the work is of special interest to a publisher, being written, printed, illustrated and bound complete by members of one family.

Charles Grissen's beautiful poem on Oregon is well worthy of mention, and will probably obtain the widespread publicity it deserves. Nor are these the only writers which the locality can boast of, and it will be seen that Yamhill has not only great agricultural advantages, but may also be justly proud of her literary productions.

The hospitable, intelligent, thrifty people and the homes, schools and churches of Yamhill are among its most noticeable characteristics, and they are the features which speak well for a city or county, for they look distinctly toward the betterment of the human race. But to describe in detail the products exhibited in this beautiful booth would require an extensive catalog. One glance in passing suffices to prove that Yamhill County has distinctions as marked and individual as was the personality of those sturdy pioneers whose homes were first built on its soil and who endured the hardship of clearing the ground as well as the constant fear of attack from Indians. Mr. Charles Grissen (Muriel Grey) has beautifully described these early struggles in verse:

But the most interesting fact in connection with the booth was that it had been entirely prepared by the willing and loving hands of the women of Yamhill, for no work of this sort is ever undertaken in the western states that does not find many ready helpers among the women of the community.

Following is an excerpt from Mr. Grissen's poem, "The Birth of Oregon."

LIKE the Pilgrim Fathers before them, theirs was a conquest of toil;
With ax and with plough to winnow a home from the virgin soil.
And the mothers, ah, who may compass their struggles, their trials and fears?
Their long nights' lonely vigils in solitude and in tears?
While the wolf hound barked o'er the prairies, while the forest grew weird with unrest;
While lurking about their lone cabin the treacherous savage might creep;
Like the Spartan mothers heroic, they rocked their babes to sleep,
And the legacy they left behind them has moulded the vigorous West!

STEAMERS LOADING FOR ALASKA

OCEAN STEAMSHIP MAJESTIC BEFORE LAUNCHING AT EVERETT SHIPYARD

THIS MILL EMPLOYS [illegible] [illegible] AND FURNISHES 24 TONS OF PAPER PER DAY FROM FIR, SPRUCE AND COTTONWOOD, [illegible] SHIPPED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

TACOMA SMELTER

LOADING GOVERNMENT TRANSPORTS AT TACOMA WASH.

ROSLYN WASHINGTON

MINING SHIPPING AND MANUFACTURING IN WESTERN WASHINGTON

With courage undaunted, and labor unceasing, he reclaimed the stubborn soil;
The clearing grew wider, and the corn in his garden rewarded his faithful toil.
But few were the tools, and rude in their making, and few were the kine of his fold;
But he dreamed not of riches, with contentment abiding, he lived like the shepherds of old.
And many a pioneer joined in the throng, a generous fortune to find;
Once more was forgotten the ax and plow, and wives and babes left behind.
They swelled the ranks of the camps to the south, they explored the canyons and streams.
They fought the Red man; life counted for naught, in the chase of their golden dreams.
The hand of Destiny pointed once more to the Land of Mystery;
Where a merging of blood and a mingling of brawn built an empire by the sea!

IV.—TACOMA: "WATCH HER GROW!"

ABOARD the "Puget Sound Limited" we left Portland for Tacoma. It is no exaggeration to say that the Puget Sound Limited is one of the finest railroad trains operated in this country. Leaving at four o'clock, with the afternoon glow upon the beauties of the Exposition, one has the advantage of the very best in railway travel. The coaches are all new and are fitted up in old Dutch style, with old fashioned lanterns lighted with acetyline gas; the interior is severe but rich in its simplicity. Eastern travelers are amazed to find an equipment so nearly perfect. It is difficult to realize that a few years ago this line of road was operating one train a day, where now the traffic compels from six to eight in the twenty-four hours, and all as crowded as the Boston and New York lines.

* * *

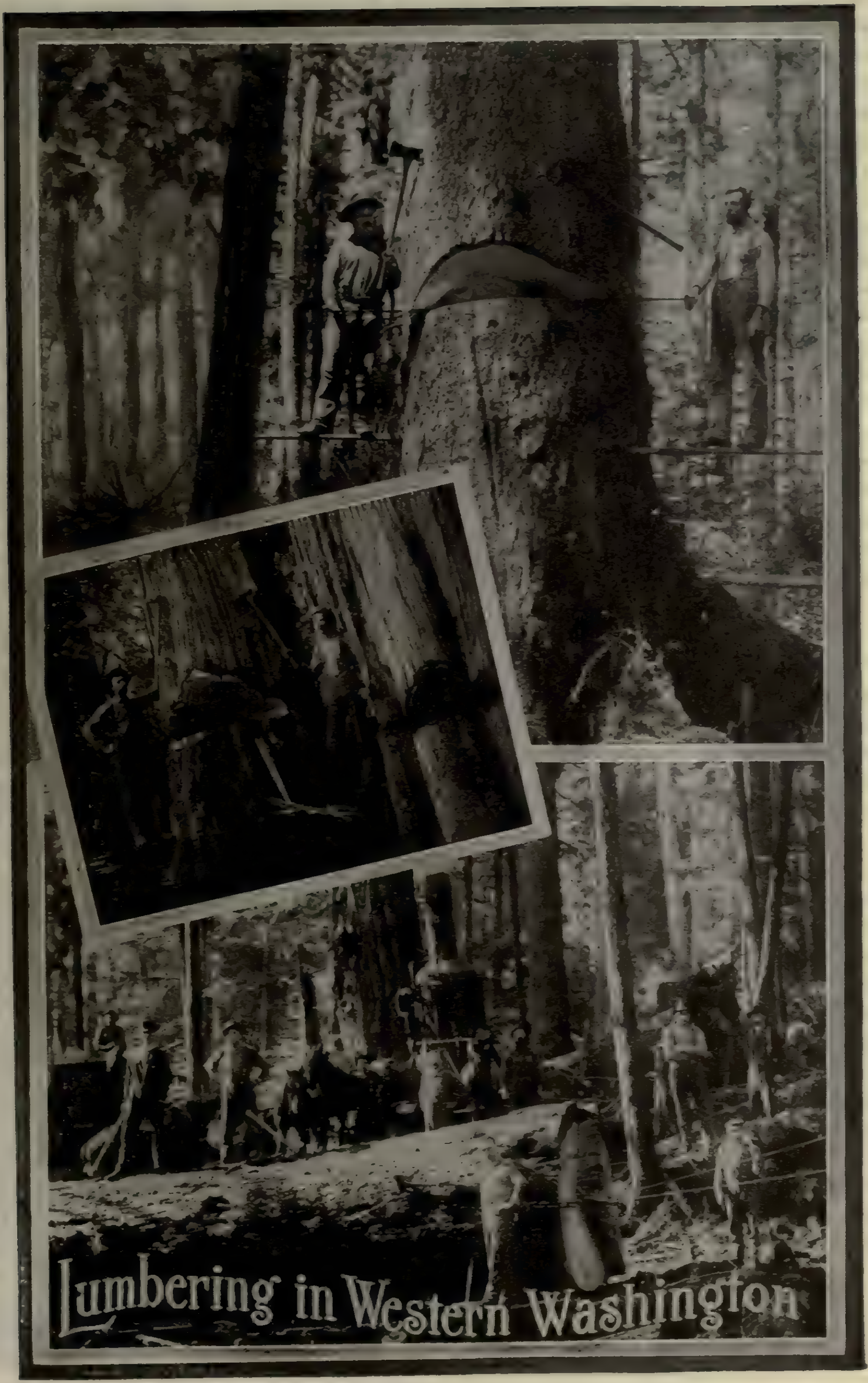
Dashing up the Willamette to Kalama, the train is ferried across the Columbia river. This stream is the highway which enables the Pacific states to carry on a world wide commerce and on its bosom floats each year one-third of the entire wheat exports of the United States from Portland. The long twilight enables us to obtain a good view of the country, whose beautiful scenery suggests one continuous park stretching all the way from Portland to Tacoma. In fact, it seems as though some landscape gardner had planned it all. Splendid farms and rich timber land abound. In the twilight we had our first glimpse of Mount Tacoma—that peak which has held the unstinted admiration of the red man and his white brother for ages past.

* * *

Who has not heard of Tacoma and its magic growth? It is one of the most interesting cities of the Northwest. It is the thriving industrial center of Puget Sound, and the march of the "dinner pail brigade" reflects the thrift and progress of the city possessing the largest lumber mills in the world. The people of Tacoma have the right spirit. The phrase, "Watch Tacoma grow," is one you find repeated on every hand, and you feel this spirit of growth the moment you pass through even the portals. It is difficult to realize its wonderful advancement during the past five years, and the array of figures recording its growth are almost beyond comprehension.

* * *

Tacoma is unrivaled as a lumber center. Accompanied by Mr. Everett Griggs, of the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Company, I witnessed the sawing of a huge log considerably higher than my head, and scaling over 7,000 feet, and I looked upon forest giants scaling ten to twenty thousand feet of lumber. But figures give little idea of the immensity of this timber. It requires several cars to convey one log to the mill, the machinery of which is much heavier than


Lumbering in Western Washington

that of an ordinary saw mill; the ease with which these mammoth logs are handled is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. The new mill, in which the logs are handled automatically, is perhaps one of the finest, as well as one of the largest in the world. Most of the timber is the famous Douglas fir, — lumber especially adapted for fine interior finish and for strong bridge frames. It is somewhat harder than the Eastern white pine. The wide planks were then being cut into strips to furnish deck flooring, which was immediately taken out on the docks to be sent by the waiting steamers to the Orient. These planks are known as "decking." One huge piece of dimension stuff 120 feet long was just being prepared for shipment. The company operates eight camps, Summer and Winter.

* * *

A large number of shingles are manufactured here and have proved very popular in all the markets. An amazing fact is that a considerable percentage of the product of these mills is shipped East by rail. They were already at work on contracts for the Panama Canal. Nearly 3,000 men are employed in these mills, and no more interesting sight can be seen than this busy hive of industry, working night and day. In the mill stables are seventy horses, the pride of the owners, and many of them fitted to carry away the blue ribbon at a horse show.

Among other industries is the shipping of halibut to the Atlantic coast market, which seems a good deal like "carrying fish to Gloucester." The city teems with industries, and the great flat below the city, touching tide water, is an ideal location for a Pacific Pittsburg.

* * *

Tacoma is a well built city and has large business blocks, splendid schools and churches, and everything that goes to make up a typical and thriving western American city. No wonder that the people located here are enthusiastic over their home, for fair Tacoma on the hillside, overlooking Puget Sound, is certainly a city that has a great future before it.

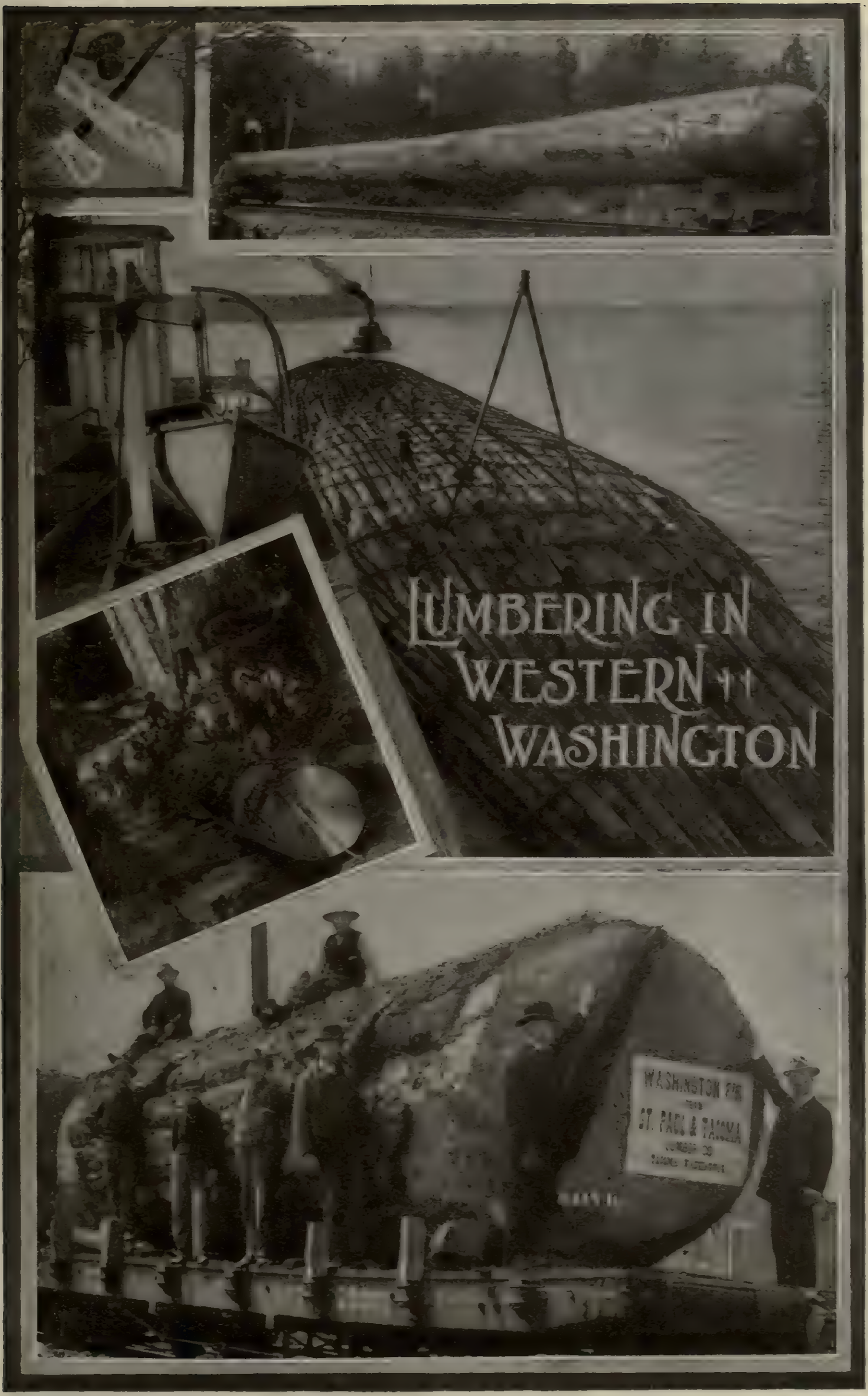
* * *

Near at hand is famous Puyallup valley, and the new railroad to Mount Tacoma, the Tacoma & Eastern, offers a popular side trip for the tourists. Puyallup valley, with its fruit and vegetable farms, is a picture not soon forgotten, seen as it is in Winter, after one has come through the snow and ice of the middle West to the coast. The passengers on this train during the cold months can hardly believe their eyes when they come from Arctic scenery into this smiling valley, which has, in fact, a tropical verdure. Situated west of the mountains, it enjoys the balmy influence of the Japanese current.

The headquarters of the great Weyerhauser Timber Company are located here in charge of Colonel R. L. McCormick — a friend of olden time — who has no peer in his knowledge of the lumbering industry.

* * *

A good view of Mount Tacoma is one of the sights which should not be missed. Every western city must have its mountain, and Tacoma may well be proud of the towering peak which watches in silent majesty, year after year, over the destiny of the new and thriving city. The great mountain rises abruptly and majestically into the heavens without any companion peaks; it stands alone in its grandeur. One never tires of looking at it, but the cloud curtain falls and we watch the golden glow of the sun upon the rugged, snow-capped height while it fades into the celestial beauty of the twilight.


LUMBERING IN
WESTERN
WASHINGTON
WASHINGTON FIR
ST. PAUL & TACOMA

V.—SEATTLE, THE GATEWAY TO ALASKA

"HAF you efer ben in See-attles?" as you hear the Prince of Pilsen remark, "Then you know just how it is." When you strike Seattle you realize that you have struck an electric-wired community. Seattle is the city of magic. Everything dates to five years ago, for the tremendous growth of the city within that time is one of the marvels of the age.

At Hotel Washington, located on an eminence, on the night of our arrival we looked out upon the great amphitheater of lights in the city below.

The scene was certainly inspiring. Up and down the great Puget Sound were steamers and sailing crafts. Just below us lay the city, not sleeping as the typical city is supposed to sleep, but very much awake and with every nerve and artery throbbing with activity.

To the right on Queen Anne Hill and further back on Capitol Hill are the handsome homes where so recently stood the virgin forests.

* * *

Essentially a business city, the people of Seattle have the true home building spirit. Farther on is Lake Washington, which, it is hoped, Uncle Sam will connect with the Sound by a canal, while he is in the digging mood, thus furnishing Seattle with one of the most convenient fresh water harbors on the Pacific coast.

Seattle is truly the gateway of Alaska, and it is here that the U. S. assay office is located, to which the treasures of northwestern gold fields are brought. This office was established in 1890, being in charge of a United States assayer, Frederick A. Wing. One hundred millions in gold bullion has passed through the office, and it is one of the most interesting places in Seattle.

The first shipment this year from the fields brought down four hundred thousand dollars worth, which was being assayed at the time we were there. The gold is called Dore bullion. The great scales are capable of weighing the tiniest part of an ounce. The retorts test the fineness of the gold, and while the quality and value of the metal are being estimated what histories might be written of the struggles and heart burnings endured by mortals to bring their gold to this little brick building.

The Seattle gold proposition is from the mine to the mint. The miner has the opportunity to sell his bullion direct to the government.

Near the assay office and throughout the city are a number of men who have made their millions in Alaska, and who never seemed to think they could go elsewhere than Seattle to live. The subtle comradeship created by the hardship of the gold fields is strong. It seems as though every one in Seattle has been in Alaska some time or other, and whether they have succeeded or failed, their eyes glow as they relate their experiences with the hope of "going again."

* * *

Located in Pioneer Square is a gigantic totem pole, brought from Alaska. It is afflicted with something of a grotesque Punch and Judy expression, but does credit nevertheless to its Indian artist.

One of the large buildings is called the Alaska Building, having been built with Alaskan money. It was from Seattle that the congressional party with Speaker Cannon embarked for their tour of Alaska.

The city on a Saturday night is, perhaps, one of the busiest places on earth. The three main business streets are thronged with buyers.

* * *

In company with Mr. E. R. Brainerd of the Post Intelligencer, we made a trip beyond the hills to see what constitutes the nucleus for the making of a great city. We stood amid the fir trees, 200 feet high, almost within a stone's throw of the bustling streets. A water supply is provided sufficient for a city of three millions, for the Seattle people have a way

GENERAL FARMING AND
DAIRYING
IN WESTERN
WASHINGTON

of wishing for advancement, and backing it up with action.

At the Rainier Club, built of old colonial brick, one meets some of the men whose tireless energy for the glory and progress of their city never relaxes. The club spirit is very strong in the western cities, and contrary to the usual impression these busy men enjoy their leisure moments to the full — as deliberately as a Persian pasha.

In Seattle I heard "Mount Rainier" spoken of, the same peak that I had already heard called "Mount Tacoma" —in Tacoma. The only thing for me to do in order to avoid giving offence was to call it "The Mountain," which I accordingly did.

* * *

The flouring industry has been wonderfully developed on the coast and cargo after cargo is ground in these mills and sent direct to the Oriental markets. Even the Chinese are beginning to give up their rice diet for flour.

If there is one thing in Seattle in which a stranger might suggest an improvement, it is the railroad terminal. The trains come in pellmell, and the bewildered passengers are often sent out on the wrong train in the general confusion. All this is probably owing to the rapid growth of the city and will doubtless soon be remedied.

* * *

How interesting it was from the Washington Hotel to look down upon the busy scenes in the harbor. It seemed like some part of a great play, and the beautiful sunset had a glow about it that suggested the rich coloring of the Orient; there was a reflection of tropical luxuriance in it all. The "Jim" Hill boats were loading their immense cargoes, and everywhere was heard the hum of business—the spirit of the age. Such is the energy of the people, that they "remove mountains," — have dredges at work digging away the earth for new buildings. The pick and shovel are entirely too slow, and sometimes even the dredge does not work fast enough, and the whole hillside is sluiced down with water, miner fashion.

* * *

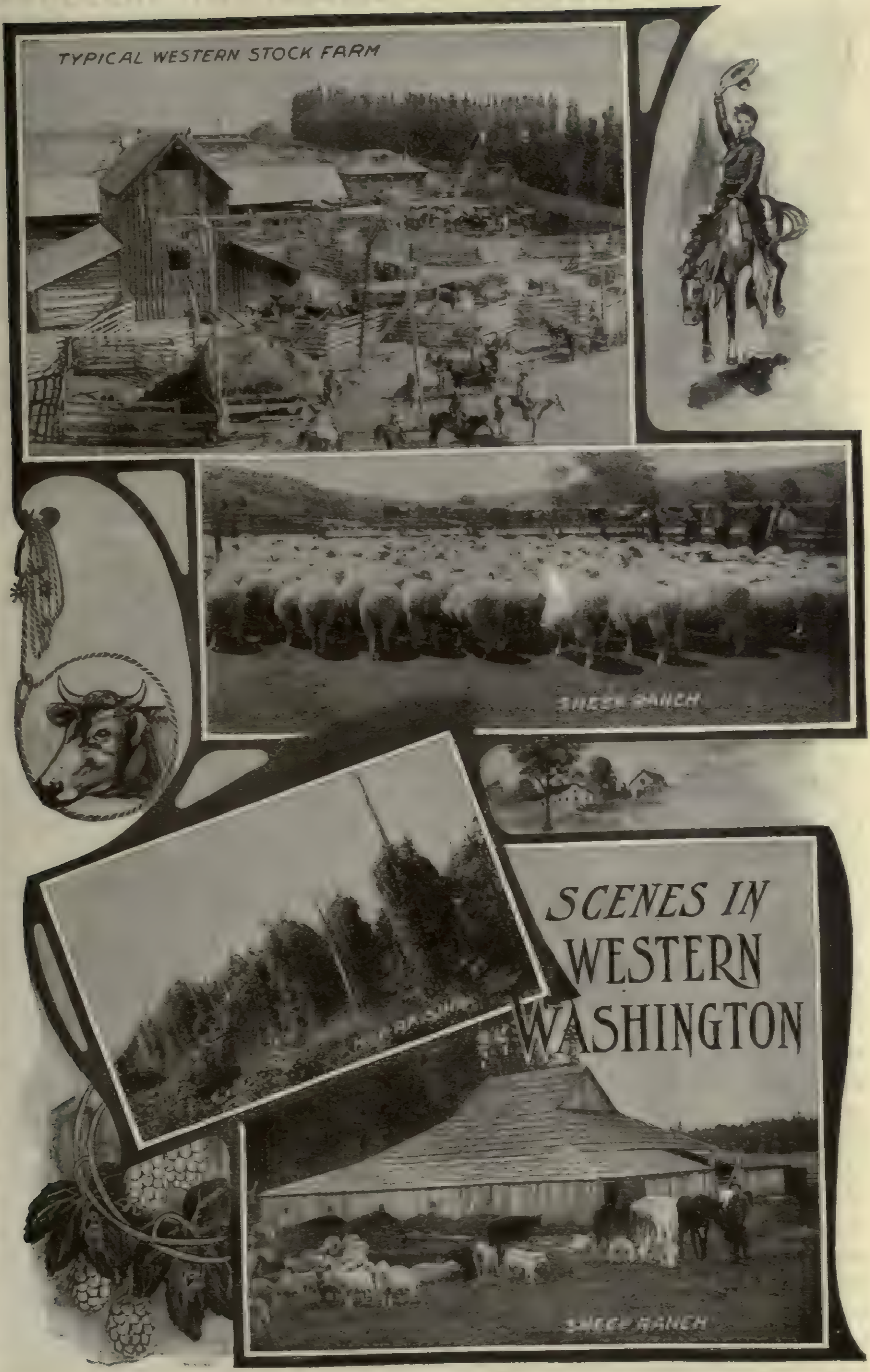
I suppose there are few men in Seattle who have not dabbled in mining at some time, and while it must be confessed that thousands of dollars have been lost in the pursuit of gold, yet the actual search for it has stimulated an optimistic spirit of patriotism, and gathered together a community of buoyant spirited fortune builders. For the man who starts out to seek fortune in gold mines or elsewhere has courage and the spirit of adventure strong in him, which are just the qualities of which a new settlement has most need.

* * *

Any sketch of the cities of the Pacific Coast would be incomplete without mention of the wonderful influence which has been exerted in the upbuilding of these cities by their newspapers. Every one of the local papers has done its duty nobly and well, and to them more than to any other factor must be given a large meed of credit for the rapid development of the resources of the town. For a city or country is often judged by the character of its newspapers, so that the enthusiastic loyalty and support of home newspapers which is accorded by the people of northwestern cities is one of the basic reasons for the splendid success which they have achieved.

* * *

It is an old and trite saying that the eastern man must go West in order to succeed and the western man must go East. A very large majority of the people in these new cities are from the East, who have come here to find an opportunity to reach out and develop their talents beyond the stage at which their forbears were wont to pause.



SCENES IN WESTERN WASHINGTON

VI.—NORTH YAKIMA, A MIRACLE OF IRRIGATION

LEAVING Seattle on the North Coast Limited after a glimpse of the old "switchback" route over the Cascades, we dashed into "Stampede" tunnel at the summit. Then, greeting the eastern sun, we burst into a stretch of country which was described in the engineer's report, when the Northern Pacific was in course of construction, as "the most God forsaken spot in the world." This is the Yakima valley. It was at that time a wide, arid plain on which nothing but the sage brush would grow. Today it is one of the most wonderful examples of what irrigation can accomplish. It may be truly said that the "desert has blossomed as the rose." Ditches were dug and water brought to a large part of the valley, and it now enjoys an international reputation for its fruit. The valley is situated about the central part of the state of Washington and lies on the east side of the Cascade mountains, an ideal location for homes.

* * *

The city of North Yakima consists of about 7,000 people, but within a radius of two miles outside the town are many more people, and on every side are the life giving trenches filled with water. Mr. Janeck, who was one of the earlier pioneers of the section, kindly drove us about, and we looked on a scene up the valley of the Yakima which could scarcely be equalled anywhere. Here were small farms of five to ten acres yielding revenues of from four to six thousand dollars per farm. The entire valley is cut up into small holdings, a view of which suggests a Dutch landscape. The Yakima cultivators are farmers in the best sense of the word, for they understand the value of the soil and carefully consider the crop best suited to the various localities, from the gentle slope of the hillside to the lower part of the valley. They make scientific experiments until they arrive at the very best results. This accounts for the fact that in certain sections one sees nothing but peaches, in another only pears, cherries or apples. Each fruit has the soil best suited to it, but a greater variety of fruit can probably be raised in this valley than in any other place on earth.

* * *

In the city handsome homes are being built by farmers who have made money on this arid sage brush land, transformed by the magic touch of the waters of the Yakima river. I have never seen a more prosperous looking little city than North Yakima, and a glimpse into the stores as we passed by served to confirm and deepen this impression.

The streets of the city are very wide and are bordered with trees, and the beautiful boulevards are especially attractive, lined as they are on either side with handsome homes. Some of the principal residential streets are sprinkled with oil, which prevents any annoyance from dust, and one oiling is suffiicent for a whole year.

There are few foreigners in North Yakima, most of the people coming from the eastern or middle states.

As we looked upon some of the signs of the goods displayed in the store windows, Mr. Robertson, editor of the North Yakima Republic, remarked how closely allied are the interests of trade and irrigation. For here were eastern manufacturers finding one of their best markets, per capita, in the far West. As we passed along the street we observed the handsome home of one who had made his money out of apples; it was the North Yakima apple that took the prize at the St. Louis Fair, a single apple weighing forty-two ounces. Another house had been built with the profits of peach culture; another with that of watermelons; another of cherries; while quite a number of city residences have been erected with the proceeds of

Harvesting Alfalfa
Hop Scene
A BRIGHT SPOT
YAKIMA VALLEY
WASHINGTON
Orchard Scene
Alfalfa Field

hop growing. The broad hop fields with the stately trellises reminded me of the county of Kent in England.

A new beet sugar factory is soon to be established in Yakima which promises to be a great success, as the soil is specially suited to the raising of beets.

The beet sugar plant is to cost $750,000 and will utlize the product of 4,000 acres, a tract leased from the Yakima Indian reservation.

A large flouring mill and the lumber industry are both very successful.

* * *

The banks of this little town have over two and one-half million of dollars on deposit, which averages $100 for every man, woman and child living in the community. This prosperity is not to be marveled at when it is realized that Yakima fruit and vegetables find a market everywhere, while the hop trade alone is extensive, — 22,000 bales of hops is the estimate for the present year. One wagon load of hops was known to bring the cultivator the sum of $1,860. In fact the Northern Pacific station at North Yakima ships more produce than any other station on the line between Seattle and St. Paul, except, possibly, Spokane.

The scene is one of rare beauty when the fruit ripens, and it is indeed wonderful to see those sturdy little Yakima trees, laden with their luscious crops, so that the branches can hardly support the weight of the fruit. Five year old pear trees are furnishing fruit for the markets. The success of the alfalfa, with its roots running down far into the ground where the wide spreading plain is crossed with irrigation ditches is indeed wonderful. But best of all is the fact that failure of crops or even a suggestion of failure, is unknown. It has been well said that irrigation is not a substitute for rain, but rain is a substitute for irrigation.

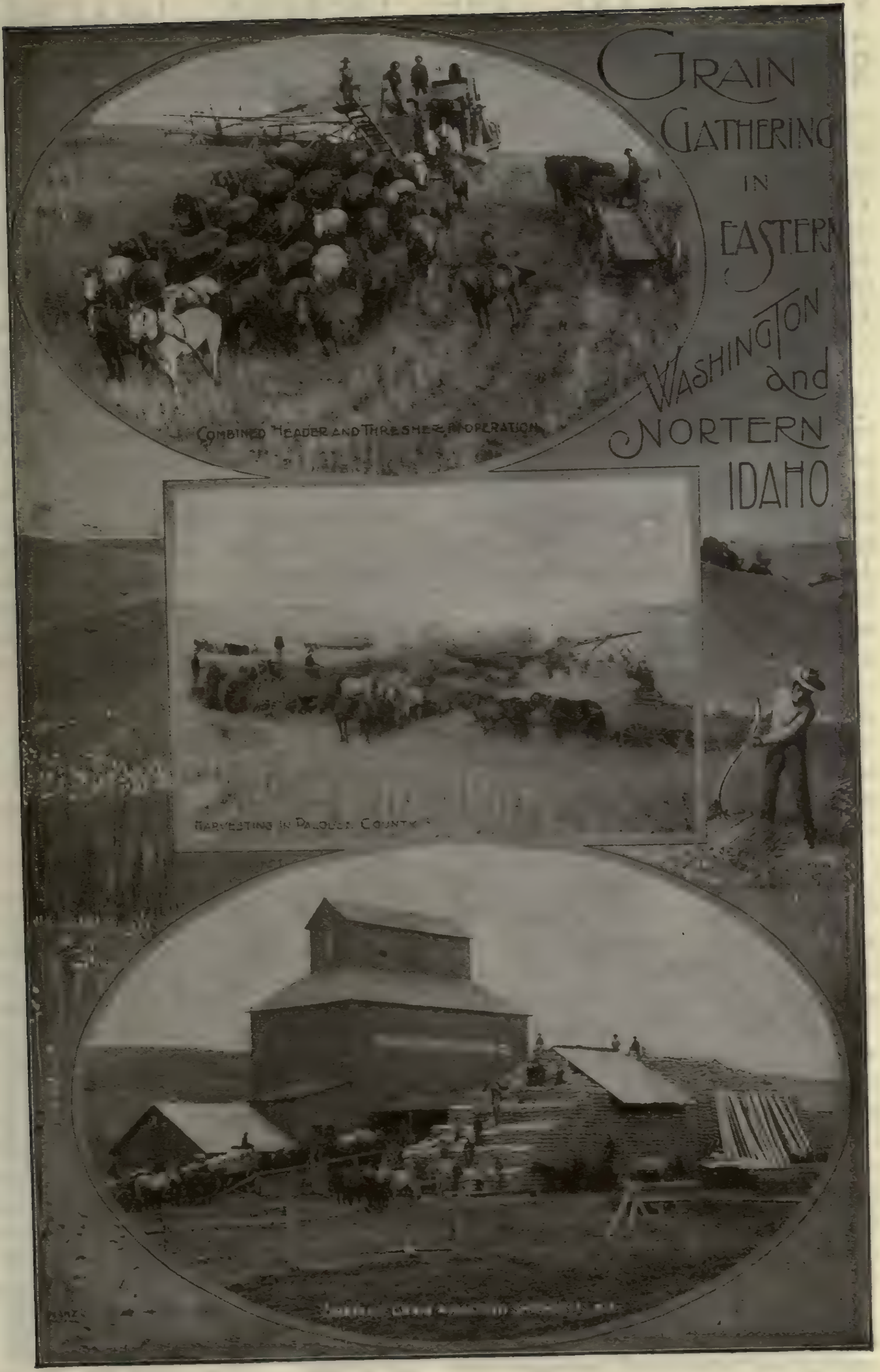
The raising of fruit on such a wholesale scale has created a steady market at this point; the buyers come here because they can obtain products in quantities sufficient to handle them to advantage. The scene about the Northern Pacific depot during the shipping season is a wonderful revelation of the resources of the country. The government now has engineers at work with a view of reclaiming three or four hundred thousand more acres of this incomparable land.

* * *

The Yakima valley is dotted with many prosperous little cities, such as Sunnyside, Prosser, Kennewick and others. It is from the latter place that the early strawberries are shipped about the first of May, realizing twelve dollars and a half per crate in Seattle, a crate being twenty-four boxes. Every one of these small towns speaks the prosperity which has smiled upon the valley. The fact is that every foot of the land is valuable, and it is only a question of supplying water in order to put it under cultivation. And Uncle Sam ought to look carefully after the storage of the priceless waters of the Yakima.

* * *

It was my good fortune to meet the governing power of the Commercial Club, a body ever alert for the interests of the city and county. I mentioned the revelation that had been made to me regarding the town and surroundings and told them that I should record it in the pages of the National Magazine. Perhaps it is one of the first instances on record where a magazine was assured of a large number of subscriptions without solicitation. Not a single solicitor has gone to this city, yet the National visits something like 400 homes in Yakima at this time. Pardon the modest suggestion — I think nothing could more clearly emphasize the high order of intelligence in the community, — good farming and good reading go well together.


GRAIN
GATHERING
IN
EASTERN
WASHINGTON
and
NORTERN
IDAHO.
COMBINED HEADER AND THRESHER IN OPERATION
HARVESTING IN PALOUSE COUNTY

VII. — SPOKANE, THE EASTERN GATEWAY

SITUATED like Tarifa of Spain, Spokane commands the eastern entrance to the Pacific Northwest. It is located on the Spokane river and several railway lines run into the city. From the Portland Exposition it is reached by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company via Umatilla, Oregon — or direct on the Northern Pacific, with direct connections on two other great transcontinental lines.

In 1873 the city was founded, and in 1880 had less than 500 inhabitants, while in 1903 the estimated population, based on city directory and school census, was 65,267. It has been said that Spokane was founded by a gambler, a man who had all the fearlessness of the early days; but the city now possesses as rigid ideas of cleanliness, both moral and municipal, as any American city east or west. The influx of "old home" ideas of integrity welded with the indomitable push of the West have made Spokane today a city that no traveler to the coast will ever forget. It is a revelation of the rapidity of growth in the West.

* * *

The city is built exclusively on the "American plan." Wide streets, handsome buildings, beautiful homes, with no traditions of the past, — Spokane is essentially a business center and is truly "the gateway of the Northwest." Go where you will in the Pacific states, there is always a good word spoken for Spokane. It used to be Spokane Falls, but in these later days of haste and brevity of speech it has changed to Spokane; but the falls are still there, the magnet of beauty and utility which has gradually drawn to itself people, dwellings and factories.

The waters of the river pass over a series of cataracts in the heart of the city and the falls afford immense water power for the working of various industries. Power conveyed electrically from a plant on the banks of the river works the famous silver and lead mines of the Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, district. The river also supplies electric power for thirty-five miles of suburban road and numerous manufacturing concerns, as well as sixty miles of street railway. The water supply is taken from the river six miles east from the city limits.

The daily lumber output of Spokane is immense, and seven shingle mills are at work daily as well as four flouring mills, all having a large capacity. Many other important industries have been established in the city since 1902.

The public buildings of Spokane are well worthy of mention, and the city is well provided with parks, schools, churches and other essentials of modern civilization, while the financial development of Spokane may be judged by the rapid growth of the banking business.

* * *

A new city library is in process of construction. Spokane has an active Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Club, and a large cereal plant has been established.

Walking in the streets of Spokane, one is thrilled with the electric impulse, the essence of buoyant optimism that seems to breathe in the air of the place and carry all before it. This is the spirit that has built up the great wholesale trade of the city, despite stern obstacles in the way of railroad rates.

The Fruit and Flower Fair at Spokane is one of the great events of the Northwest. The strawberry fields and wonderful variety of fruits of all kinds surprises the new comer, and the free use of these products promotes the physical vigor of the people. With the development every year of better freight facilities and lower rates, fruit will become almost equally cheap all over the country. With refrigerator car service the melons of Rocky Ford and other western districts can be trans-

SPOKANE FALLS.
SPOKANE
COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS of Eastern WASHINGTON and Northern IDAHO
BRIDGE SPOKANE

ported as if by magic to Boston and New York.

* * *

On entering the city the ink is scarcely dry on the page of the hotel register before the inquiring stranger is bombarded on all sides with statistics regarding Spokane as compared with other northwestern cities. Everybody, from the bell boy to the mayor of the town, is ready to sit down and prove to the visitor the advantages of locating at once, immediately — if not sooner, in the great West, and right there.

Comparison making seems to be the chief conversational error of our nation.

I yield to no man in my admiration for Spokane and all the great territory of the coast, not forgetting California and Alaska. At the same time, the more I see of the world the more convinced I am that the great Creator has distributed his blessings to some extent to all parts of his creation.

Spokane, the gateway city of the West; Spokane, even in her magnificent isolation and sturdy growth, is as dependent on the buyers of the East, South and middle West as they are upon the supplies of the western states, and the wealth that comes from the mountains. The one great fact which has established the homogeneity of the Nation has been the interdependence of and interchange between the states. We have altogether the almost incomprehensible budget of twenty-five billions of dollars for the trade between the states every year.

* * *

The spirit of Uncle Sam's great and growing family is to be true to your home and feel kindly toward your neighbor—no matter how remote.

VIII.—MISSOULA, THE ATHENS OF MONTANA

ON the return trip over the Northern Pacific one of the most interesting cities visited was Missoula, the metropolis of western Montana.

The ride on the railroad through the Flathead Indian reservation, winding round and catching glimpses of the Bitter Root valleys, a delightful one, and the traveler looks upon a never to be forgotten landscape.

It was well toward sunset when we arrived at Missoula, the Athens of Montana. Surrounded by snow capped mountains, the wide plains have a most picturesque environment. Missoula, with its beautiful homes, its state university, splendid public schools, pure mountain spring water, fine hotels, military post, large lumbering interests and unique distributing points, tells its own story of the facilities for business possessed by a western city.

* * *

Here the soil is wonderfully productive, yielding 250 bushels of potatoes to the acre and fifty bushels of wheat. Situated at an elevation of 3,000 feet, what wonder if the Chamber of Commerce has claimed for Missoula the title of the "Garden City." The city has all the advantages of modern times: a Carnegie library, substantial financial institutions and distinctions peculiarly its own. Farmers on every side are supplied with telephones, and there is a good rural route mail service which speaks much for the stability and comfort of the homes of the future. It was here that we were given the Montana state flower, the bitter root rose;

and a beautiful emblem it is, with its delicate satin petals and delicious fragrance. It was the favorite flower of the Indians.

* * *

Here also irrigation has added to the wonderful western power of production. Plums and prunes grow in great variety and have a fine flavor, while Missoula celery is celebrated throughout the West. The farmers here believe in diversified products, and their efforts have been very profitable. The average farmer realizes about $500 per annum from ten cows. Montana is also known as one of the greatest wool producing states in the Union. Last year's crop was nearly thirty-three million pounds, and the estimate of the value of the shipment was over $5,000,000.

* * *

We were surprised to find a remarkably fine Northern Pacific depot, a structure that would have done credit to any of our best eastern cities, and I also learned that this road contemplates building, at an early date, a branch line running northwest from Missoula toward the Great Flathead reservation. It is easy to see what this will mean to the city from a business point of view. Flathead valley contains some of the richest land in the state, with a climate somewhat milder than Missoula, and if this reservation is thrown open to settlers it is probable that Montana will add immensely to her population. In the vicinity of Missoula, government land may still be had by those who desire it, and land taken up in this way has laid the foundation of many of the large fortunes made in this prosperous country.

* * *

While Missoula at the present time owes her chief wealth to the agricultural and horticultural developments, yet minerals are to be found in abundance on the mountain ranges near at hand. Valuable placer mines are situated within a few miles toward the southwest, and have been worked very profitably for some years past. Modern improvements and transportation facilities have recently made these still more profitable. Copper is the metal most in evidence, but quartz, gold, silver and lead may also be found, only requiring time and capital to develop them.

* * *

It was nearing Missoula that we realized that we were passing the place where the trains had been "held up" in earlier times. At one particular place three attempts were made, but none was successful except the first. The last was a complete failure, and the outlaw who made the attack is now serving a fifty years' sentence in the penitentiary. When passing the noted spot, we instinctively held onto our pocket books, but in reality there was no danger of finding much money. The picturesque events of the wild days of Montana are more or less mythical in these busy, practical times. Perhaps nothing more forcibly illustrates this than the fact that on the same day a meeting of the state Epworth League and a circus were held, and these are assuredly pledges of civilization.

* * *

As we left beautiful Missoula two Montana maids and a cowboy dashed up alongside the track and kept pace with the train for some distance. How those girls did ride! It was like the original of a Remington picture of western life. One of the girls did not look more than fifteen years of age, but she proved to be the best rider and soon left her companions behind.

As she raced away from the cowboy, the passengers on the train vigorously applauded; and she certainly made a pretty picture on the galloping horse, her cheeks bright with excitement and exercise and her long, fair hair floating in the wind and catching the golden glint of the sunset. The chase was most exciting — now one ahead, now another, and for a few moments the cowboy led, but his triumphant air was soon dampened, for the young girl shot past him; and though the other girl passed her once, the man never regained lost ground. In our car the clapping and cheering were loud and long, and the little incident gave us a delightful memory of our last moments in the valley of Missoula,— and the Montana maids.

HOMEWARD BOUND OVER THE NORTHERN PACIFIC

ONE man who has been responsible for much of the widespread interest in the many advantages of the Pacific Northwest is A. M. Cleland, general passenger agent of the Northern Pacific railroad. I first met him in Chicago. He told me of the wonders of the Northwest, and I felt his enthusiasm contagious. In his quiet, genial way he insisted: "The only way to realize the facts that I hardly dare to publish in railroad literature is for you to go and see for yourself."

Now the Northern Pacific Railroad as a railroad has a personal interest to me and the official was not required to speak twice.

It does not seem so long ago since I was publishing a paper in the domain of the Northern Pacific, and I never will forget the time when I secured my first railroad advertisement from them. It was given me by Charles S. Fee, and when that advertisement was securely planted in the columns of the paper, with an accompanying affidavit that it read as per copy, (because, being printed on an Army press, I didn't know for sure whether it could be all read,) I secured my first transportation on the Northern Pacific railroad.

* * *

As I look back upon those days I call up delightful memories of youth, for though I was recognized as the publisher of a little paper, I had reached no more mature age than sixteen; and if any would-be publisher desires a good training school, I know of no place better fitted to meet his wants than North Dakota. My experience was during the pioneer days, at a time when we had railroads of all sorts and descriptions coming to our town, (on the maps) and we were living in the lively anticipation of the great future which was to come.

* * *

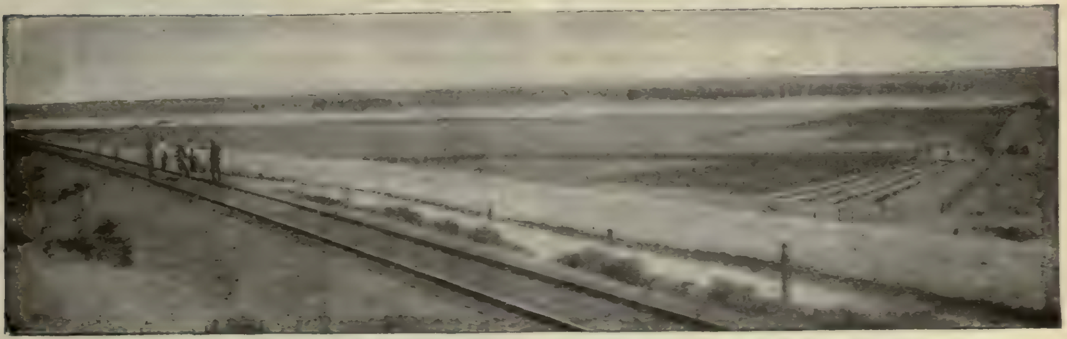
Town sites were planned over night, and the broad prairies of Dakota were soon claimed, section after section by home seekers. How vividly I recall those days of holding down a claim living in a shack twelve by fourteen feet, and living on bacon and potatoes. Possibly the owners of the claims builded sod huts — sod gathered from the virgin prairies as the soil was broken — those great expanses of prairie sea, and sloughs filled with water in early Spring and dry as dust in the later months. Vast stretches of those prairies were whitened with the bones of the buffalo, which had already become practically extinct, and now the very bones have vanished.

The picnics in the little sparse wood on the "Jim" river, when the sun tanned

OBSERVATION CAR PARLOR, "NORTH COAST LIMITED," NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

TOURIST SLEEPING CAR, NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

DEER LODGE RIVER AND VALLEY, LOOKING SOUTH FROM GARRISON



STRAWBERRY FARMS UNDER THE KENNEWICK CANAL, LOWER YAKIMA VALLEY farmers ceased for a day from their labor and enjoyed a few hours of pleasure and social commingling, often coming twenty-five or thirty miles from outlying farms. Who can forget the beauty of the wild prairie flowers, the sweetness of the tiny wild roses that struggled to bloom against the onset of the wind; the gaiety of the festive gopher or the thrilling bark of the coyote. There was something inspiring in it all. It breathed the very essence of purpose and push and put reliant red blood in the veins. What histories those wind swept prairies could tell of the struggles to establish and maintain homes; efforts that have developed a hardy race of men and women, whose descendants will be among the best supporters of the nation. It took time for the American pioneer to find out just what was what, but he was always equal to any emergency.

* * *

How glorious a tree looked in those days! And how few they were! But never was any country so beautiful as the dear old Jim river valley, its banks fringed with a few sparse trees. But what a revelation it was to return to that country twenty years later to find the prairies—that had been dotted only with claim shacks — thickly sprinkled with comfortable homes, about which a green bulwark of trees have sprung up to protect from the biting blasts of Old Boreas which we all remember so well — for prosperity has smiled upon the Dakotas. Here prosperity had brought its changes, for it does bring changes, as strongly marked as the changes of adversity. In the little towns and villages are schools and churches, and the houses are inhabited by a race of people who can endure.

Coming from Livingstone, the gateway of Yellowstone Park, after passing through a snow storm on the summit of the Rockies, late in June, we entered the prairie seas and came to Mandan and Bismarck, then onward toward dear old "Jimtown," where so many happy memories of the old days still cling. Winding down the valley we caught the gleam of rails that lead to Grand Rapids through La Moure County, where was fought a titanic battle for a county seat. The aspect of the dear old village now recalls the lines of Goldsmith,

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the
plain,"

for if there ever was a spot where it seemed that a city ought to be built, it is that spot on the James river which nature has provided with real trees that look like a gorgeous forest—on the map.

Fair valleys lying under the tropic of Cancer, that zone that in the highest degree develops virility in the human race, it was here that the budding ambitions of life were born, and here, too, that the seriousness of life work presented itself. What wonder then if I cling to memories of that little spot on the Jim. What wonder if I recall with pleasure those friends who were all unselfishness in their encouragement of the young country editor. Every face of the individuals on that first subscription list will live in my mind, and I remember how I wrote them out week after week, after I had "pulled" the papers off the old Washington hand press.

* * *

Then the Fargo and the far renowned Red river valley—but Fargo mud lives only in memory, for it has long since passed away. Here now stands a beautiful city with trees clustering about its streets and homes. Then on to St. Paul and Minneapolis, the twin cities of the great Northwest, rushed the North Coast Limited—the well known train on that road, which, perhaps more than any other line, is closely connected with the march of empire on the Pacific coast. When it is realized that the earnings of this road have jumped from $14,000,000, to $50,000,000 in the past ten years, it will be understood how much the railroad has helped to develop that section.

This road was indeed the pioneer that blazed the path for the progress of the Pacific Northwest, and I feel that I was indeed fortunate inasmuch as my early newspaper career had connected me with this great system, and had given me years of acquaintance with the Northern Pacific railroad.

Why not pause here a moment to pay a tribute to the memory of Jay Cooke and Henry Villard, those men who made possible all this progress and those vast undertakings that have been brought to a successful issue in the Pacific Northwest? To them we owe, in a great measure, those states along the northwest border which are such bright and illustrious stars in our flag.

* * *

The North Coast Limited — well, everybody on the coast knows about it. It is looked upon as "the" train. With its handsome leather upholstered tourist cars, 300 electric lights, its luxurious diners and observation cars, it affords luxuries unknown a few years ago. I could not help contrasting the development in railway comforts with what was attainable by the traveler of twenty years ago. In those days the traffic was sparse and halting, as compared with the incessant friction of ever passing trains which now actually makes the rails shine like burnished silver. Then a trip to the coast was regarded as a serious undertaking; now we board the North Coast Limited at St. Paul and in sixty hours reach the evergreen land of the Pacific. How the time slips away in the comfortable seats, chatting with our fellow passengers, who are sure to be animated with the social, genial spirit of American travelers. Compare it all with the trains of even ten years ago! Rising in the morning, instead of a cramped and uncomfortable toilet, the traveler may have, if he chooses, his cold bath, breakfast with the newspaper and read all the latest news from the paper picked up at one of the stations. Then he may smoke his cigar in the spacious smoking room or chat with the ladies in the parlor car; or he may step out onto the observation platform and see the beauties of the scenery passed; or he may seek the library stocked with desirable books—in fact anything and everything that can be desired by the traveler is at hand. How different is all this, and how much better than the old time stopping off at wayside stations for meals, eating hurriedly and probably bringing on a severe fit of indigestion. By the way, I find that the best cure for the habit of hurried eating is to dine on the railroad. Here a man will leisurely munch and munch, look and look, and rise at peace with all the world and go forth from the dining room serene and tractable, who would be sure to "bolt" his food if seated at an ordinary depot dining table. As one of our fellow passengers remarked:

"A transcontinental trip on the North Coast Limited is a complete vacation and rest, these days." The railroad is the basic pivot upon which the opening up of the whole country hinges. And what world renowned spots are now possible of access to the ordinary traveler! What an education in thought and feeling is a visit to the Yellowstone, where even a Kipling, a Talmage and a Beecher could find no words with which to clothe the thoughts which this eighth wonder of the world awakened.

* * *

When one looks upon the insignia of this road, with its graceful curves of black and red, which contains a suggestion of the Swastika cross, he begins to realize that these prosaic work-a-day trade marks are symbols of a great force swinging the pendulum of progress, every swing of which brings nearer the march of complete development of the great resources of the nation.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT IN AN OLDSMOBILE

"OLD STEADY" MEETS A RELATIVE IN WYOMING

The Oldsmobile in the rear is of the 1903 type, the same type of four and one-half horse power runabout in which in that year the first run across the continent was made, from San Francisco to Portland, Maine.

"OLD SCOUT" IN IDAHO

IN our campaign for good roads there is no incident that has more emphatically proved the urgent necessity of prompt federal action than the race of the Oldsmobiles from New York to Portland. The trip was made in forty-four days by the successful contestants.

Starting from New York on May 8, the machine driven by Messrs. Huss and Wigle, reached Portland on June 21, the successful automobile being one of the very best on the market, a seven horse power Oldsmobile runabout. This company has done much toward localizing the use of the automobile and its machines have an assured place in the markets of all nations. At the present time almost every country doctor and merchant has his auto for use in every day work.

The officers of this company are deeply interested in the good roads campaign. This trip is not the only enterprise that has attracted a great deal of attention, but it will furnish details concerning the roads of the various states through which the racers passed. It is probable that this information will be more minute and exact than any ever procured through other means. The sight of the autos revolving in the mud and ploughing over the roads of that fertile but unfinished state, Nebraska, meeting a stray traveler in the lone wastes or dashing through the fertile oases that mark the progress of irrigation, is indeed a lesson in modern development.

HUSS MAKES A HIT

The student of progress cannot but contrast this 1905 journey with the efforts of the early explorers of the great Northwest, who toiled along on foot, led by Sacagawea, the Indian girl who acted as their guide. No complete history of the hardships endured by the pioneers has ever been written, but anyone who has passed through this district can well imagine the difficulties that beset the hardy travelers who blazed the path for modern advancement.

This automobile tour of forty-four days certainly furnished experiences which never could be procured in any other way. The rapid passage through the country must have been somewhat like witnessing the swift moving pictures of a series of biograph views. Unlike the train, this mode of travel is slow enough to allow the traveler to get a clear idea of the country, and yet rapid enough to give him a constantly changing landscape. Anyone passing through a country in an automobile is presented with a series of living pictures of the nation, and gets delightful glimpses of of the homes and avocations, and of the actual, every day life of the people. From the marble palaces of New York, through the great middle West, and on to the wealth and beauty of the Pacific coast, — what a variety of scenery was passed! For the charm of individuality in traveling, it seems to me that nothing can equal an automobile tour. But we must have better roads, and it is time that the government should lead in building them. Such a trip as this furnishes data of exceeding interest to the committee now deliberating upon the Brownlow-Latimer bill. An excerpt from the dispatch sent by Huss from Portland speaks for itself:

HUSS AND WIGLE IN "OLD SCOUT" FORDING A WYOMING STREAM

"Our machine has made every mile of the distance without the aid of any power except its own engine and the strength of its drivers—we had to pull it out of the mud a few times. But for the bad roads in Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska, we would have been here a week sooner, and with the experience we have had, I believe we could make the trip in thirty days.

"Although the race was between machines of the same make, the trip has satisfied me that a light, seven horse power auto is better for this kind of traveling than a larger car with greater power. A larger machine would not stand the jolting over rocks and ruts the way the light machines do. You would be astonished at what an automobile will stand and still be in working order." (Signed)

DWIGHT B. HUSS

HUSS IN THE LAVA FIELDS OF IDAHO, GOING ACROSS COUNTRY IN AN OLDSMOBILE

SEDALIA, MISSOURI, A RAILWAY CENTER

THE National Magazine directs the attention of its readers to the rapidly growing city of Sedalia, located in Pettis County, Missouri, near the geographical center of the state, 188 miles west of St. Louis and ninety-five miles east of Kansas City, and standing on a high, rolling prairie in one of the most fertile farming districts of the state. Nature has worked wonderfully to make this city one of the most beautiful and healthful in the West, by furnishing a natural drainage; in consequence thereof Sedalia has the most complete and scientific sewer system in the state.

Her railroad facilities are unsurpassed by any other inland city. Shippers of all classes have access to the main line of the Missouri Pacific railroad, running east and west; the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad, running north, south and east; the Lexington branch of the Missouri Pacific, running northwest and the Sedalia, Warsaw & Southern railroad, running south, tapping the line of the great Rock Island system, which runs from St. Louis to Kansas City about fifteen miles south of Sedalia. The numerous railroads running in and out of Sedalia thus insure the merchants and shippers competitive freight rates to all parts of the country.

The city contains over four hundred business houses, all occupied, which furnish employment to more than one thousand clerks, whose combined yearly wage is $550,000. The Lamy overall factory alone furnishes steady employment to 300 people. The International Harvester Company employs over fifty people. The above mentioned are a few of the many industries carried on in this progressive city of some 22,000 population, made up of aggressive, wide awake business people, all of whom are prosperous.

New business houses and homes are going up, and on every side can be heard the sound of the hammer and the saw. Mechanics of all kinds are kept constantly employed at good wages. The supply of this kind of labor falls short of the demand.

The railroads, with their large shops and yards, at present employ over twelve hundred people, whose combined yearly wage passes nine hundred thousand dollars; and a majority of these people own their own beautiful homes in the city.

To give some idea as to the culture and solidity of the city, we may mention thirty handsome church buildings costing from $10,000 to $50,000 each, embracing all denominations; three hospitals; one sanitarium; eighty-five secret fraternal organizations; twelve newspapers, including three dailies; three banks and one trust company, whose combined capital will reach $400,000, with surplus and undivided profits of $150,000 and deposits of $2,500,000; two breweries; four laundries; nine hotels; two opera houses; one flour and three feed mills; one woollen mill; eight lumber yards; two brick yards; three packing houses; two great railroad machine shops; two wholesale groceries; one wholesale flour dealer; two mattress factories; two broom factories; one trunk factory; two candy and three ice factories; gas and electric light and one steam heating plant; two telephone systems; a complete, up to date electric street car system; twelve cigar factories; two planing mills; one foundry, and last, but not least, one of the handsomest and most complete public libraries in the state, with 7,000 carefully selected volumes on its racks.

Sedalia has eighteen miles of paved streets, with more under construction. These streets are lined on either side with stately old forest trees, and when she puts on her dress of Summer green she is truly the "Queen City of the Prairies," as her enterprising people love to call her.

Real and personal property in Pettis

county is appraised for tax purposes at a fifty per cent. valuation. Upon this valuation for state, county and school purposes is levied a tax of $2.02 on $100 valuation, and one dollar on the $100 valuation for city revenue. The bonded debt of the county is only $225,000. The bonded debt of the city is only $150,000. Sedalia has ten brick and stone public school buildings, including a high school building employing eighty teachers, with an average attendance of 5,000 pupils. Students on completing the high school course of study may, without examination, enter the state university. There are also located in Sedalia the St. Joseph Academy, St. Paul Evangelical Lutheran School, two business colleges, two schools of telegraphy and the Sedalia College of Music. The future growth of Sedalia is an assured fact, and the business outlook could not be brighter. Bankers, merchants, manufacturers, mechanics and laboring men are all making money. The building boom is now on in earnest. On every hand can be seen the advance of prosperity in this line. There are no vacant residences to be had, and new comers are loudly clamoring for houses. Five hundred cottages of from five to eight rooms could be filled. Pettis county, of which Sedalia is the county seat, is exceedingly rich in fruit, live stock, dairies and their product, as in agriculture and poultry. It is the natural home of the far famed blue grass. Agriculture, stock raising, poultry and dairy products are stimulated to a greater excellence here than elsewhere by reason of the State Fair having been located here some three years ago.

The State Fair is one of the solid institutions of the state and is supported entirely by an appropriation made from the state treasury. Its race track and various buildings of brick and stone are of the finest and most complete in architectural beauty and usefulness. The State Fair board, under whose management this institution is conducted, is composed of honest, intelligent and progressive men. This board is now expending $150,000 in new buildings, and in beautifying the grounds.

A new $50,000 opera house is now in course of construction, which will be completed in time for the coming theatrical season. The Elks building will soon be commenced. It promises to be one of the finest and most complete of its kind that can be found in the West.

The Missouri Pacific Railway's immense new car shops here are now nearing completion. These are to be the general car shops of the entire Gould system and not only the building of locomotives and cars will be done here, but the greater part of the repair work will also be sent to this point. These immense shops will give steady employment to 2,500 people the year around. The buildings will cost over $1,000,000.

The site upon which these shops are built consists of 135 acres located two miles east of the court house, and was donated to the company by the enterprising citizens of Sedalia, as well as $200,000 in money in addition. The very fact that the citizens of Sedalia through their energy, pluck and liberality secured the location of these shops from other competing cities of Missouri and Kansas shows that the city now affords an ideal location for the young, enterprising business man. And the National Magazine bespeaks a bright and prosperous future for Sedalia, the Queen City of Missouri.

Should any of our readers desire further information concerning this city, we ask them to address the Sedalia Commercial Club, which will gladly furnish all desired information.

A VIEW OF THE CITY OF JACKSON, MICHIGAN

JACKSON, CENTRAL CITY OF MICHIGAN

THE city of Jackson is a natural geographical center. It was a center when the north and south and the east and west Indian trails crossed at this point; it is now a natural center in the days of steam and electric roads. Jackson is located as near the geographical center of southern Michigan as it could have been had the founders of the city so designed the location. This fact has brought about important results. The city was originally a market town, but the times changed with the advent of the railroads. The natural advantages caused the establishment of factories and distributing agencies. From a market town it developed into a manufacturing center.

It is an interesting fact that the tonnage of the freight which passes up and down the Detroit river exceeds that entering and leaving all the harbors on the Atlantic seaboard. A considerable portion of this wealth stops at Jackson. It takes an army of railroad men to operate the trains which transport it. The pay roll of the railroads—the cash handed over to the men and which is spent in this city—aggregates $100,000 monthly. It takes one of the largest machine shops in the country and several hundreds of skilled mechanics to keep the equipment of these roads in running order. There are now upward of 1,500 residents of the city, most of them heads of families, who obtain their living from the roads which center in Jackson. These things are not mere accidents; they go to show the importance of the city as a railroad and commercial center. The excellent transportation facilities have played an important part in the history of Jackson. The main line of the Michigan Central, with its branches, the Lake Shore, Michigan & Southern, the Cincinnati Northern, the Grand Trunk, together with the interurban car lines, give ample means for transporting passengers and freight. With these unrivaled facilities leading to the prosperous and fruitful regions of southern Michigan and northern Ohio and Indiana, as well as to all the great cities of the middle West, Jackson is the logical center from which the wants of that region should be supplied. Several large corporations have recognized this fact by building warehouses in Jackson and using this place as a distributing center.

The community owes a debt of gratitude to the men whose far sighted business ability has made these things possible. From small beginnings they have built up enterprises which bring thousands of dollars into the city. They have given an impetus to the public improvements, educational institutions, means of recreation and amusement which mark the progressive, wide awake community from the unprogressive, stagnant town. These business institutions have been established on a firm basis. While other cities have complained of hard times, while the banks of other cities have failed and merchants have become bankrupt, the business of Jackson has gone on without serious interruption. This is a boast which few communities are able to make, and is made possible only by the stable character of the business enterprises of the city. It is a great thing to be able to truthfully claim a permanence and stability in the business enterprises of the city that is proof against any ordinary financial panic. Jackson's factories and business houses have been put to the test and have demonstrated this quality.

Much can be said favorable to the local government of the city. The schools are in charge of a non-partisan board. They are divorced from politics and as a result are efficiently and economically administered. Mention should also be made of the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, both of which have a large membership and are steadily growing. Both have classes in physical training and in special courses of study. The Y. M. C. A. will soon erect a new building.

Jackson is situated at the gateway of the peninsula of Michigan. It is directly in line with the

THE ELKS' TEMPLE, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

greatest volume of commerce, flowing from the boundless West to the populous East. Its thriving manufactures include the most extensive machine shops and some of the largest factories in the state. It offers the home seeker as well as the manufacturer unexcelled opportunities. It is a clean, progressive, enterprising city, endowed with natural advantages of a high order and which is successfully working out its destiny of becoming the manufacturing, industrial and trading center of southern Michigan and northern Ohio and Indiana.

The record of the past gives the Central City every hope for the future. With the start which the city now has, nothing can stand in the way of greater things for the future. Within the next half century Jackson will be a city of 100,000. All the indications point to this fact, and a great future for the city is assured.

In summing up the city's advantages the following points require special mention: Railroad connections which couldn't have been better if they had been made to order; location on the highest ground in southern Michigan; the fruitfulness of the surrounding country and the prosperity of the farming population; extensive brick and asphalt paving; a water supply which is absolutely pure; an excellent and well managed street railway system; schools which, under non-partisan management, are excellent and are being steadily improved; the finest parochial school buildings in the state; a new and complete library; handsome and spacious church edifices; an exceptionally low tax rate. These are a few of the city's strong points. The manufacturer looking for a factory site or the home seeker looking for a home will do well to consider these points before locating elsewhere.

EAST SIDE HIGH SCHOOL, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

MARQUETTE, THE "QUEEN CITY OF LAKE SUPERIOR"

MARQUETTE STATUE

MARQUETTE, the "Queen City of Lake Superior," sits enthroned on her hills; the brightest jewel in the diadem of the Father of all the Great Lakes. From her busy marts she sends forth iron from her mines to build, perchance, the navies of the world; to furnish the steel for the rails which thread the continents; or to build the giant sky scrapers of the great cities. She sends forth from her quarries the material from which the brownstone mansions of all our cities are built. Her copper goes into the markets of the world. Her lumber goes all over the Union to be used in building of every kind.

PRESQUE ISLE DRIVE, ONE OF THE PRETTIEST IN AMERICA

Nature has done much for Marquette. An enterprising people are doing more. A magnificent natural harbor has been enlarged and completed by the government, by building a breakwater, three-quarters of a mile in width, at a cost of a half a million dollars, with the construction of a concrete superstructure at a cost of $232,000 additional. In this harbor the largest vessels on the great lakes come for the products of Marquette, vessels that carry cargoes of over ten thousand gross tons; and there is room enough in the harbor to float the navies of the world. Into its docks and to its furnaces for shipment and smelting are annually drawn millions of tons of ore, the mineral production of a wide range of territory as rich in iron ore as any ever discovered. While Marquette has no mines within its corporate limits nor within a near radius, its railroads and lake shipping facilities, excellent harbor advantages and its dockage make it one of the principal ore shipping points of the country. Marquette also has one of the largest, if not the largest, charcoal blast furnaces in the world, where the iron ore is received from the mines and converted into pig iron. This institution alone uses 150 tons of ore daily.

The main business portion of Marquette is built on the lower lands immediately adjacent to the lake. The residence portion is largely built on the beautifully sloping hills, from which the immense commerce of Lake Superior, east and west bound, is pictured on the waters like an immense panorama. The air is life itself. Here come the afflicted hay fever sufferers from other states, to breathe the balsamic air from the dines, and are cured. A season spent at

MARQUETTE'S PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE HIGH SCHOOL

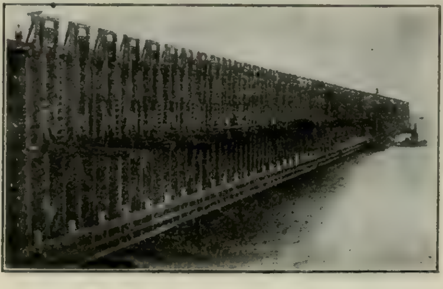
Marquette will cure any case of incipient tuberculosis.

But Marquette is not content to sit down and enjoy its pure air, its life giving climate, and its beautiful scenery. It is a part of the energetic and enterprising "New North." It is the port of entry for the entire south shore of Lake Superior and the northern coast of Michigan, embracing every lake port from Superior to Escanaba. It has the United States land office. Its ore docks are among the largest on the lake. Its saw mills manufacture lumber which is shipped to Chicago and Lake Erie ports for distribution. Most of the laboring men now own their own homes. The fertile lands adjacent to the city, a short time ago covered with heavy forests, are rapidly being converted into farms. Dairy and stock farms are succeeding the lumberman's shack. As pine grows scarce the hardwood industry begins.

The streets are all broad, electric lighted and well paved, as bright and clean as the best boulevards in America. The sidewalks, all of which are constructed of concrete, are bordered with green sward and canopied by the rows of luxuriant maples that line the streets. The business blocks are large, fine and substantial, and — a thing that speaks volumes for the business activity of the city—there is not an empty place of business or residence in the entire city.

Marquette is fifty-eight years of age, if we date its birth from the advent of the first white settler in 1847. The real birth of the city dates from the discoveries of iron and copper in the Upper Michigan peninsula and the realization of the immense natural resources of the region. There is not another city on the south shore of Lake Superior with so many palatial homes, and not another city in the state of Michigan where so large a percentage of the people own their own homes. It is a city of homes, and a knowledge of this fact was largely instrumental in the state legislature providing for the erection of the Northern State Normal School,

THE COURT HOUSE



AN ORE DOCK

UPPER MICHIGAN BRANCH PRISON

wherein instruction is given under the supervision of the state.

Across the bay stands another state institution, a $240,000 state prison, a branch of the regular state prison, which is located at Jackson, Michigan.

Considerable space might be used in describing Marquette's churches and schools, but suffice it to say that Marquette has finer churches and schools than any other city in the United States, under 50,000 population.

A $75,000 opera house and beautiful Presque Isle park furnish amusement and recreation for all. Presque Isle park was presented to the city of Marquette by the federal government, and the drive along the lake front over a magnificent macadamized road is something to be long remembered. The following from a recognized authority on the subject will show that Presque Isle is not over estimated:

"We have had occasion to visit, professionally, existing or proposed rural parks of a considerable number of American cities, and we can conscientiously say that none combines so many natural advantages as this one which your city has the good fortune to possess. It is conveniently situated, commands grand, unobstructed views; it is open to every breeze, which, except in one quarter, must come to it cooled by passing over the cold waters of Lake Superior; its topography is most varied, comprising level lands suitable for lawns, field games and gardens, high bluffs shaded by fine trees, commanding the lake views and open to cool breezes, and thus ideally fitted for picnicing, strolling or resting, and picturesquely undulating and rising to an elevated plateau; it is bordered by fine shaded beaches, pebbly strands, beautifully colored shelving ledges, dressed in their landward margins in the most charming and interesting verdure, much of it evergreen, to be found anywhere. It has sheer, and even overhanging, cliffs of most picturesque color and form, and of magnificent height, varied by ravines, coves and caverns, and descending into deep, crystal clear water and overhung by richest verdure, like gigantic draperies or thousands of ship loads of Christmas greens; and finally over all the land spreads a forest so wild, so varied, so full of delightful mystery-producing undergrowth and mossy logs, that thousands of vistors could find seclusion in it without annoyance to each other.

"You ask us what is to be done with this wild park. We answer first and last: preserve it, treasure it as little altered as may be for all time, and unquestionably all intelligent and God fearing people who hereafter may have the good fortune to see it will be enchanted, and will bless those who had the foresight and public spirit to secure the land and preserve it as nature made it."

LIGHT HOUSE POINT, MARQUETTE

THE MAKING OF CRANE'S PAPER

By JOE M. CHAPPLE

CRANE BROS. BOOTH AT PORTLAND EXPOSITION

CASUALLY I felt like an ancient Egyptian inscribing my autograph on papyrus, as I took up the tiny pen and wrote my name in the gigantic book, two feet by four, which was lying open at the exhibit of Crane Brothers, paper makers, Westfield, Massachusetts, in the Manufactures Building at the Portland Exposition. This book was in itself a triumph of paper manufacture, and it required no other proof to satisfy the observer that the awards made to this firm in so many expositions of the past were merited. This big book may be remembered by many National readers for it has thousands of autographs that were inscribed at former expositions and world fairs including those in San Francisco, Chicago and Paris, 1900—in fact it has almost circled the globe. The Crane Bros. exhibit is located in a Japanese Pagoda, which is located near the exhibit of the Miehle Printing Press and Manufacturing Company of Chicago, where the National Magazine is being printed. This pagoda is surmounted by a stately crane, which is always conspicuous in the trade mark of the firm, and is recognized the world over as the hall mark for good paper. Tradition tells us that this bird brings good luck, and certainly it stands for the measure of luck that paper can bring, and every publisher and letter writer knows that the quality of the medium on which thought is transcribed does make an immense difference in the impression produced on the reader.

There is, perhaps, no other exhibit in the Manufactures Building which so plainly speaks of the progress of the world as does this collection of paper, for without it Gutenberg's invention would be useless. If paper suddenly vanished from the earth, the great commercial transactions of the world would be at a standstill. There is not a business concern nor a home in the country where the necessity for having a supply of white paper is not felt. This is the medium that annihilates space between friends. It is the instrument by which merchants communicate with each other and on which treaties of nations are transcribed, and on it the record of great events are chronicled for the benefit of generations to come. My impressions as to the value of paper having been made still deeper by my visit to this exhibit, I felt that it was but the prelude to an excursion to the Crane Brothers' mills, as I desired to learn something about the process.

Westfield, a beautiful New England city of 15,000 people, is famous the world over as the home of the Crane Brothers plant. The very environments speak for the quality of the product. There is an air of thrift, homelikeness and scrupulous neatness on every hand, which must, of necessity, enter into the character of the work done. It is no idle word of praise to say that if the average observer were about to select a home town, in New England, Westfield would have a high place in the list. With its great elms—and what more beautiful trees can be found, with their far reaching and graceful boughs, enriched with foliage of delicate, rich green — these and beautiful maples every where in evidence, the mills are indeed picturesquely situated.

It would have been impossible for the founders of this firm, when commencing business in their modest little factory in 1868, to conceive of the wonderful advancement that less than a half century would bring. The name of Crane has long been associated with paper, almost, in fact, reaching back into the earliest history of its manufacture in America, and the superiority of their product may be traced to two things, the excellent quality of the materials used, and the skilled labor employed.

The members of the Crane Bros.' company are relatives of Senator W. Murray Crane of Dalton, Massachusetts, who makes the paper for government bank notes, into which the silk is so cleverly woven as to defy counterfeiters. So on all sides the name is indissolubly associated with the best in paper making. The Crane mills, established in Dalton in 1801, have been known almost as long as American paper itself. In using paper marked "Crane" there is never any fear of adulteration, for only the best kind of rags are used. Large quantities of white linen and new cotton trimmings are obtained from the mills and from shirt factories, and no soiled or colored rags are admitted into the production of the Crane Paper.

Along with the fibre of the Crane paper is woven New England immaculateness, and the work is done by men who have spent a lifetime mastering the art. The product of this firm is, in fact, the result of the experience of generations of paper makers. The ancient papyrus was never made with more care or conscientious skill, for there is an art in paper manufacture as individual as the expression of the artist who records his thoughts and visions on the drawing-paper manufactured by this firm. By the way, Crane Brothers have made a specialty of paper for the use of artists, and when the best quality of paper is required Crane's "Antiquarian" is always asked for. Crane Brothers produce a machine hand-made paper which is equal to the best foreign manufacture and would have rejoiced the heart of William Morris and the devotees of his school.

The process of paper making is fascinating in its simplicity. The pulp, having been churned in vats, is reduced

THE FIRST MILL OF THE CRANE BROTHERS ESTABLISHED AT WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, IN 1868 to the consistency of water and runs down upon fine sieves, then through the shaking process until the fluid becomes paper by the loss of water which is sifted out. By these and various other processes, the fibers are brought together and are welded into a solid mass. It is then pressed with warm rollers and the remainder of the manufacture suggests laundering in its highest branches, for paper can be polished and made as glossy as the shirt bosom of the most lordly attendant at the banquet board, or it can be finished in some of the dull surface styles which are so much sought after in artistic bookmaking. Even the best of spring water is used in this manufacture. It is pure, running water, and is filtered and refiltered before it is introduced into the manufacture of the paper.

What is termed the "water mark" or the emblem of the Crane, plain to be seen when you hold any sheet of Crane Bros.' paper to the light, is produced by raised figures revolving on what is called the "Dandy Roller." The impression that is made in the soft, moist pulp remains permanent although there are numerous other rolling and squeezing processes to follow before the making is complete.

In all the pilgrimages I have made, and in all the information which I have acquired in regard to processes as well as products, I think nothing has facinated me more than the making of paper, so closely allied as it is with my chosen work. And I have come to the conclusion that just as important as the texture of the product are the characters of the men who make it. Anyone who has visited this mill will have an intuitive desire in future to look at the water mark of all paper he happens to handle, and will tear a corner of the sheet to see if it is up to the "Crane" standard. I feel sure that every dealer and every consumer of paper, if they could but once know of the superiority of the Crane Brothers' product for ledgers and blank books as I know it, would be careful to specify Crane's "Gold Medal Linen Ledger" every time an order is placed. In fact, it is not saying too much to assert that no stock of paper would be quite complete without the Crane ledgers and linens. Every sheet of Crane paper is a bond in itself, and its intrinsic value and quality is not dependent on what is written or printed upon it. Blank though it be, it is yet a guarantee of excellence. This paper should be on the desk of the business man, on the press of the printer and publisher, in the studio of the artist, on the table of the author, and their "Japanese Linen" should certainly find a place in the escritoire of every lady.

Business men now-a-days have come to be as fastidious in regard to the paper they use as they are about the raiment they wear. When a man begins to employ a paper water-marked with a "Crane," either in correspondence or book-keeping, he finds that the habit of a lifetime is fixed. He at once realizes that the use of the best paper is true economy in the long run. In correspondence it is desirable to have paper good enough to make the writing — whether done by machine or hand — show up well and give an impression of the care and taste of the sender, while in book-keeping and other records, it is desirable to have paper that will wear well, and be legible for reference at any future time. For correspondence good paper is essential, for anyone who has ever tried to write on the modern "rough finish" paper of a cheap quality will appreciate the annoyance caused by the sticking and spattering of the pen, and will cheerfully pay the slight increased cost for "Crane's."

After leaving this beautiful valley, I found on examination of my scribbled notes I had a complete line of paper for samples, having caught up scraps from the various departments in the mill as I went through. In fact, these scraps of paper furnished an almost complete representation of the products of the great factory because in these pieces the fibre and quality might be as clearly demonstrated as in large quantities. Any paper expert glancing over my notes would have seen sufficient to convince him of the merits of the Crane Brothers manufacture.

My memories of Westfield will always be associated with a vision of the historic crane, flapping its wings in welcome and adieu, and if the good people of that place ever desire an emblem or a crest for their city which will be recognized the world over, let them select the crane, the crane that brings good luck and that stands for the superlative in paper production.

If every bookkeeper only knew the special fitness of Crane's "Gold Medal" linen ledger and record papers used in ledgers and account books, they would certainly insist on this superior stock when ordering a set of books at their stationers. If every stenographer, who has anything to say about the stationery she uses, would take the trouble of investigating and securing samples of Crane Brothers' "Warranted All Linen" typewriter papers, there would be a marked improvement in the correspondence sent out by business houses not already using this famous paper. The "Japanese Linen" grade is particularly well calculated for letter writing by people of good tastes. Although similarity is implied in the name yet in reality Crane's "Japanese Linen" is vastly superior to the best products of Japan for letter writing, due to superior sizing and the hard finish. In fact, for beauty of texture and for evenness of quality, it may be said to excel every other linen paper manufactured, be it hand made or machine made.

Sometimes one may believe that he has already secured the fittest thing procurable and yet be greatly mistaken. As it only costs a stamp and a moment to write a brief request, no reader of the National who does not already use "Crane's Linen Paper," can be excused for using inferior grades through ignorance of what is best since samples can be had for the asking. Every stationer of the country will, when so ordered, secure and supply his trade with paper from these famous mills. The "Japanese Linen" quality already alluded to has a special significance for the Japanese, as it bears in its water mark the crane which they have revered and considered a sacred bird since time immemorial.

THE CRANE BROTHERS' PRESENT MILLS AT WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

LET'S TALK IT OVER

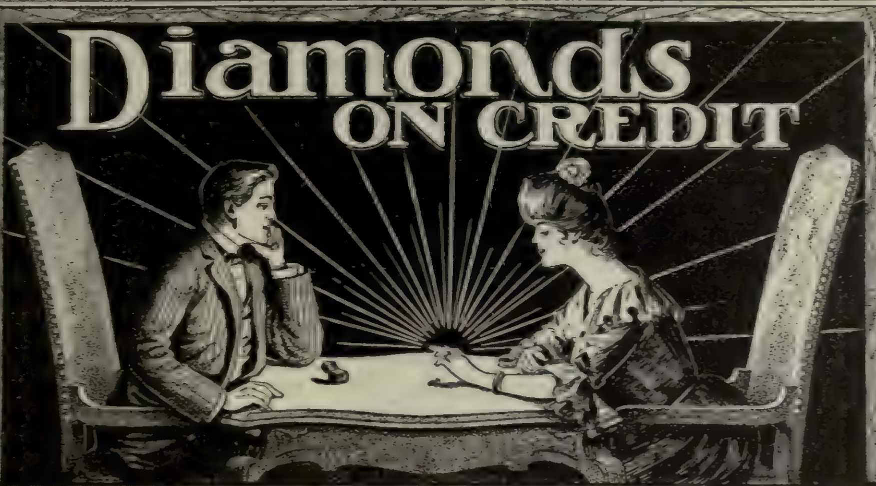
AS the auctioneer says, "this is the last call!" There will, perhaps, be many thousand readers of the National, who, when they look over next month's magazine, will wonder why they did not take the opportunity offered in the Heart Throb contest. The names of those who are the receivers of the 840 awards will be announced next month, but there is still time to send in your contribution, if you send it right away, because the competition will not close until August 15: that is positively the last day. We expect to publish portraits of the first ten prize winners, those who are awarded the piles of silver dollars as high as their head.

As has been stated by one of the most prominent editors in this country, there never was a magazine contest equal to this for psychological interest. In these contributions we have a wealth of material which far surpasses the value of the prizes offered. Thus to have collected in one place the thoughts which have touched the hearts of a nation is indeed a rare accomplishment. It is, in fact, a monument of the thought of all time, as seen with the eye of a great nation, for contributions have been sent in by men and women of all avocations and in every station in life—to say nothing of the children.

On looking the matter up, I find a National Magazine printed in Washington in Aaron Burr's day, and also a periodical of the same name at the time when Harper's was established, and I am impressed with the idea that at that time there were thoughts printed of which we of later times may well take cognizance. Even then they sought for the words that spoke to the heart, and it may be that the publication of these clippings which we have secured will be of equal interest to generations yet unborn.

But I must not say too much just now. I only want to impress upon you who read these lines, that if you have not sent in your contribution I want you to do it now, because if you don't, I think you will regret it as long as you have an acquaintance with the National.

Heart Throb selections will be of value not only because they show the trend of thought among our readers, but they will also be a stimulus to writers of the day to get down and diligently study the priceless sentiments of humanity, which, expressed and re-expressed though they may be, never lose their heart power. This collection emphasizes a new trilogy — heart, head and hand—for we are at last beginning to understand that the heart needs cultivation as well as the hand and head. Long ago the necessity of exercise for the body was acknowledged, and now we are beginning to lay equal stress on the need of intelligent training for the heart, though hitherto but little attention has been paid to the cultivation of heart qualities. It is quite possible to be over trained physically and mentally if care has not been given to the awakening of those better feelings



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which should be the foundation of all training. While we teach the "three Rs" let us not forget to also teach the "three Hs," heart, head and hand.

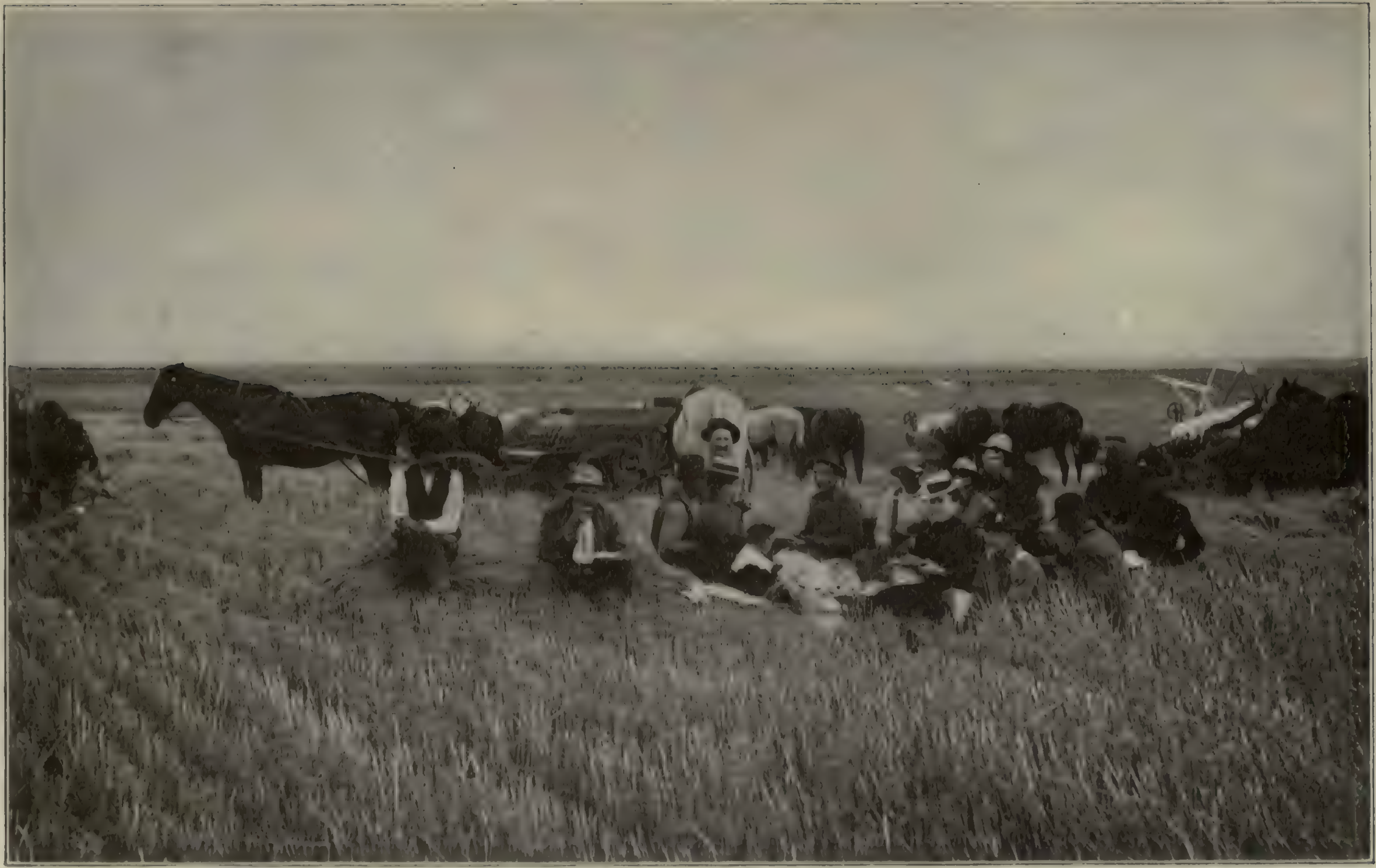
* * *

I should be interested in hearing from our friends who know all about the Heart Throb campaign but have not sent in a contribution. The best thing for you to do is to send in something right now; and if you are waiting to find the book or papers in which your gem is, because, though you remember the sentiment expressed you cannot recall the exact words, do not wait any longer. Just sit down and write out the kernel, the soul of the matter, as you recall it and send it in. It may not be expressed in the exact language of the original, but the thought will be there, — and that is what we want.

In all competitions the National Magazine has been peculiarly successful, whether it was our trip to Buffalo, to Jamaica—a trip given in return for ideas on "How to gain a million subscribers" — to Europe, to Washington, to the St. Louis World's Fair, or to the Portland Exposition. But all these former contests will pale in comparison with the coming revelation which is to be made to us by the people of America, for we shall have, as it were, a finger upon the great, throbbing pulse of the nation.

Let me say it once again, as I tilt back for a final rock in the old chair—before this great question is settled send in something, and send it RIGHT AWAY. Cannot you hear me say it? I don't want a single reader to say afterward: "Well, I could have sent in something much better than that." Just remember that you had the chance, and now is the time to grasp it by the forelock, for, according to the old fable, "Opportunity has no back hair by which he may be held." I want every one of you to have some part in this great symposium of thought.

Now, we are getting the tape measure ready. I can see the little anxious furrow on your brow when you know that the judges are determining the final awards which will scatter ten thousand silver dollars among the readers of the National. Every one of you is concerned in this distribution, for it is your award, given out through us to those who have dug and delved deep into the thought of all ages for those priceless treasures which far surpass in value the wealth of Midas, or the hidden riches of our own old earth.



SAVING TIME ON A FARM: TAKING DINNER IN THE FIELD IN ALBERTA, THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY, CANADA

CHAIRMAN SHONTS AND CHIEF ENGINEER JOHN F. STEVENS OF THE PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION IN CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE ISTHMUS

From a photograph by the National Press Association, Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII. SEPTEMBER, 1905 No. 6

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WELL I remember the last time I saw John Hay in Washington. He passed across the threshold of the state department promptly at nine o'clock, and I sat in one corner and watched without disturbing him. He rested his head on his hand, leaving the letters unopened for the moment, as though lost in meditation. Before him lay some of the most intricate problems ever presented to a statesman, but John Hay, with his great, broad, human sympathy, was capable of grasping it all. He took his pen and made a few notations, and then, oblivious of my presence, he passed out and went to the executive office across the street. When he returned there was a gleam of achievement in his eyes and his stately thoughtfulness asserted itself. "Well, now, how are you? Official duties should always come first, you know." In that one sentence he revealed how he had exalted public office.

How can I ever forget in that last meeting the almost pathetic way in which he turned to me, saying regretfully: "I cannot write those articles for you; I have no rest and expect none until I am dead."

He had promised me some time before to write an article for the National Magazine, and it surprised me to hear him say that he had several times endeavored to fulfil that promise but it seemed to be a great effort for him to write. I insisted that he should not attempt it until he had more leisure.

"The older I grow," he replied, "the more difficult it seems for me to find just the words I want, and I sometimes fear that I am becoming over particular with my proofs."

He had been compelled to deny himself, for some time past, all social engagements. Living for his country, sacrificing his very life, John Hay died as he wished to die — on the field of endeavor.

❧

I will confess my three great heroes of modern times have been McKinley, Hanna and John Hay, the triumvirate that initiated an epoch which brought the nation safely through a transformation as complete as that of the Civil war. John Hay's maxims were expressed in deeds rather than words and it was largely due to his influence and work that the McKinley administration sounded a note hitherto unknown in the world's affairs. The liberation of Cuba, the integrity of China, the note of neutrality, the reawakening of Panama canal ambitions—these were among their great joint projects, and in them all was struck the mighty chord of human sympathy.

And with the sweeping tide of national success came the momentous, perilous hour when John Hay maintained the equipoise of our land and established our nation as it had never been established before as a power in the affairs of the world and in international thought.

For several years past I have frequently put the question to many people whom I have met, "Who is the greatest living American?"

With scarcely an exception the response has been, "John Hay."

For the nation had begun to realize what a dynamic force was encompassed in that quiet, self possessed man.

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In spite of the common impression to the contrary, there never was a more democratic, warm hearted man than Secretary Hay. And no public official was ever easier of access. During my acquaintance with him, for four or five years past, every fragment of his conversation reflected the great principles of the man. During the days of the McKinley administration he seemed to take a personal pleasure in everything that concerned his chief.

I recall the first time I submitted to him a proof sheet for revision, and I cannot forget the decisive way in which he eliminated needless adjectives as he read.

"Be simple," he said; "be simple both in writing and speaking, and forget yourself in thinking of those whom you are addressing."

Was there ever a text book on rhetoric or on letter writing which contained more truth than this advice? I recall how he remarked, and pressed together the tips of his fingers and thumbs reflectively:

"Do you remember that it was the dream of Edgar Allen Poe's life that he should have a magazine of 40,000 circulation, and here you are not content with yours, which reaches more than 100,000. Be content, young man, be content; and yet — keep pushing," he added, with a twinkle in his dark eyes.

One incident comes back to my memory which may better express than anything else the homely, genuine character of the man. Turning abruptly to me, with his dark eyes flashing through his spectacles, he asked:

"Did you ever help your mother with the house work?"

I told him that I had served my apprenticeship in washing dishes and being generally useful in a family where I was the eldest of four boys and there was no sister, which made it necessary for someone to take the work off mother's shoulders.

"I thought so," he replied. "I used to help my mother too, and it has always been my impression that no boy gets closer to his mother than the boy who can help her in her daily tasks; and no man can ever grasp the richest fruit of life who has not been close—very close, to his mother."

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Secretary Hay's last public address was that delivered in Boston, before the international peace congress. At this time it was apparent that the cares and work of state were wearing upon him. His beard was grayer, his brow more furrowed, and yet his step was elastic, swinging. Masterful, yet simple and quiet, so graceful, so thoughtful, so tender; a poet in every instinct; a statesman in the broadest and highest sense of the word was John Hay. Never discouraged, even in the entanglements of treaties—confirmed or unconfirmed. Always striving for a satisfying end, in which the rights of those with whom he was negotiating were as conscientiously sacred as his own, he never effected a treaty or carried through a project that did not win for him the love and confidence of all concerned.

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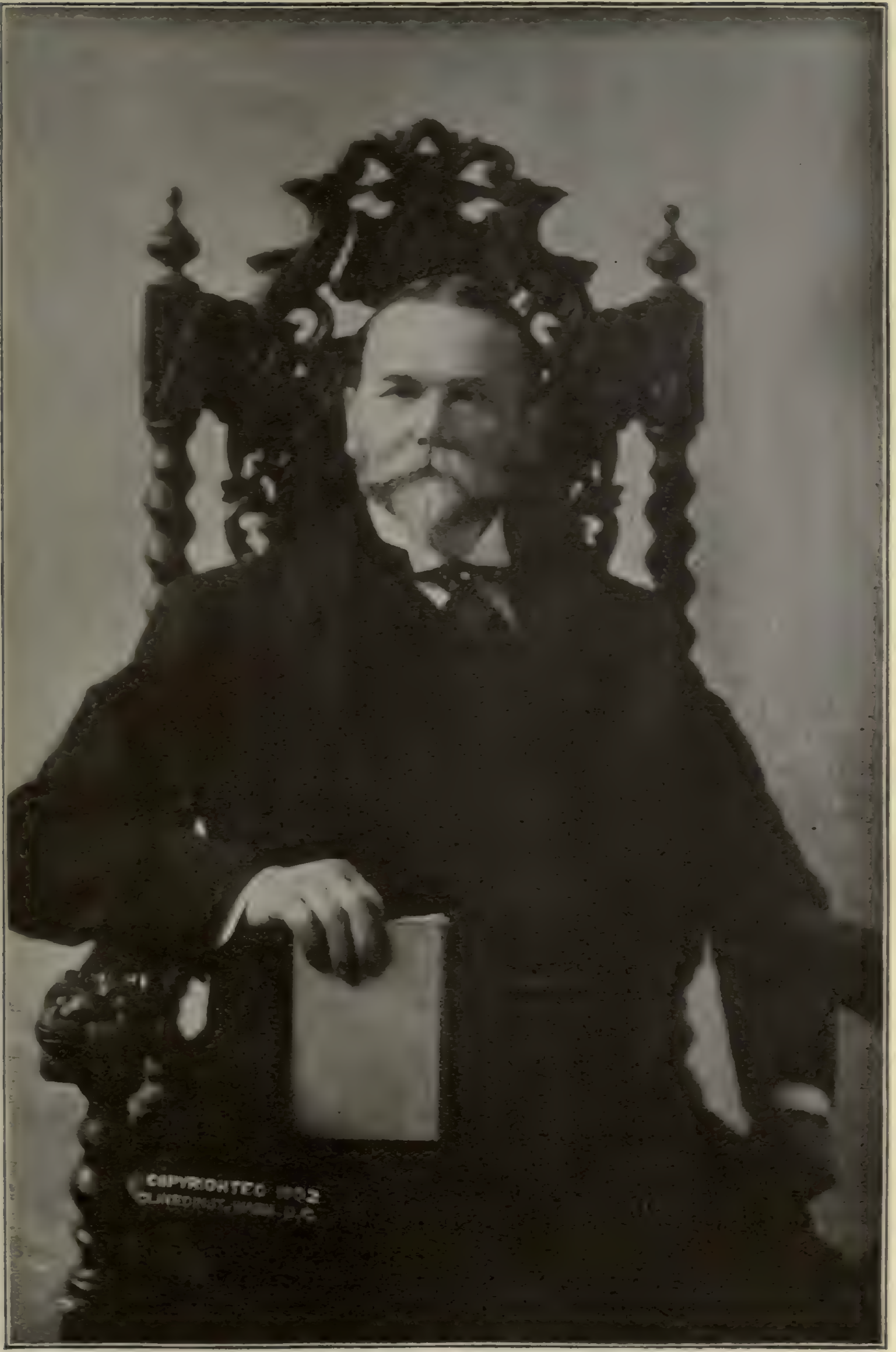
Once in talking with Marshall Field, the great merchant of Chicago, he told me that his preference and choice for president was none other than John Hay. I asked him if it might be my privilege to convey that information to Mr. Hay. He said that I was at liberty to do so.

I wish that I could picture the modest way in which the secretary received this



THE LATE JOHN HAY AS SECRETARY OF STATE

great compliment from the celebrated merchant, for the little incident speaks of the sterling qualities of John Hay's character. There was none of that affected modesty which is sometimes seen in the political maneuverer. He replied in that mellifluous voice so resonant with earnest candor:

"We never are too old to be sensible of the kindly appreciation of our fellow men. As for presidential ambitions, I never possessed them even in the slightest degree, for I knew beyond all doubt that I could not hold that position. But to have the consideration and appreciation of my fellow citizens, even in such a remote connection, is indeed gratifying."

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On a morning in June when President McKinley's train was leaving for the South, the members of the cabinet were down to the station to see him off. I recall seeing Secretary Hay and beside him his stalwart son Adelbert, who had just come from Pretoria, South Africa. A fine type of young manhood was Secretary Hay's son. It was inspiring to see how the secretary looked up at the tall young man with an expression of fatherly devotion; and never was a son prouder of his father, as he looked down to meet those kindly eyes that expressed feelings which no words could utter. Arm in arm they passed along, apparently conscious only of each other; and what a thrill of expectation must have gladdened the heart of the father as he outlined the career of this beloved son, who was now to work with him.

Shortly after this time came the death of Adelbert Hay, a crushing blow, and the beginning of the end for the father, who never seemed fully to recover from the shock.

Several times in my work at Washington, I have had occasion to call at the home of Secretary Hay during the evening. Those visits are certainly treasured experiences. He came out and greeted me in evening dress, for he was always decorous and did not disdain to pay attention to the social conventions of his time. A home in the best sense of the word, Secretary Hay's house was always the center of genuine hospitality. When in Washington, President Roosevelt visited more frequently here than he did anywhere else. He "ran in and out" in that direct, neighborly fashion that is the hall mark of a sincere and intimate friendship. The secretary was acquainted with Mr. Roosevelt's father, and no doubt seemed to the president like a second father.

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If ever there was a devout believer in the Bible and the eternal truths it contains, it was John Hay. The well meaning egoists, who assume to know more of creation than the Creator, were amazed to find so virile and strong an intellect resting upon the simple truths in which the faith of our mothers and fathers is fixed. Nearly all of his great addresses, notably the eulogy of William McKinley, are interspersed with most apt and forceful scriptural quotations. His reference to Mrs. McKinley has that touch of sympathy for which he was noted:

> "No truer, tenderer knight to his chosen lady ever lived among mortal men. If to the spirits of the just made perfect is permitted the consciousness of earthly things, we may be sure that his faithful soul is now watching over that gentle sufferer who counts the long hours in their shattered home in the desolate splendor of his fame."

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His addresses at the Pan-American and St. Louis Expositions, published in the National Magazine, are a part of the indispensable records of those great "Timekeepers of Progress."

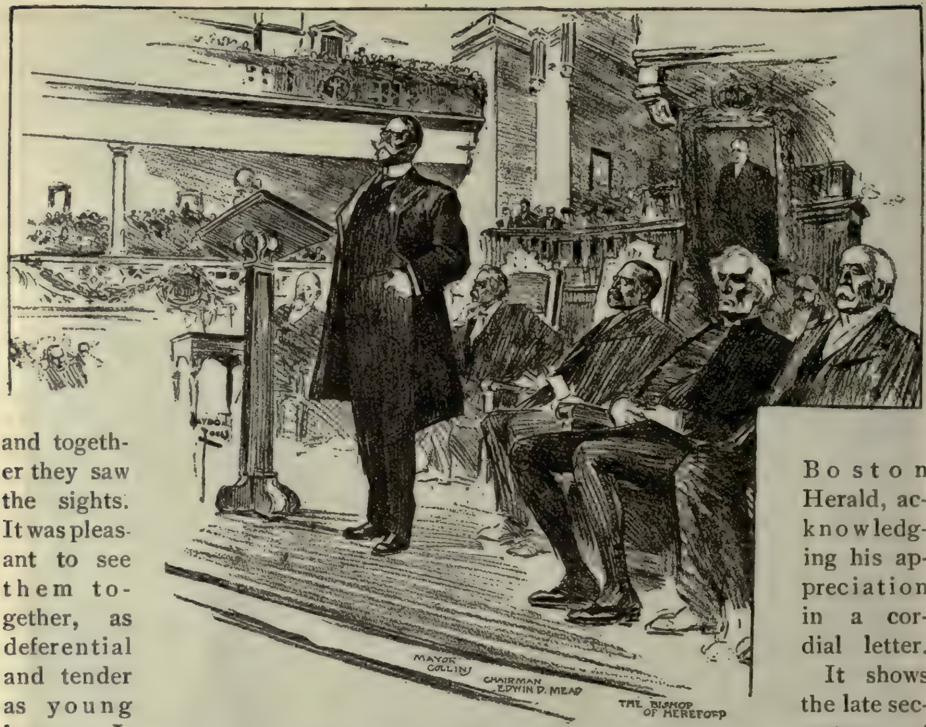
What happy days were those a little over a year ago, at the opening of the St. Louis Exposition. At his urgent personal request, he was allowed to

MR. AND MRS. JOHN HAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR IN ST. LOUIS, 1904

make his appearance unofficially, without display or noisy ceremony.

How minutely he studied the process of printing and setting type for our magazine at the Fair, and how interested he was in the half tone engravings. What delight he took in looking over the Chinese section at the opposite end of the building, going over carefully and in detail the different implements and ornaments used by that ancient people.

Mrs. Hay was with him on that trip,



JOHN HAY WELCOMING THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS IN TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1904, HIS LAST PUBLIC ADDRESS

and together they saw the sights. It was pleasant to see them together, as deferential and tender as young lovers. It was like a reflection of the character of McKinley, whose love for his wife no years could lessen or dim. Who can tell how far reaching this influence may be? Who can estimate the value of a career such as that of John Hay or William McKinley on the thought of the nation? While my very strong admiration for the man may influence my judgment, I believe that the trend of future history will be to give high rank in American annals to the character of John Hay—gentleman, statesman, poet, high souled patriot—John Hay, the friend, father, husband and brother—John Hay, the perfect embodiment of American citizenship.

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JOHN HAY liked the accompanying pen portrait so well that he asked it of the artist, Mr. Hayden Jones of the Boston Herald, acknowledging his appreciation in a cordial letter. It shows the late secretary of state making the address of welcome to the international peace congress in Boston in October, 1904, which was his last conspicuous appearance in public.

The photograph of Mr. Hay's birthplace is offered here by the courtesy of Mr. J. A. Kemp, a member of the National's big family in Salem, Indiana. Mr. Kemp, sending the photograph, writes:

> On a narrow back street now known as College avenue, in the town of Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838, was born John Hay, one of the greatest diplomats the world has ever known.
>
> The town of Salem was laid out and settled by North Carolina emigrants seeking a home in the West in 1814, and was named after their native town, Salem, North Carolina. Settlements had been made near the present site as early as 1800. Salem is the county seat of Washington county and in the southern part of the state, but one county

— Harrison — lying between it and the Ohio river. Today Salem has a population of 3,000, is a town of much wealth and has many of the modern and up to date improvements of the larger cities, such as water works, electric lights, street pavements, sewers, etc.

Dr. Charles Hay, the father of John Hay, was married to Miss Helen Leonard of Harrison county and removed to Salem in 1828. He purchased the one story brick structure known as the Salem Grammar School building and a tract of ground on the east side of the town. This he platted in 1837 into forty-five town lots known as Hay's first and second additions to the town of Salem.

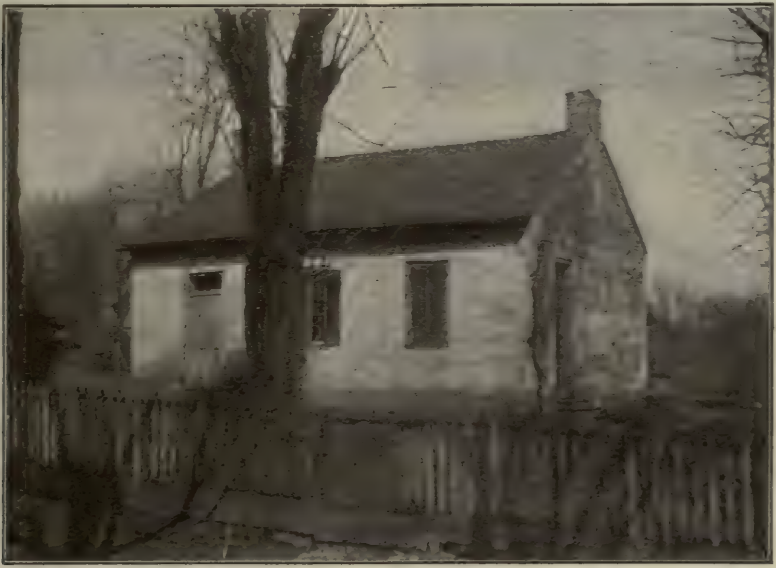
Dr. Hay's brother-in-law was John H. Farnham, a brilliant lawyer and speaker of state reputation, who had come here from New England with Dr. Hay, but who died in 1833 during an epidemic of cholera. Dr. Hay and Royal B. Childs bought the Western Annotator newspaper office in 1835 and began the publication of the Indiana Monitor, sustaining the cause of the Whig party. This paper continued for three years, when Z. W. Rowe bought the interest of Mr. Childs and the firm of Hay & Rowe continued the publication, changing the name of the paper to the Salem Whig. In December, 1840, Dr. Hay retired from the publication and removed with his family to Warsaw, Illinois.

The house in which John Hay was born stands about as it did when Dr. Hay left Salem, is in fairly good repair and has been owned by the late George W. Telle and his descendants for sixty years or more. A son, Reverend George W. Telle, now owns and occupies the property.

The body of Edward Hay, a brother of John Hay, lies in Crown Hill cemetery in Salem, a small stone marking the grave. Although but nine years of age, old citizens who remember the boy say he was so devoted to study that this caused his early death. Many of the stories of John Hay's life in Salem were incidents in the life of Edward, as John was but a mere baby — less than two years of age — when he left Salem with his parents for Warsaw.

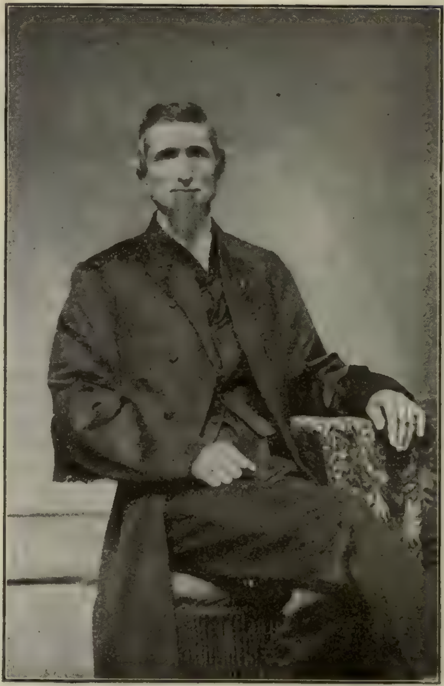
In a conversation with Mr. Hay at the banquet of the editors at the St. Louis World's Fair in May, 1904, he said: "I have been very much interested in the stories of my life in Salem; how I visited apple orchards and took the forbidden fruit; played truant from school and went swimming; played with this or that boy, etc. The fact, however, is that I left Salem in my mother's arms, a mere babe eighteen months old."

In reply to a cordial invitation to visit the old home Mr. Hay said: "My brother and I have often planned a visit together in Salem, but so far either one or the other has



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN HAY IN SALEM, INDIANA

"LITTLE BREECHES" AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE, A YEAR AFTER THE EPISODE CELEBRATED IN JOHN HAY'S FAMOUS POEM



REVEREND MR. WINANS, WHOSE SERMON, RECALLING THE INCIDENT OF THE LOST CHILD, INSPIRED JOHN HAY'S POEM

been too busy, or something interfered with our proposed visit. I yet hope we may be enabled to come back to the old town."

Three years before, in company with my daughter Florence, I met and talked with Mr. Hay at a like press banquet at the Buffalo Exposition, and then he said: "Don't you know, I have often thought of visiting the old town and some day hope to do so."

His hopes were never realized and few in Salem ever saw the town's most famous son.

The late Governor and Senator Booth of California was born in Salem and within a stone's throw of the Hay residence. Salem has been the birth place of many noted in state and national councils and in educational work, her earlier schools and academies drawing hither many from other states, particularly the South.

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Another reader of the National, Ona E. Smith of Guthrie Center, Iowa, verifies the newspaper story that Solomon Van Scoy, a farmer in that part of Iowa, is the father of the child celebrated as "Little Breeches," and is still living, hale and hearty. Mrs. Smith has the good fortune to be able to illustrate her account of this incident with a photographic portrait of "Little Breeches" at five years of age, and a like old fashioned portrait of the Methodist preacher who figured in that famous story. Mrs. Smith writes:

> In April, 1864, Ephriam Winans, then an itinerant preacher, was holding a series of meetings at New Virginia, Iowa, in conjunction with the Reverend Mr. Heacock, Methodist Episcopal minister at the neighboring city of Osceola.
>
> One rainy evening Mr. Heacock had just opened the services by announcing the opening hymn, when Sol Van Scoy burst into the room, out of breath but gasping, "For God's sake, a horse!" He had driven his team to a house a block distant from the church and had handed out his wife and parents, but just as he reached to take his little four year-old boy from the back of the wagon, a clad

of thunder sounded, and the frightened team started on a run.

The rain was falling in sheets and it was pitch dark. The light shone brightly from the church windows and instinctively Van Scoy ran blindly toward it for help. His startling appearance and cry for help as he burst unceremoniously into the meeting house, caused no little excitement. When the matter was explained services were postponed and the congregation turned into a searching party.

They started in various directions across the fenceless prairie, facing wind and rain, and splashing through the mud of a rainy April season. The horses were found half a mile away, one down in a gully and the other on a bank, partly underneath the overturned wagon; but the child was not to be found.

One of the party told of an unused cabin near, where dry wood for torches could be obtained, and they went there but were unable to open the door. A flock of fifty sheep had taken refuge within from the storm. A man was boosted up and climbed through the gable, securing the torch wood, and on coming out he insisted that he heard a human voice within. Some were incredulous but they forced open the door and, marvelous to say, there sat the child on a box in the midst of the sheep.

In the poem Mr. Hay made him say:

> "I want a chaw of terbacker
> And that's what's the matter with me."

But what the child did say was, "Here I am, Pa."

It was a mystery how the boy got through the door. The sheep may have forced it shut after he walked in, but the mystery remained unsolved, and it furnished food for a sermon by Reverend Mr. Winans some years afterward when he was preaching at Warsaw, Illinois, on the possibilities of divine providence under natural laws. John Hay, then a young man, heard it, and the incident was woven into the most popular of his famous dialect poems.

⁂

AS in business operations, the plans for the Fall and Winter campaigns are perfected during the hot days of Summer, so at Sagamore Hill the president is probably doing more real executive work than would be imagined by the casual observer. Merely determining the date for the extra session of congress was a matter of careful discussion. In the little office built this year at Sagamore Hill, called by some the trophy room and by others the library, but by the president the work shop, a program has been laid out that would make interesting reading if it could all be printed.

The first absorbing proposition of the month seemed to be to properly organize Panama canal construction. Commissioner Shonts and Engineer Stevens are now in Panama, and the president evidently keeps in close touch with the progress of affairs there. His office is filled with maps and blue prints and various other information concerning the progress of the work.

It was a delightful day that I spent at Oyster Bay, Long Island. It was here that the greater part of the president's boyhood was spent. I talked with an old citizen there who well remembered the president's father, a New York banker who wore a full beard and had a genial manner which won the hearts of the people. He remembered, too, the sweet faced southern girl who was brought as a bride to the North by that Theodore Roosevelt.

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Like all cities and towns of the original thirteen states, Oyster Bay has its Washington tradition. It is recorded, April 20, 1790, that President George Washington left New York City for a tour of Long Island, which was in those days known as Seawanhaka, the old Indian word meaning land of shells—shells that supplied the Indian wampum currency, being a colored part of the clam shell that was considered twice the value of the white variety obtained from the periwinkle. So even in those early days standards of currency were maintained. It is entertaining to go into the village and gather traditions and facts that are handed down from generation to generation, but what is most interesting just now is the fact that over Moore's grocery store,

SAGAMORE HILL, THE PRESIDENT'S HOME AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND

with its wide spreading awnings, and its barricade of oil and sugar barrels, is the executive office of the president of the United States. Severely simple, it might rather be the office of a country lawyer, and yet the click of the battery of White House typewriters worked by the ten stenographers under the direction of Secretary Loeb tells its own story of how the business of the government is kept up without relaxation.

It was here that I met Beekman Winthrop; governor of Porto Rico, attired in a Panama hat and a gray suit, his appearance spoke of vacation days. His record in the Philippines and Porto Rico is indicative of his ability to cope with insular problems.

Beside Secretary Loeb's desk are a number of electric buttons. I studied the letters marked on them, which were as follows: C, O, M, E, D, Q. What this means may be imagined! On the wall in the secretary's room is an array of consular reports and books of reference. Mr. Loeb sees to it that every letter is answered on the day it is received. The peculiarity of all this official correspondence is its brevity. Two or three lines suffice to convey the most important information.

At nine-thirty Mr. Loeb joins the president in his office, and until one o'clock there is a steady succession of paper signing or strict attention is paid to other business. All of the president's dictation is taken by Secretary Loeb, who turns over his notes to the ten stenographers to transcribe into typewritten letters. On the stationary are the words, "White House, Washington," and "Oyster Bay" is added in typewriting. In the morning the most important letters written the day previous are submitted to the president, who signs them. A stenographic record is taken of all the public speeches of the president, which are transcribed into a typewritten book.

After lunch the president enjoys a row or sail on the bay, or a dashing ride on horseback, or he takes an axe and goes out and chops a tree down; at any rate, he has another hour or two of vigorous physical exercise. In the evening the president joins his family and a few friends at dinner and the remainder of the day is spent on the broad veranda talking, reading or writing, while the children enjoy a game of croquet on the lawn in the early twilight. Very few visitors are received at the Long Island home, either at dinner or during the afternoon, for it is desired that the president shall have every moment possible for the rest and recreation so much needed by a man in public life. Yet Mr. Roosevelt's play is almost as strenuous as his work. I saw the president attending the Episcopal church in Oyster Bay in a linen suit and a broad sombrero, which emphasized his belief in the simple life.

BARON ROSEN, RUSSIA'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, AND THE BARONESS: FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE FOR HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

After my visit to Oyster Bay I chanced to meet a gentleman from the office of N. W. Ayer & Son, and was surprised to learn that Mr. J. A. Wood is a native of Oyster Bay. He had been renewing pleasant recollections by a visit to the old home, with its many delightful memories of his boyhood. Mr. Wood told me that he went into a shop to purchase a souvenir, of which there was quite an array, and the shop keeper began to tell him the history of Oyster Bay; he amazed the good man by informing him that he was born in a house located on that very spot. An enthusiastic photographer, we are indebted to Mr. Wood for several charming views of Oyster Bay.

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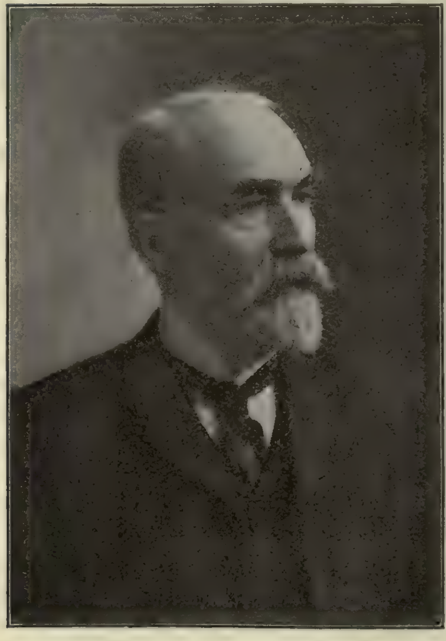
For the first time probably, in American diplomatic relations, an ambassador has been received at a place other than the official residence of the president of the United States. Baron Rosen, the Russian ambassador, sailed across from New York to Oyster Bay on the government yacht Sylph, and it was entertaining to see him land in the little boat, with the salt spray of the sound splashing on his prince albert. The Roosevelt boys were at the landing with a carriage to give him a cordial if unofficial and unceremonious greeting and to fetch him up to Sagamore Hill. Baron Rosen's first diplomatic laurels were won at Washington. The Baron's successes with the Japanese foreign office have peculiarly fitted him for the delicate task which has lately engaged him at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where, in one of the buildings of the United States navy yard, he, with M. De Witte for Russia and Baron Komura and Minister Takahita for Japan, began peace negotiations late in July.



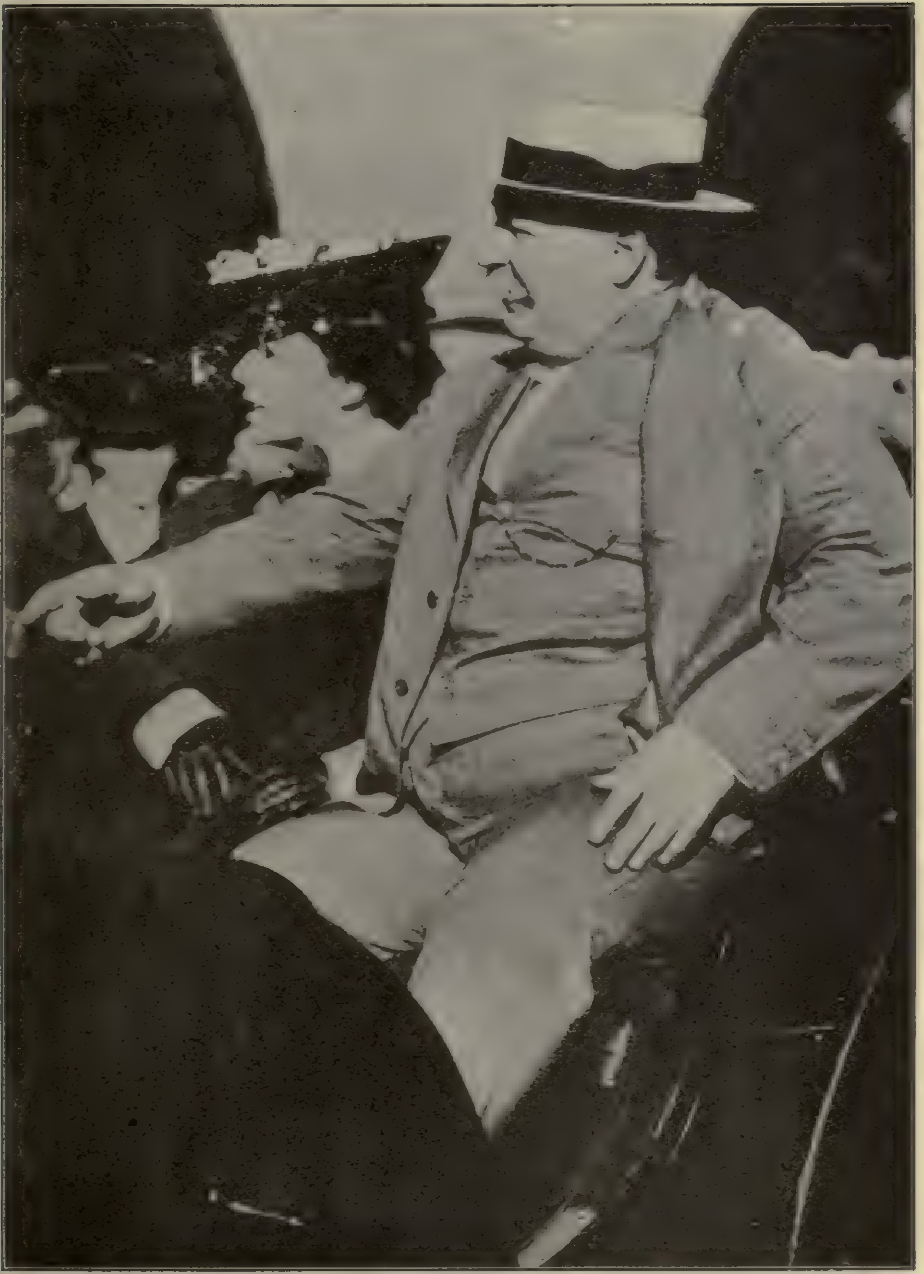
JOHN HICKS, OUR NEW MINISTER TO CHILE, IS THE EDITOR AND PRINCIPAL OWNER OF THE OSHKOSH NORTHWESTERN, A PROSPEROUS WISCONSIN DAILY NEWSPAPER. IN 1889 PRESIDENT HARRISON APPOINTED HIM MINISTER TO PERU, WHERE HE SERVED FOUR YEARS. HE IS AN LL. D OF LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY

⁂

THE appointment of Elihu Root as the secretary of state to succeed John Hay seems by common consent to be regarded as a logical promotion; which appears to be characteristic of the president. Secretary Root was tried and not found wanting in the war department.

I remember seeing Secretary Root shortly after his retirement from the cabinet, and he seemed to act as if he felt out of place when not in office. His stern demeanor softened somewhat in those days. If there was ever a cabinet official who was severely businesslike during office hours; a smile from him is a rare occurence when he is working. Not that he lacks genial ways, but his mind is so thoroughly absorbed with the proposition in hand that he does not allow himself time to think of anything else until he has reached a conclusion.

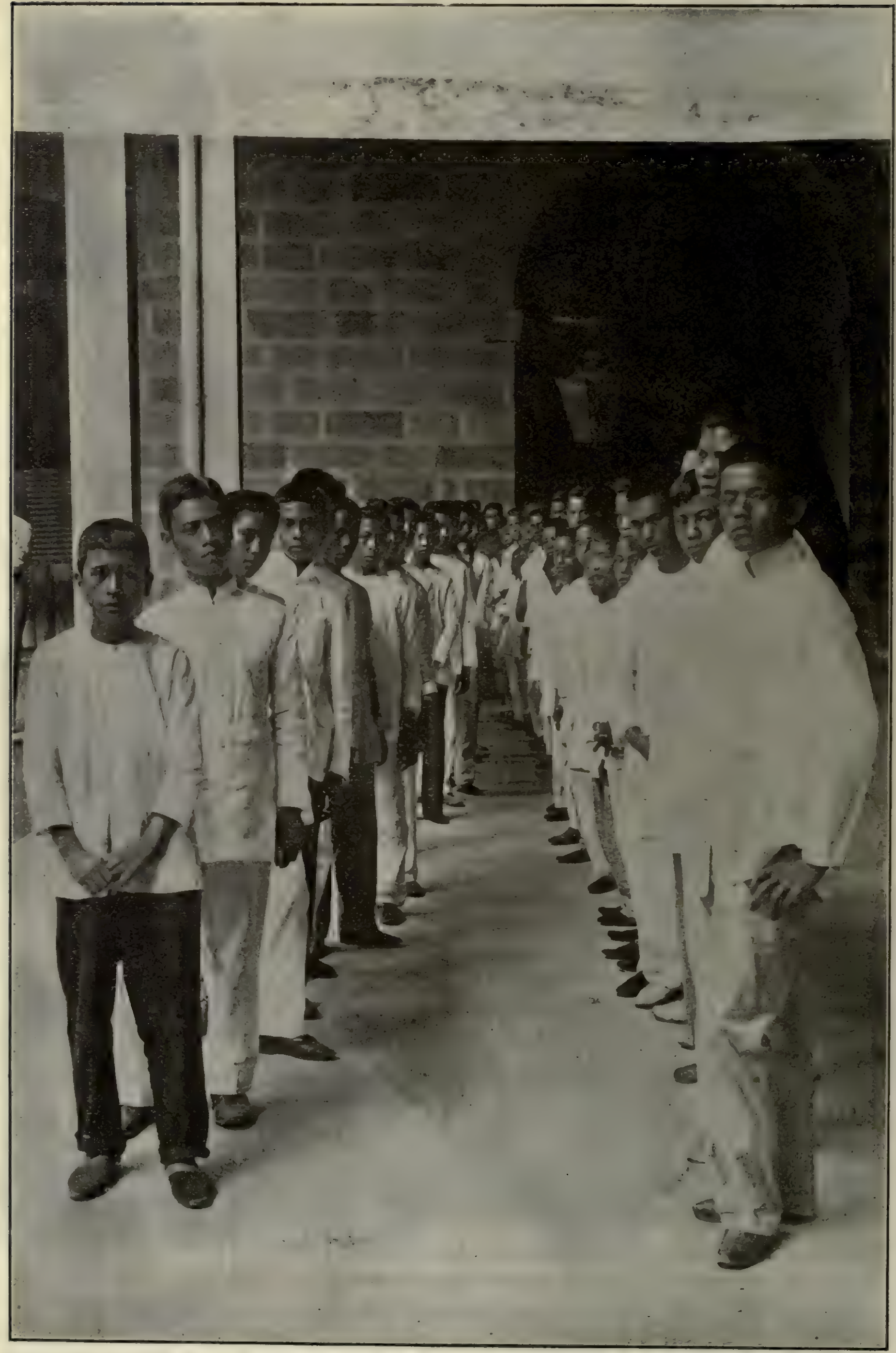
The conference between the president and Secretary Root on the veranda at Sagamore Hill were not of long duration, but it may be relied upon there was no lassitude in the transaction of business. I have often noticed them talking together and it seems as though fewer words sufficed them to explain a situation than any other public men. When Secretary Root pulls a card from his pocket with a few memoranda or figures upon it, it is certain that he has the evidence well in hand or he would not submit his notes. There seems to be a mental telepathy between him and the president, and they appear to be keyed to the same note.



SECRETARY OF WAR TAFT AND MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT AT SAN FRANCISCO JUST BEFORE THEIR PARTY SAILED FOR THE FAR EAST

From a stereograph, copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

The secretary has taken a party of congressmen and their families to the Philippines, by way of Hawaii and Japan, to be gone three months. Mr. Taft will "size up" conditions in the islands, which are not entirely satisfactory, and the congressmen will study the people they have been governing at such long range

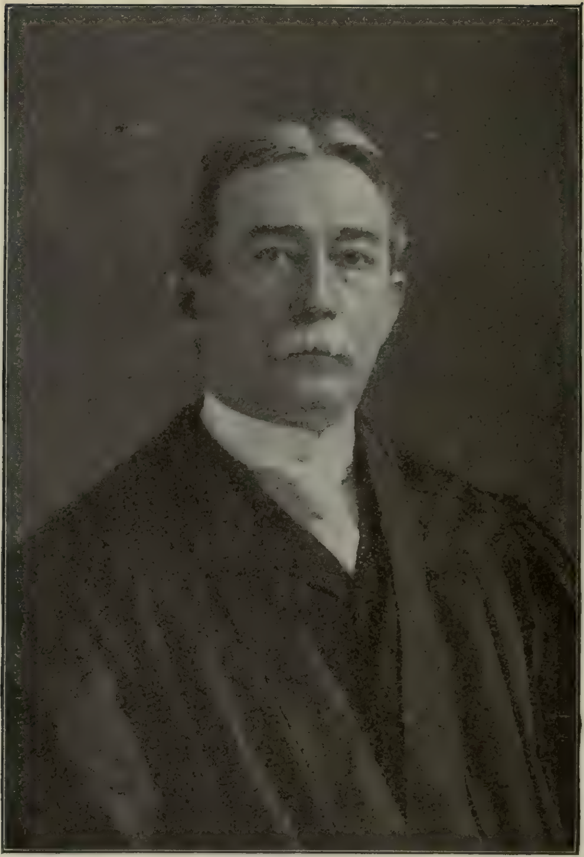


THE HOPE OF THE PHILIPPINES, BOYS IN THE NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL, MANILA

From a stereograph, copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

A PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR DAUGHTERS OF UNCLE SAM'S ADOPTION, IN MANILA

From a stereograph, copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood



JUDGE WILLIAM H. BRAWLEY OF SOUTH CAROLINA

From a photograph by Parkinson, New York

OUR CIVIL WAR IN RETROSPECT

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF A MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD AT CHESTER, SOUTH CAROLINA, MAY 10, 1905

By William H. Brawley

JUDGE OF THE UNITED STATES COURT AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

AESCHYLUS, dying in Sicily, an exile from his native land, wrote this epitaph, which the inhabitants of Gela inscribed upon the monument erected to his memory:

> "Athenian Aeschylus, Euphorion's son,
> This tomb at Gela holds, his race now run.
> His deeds the grove of Marathon could tell,
> And many a long haired Median knows them well."

There is no mention here of his literary achievements, of those sublime tragedies which, after more than 2,000 years, remain to charm scholars of every land

and have placed his name among the immortals. It is not of these well earned titles to fame that he wishes the world to be reminded as the shadows of death gather about him; but in that solemn hour his thoughts go back to the days of his young manhood and to his beloved Athens, and that in his life which he deems most worthy to be recorded and remembered is that he was a soldier of Athens on that fateful and glorious day at Marathon when she opposed her single breast to the Persian hosts, and there stemmed the tide of invasion. Those of us who are with you today, survivors of the comrades whose memory this monument is designed to guard, have little in common with the great Athenian. We will leave no words destined to immortality, but we have this in common with him, that when our race is run, and the purple shadows rest upon us, whatever we may have achieved of fame or fortune will shrink to nothingness, and we will feel as Aeschylus did, and our proudest memory and last request will be like his, that it shall be recorded of us that we were soldiers of our country.

The day chosen for dedicating this monument is consecrated all through the South to the Confederate dead. On this day in every city, town and hamlet our noble women strew flowers on their graves. Later in the month, when the tardier seasons of the North bring forth their blossoms, the same pious offices will be witnessed there. A stranger to our institutions and history finds it difficult to understand how it can be truly said of those who fell on opposing sides in that deadly conflict which ended forty years ago, that both died for their country, but that is now the accepted belief of high minded men everywhere. Now that the passions of that great conflict have subsided and time has given the true perspective, we see that it was unavoidable, without the surrender of beliefs and convictions that no people worthy to be free can ever surrender without a struggle to maintain them. The seeds that ripened into war were planted long before our day.

Whether the union of the states under the constitution created a nation to which paramount allegiance was due, or whether it was a confederation of sovereign states, a compact dissoluble at the will of the parties, was to say the least a debatable question. This is not a fit occasion to present the argument on either side, but I may quote briefly from two writers to whom cannot be imputed any bias towards the southern view. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, a senator from Massachusetts, in his life of Daniel Webster, says: "When the constitution was adopted by the votes of the states at Philadelphia and accepted by the votes of the states in popular conventions, it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the states, and from which each and every state had a right to peaceably withdraw, a right which was very likely to be exercised;" and Mr. Goldwin Smith, an eminent Englishman and strong partisan of the North, has recently said: "Few who have looked into the history will doubt that the union originally was, and was generally taken by the parties to it to be a compact, dissoluble, perhaps most of them would have said at pleasure, dissoluble certainly on breach of the articles of union." For the first quarter of a century after the adoption of the constitution this was the generally accepted view, more frequently expressed perhaps at the North than at the South—by Josiah Quincy, a representative from Massachusetts, in the house of representatives; at the Hartford Convention and elsewhere, as the settled conviction of the men of that day. Mr. Charles Francis Adams in his admirable address before the New England society in Charleston a couple of years ago reviewed the whole subject in the most fair and philosophical way, with the conclusion that both sides were right. There is no man in the country who can speak with more authority on this question than the grandson of John Quincy Adams, himself a gentleman of rare distinction and cultivation and the president of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Whatever changes of opinion may have occurred elsewhere, there was never any question in South Carolina that paramount allegiance was due to the state. Duty to the state was the foundation stone of our political faith. It was not considered open to disputation and was accepted not as a deduction of reason, but as an article of faith no more to be questioned than the Christian religion; hence we were tormented with no doubts. In 1860 our institutions were of the patriarchal type. Our interests were mainly agricultural, and it is a marked characteristic of all agricultural peoples to cling tenaciously to traditions and inherited beliefs. The great wave of foreign immigration that had filled the North and West had left us untouched. Our people were the descendants of those who had been on the soil since colonial days. The British had been driven from this soil mainly by the arms of its own people, and South Carolina was an independent sovereign state long before the constitution of the United States was adopted, and that sovereignty was not surrendered in terms when the constitution was ratified. The history of the times makes it clear that the constitution would not have been adopted if it had been supposed that it involved that result, and all of our traditions were that the United States was a union of sovereign states which had conferred upon the general government certain specifically designated powers, reserving all others; and as the constitution had provided no tribunal for deciding whether the terms of the compact had been infringed, it was an article of faith, deep rooted and unquestioned, that each state was the final judge and must decide for itself whether a continuance of the compact was consistent with its honor and its interest. The state had its history, its sacred places, before the government of the United States was formed. Its soil was marked by historic spots that told of deeds of daring and stirring adventure. From the rude palmetto fort on the sandy wastes by the sea, where before the Declaration of Independence the spell of British naval invincibility was broken, to the rugged heights of King's Mountain, there were on every hand the battle fields that told the story of its glory. The whole history of the commonwealth had been one of fair renown. Her public credit had been always maintained with most scrupulous faith. Her judges were illustrious for wisdom, learning and integrity; her statesmen of spotless fame. No excesses of lawless violence had ever smirched her record as a law loving, law abiding community. Her people, living amid all the sanative influences of country life, maintained in an unusual degree all the domestic virtues, cultivated the social graces, held the sentiment of honor as a sacred principle, reverenced religion and respected the law. The state had, for one of such small geographical extent, an unusual variety of soil and climate, producing within herself nearly everything that was necessary for the comfort of her people, and this naturally caused a sense of independence. Her people were peculiarly jealous of their liberties, clinging with great tenacity to local autonomy and watchful of any encroachment by the federal government upon the rights reserved by the constitution to the states. They had suffered much during the Revolution, and a centralized government was associated in their minds with the idea of despotism and foreign rule.

It is very difficult for those who have known the state only in the dismal period that followed the war, when she was known for many years as "the prostrate state," to understand the feeling during the days when she was relatively rich and prosperous, when her institutions and her life caused her people to be deeply penetrated by a spirit of independence, a sense of separateness, a kind of national consciousness.

Mr. Bancroft, in the fifth volume of his history of the United States, pubished in 1857, has as the caption of Chapter XIV, repeated at the head of the ten succeeding pages, "South Carolina founds the America Union," and near the conclusion of the chapter, after quoting from Christopher Gadsen, "Our state, particularly attentive to the interest and feelings of America, was the first, though at the extreme end and one of the weakest, as well internally as externally, to listen to the call of our Northern brethren in their distress. Massachusetts sounded the trumpet, but to South Carolina is owing that it was attended to. Had it not been for South Carolina no congress would then have happened," he says: "As the united American people spread through the vast expanse over which their jurisdiction now extends, be it remembered that the blessing of union is due to the warm heartedness of South Carolina." In the editions of this history published after the war the heading above quoted and much of the substance, including the passage cited, is omitted. If what was written as history in the fourteenth chapter of the first edition was true when written, it must have been true ten years later, and there seems to be no explanation of such omission, but that it is a part of a system of calculated disparagement to which our ill fortune has subjected us for the past forty years.

There is a growing legend that the war was fought for the abolition of slavery on the one side, and for its perpetuation on the other; and as the most conspicuous result of the war was the suppression of this institution, there is danger that this legend may be accepted as historic truth, for it is in the nature of man to look at broad and accomplished results — rather than at causes. The public opinion of the world condemned slavery, and we have had to bear the obloquy of being its defenders. A defeated cause makes no appeal to the vulgar imagination, which finds in success the only criterion of merit and of truth. It is, therefore, fitting that on all proper occasions those who know even a little of the truth should give expression to it, that the motives which guided the conduct of those who have passed away should be unfolded. Mr. Lincoln, in his inaugural address, said: "Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the southern states that by the accession of a republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension." He then quotes from one of his speeches: "I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the existence of slavery in the states where it exists; I now reiterate these sentiments." He then pledges himself to enforce the provision of the constitution relating to the return of fugitive slaves and suggests additional legislation on that subject. In July, 1861, the Crittenden resolution, which, as said in Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln, "embodied the controlling thought and purpose of the administration and the country," was passed with but four dissenting votes in the house of representatives, and but five dissenting votes in the senate. This resolution is in part as follows: "That this war is not waged * * * for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those states, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality and rights of the several states unimpaired, and that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease." In September, 1861, Mr. Lincoln issued an order revoking General Fremont's proclamation of military emancipation in Missouri, and it was not until one year after, when, as said in the life of Lincoln above quoted, Vol. 4, page 425, "The Richmond campaign had utterly failed; Washington was menaced; the country was despondent, and military necessity now justified the policy of general military emancipation." Accepting these repeated and solemn declarations as being sincere and as truly representing the sentiments and policy of Mr. Lincoln's administration, it may be said with confidence that there was no time from the day of the passage of the first ordinance of secession up to the Autumn of 1862 when the southern states would not have been welcomed back into the union with most ample pledges and guarantees for the perpetuation of the institution of slavery. Those who look for the causes of secession must find some other motive than a mere desire to save the institution of slavery.

Undoubtedly it was the feeling aroused on the slavery question that was the immediate cause of secession. Whether there would ever have been an attempt at secession but for slavery cannot be stated with certainty. All who are familiar with the state of public sentiment at both periods will probably agree that the feeling on the silver question ten or fifteen years ago was far more intense, more widespread, more all engrossing; that the agitation in favor of free coinage was better organized and conducted with greater zeal and acrimony and aroused more bitter antagonism toward the so called money power than was ever known at the time of secession; and but for the failure of that movement forty years ago, that or some kindred subject might have led to the attempt at a later day and possibly with more chance of success. It was our fate that the right of secession, the question of divided sovereignty, should be settled in our day and in our blood.

As far back as 1830 there had been great dissatisfaction in the state on account of the protective tariffs then enacted, which were considered adverse to our interest, and under the guidance of Mr. Calhoun the state had sought to nullify acts in what he advised was a constitutional remedy, but that trouble had been adjusted by compromise. Later the southern states had been denied equal rights in the territories secured in part by their blood and treasure.

For years there had been agitation in the North against slavery, a species of property secured by every sanction of the constitution, culminating in the raid of John Brown, and in the attempt to excite servile insurrection; so when it came to pass that a president was elected by a purely sectional majority, by a party whose cardinal doctrine was hostility to our institutions, is it to be wondered at that our state should believe that the more "perfect Union" which the constitution was designed to secure had failed in its chief purpose; that interest and honor demanded that the compact be dissolved and that there should be a desire to part company with those associates whose interests and feelings were supposed to be hostile to us? The constitution had made no provision for such a contingency, and no tribunal had been devised for the decision of a case like this. Logic and reasoning could not settle it, for there was much to be said on either side. It had to be decided by the course of events, and ultimately by force. A wiser statesmanship might have foreseen that the great preponderance of material force was on the other side, and have avoided the issue. It might have foreseen that the public opinion of the world had been setting steadily against slavery for thirty years, and that in any conflict in which that issue seemed to be involved we would have the whole world against us. It might have felt the influence of those sentiments which may be called the spirit of the age, and which were leading toward concentration and not toward separation, that spirit which but a few years later led to a united Italy and to a united Germany.

In the dimness of anguish that followed the defeat of our cause; in the grief for the loss of friends and companions—the flower of our land; in the devastation of our homes and in the destruction of our property, the accumulated results of years of industry and self denial, there has been criticism and condemnation of the lack of foresight and ineptitude of the leaders who brought about a contest which wiser men might have seen was foredoomed to failure. I have no such reproaches to make. In the ordinary affairs of life the counsels of prudence are the counsels of wisdom and are to be followed, but there is a time in the life of every individual and of every people when they must do what they think to be right, regardless of consequences. I do not know how others feel about it: taking but an humble part in the war; expecting no glory from it, and reaping none; being one of the unnumbered thousands whose only duty was to do and to suffer, with no bitterness in my heart toward those whose sense of duty arrayed them on the other side in that conflict that brought to us so great calamities, I feel as Demosthenes when a like calamity befell his beloved Athens: "I say that, if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come." It is doubtful that the questions that divided us, that vexed our repose and retarded our development, could have been settled otherwise than as they were settled, by blood and iron.

We were not a people to surrender lightly long cherished beliefs and deep convictions or to barter them away. We had to fight for them, and, having lost, we accept loyally the result of the contest we invited, finding our compensation in the richer, fuller national life which has opened to us.

They commit an immense error who hold that what was once right is always right. That is true in the domain of morals, where the great primal obligations change not, but in institutions and government the fluxion of time and events necessitates successive readaptations to changes in environment.

In 1860 slavery was regarded in the South as a divine institution, in the North as the "Crime of the Century." A hundred years before there was no question anywhere in the world as to the right of property in slaves, and Old England and New England were busily engaged in selling them to us. Fifty years later slavery in the South was generally regarded as a necessary evil to be gotten rid of as soon as practicable. My uncle has frequently told me that he had heard his father preach against it in old Hopewell church, in this county.

The time will come, if it has not already come, when slavery in the South will be looked on simply as a phase in the evolution of a race; that we will be regarded as merely blind instruments moved by an unseen hand, whereby the savages of Africa were transmuted into frugal and industrial laborers, to be thereby trained and prepared for a civilization which of themselves they could never attain.

I would take no part in any of these observances if I believed that they tended to reopen old wounds or to create bitterness, or were in any wise inconsistent with my obligations to the government whose commission I bear.

We of the South are not called on to blot out the memories either of our glories or of our disasters; on the contrary, as our troubles in the past were largely due to misunderstandings of the motives and principles which influenced conduct at that period of our history, anyone who can shed the slightest ray of truth will best serve his country by doing so, for the more the truth is known the more united will the country be.

It is to the everlasting glory of the American people that within a half century of the close of the most bitter and deadly contest they are more united now than ever before, nearer to that "perfect union" designed by the fathers, every part vieing with the other in devotion to a common country, and pride in its great destiny.

In our mother country it was more than two centuries after Cromwell's death before the statue of the "Great Protector" was placed in the yard of Westminster looking defiantly up the avenue, at the other end of which is the bronze figure of Charles I, whom he beheaded.

There are doubtless those now living who will see the statue of General Lee facing the great antagonist whom he met on so many fields of deadly strife, and looking calmly across the Potomac on his old home at Arlington, where rest the nation's dead.

The statesmen and the great captains that led our armies have passed into the realm of shadows; the voices that could speak with authority are dumb forever, but it behooves everyone who had any part, however small, in that great drama, to tell all that he knows, when by so doing he may vindicate the motives and memory of his dead comrades. To "let the dead past bury its dead" is a coward's maxim, if by that it is meant that one should be silent when to speak is a duty.

I was a college student, just coming into manhood in those days, and profess no special knowledge, but I think that I know something of the feeling then prevailing. To say that we were led into the war by the plotting and machinations of our leaders is untrue and unjust. My own immediate surroundings, the older men with whom I was associated, and to whom I looked for guidance, were what were then known as Union men as contradistinguished from the secessionists, and a majority of the people of this county were of that type. They had opposed nullification in '32 and separate state action in '52. They had voted for Mr. McAlily for senator in the Autumn of 1860 as the candidate opposed to secession, and he was, I believe, the only senator who voted against calling the convention that passed the ordinance of secession. His oldest son, who was killed in the war, was my most intimate friend, and immediately after my admission to the bar in 1866 he took me into partnership with him, being at that time the leading lawyer in this part of the state, so that I had some opportunities of knowing the sentiments of that large body of our people who were in the beginning opposed to secession; but immediately after the calling of the convention all divisions vanished and the movement in favor of secession seemed to be unanimous. The people felt and acted as one man.

Nor can it be truly said that the movement was due to any deep seated hostility to the North or to the union, for among the people that I knew there was a strong traditional sentiment in favor of the union. Most of them were descendants of the soldiers of the Revolution, and the Fourth of July was always celebrated with great enthusiasm.

Nor can it be said that it was in any

way a movement of adventure—of men of desperate fortunes who sought in revolution the opportunities of self aggrandizement, for our people were generally men of substance, some of them men of large fortunes, but most of them sturdy yeomen, who owned their farms.

I would say, then, so far as it was permitted me to know, that the movement of secession was one which came from the very heart of the people, from some irresistible impulse.

It seems to me that it was largely a matter of sentiment, it may be called narrow, inflamed, misguided, but sentiment pure and simple, untainted by sordid thought or selfish ambition; that we were all under the compelling power of an unseen hand, which the Greeks called fate, and which we would call Providence, moving us toward a destiny unpenetrable by mortal vision.

I trust that it will not be considered inappropriate to this occasion that I have indulged in a few personal recollections of no material consequence in themselves, and in some opinions which having been formed in youth are of little value except as honest impressions which may throw a little light upon a period the chief actors in which have passed away.

The pen of history can only record its larger events. It takes no account of the little rills that go to make the larger stream, but the spirit of an epoch, its true atmosphere, can be gathered only from the actions and incidents in the lives of individuals, often obscure and generally unknown to fame. Let me speak then for a moment of that small band that went out as privates in one of the companies from Chester on that fair April morning in 1861, and messed together during their period of service.

There were eight of us, all save one were college graduates, three of them being members of the bar. I have on another occasion referred to my ever to be lamented friend, Moffatt Grier, who, losing a limb at Williamsburg, survived the war, becoming a doctor of divinity and president of a college, dying too soon for his fame and too soon for his state, which he loved with absorbing devotion, and served in war and in peace with equal fidelity.

Easily first among us was my other and older friend, Lucius Gaston, whom I looked up to with a boyish admiration and love which the lapse of more than forty years has in no wise abated. He was about ten years my senior but our next door neighbor, and a family connection brought me into as close intimacy as such difference of age permitted.

Brave, handsome, modest, able, continent, in the full tide of practice at the bar, which gave assured promise of early attainment of the summit of success, he left a beautiful young wife, two young children, a happy home, his much loved books and everything that goes to the making of the charm and joy of existence; served for the first year in the ranks, and upon the reorganization in the Spring of 1862 was made captain of his company, and died on the field of battle at Seven Pines. Of all the men with whom I had personal association his loss was the greatest. He would surely have been our leader during the trying ordeal of the period of reconstruction. His wise and sagacious counsel would have tempered all harshness, and when the state came to its own there is no office that he would not have adorned. His learning, his dignity, the sweetness of his temper, his unblemished life, would have made him a great judge, and in the senate of the United States he would have been one of the glories of the commonwealth.

It would ill become one who was a part of the Confederate army to speak of its valor, its faithfulness, its hardships and its sufferings, nor is it needed, for the whole world was filled with its fame. It cannot be amiss, however, to cite a few words of Mr. Swinton, the northern historian of the Army of the Potomac: "Who that ever looked upon it cannot forget that army of tattered uniforms and bright muskets, that body of incomparable infantry which for four years carried the revolt upon its bayonets, opposing a constant front to the mighty concentration of power brought against it; which, receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like; and which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation."

And now, ladies, one word of sincere thanks for the honor you have done me in selecting me to deliver the address upon this interesting occasion. My path in life has led me far from the home of my boyhood, but my tenderest memories are associated with it, and nothing that concerns it has ever been or can be a matter of indifference to me. When your summons came to me I felt that I must needs obey it, although I knew that the pressure of other duties would prevent any adequate performance of that task which your partiality imposed. I shrank from it for another reason, and that was that I knew that this occasion would bring up most tender and painful memories that I preferred to keep within the silent chambers of my heart; that I would miss here so many of the old familiar faces, so many of the sights and scenes of former years

I felt all the more bound, however, to answer this call, because it seemed to me that far beyond any wish to pay a compliment to one who belonged to you by right of birth was your desire that the United States in my person should unite with you in this pious service in memory of our dead; and you were right, for the achievements of the men whose memories this monument guards, the simple manhood of their lives, their bravery in battle, their faithfulness to their cause, their patient endurance of hardship and suffering, their uncalculating and unceasing devotion to duty as they saw it, even unto death, belongs not to Chester, not to South Carolina alone, but is the common heritage and glory of the American republic.

RUDYARD KIPLING

By Jessie M. Whittaker

DENTON, TEXAS

A STALWART, upright man is he,
Our strong, warm blooded brother,
Whose heart has found the magic key
To kinsman's, Christian's, Pagan's.
His pulses leap with ours in pride,
With no fine seer's detraction,
At whatsoe'er our hands have tried
And won, if it be honest.

No womanish regrets are his
For romanced golden ages;
Nor sighing saint's crude prophecies
Of slow milleniums coming;
Lifts not his hands in dire amaze
At all our earthly folly,
But laughs and weeps and toils and prays
With us, the hosts of people.

THE EPISODE OF THE SPANISH POEM

By Henry Austin

PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

'TWAS in that city with a personal charm, New Orleans, over twenty years ago. How swiftly our salad days and nights depart! Called salad, I suppose, because we are considered green and fresh by grave and reverend seniors such as we are now. I happened then to have charge of the press bureau of the New Orleans Exposition, one of the most splendid and poorly attended shows or fairs the world has ever known. Small, indeed, in comparison with some that preceded and others that have ensued, but unique in the natural beauty of its mise en scene; its incomparable setting near the mouth of the tawny Father of Waters, in a vast grove of magnificent live oaks. These deep-green trees with long tapestries of the parasitical gray moss gracefully swaying in the orange-odorous breezes, whether in daylight or lit up by the magic lamps of those Aladdins Monsieur Tesla and Mr. Edison, composed a picture of weird and haunting loveliness never to leave the memory till memory leaves the man.

Having this position, among the pleasant duties of which was the giving out of passes to proper persons connected with the newspaper microcosm, also to even more distinguished deadheads of the local official and political arena and eke to visiting statesmen and opulent exhibitors, naturally I formed many interesting and some permanent acquaintances, and in my leisure hours had not a few delightful adventures and exquisite encounters a la fourchette and veritas in vino with Wit, Humor and Beauty. Oh! those social salad days! Ah! these "lonesome latter years!"

But the most charming adventure of all was the one that rosily culminated in the finding of the poem. I have often told it, when in the right mood and the right company; and because the wise—or otherwise—editor of the National Magazine fancies it will interest four-fifths of his million readers, a somewhat round statement which, however, I base on statistics, I will try to tell it in print. Yet wherever were or will be cast the types, or found the words that shall elucidate truly the mystery of Poetry and feminine Beauty?

Came to my den one day Judge B——, then the greatest criminal lawyer at a bar always rich in talent and which has produced some giants. Of German origin and speaking several tongues with ease and elegance, eloquence, too, at times, he had begun life, I believe, as a bell boy for a small wage, based basely on tips, I imagine, by a canny hotel keeper. Now in his prime, and rather handsome in face as well as magnetic in manner, the Judge was known to live in awe of an excellent wife absurdly, almost insanely, jealous; jealous, indeed, of his friendships with men quite as much as when he paid polite attentions for five minutes to some sprightly dame or vivacious "bud" just beginning to bloom into society. Most of us know such women. Yet, like most men who live chiefly above their eyes, men fond of intellectual pursuits or ambitious to rise, the Judge was remarkably innocent. His life, as known to us, had been free from exotic escapades. I doubt if he had ever had even a Platonic affection for one of the opposite perplexing sex. His fine broad brow was clouded, and after he had settled back in the chair to which I gestured he stared murkily at me a minute or two before he spoke. Then in his rich, deep voice he said:

"Hal, I'm in a hole and you must haul me out."

"What's the size of the cavity?" I cautiously inquired, having been born a Yankee.

"You know my wife?"

I nodded.

"You know, I suppose, how terribly jealous the good frau is?"

I nodded again and couldn't repress a smile.

"Well, the fact is two beautiful ladies, with an almost equally beautiful mother —Heavens! my wife would be Cerberusly jealous of all three in a bunch, if she saw me talking to them — have brought letters of introduction to me—me of all men. They are stopping at the Hotel Royal. I've simply got to show them as much attention as possible and you must be my substitute or aid. I'll foot all the bills, of course."

"This begins to grow very interesting," quoth I, grinning most amiably. "Go right on! What's my first duty in the premises?"

"Well, I've invited them to that military drill and tournament tomorrow afternoon, with a dinner at Victor's in the cool of the evening. I've explained that professional duties would prevent my presence during the afternoon, but that an agreeable friend of mine would drive them out and returning would pick me up somewhere on the shell road. I have chosen you for this office, and when you see those ladies you'll consider my choice the greatest compliment and favor you ever received in your life. They are simply dreams. Everybody on the grand stand will be levelling lorgnettes at you, and I'll bet a V to a picayune the old governor and his rascally chief of staff, our friend, Colonel Curtis, will come snooping about your carriage to get introduced."

I roared at this, though it seemed a likely enough prophecy. Then I rose, closed the office, took the judge to my rooms, donned evening apparel and signified my entire readiness after supper to be introduced to his "Dreams."

I found the great lawyer had not lied. Having girdled the earth twice, I have seen many beautiful women, white, red, brown, olive, yellow and even chocolate; but I never saw two sisters so equally, yet so differently, lovely. The mother, too—and this is rather rare in the Spanish race — had contrived to keep her bloom. She must have been close on fifty but she looked under forty. The daughters, if memory serves me, gaily admitted to twenty-five and twenty-seven. I will not try to describe them. Homer was too great an artist to depict in detail the beauty of Helen, as Ovid would have essayed. He simply shows the effect of Helen's beauty — or charm? —on two sour old men who hated her for the mischief she had wrought on their country with that face "that launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium." So just imagine them then!

Imagine, too, my delighted surprise at learning that they were married to Americans and one of them to the son of the famous portrait painter, Healy, who painted, before he emigrated for life to Paris, the portraits of my mother and father. This fact, which quickly emerged in conversation, of course established at once a special sympathetic bond between that sister and myself. The absence of their husbands was due to the sudden pressure of some large business interests in Europe, and the visit to America having long been planned, they came with their mother and their maids. They spoke French, German, Italian and English, besides, of course, their native tongue, which to my ear is the noblest and most musical medium of human expression since ancient Greek got lost. But their English—or American, let us call it — though well chosen, was not exactly fluent. They told me they talked French mostly with those

Parisian Americans, their husbands.

The morrow dawned beautiful—a way it has of doing most of the time in New Orleans—and at the hour appointed I was at the Royal with the finest open carriage procurable; but what coupe, barouche or victoria, as the judge eloquently remarked in confidence, could have been constructed fine enough to convey such freight? The horses, too, were superb, and I picked out the handsomest driver I could find, making all my arrangements hours before. Somewhat to my surprise, the mother excused herself from going with an attack of headache and a fear of exposure to the humid evening air. As the judge had predicted, no sooner were we drawn up on the camp grounds under the eyes of the grand stand than glasses began to be levelled at us; and presently up came the irrepressible Colonel Curtis of the governor's staff, with another uniformed dandy, politely proffering some of the state's reserve of official champagne to quench our thirsts and his curiosity by getting the inevitable introduction. But the colonel was presently called off, and I gave him a hint not to send anyone of the staff except the governor, "since mine were ladies of too much distinction in their own country to receive attentions indiscriminate, or any at all, except from persons as distinguished as the governor, or as poets—those chartered libertines of song and poverty—like myself." My trivial sally was heartily appreciated. In that gay land on that gay day the smallest bits of humor or of mere persiflage received an instant courteous welcome and a laughter-minted currency, as if they were true coins of sovereign wit. Everything pleasant "went." Curtis did, giving me mock defiance and saying that his seconds would wait on me tomorrow to meet mine and arrange an artistic duel under "The Oaks."

I fear I'm overwriting this true tale. Let me speed it on to its climax. At set of sun we bowled along the shell road rapidly, and at the place of tryst picked up the tristful judge. Tristful and wistful no more, when he beheld our chariot.

At Victor's, after depositing their wraps in a room especially reserved for them, the "Dreams" were led into the large private supper room. They clapped their fairy hands at the sight. The judge had given orders to bank the room with flowers. It was a bower. And the viands and the wines of delicate bouquet and rarity, softly served and abstemiously sipped, for a true lover of the grape never gulps it, were such as one can rarely find in perfection outside of New Orleans. Babble not to me of Delmonico or Sherry! Have I not eaten dishes composed by that gastronomic genius, Trisconi?

After the courses had been run—they were not many—and the coffee came, and the judge and I lit our cigars and the "Dreams," being Spanish, their cigarettes, the waiters retired. But one returned bearing a mysterious looking bowl with a ladle. Then he went and came no more. The judge explained with more than judicial gravity that this crowning event was a punch of his own invention. Mild it seemed at first, but I solemnly believe 'twas a kind of punch that might at the end of four rounds have made Sullivan weep and at the end of six put even Jeffries to sleep. The "Dreams," panoplied with all the wisdom or intuition of their sex, contented themselves with coyly sipping one glass. I refrained after the second, but the judge, with his inherited Bismarckian or Teutonic capacity, stinted not.

The conversation which had hitherto been general now paired off, the judge addressing himself chiefly to the Vision named Mrs. H., who sat at my right, and I directing most of my attention to the other one. Knowing that I knew plaguey little German, His Honor, with the low cunning inspired by the fumes of alcohol, began to speak in that language. From his looks and tones, plus a few words I caught now and again, I divined that he was growing very sentimental and somewhat more ardent in his compliments than Dreams, particularly married ones, as a rule expect to receive. The besieged, however, very clearly was parrying his attack with tactics of merriment and of pretended incredulity as to the sincerity of his compliments; and her musical little peals of laughter infected her sister and myself with a like spirit. But this did not abate the extravagance of the judge's compliments; and, finally, when he told her that "her eyes were two lakes of celestial fire in which his tortured soul would like to drown itself," she mischievously turned to me, and, imitating his languishing, sentimental air, told me in Spanish, which the judge knew about as much of as I did of German, that she had come to the conclusion "my eyes were two lakes of azure, celestial fire in which her soul would like to drown itself." Whereupon her sister laughed like a chime of fairy bells, though I succeeded in maintaining a grave countenance and replying in kind.

The judge looked a bit suspicious; but when I turned again to the Vision on my left, he resumed his artillery fire of extravagant compliment reinforced with some quotations from sentimental German poetry which I did happen to comprehend. Again the mischievous Dream turned all these into Spanish and fired them at me with a look that itself was killing. This time I couldn't hold a straight face, and she and her sister kept up the nonsense yet longer, the sister moving nearer to the judge and pretending to be vexed with me for preferring to listen to the other one. Presently I realized that the judge guessed he was being quizzed—and no man relishes that very long, however fairily done. His brow darkened. Clearly he was about to get nettled. But he was our generous host, and it would never do to have any cloud of sullenness or any discordant feelings come at the close of a day so gay—so perfect! Instantly and abruptly I started a conversation on literature and the respective merits of national poets. The Dream at my right at once took the cue. Indeed, I think at the same moment her intuition had told her the fun might go too far for comfortable feelings; and before I could finish my exordium she playfully "butted" in; offered to recite a poem which "couldn't be equalled" in my tongue; didn't wait for her challenge to be accepted, but with dramatic intensity flung it forth, translated it in her next breath into German for the judge's benefit, and then most prettily appealed to him as a judge betwixt her and me in the "controversy"—which hadn't yet begun. Thus was the possibility, ay, probability, of a grave unpleasantness averted, for we ended the evening in animated discussion of Literature and Art. Here is the poem:

Si por mi tumba pasas un dia
Y amante evocas el alma mia,
Veras un ave sobre un cyprés —
Habla con el que mi alma es!
Si tu me nombres, si tu me llamas,
Si alli suspiras que asi me amas,
Da oido al viento dentro el cyprés —
Habla con el que mi alma es!
Pero, si esclava ya de otro dueno,
Turbas é insultas mi ultimo sueno,
Guardate, ingrata, de ir al cyprés —
Huye su sombra que mi alma es!
Huye del ave, huye del viento,
De toda forma, de todo acento!
Pero es en vano. Doquier estes,
Veras la sombra de ese cyprés.

Exactly rendered into prose, this runs thus:

If by my tomb you pass some day and lovingly evoke (or invoke) my soul, you will see a bird on a cypress tree, speak with him who is my soul. If you call me by name, if you call me loud, if you sigh there that you love me so, give hearing to the breeze through the

> cypress tree—speak with him who is my soul. But, if the slave of another lord, you disturb and insult my last sleep, beware, you ingrate, of going near that cypress tree; flee from its shadow which is my soul! Flee from that bird, flee from that breeze, from every shape, from every sound! But 'tis in vain. Wherever thou art, thou shalt see the shadow of that cypress tree.

This I have rhymed into our language as follows:

If by my grave you should pass some day,
And a loving prayer for my soul should say,
You will see a bird on a cypress tree:
Speak to that bird which my soul will be!
If you call me loud; if you call me low;
If you only sigh that you love me so,
You will hear a breeze in that cypress tree:
Speak to that breeze which my soul will be!
But if of another lord the slave
You disturb my sleep, you insult my grave,
Beware how you near that cypress tree!
Fly from its shadow — my soul 'twill be!
Flee from that bird, from that zephyr fly,
And from every substance and sound nearby!
But, wherever you are, in vain 'twill be:
Yea, always and alwhere, thy soul shall see
The shadow strange of that cypress tree.

Needless to say, I was profoundly impressed by that poem, recited in such curious circumstances by such mellifluous lips in that luscious tongue still spoken by fifty million people and never, I hope, to perish away from the ears of men. I inquired the name of the author, so I might acquaint myself with more of his work; but his name the Dream could not give. Needless to say that during her stay I paid all of them all attentions in my small power. So on the day they departed she wrote me a charming letter, overthanking me for the courtesies I had been only too happy to show them; and she added: "Noticing how taken you were by that little poem I recited at our first Great Feast, I enclose a copy for you, fancying you might like it in my handwriting as a souvenir." I treasured that writing many years, but it was burnt at last in a fire that destroyed all my manuscripts.

I tried, by addressing several well known Spanish scholars, to learn the authorship, but in vain, until years after, when I happened to quote it to a Spanish tobacconist who told me 'twas written by Hermosilla. I have recited it, I suppose, a hundred times at literary or semi-literary gatherings, and once when dining with Edward Bellamy and William Dean Howells. Howells, who is finely read in Spanish and, being of Celtic strain, loves the tongue doubtless as much as I do, remarked with his usual acuteness that he had never met anything in Spanish which, in so brief a compass, expressed Spanish nature—all the passion, all the fantasy, all the jealousy, all the superstition, all the elemental poetry of the Iberian soul. Several years ago a German musician of whom I hope great things, if he shall survive the daily sturm und drang, one Gustave Becker, got fascinated with my version and set it to music and sang it to me very beautifully. But not with her voice.

And never again shall I see that radiant face and never again shall I have such a glorified feast—enchanted! The judge went long ago to that undiscovered country from whose bourne all jealousy is barred, since there, we are assured, is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; and youth went likewise long ago, when I left that city with a charm; the only American city of my acquaintance where merely to breathe is luxury; where men do not appear all the time to be scrambling for pelf and treading the weaker down; the lovely, Latin city by the Gulf, which all the year 'round seems to pulsate with youth and to radiate, as her right, "la joie de vivre."

THE NEWER WOMAN

By Mrs. E. D. Kendall

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

THERE are times when I feel so ashamed of my sex,
That I wish I belonged to the opposite one;
Though no doubt 'twould be changing to ills more complex —
To a lee shore already o'er crowded with wrecks,
And in fleeing the Gaul, I'd encounter the Hun.
The truth is that women — not all, to be sure —
(There are sensible females, as every one knows,)
But some — than the "new" ones we're proud of, still "newer,"—
Whom no phœnix-lived Lydia Pinkham could cure
Of their ailment, are fools to the tips of their toes.
Of course they don't know it — the innocents dear —
But watch them! if ever a murder's committed
More atrocious than common — the evidence clear,
The monster who did it, they coddle and cheer
With visits and bonbons, and oh! how he's pitied!
And the sighs that they heave! and the tears that they shed!
And the missiles they send! — no, 'tis missives I mean,
(Though the former would fit the case better, if sped;)
And they never once think of the victim that's dead,
Nor care for the anguish that's real and keen.
To the court room they throng — the thermometer zero; —
How they glower at the lawyers who stand for the state!
And though twelve good men say that the wretch is a Nero,
They'd crown him with flowers like a holiday hero,
And attorney and jury with zest flagellate.
To be sure cases vary; for instance, you've read
Of the one in Manhattan, so recently tried.
The accused, — well, of her the less that is said,
The better, perhaps, for the life that she led,
In accepted stage phrasing, we'll class as "aside."
But the crime loving idiots marshalled in force,
And daily they begged, elbowed, scrambled for places
To ogle a home wrecker, void of remorse,
And listen to evidence nauseous and coarse,
With never a blush on their satisfied faces.
The prisoner they championed and feasted and praised,
And a premium set on an unchaste career;
Yet if in their private home pastures she'd grazed,
It is probable quite that they wouldn't have gazed
With the same rapt delight on this "poor stricken deer."
O, shame on the women who pander to crime!
Who lower the standards for maiden and youth —
Who feast on the garbage and wade through the slime
Of police sloughs and law courts, and soil with their grime
The whiteness of virtue—the sweetness of truth!

LITTLE GREEN GOBLIN OF GOBLINVILLE

By James Ball Naylor

MALTA, OHIO

I

LITTLE Bob Taylor was mad, discouraged, and thoroughly miserable. Things had gone wrong—as things have the perverse habit of doing with mischievous, fun loving boys of ten—and he was disgruntled, disgusted. The school year drawing to a close had been one of dreary drudgery; at least that was the retrospective view he took of it. And warm, sunshiny weather had come—the season for outdoor sports and vagrant rambles—and the end was not yet. Still he was a galley slave in the gilded barge of modern education; and open and desperate rebellion was in his heart.

One lesson was not disposed of before another intrusively presented itself, and tasks at home multiplied with a fecundity rivaling that of the evils of Pandora's box. Yes, Bob was all out of sorts. School was a bore; tasks at home were a botheration, and life was a frank failure. He knew it; and what he knew he knew.

He had come from school on this particular day in an irritable, surly mood, to find that the lawn needed mowing, that the flower beds needed weeding,—and just when he desired to steal away upon the wooded hillside back of the house and make buckeye whistles! He had demurred, grumbled and growled, and his father had rebuked him. Then he had complained of a headache, and his mother had given him a pill—a pill! think of it!—and sent him off to bed.

So here he was, tossing upon his own little bed in his own little room at the back of the house. It was twilight. The window was open, and the sweet fragrance of the honeysuckle flowers floated in to him. Birds were chirping and twittering as they settled themselves to rest among the sheltering boughs of the wild cherry tree just without, and the sounds of laughter and song came from the rooms beneath, where the other members of the family were making merry. Bob was hurt, grieved. Was there such a thing as justice in the whole world? He doubted it! And he wriggled and squirmed from one side of the bed to the other, kicked the foot board and dug his fists into the pillows—burning with anger and consuming with self pity. At last the gathering storm of his contending emotions culminated in a downpour of tears, and weeping, he fell asleep.

"Hello! Hello, Bob! Hello, Bob Taylor!"

Bob popped up in bed, threw off the light coverings and stared about him. A broad band of moonlight streamed in at the open window, making the room almost as light as day. Not a sound was to be heard. The youngster peered into the shadowy corners and out into the black hallway, straining his ears. The clock down stairs struck ten deliberate, measured strokes.

"I thought I heard somebody calling me," the lad muttered; "I must have been dreaming."

He dropped back upon his pillows and closed his eyes.

"Hello, Bob!"

The boy again sprang to a sitting posture, as quick as a jack in a box, his eyes and mouth wide open. He was startled, a little frightened.

"Hel—hello yourself!" he quavered.

"I'm helloing you," the voice replied. "I've no need to hello myself; I'm awake."

Bob looked all around, but could not locate the speaker.

"I'm awake, too," he muttered; "at

least I guess I am."

"Yes, you're awake all right enough now," the voice said; "but I nearly yelled a lung loose getting you awake."

"Well, where are you?" the boy cried.

A hoarse, rasping chuckle was the answer, apparently coming from the open window. Bob turned his eyes in that direction and blinked and stared, and blinked again; for there upon the sill, distinctly visible in the streaming white moonlight, stood the oddest, the most grotesque figure the boy had ever beheld. Was it a dwarfed and deformed bit of humanity, or a gigantic frog masquerading in the garb of a man? Bob could not tell; so he ventured the very natural query:

"What are you?"

"I'm a goblin," his nocturnal visitor made reply, in a harsh, strident, parrot-like voice.

"A goblin?" Bob questioned.

"Yes."

"Well, what's a goblin?"

"Don't you know?" in evident surprise.

"No."

"Why, boy — boy! Your education has been sadly amiss."

"I know it," Bob replied with unction, his school grievances returning in full force to his mind. "But what is a goblin? Anything like a gobbler?"

"Stuff!" his visitor exclaimed in a tone of deep disgust. "Anything like a gobbler! Bob, you ought to be ashamed. Do I look anything like a turkey?"

"No, you look like a frog," the boy laughed.

"Shut up!" the goblin croaked.

"I won't!" snapped the boy.

"Look here!" cried the goblin. "Surely you know what goblins are. You've read of 'em—you've seen their pictures in books, haven't you?"

"I think I have," Bob said reflectively, "but I don't know just what they are."

"You know what a man is, don't you?" the goblin queried.

"Of course."

"Well, what is a man?"

"Huh?" the lad cried sharply.

"What is a man?"

"Why, a man's a—a—a man," Bob answered lamely.

"Good — very good!" the goblin chuckled, interlocking his slim fingers over his protuberant abdomen and rocking himself to and fro upon his slender legs. "I see your schooling's done you some good. Yes, a man's a man, and a goblin's a goblin. Understand? It's all as clear as muddy water, when you think it over. Hey?"

"You explain things just like my teacher does," the boy muttered peevishly.

"How's that?" the goblin inquired, seating himself upon the sill and drawing his knees up to his chin.

"Why, when we ask him a question, he asks us one in return; and when we answer it, he tangles us all up and leaves us that way."

"Does he?" the goblin grinned.

"Yes, he does,"—sullenly.

"He must be a good teacher."

"He is good—good for nothing,"—snappishly.

The goblin hugged his slim shanks and laughed silently. He was a diminutive fellow, not more than a foot in height. His head was large; his body was pursy. A pair of big, waggling ears, a broad, flat nose, two small, pop eyes and a wide mouth made up his features. His dress consisted of a brimless, peaked cap, cutaway coat, long waistcoat, tight fitting trousers and a pair of tiny shoes—all of a vivid green color. His was indeed an uncouth and queer figure!

"Say!" Bob cried suddenly.

"Huh?" the goblin ejaculated, throwing back his head and nimbly scratching his chin with the toe of his shoe.

"What are you called?"

"Sometimes I'm called the Little Green Goblin of Goblinville."

"Oh!"

"Yes."

"But what's your name?"

"Fitz."

"Fitz?"

"Yes."

"Fitz what?"

"Fitz Mee."

"Fitz you?" laughed Bob. "I guess it does."

"No!" rasped the goblin. "Not Fitz Hugh; Fitz Mee."

"That's what I said," giggled the boy, "fits you."

"I know you did; but I didn't. I said Fitz Mee."

"I can't see the difference," said Bob, with a puzzled shake of the head.

"Oh, you can't!" sneered the goblin.

"No, I can't!" — bristling pugnaciously.

"Huh!" — contemptuously — "I say my name is Fitz Mee; you say it is Fitz Hugh; and you can't see the difference, hey?"

"Oh, that's what you mean — that your name is Fitz Mee," grinned Bob.

"Of course it's what I mean," the goblin muttered gratingly; "it's what I said; and a goblin always says what he means and means what he says."

"Where's your home?" the boy ventured to inquire.

"In Goblinville," was the crisp reply.

"Goblinville?"

"Yes; the capital of Goblinland."

"And where's that?"

"A long distance east or a long distance west."

"Well, which?"

"Either or both."

"Oh, that can't be!" Bob cried.

"It can't?"

"Why, no."

"Why can't it?"

"The place can't be east and west both—from here."

"But it can, and it is," the goblin insisted.

"Is that so?"—in profound wonder.

"Yes; it's on the opposite side of the globe."

"Oh, I see."

The goblin nodded, batting his pop eyes.

"Well, what 're you doing here?" Bob pursued.

"Talking to you," grinned the goblin.

"I know that," the lad grumbled irritably. "But what brought you here?"

"A balloon."

"Oh, pshaw! What did you come here for?"

"For you."

"For me?"

"Yes; you don't like to live in this country, and I've come to take you to a better one."

"To Goblinland?"

"Yes."

"Is that a better country than this—for boys?"

"Yes, indeed."

"In what way is it better?" Bob demanded, shrewdly. "Tell me about it."

"Well," the goblin went on to explain, unclasping his hands and stretching his slender legs full length upon the window sill, "in your country a boy isn't permitted to do what pleases him, but is compelled to do what pleases others. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, it is," the lad muttered.

"But in our land," the goblin continued, "a boy isn't permitted to do what pleases others, but is compelled to do what pleases himself."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bob, surprised and pleased. "That's great. I'd like to live in Goblinland."

"Of course you would," said the goblin, placing a finger alongside of his flat nose and winking a pop eye. "Your parents and your teacher don't know how to treat you—don't appreciate you; they don't understand boys. You'd better come with me."

"I've a notion to," Bob replied thoughtfully. Then, abruptly: "But how did you find out about me—that I was dissatisfied with things here?"

"Oh! we know everything that's going on," the goblin grinned; "we get wireless telephone messages from all over the world. Whenever anybody says anything—or thinks anything, even,—we learn of it; and if they're in trouble some one of us good little goblins sets off to help them."

"Why, how good of you!" Bob murmured, in sincere admiration. "You chaps are a bully lot!"

"Yes, indeed," the goblin giggled; "we're a good hearted lot—we are. Oh, you'll just love and worship us when you learn all about us!"

And the little green sprite almost choked with some suppressed emotion.

"I'm going with you," the boy said, with sudden decision. "Will your balloon carry two, though?"

"We can manage that," said the goblin. "Come here to the window and take a squint at my aerial vehicle."

Bob crawled to the foot of the bed and peeped out the window. There hung the goblin's balloon, anchored to the window sill by means of a rope and hook. The bag looked like a big fat feather bed, and the car resembled a large willow clothes basket. The boy was surprised, and not a little disappointed.

"And you came here in that thing?" he asked, unable to conceal the contempt he felt for the primitive and clumsy looking contraption.

"Of course I did," Fitz Mee made answer.

"And how did you get from the basket to the window here?"

"Slid down the anchor rope."

"Oh!" Bob gave an understanding nod, "And you're going to climb the rope, when you go?"

"Yes. Can you climb it?"

"Why, I—I could climb it," Bob replied slowly shaking his head; "but I'm not going to."

"You're not?" cried the goblin.

"No."

"Why?"

"I'm not going to risk my life in any such balloon as that. It looks like an old feather bed."

"It is a feather bed," Fitz answered complacently.

"What!"

The goblin nodded sagely.

"Gee!" the lad ejaculated. "You don't mean what you say, do you? You mean it's a bedtick filled with gas, don't you?"

"I mean just what I say," Fitz Mee replied positively. That balloon bag is a feather bed."

"But a feather bed won't float in the air," Bob objected.

"Won't it?" leered the goblin.

"No."

"How do you know? Did you ever try one to see?"

"N—o."

"Well, one feather—a downy feather—will fly in the air, and carry its own weight and a little more, won't it?"

"Yes," the lad admitted, wondering what the goblin was driving at.

"Then won't thousands of feathers confined in a bag fly higher and lift more than one feather alone will?"

"No,"—positively.

"Tut—tut!" snapped the goblin. "You don't know anything of the law of physics, it appears. Won't a thousand volumes of gas confined in a bag fly higher and lift more than one volume unconfined will?"

"Why, of course,"—irritably.

"Well!"—triumphantly—"don't the same law apply to feathers? Say!"

"I—I don't know," Bob stammered, puzzled but unconvinced.

"To be sure it does," the goblin continued smoothly. "I know; I've tried it. And you can see for yourself that my balloon's a success."

"Yes, but it wouldn't carry me," Bob objected; I'm too heavy."

"I'll have to shrink you," Fitz Mee said quietly.

"Shrink me?" drawing back in alarm bordering on consternation.

"Yes; it won't hurt you."

"How—how're you going to do it?"

"I'll show you."

The goblin got upon his feet, took a small bottle from his waistcoat pocket and deliberately unscrewed the top and shook out a tiny tablet.

"There," he said, "take that."

"Uk-uh!" grunted Bob, compressing his lips and shaking his head. "I don't like to take pills."

"This isn't a pill," Fitz explained; "it's a tablet."

"It's all the same," the boy declared obstinately.

"Won't you take it?"

"No."

"Then you can't go with me."

"I can't?"

The goblin shook his head.

"Isn't there some other way you can—can shrink me?"

Again Fitz Mee silently shook his head.

"W-e-ll," Bob said slowly and reluctantly, "I'll take it. But, say?"

"Well?"

"What'll it do to me—just make me smaller?"

"That's all."

"How small will it make me?"

"About my size," grinned the goblin.

"Gee!" ejaculated Bob. "And will it make me as—as ugly as you are?"—in grave concern.

The goblin clapped his hands over his stomach, wriggled this way and that and laughed till the tears ran down his fat cheeks.

"Oh—ho!" he gasped at last. "So you think me ugly, do you?"

"Yes, I do," the lad admitted candidly, a little nettled.

"Well, that's funny," gurgled the goblin; "for that's what I think of you. So you see the matter of looks is a matter of taste."

"Huh!" Bob snorted contemptuously. "But will that tablet change my looks? That's what I want to know."

"No, it won't," was the reassuring reply.

"And will I always be small—like you?"

"Look here!" Fitz Mee croaked hoarsely. "If you're going with me, stop asking fool questions and take this tablet."

"Give it to me," Bob muttered, in sheer desperation.

And he snatched the tablet and downed it.

Immediately he shrunk to the size of the goblin.

"My!" he cried. "It feels funny to be so little and light."

He sprang from the bed to the window sill, and antically danced a jig in his night garment.

"Get into your clothes," the goblin commanded, "and let's be off."

Bob nimbly leaped to the floor, tore off his night robe and caught up his trousers. Then he paused, a look of comical consternation upon his apple face.

"What's the matter?" giggled the goblin.

"Why—why," the boy gasped, his mouth wide open, "my clothes are all a mile too big for me!"

Fitz Mee threw himself prone upon his stomach, pummeled and kicked the window sill and laughed uproariously.

II

"YOU stop that, you mean old thing!" Bob blustered angrily.

The goblin laughed the harder.

"Stop it, I say!" the boy shouted, loud enough to waken all the sleepers about the house, he thought.

The goblin continued to laugh and drum his fists and kick his heels.

"Oh, you think you're smart!" the lad pouted, tears in his eyes, his lips quivering. "Old Fits! Old Spasms! Old Convulsions! Yeah! Yeah!"

"Here — here!" cried the goblin, springing to his feet and frowning darkly. "You mustn't call me such names, boy."

"I will!"—sturdily.

"If you do, I'll go away and leave you, just as you are."

"I don't care."

"You don't?"

"No, I don't."

"What're you mad about?"

"You played a mean trick on me, and then laughed at me—that's what."

"I didn't play any trick on you."

"You did, too. You coaxed me to take that pill."

"Tablet, you mean."

"Well, tablet. What's the difference?"

"I persuaded you to take it."

"It's all the same."

"And I forgot you didn't have your clothes on. Now you'll have to put 'em on and take another tablet to shrink them."

"I won't take it."

"Why won't you?"

" 'Cause I won't—that's why. Think I want to live on pills? I don't like 'em."

"Are you afraid to take it?"

"No, I—I'm not. But it wouldn't shrink my clothes, if I did take it."

"Yes, it will. Look at your night gown."

Bob picked up his discarded night robe and closely examined it. It was not larger than a doll's dress. The lad grinned sheepishly, and began to hustle into his garments. They were a world too large for him, and hung upon his shrunken limbs in a baggy and outlandish fashion. His shoes were ten sizes too big; his cap rested upon his shoulders.

"Huh!" he muttered in disgust. "I look like a scarecrow."

"Here!" the goblin said soberly. "Take another tablet."

Bob shook his head.

"What's the matter now?" asked Fitz.

"I'm afraid to take it," the boy replied.

"What're you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid it will shrink me all away to nothing."

"No, it won't."

"You're sure?"

"Yes. These are goblin tablets; gob-tabs we call 'em for short. They just shrink a person to goblin size; you can't shrink any more. Take it now; it'll just shrink your clothes."

"W-e-ll, I — I don't know; I can't remain in this fix, though." Then in sudden desperation — "Give it to me; I'll take it."

The lad swallowed the tablet. Barely had he done so, when his clothes shrunk to fit him—skin tight.

"Say!" he giggled gleefully, closely examining himself. "Those tablets are great."

"Sure!" winked the goblin. "Now, are you ready to go?"

"Why—why," Bob faltered, "I'd like to bid my folks goodbye — especially mamma."

"You're in nice shape to bid your folks goodbye now, aren't you?" sneered the goblin.

"That's so," the boy muttered, sadly shaking his head. "But I do hate to leave 'em without saying anything about it—especially mamma."

"Huh!" the goblin grunted contemptuously, "you tell your mother of your intention and she won't let you go."

"Yes, that's so."

"Well, let's be off; we're losing too much time."

"I—I can come back some time, can't I?"

"Pshaw!" snapped the goblin. "I guess you're satisfied with things here and don't want to go at all."

"Yes, I do want to go."

"Well, come on, then—and no more fooling. I'll be a good comrade to you; we'll have lots of fun. I'll call you Bob and you'll call me Fitz. Oh, we'll have a bully time!"

"All right!" the lad cried courageously. "I'm ready."

"That's the stuff!" chuckled the goblin.

They leaped upon the window sill. Fitz Mee caught the anchor rope and shinned up it, and Bob nimbly followed.

As the lad clambered into the basket he remarked:

"Your balloon's bigger than I thought it was, Fitz."

"You're smaller than you were, that's all," the goblin grinned in reply.

The car was indeed quite roomy and comfortable for such small beings. A box shaped bench encircled it on the inside, serving as seat and locker, and at one side was a small tank of polished metal, with a pump attachment.

"What's that thing?" the boy inquired, indicating the shining tank.

"What thing?" asked Fitz Mee.

"That shiny thing."

"Why, that's my air tank and pump."

"It looks just like the air machine papa has in his office," Bob remarked. His father was a physician. "He uses his in treating people's throats. What do you use yours for?"

"Don't you know?" queried the goblin in surprise.

"No," answered the boy.

"Well — well! It's plain you never had anything to do with feather bed ballooning. I use it in raising and lowering the balloon."

"In raising and lowering the balloon?"

"Yes."

"You do?"

"Certainly; that's what I said."

"But how do you use it?"

"I'll show you in a minute," Fitz Mee answered complacently. "You know how they raise and lower gas balloons, don't you?"

"Yes, I—I guess so," the boy replied a little dubiously. "The gas raises 'em."

"Of course," snapped the goblin, "that's the lifting power, and feathers raise feather bed balloons. But what do they use for ballast in gas balloons, eh?"

"Sand bags," Bob answered.

"Yes," the goblin pursued; "and when they want to go higher, they throw out sand, don't they?"

"Yes."

"And when they want to come down what do they do?"

"Let the gas out of the bag," Bob said at a venture.

"That's it," Fitz Mee nodded. "And then they can't go up again till they've refilled the bag — eh?"

"I guess that's the way of it.'

"To be sure it is. Well, we work the thing better with our feather bed balloons."

"We?" Bob cried. "Do all goblins use feather bed balloons?"

"Of course we do; that's the way we travel. Didn't you know that?"

"No; I never heard of it."

"My — my!" Fitz Mee laughed. "You have a lot to learn, Bob. But I'll show you how I can bring my balloon to earth or send it to the skies in a jiffy. When I wish to descend I just pump that tank full of compressed air. See?"

"No, I don't see," Bob declared.

"You don't?" muttered the goblin, in surprise and irritation.

"No, I don't."

"Why, compressed air's heavier than ordinary air, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, then when I get that tank full the balloon's heavier; and the increased weight overcomes the buoyancy of the feathers, and down I come."

"Oh!" in open mouthed admiration,

"that's great! And when you want to go up again you just let the compressed air out, don't you?"

"Sure!" blinked the goblin. "I'll show you."

He caught hold of the anchor rope, jerked the hook loose from the window sill, and wound up the slender line. Then he flew to the air apparatus and turned a cock. Immediately there was the hiss of pent air escaping through a hole in the bottom of the tank, and the balloon began to ascend—slowly and gently at first, then more swiftly.

When it was a short distance above the housetop Fitz Mee closed the cock, remarking:

"There! I guess that'll balance us up about right. We'll rise a few hundred feet and float there."

His prediction proved true. When the balloon had cleared the hilltops it stopped rising and floated motionless, like a great bubble with a dripping blob at its pendant point.

"Say!" Bob cried suddenly.

"Well?" said the goblin.

"That tank looks just like the one papa has in his office."

"It is just like it," the goblin assured him.

"And the car looks just like mamma's old clothes basket."

"Yes."

"And the bag looks just like grandma's old feather bed."

The goblin nodded and winked and smiled.

"Well," Bob declared triumphanty, "I could take those things and make me a balloon."

"Of course you could," grinned Fitz Mee, "if you were going to stay at home."

"And couldn't I have fun showing off before the other boys!" Bob chuckled gloatingly.

"You'll have lots more fun with me in Goblinland," his companion said quickly.

"Maybe I will," the boy murmured reflectively, a little sadly. Then observing that the balloon had stopped rising:

"Why, what made us stop going up?"

"Don't you know?" the goblin returned with a half sneer.

"No, I don't," the lad admitted.

"Ho ho!" Fitz Mee laughed. "You're wonderfully dumb, you are, Roberty-Boberty."

Bob bristled instantly.

"Don't you call me names!" he cried angrily. "You old—old Epilepsy!"

"Epilepsy!" the goblin cackled hoarsely, holding his sides and weaving to and fro. "What does that word mean?"

"Fits," the boy answered tersely.

"Ho—ho!" the goblin continued to cackle. "You call me names, but you don't want me to call you names. Say, Bob?"

Bob made no reply.

"Bob?" Fitz repeated in as pleasant a voice as he could command.

Bob maintained a stubborn silence.

"Bob," his companion went on, "the reason we stopped rising is because the weight of the balloon just balances an equal volume of air at this height. Understand?"

"Yes," the lad muttered rather grumpily.

"All right. And if we wished to go higher—"

"We'd have to let out more of the compressed air," Bob interrupted brightly.

"And if we desired to descend—"

"We'd have to pump more into the tank."

"Sure!" mumbled the goblin. "You'll make a great aeronaut one of these days."

Then he lifted a lid of the locker, took out a small instrument and busied himself with the manipulation of its mechanism.

Bob leaned over the edge of the car

and devoted his attention to the scene below.

Directly beneath lay the sleeping village, its roofs showing white in the bright moonlight. To east and west the hills rolled away, their summits hoary, their bases shadowy and obscure; and among them wound the placid river —a stream of molten silver threading the narrow vale. The roar of the distant mill dam sounded sullen and indistinct, and the mists rising from it waved as fairy plumes and banners. The lad looked and listened entranced, enraptured.

"How beautiful it all is!" he murmured feelingly to himself, a catch in his voice. "I — I like it; and I rather hate to leave it."

"Homesick already, are you — before you're out of sight of home?" Fitz Mee queried, his eyes upon the curious instrument he had placed in the bottom of the car.

"No, I'm not homesick!" Bob retorted sharply.

"You're not?" Fitz grinned provokingly. "What did you mean by your words, then?"

"I was just admiring the beautiful scene—that's all," Bob explained.

"Oh!" ejaculated the goblin, wagging his head and saucily extruding his tongue.

"Uh-huh," the lad nodded in return.

"Well, I'll show you scenes far more beautiful—in Goblinland."

It was Bob's turn to sneer.

"Maybe you will," he said.

"I will," Fitz asserted positively.

"When?"

"When we get there, of course."

"Yes; when we get there."

"Well, we'll get there."

"We're not going very fast; we're still right over the town."

And the boy laughed aloud scornfully.

"We haven't started yet," the goblin countered.

"No; and we're not likely to start, as far as I can see—unless a wind storm comes on; and it may blow us in any direction."

"Bosh!" barked the goblin.

"Bosh, yourself!" snarled the boy.

"Say, Bob?"

"What?"

"Let's quit quarreling."

"All right."

"Shake!"

They solemnly shook hands.

"Now," the goblin cried briskly, "if you're ready to say goodbye to home, we'll be off."

"I'm ready," the lad answered, "but I don't see how we're going to be off."

"I'll show you. See that little instrument on the floor of the car?"

"That compass?"

"That's not a compass."

"It isn't?"

"No."

"Well, it looks like one. What is it?"

"A wireless selector."

"And what's that?"

"You've heard of wireless telegraph instruments?"

"Yes."

"And you know they send messages with them without using wires, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then, too, you've heard or read that there are currents of electricity running round the globe in all directions, haven't you?"

"I—I think I have; yes."

"Well, the selector picks up or selects any current the operator desires, and enables him to travel over it in his balloon, using it as propelling power."

"Golly!" Bob exploded, in frank admiration. "Just like a trolley car."

"Yes, except no wire is needed."

"I don't see how you tell which way it'll go, though."

"The balloon?"

"Yes."

"It'll go whichever way the needle points."

"Why will it?"

"Well, the needle of a compass points north, don't it?"

"Yes."

"Why does it?"

"Because—because—I don't know, I guess," Bob admitted.

"Because the attraction swings it, isn't that it?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, if the attraction swings the needle, won't the needle swing the attraction?"

"I — I don't know," the boy stammered; "I never heard of such a thing."

"Isn't it a poor rule that won't work both ways?"

"Yes; that's what folks say, anyhow."

"Well, it is—a mighty poor rule. Now I'll show you. Watch me. I desire to travel due east; so I point this little needle in that direction. That done, I turn this thumb screw, and off we start."

Slowly the balloon began to move toward the east, over the village, across the river, gradually leaving the valley behind.

"I turn the screw a little more and a little more," said the goblin, suiting the action to the words, "and we begin to travel faster and faster."

Soon they were going at a rapid and exhilarating speed. The air appeared to whistle past as they cut through it; the moonlit landscape appeared to flow away behind and beneath them.

"My—my!" Bob cried, gleefully clapping his hands. "I never expected to travel as fast as this. Fitz, this is simply great."

"You don't call this gentle speed going fast, do you Bob?" Fitz returned, grinning broadly.

"Indeed I do," the boy replied earnestly.

"Oh, we're just loafing along!" the goblin chuckled. "I'll show you how I travel when I'm in a hurry to get along. Take off your cap, or you'll lose it, and hold onto the car. Now!"

With the last word he gave another turn to the thumb screw of the selector.

The balloon leaped forward like a mad thing of life; the fragile car strained and quivered. Bob clutched the seat with both hands and held on for dear life. The air appeared to rush past in a cutting, shrieking tempest of wrath, that blinded and deafened the boy. He tried to scream out, but could not. He felt his grip upon the seat weakening, and, fearing that he might be swept overboard, he loosened his hold and threw himself to the bottom of the car. There he lay, panting and gasping — sick with mortal terror. Then, of a sudden, the mad speed of the balloon began to slacken and the boy gradually gathered up courage to open his eyes and look around.

There sat the impish Fitz Mee by the selector, his hand upon the thumb screw.

"Hello!" the goblin grinned apishly.

"Hello!" the boy muttered in reply.

"How did you like it?" queried the goblin.

"I didn't like it," answered the lad.

"Wasn't it fast enough for you?"

"Too fast."

"Oh!"

"Uh-huh."

"Wouldn't you like to try it just a little faster, eh?"

"No, sir!"

"It's great fun—when you learn to like it.

"Yes," Bob grumbled; "and taking pills is great fun—when you learn to like 'em."

"I can make the balloon go faster," Fitz suggested.

"I'll take your word for it;" Bob grinned, shaking his head.

They got up and seated themselves upon the locker.

"Well," the goblin remarked, yawning, "what do you think of us goblins as balloonists?"

"I think you're the candy," Bob

replied, his voice and manner evincing profound admiration.

"The candy?" snickered his companion. "What do you mean by that?"

"I think you're the best ever."

"Oh! Better than you humans, eh?"

"Far better."

"That so?"

"Yes, indeed. And when I come back from Goblinland, I'm going to get patents on your air ballast machine and your wireless selector; and some day I'll be a mighty rich man—a millionaire."

The goblin grinned a very broad grin.

"You're going to take out patents on our inventions, you say, Bob?" he remarked.

"Yes," the boy made reply.

"When you return from Goblinland, eh?"

"Yes."

Fitz Mee gulped and screwed his features. Then he began to chuckle silently, and at last he burst our laughing.

"What's the matter?" Bob inquired, half in wonder, half in pique.

"Oh, it's so funny," croaked the goblin, and he went into another spasm of rasping, cackling laughter.

"It must be funny," the boy grunted peevishly. "But what's so funny?"

"The thought of your returning from Goblinland, Bob," Fitz Mee replied, sobering and wiping his eyes.

"Why, can't I return—if I ever want to?"

"You can, I suppose, but I doubt if you ever will."

"Why?"

"Oh, 'cause."

"Well, 'cause what?"

"You won't want to, after you've been there a day or two."

"That's it, eh?"

The goblin nodded and winked seriocomically, mysteriously. Then he said:

"Now we've got to ascend a few thousand feet to clear the tops of the Alleghany mountains. Let a little more air out of the tank. There—that's enough. It'll be quite cool at the altitude to which we'll rise, so we'd better put on the fur coats that are in the locker under you, Bob, and curl down in the car and snooze awhile."

A few minutes later the two were asleep and the feather bed balloon was topping the Alleghenies.

III

ON awaking Bob was a little confused. But soon he remembered where he was, and he sat up and blinked and looked around for his companion. Fitz Mee stood upon the locker, a tiny binocular glued to his pop eyes, gazing intently at the western horizon. It was gray daylight.

"What's the matter, Fitz?" Bob demanded, alert and interested at once. "What're you looking at?"

"Looking at a storm gathering," the goblin replied, without turning his head.

The boy rose to his feet, removed his fur coat, and wadded it into a ball and stuffed into into the locker.

"Storm?" he said. "I don't see any signs of a storm."

"Don't you see that blue line along the horizon?" Fitz asked.

"Yes. Is that the storm?"

"No; that's the mountains we crossed. But take this glass and you can see the storm gathering on their tops. See it?"

"My!" Bob exclaimed, the glass to his eyes. I guess I do see it! It's a black one, too; and it's moving this way. How soon will it overtake us?"

This question he asked in some trepidation.

"It won't overtake us at all, unless we care to have it do so," the goblin made answer.

"Why, can we outrun it?"

"Yes."

"Sure?"

"Sure—if we want to."

"Well, we'll want to, won't we?"

"It'll be fun to wait till its nearly upon us and then run away from it, I think. Don't you?"

"I—I don't know," Bob returned, dubiously shaking his head, his gaze still riveted upon the rising storm; "it might not be fun."

"You're afraid," sneered the goblin.

"No, I'm—I'm not."

"Yes you are; you're a coward."

"Don't you call me that!" the lad cried, snatching the binoculars from his eyes and angrily turning upon his companion.

"I won't," the goblin promised.

"Now turn your glass toward the east. What do you see?"

"I see the sea!" Bob cried rapturously.

"It's plain to me as plain can be—
In fact I see you see the sea,"

hummed Fitz Mee in singsong. Then he continued:

"If you'll take a glance at the ground beneath us, you'll notice we're moving very slowly. I'm loitering—waiting for the storm to catch up with us; then we'll have a race with it, out across the ocean. In the meantime, we'll have breakfast."

"Breakfast?" Bob questioned. "Where's breakfast coming from?"

"From the locker," smiled the goblin, rubbing his round little belly and smacking his lips in anticipatory gusto, "where everything else we need'll come from. I always keep my air ship stored for a long voyage, for when I leave Goblinland on business, I never know when I'll get back home again. Are you hungry?"

"You bet!" was the lad's expressive but inelegant rejoinder.

"Well, what do you think you need this morning?"

"What do I think I need?" Bob tittered. "What a question! I need breakfast, of course, Fitz."

"Of course," snapped the goblin.

"But do you need muscle food, or nerve food, or fat food, or what?"

"I—I don't know, stammered the boy, scratching his head in perplexity. "I never heard of such things, I guess. I know what I'd like, though; I'd like steak and gravy and hot biscuits, and some fruit and a glass of milk."

"Huh!" the goblin snorted in supreme contempt. "You'll find, Bob, we don't indulge in such indigestible truck in Goblinland. Our foods are scientifically prepared—not slapped together haphazard. We use nothing but concentrated extracts—the active principles of food stuffs. I'll show you."

He went to the locker and brought forth a small leather hand case or satchel.

"Why—why," Bob muttered, his eyes bulging, "that looks just like papa's medicine case!"

"Well, it isn't," Fitz Mee grunted irritably; "it's my portable pantry."

And he loosened the catch and flung the case open, displaying several rows of tiny bottles containing tablets and pellets of various shapes, sizes and colors.

"Ugh!" the boy gagged. "Pills!"

"They're not pills," rasped the goblin; "they're food tablets and drink pellets."

"They're pills to me, all the same."

"They're not pills, I tell you," Fitz Mee reiterated sharply, snapping his jaws shut and angrily grating his teeth.

"Now I'll select what you're to eat; and you'll eat it. The storm's approaching rapidly; I hear the thunder muttering and see the black clouds rolling. So you'll need something to make you strong and courageous. Here's a tiger muscle tablet and a lion heart tablet. Down 'em."

Bob shut his mouth and shook his head.

"Down 'em!" the goblin repeated.

"Uk-uh!" the lad grunted.

"You must!"

"I won't!"

"You'll starve if you don't eat."

"I'd rather starve than take pills."

"Nonsense!"

"I would!"

"It won't take you but a second to swallow 'em, Bob," Fitz Mee said coaxingly. "That's one of the advantages of our kind of food; it don't take long to eat a meal."

"I never begrudged the time I spent in eating," Bob remarked, with a rather sickly grin.

"Well, down the tablets — that's a good boy."

"Are those — those things all you've got to eat?"

"Yes."

"And don't you have anything else in Goblinland?"

"No, of course not."

"Gee!" wailed the boy. "I wish I was back home! Nothing to eat but pills! Golly!"

"There, there, Bob!" the goblin said soothingly, kindly even. "You don't wish you were back home; you're just hungry and nervous. Take these tablets, and you'll be all right in a jiffy."

Bob silently held out his hand, his face a picture of lugubrious woe, and as silently took the tablets and swallowed them.

Fitz Mee idly fingered the tiny bottles in the case for a minute or two, mumbling over the names upon the labels. Then he looked up and asked:

"Feel better, Bob?"

"Yes," the lad admitted rather reluctantly, "I feel stronger and better, but I'm still awful empty."

"But you're not hungry?"

"No; just hollow-like."

"That's because you've been used to filling your stomach with gross food," the goblin stated sagely; "you'll get over that condition after you've lived on tablets and pellets a month or two."

"A month or two!" the lad groaned. "Oh, dear!"

"You haven't had anything to drink," Fitz remarked, smiling brightly. "Take this pellet."

"What's it?"

"A water pellet. It contains a pint of water."

"That teenty-weenty thing?"

"Yes."

"Oh, stuff!"

"It does."

"I don't believe it; it can't."

"You down it and you'll soon see."

Bob downed the tiny, clear pellet and instantly announced:

"My thirst's all gone, and I feel fuller, Fitz."

"But you're still a little lank—a little empty-like, eh?"

"A little, yes."

"Well, I'll fix you. Take this."

"Oh, come off!" the boy demurred. "I'm not going to take all the pills in that case."

"This is the last dose I'll ask you to take," the goblin returned, batting his eyes at a bright flash of lightning coming from the rapidly approaching storm.

"Well, what is it?" Bob demanded, dodging the sharp clap of thunder almost immediately following the lightning.

"A sponge tablet."

"What's it for?"

"It's to absorb some of the water you've taken, and to swell and fill your stomach."

"I don't want it—I don't need it," Bob said, decidedly shaking his head.

"All right," Fitz laughed, "you don't have to take it. We just make 'em for boys who aren't satisfied unless their stomachs are full all the time. Now I'll eat my breakfast."

He hastily selected and swallowed a number of tablets and pellets; then he closed the leather case with a bang and a snap and thrust it into the locker.

"Now," he smiled, "I guess we're all ready to play tag with that tempest.

And we'll show it a thing or two—oh, won't we!"

"Maybe it'll show us a thing or two," Bob replied, grinning a sickly grin and shaking his head dubiously. "It's getting pretty close and I don't like the looks of it. My! Just see those clouds rolling and whirling! Fitz, I believe it's a cyclone!"

"No, it isn't," his companion muttered contemptuously; it's nothing but a Summer thunder gust."

By this time the storm was close upon them, coming swiftly. The lightning was forking and flashing incessantly; the thunder was crackling and crashing continuously. Bob gazed at the rolling, tumbling masses of black clouds, at the play of electricity, and the forest and fruit trees bending before the blast, and shivered; he listened to the mingled, indescribable uproar of booming thunder and bellowing wind and shuddered.

"Oh, let's be off, Fitz!" he pleaded.

"We're off!" his comrade cried, giving a half turn to the thumb screw of the selector.

Before the raging storm they sped, the boy frightened and miserable, the goblin elated and jubilant. Rapidly they approached the ocean, and soon they were sailing over a city upon the shore. Binocular in hand, Bob watched the storm behind and the earth beneath, and trembled. He saw people rushing to shelter; saw fences and groves leveled, houses crushed like egg shells, and sky-scrapers and steeples sent crashing to earth.

"Oh Fitz — Fitz!" the lad groaned. "It is a cyclone!"

"I guess it is, the goblin answered nonchalantly.

"And it's coming closer!" the boy cried in terror. "Let's go faster!"

"Oh, this is all right; this is fine sport," the goblin laughed, capering about the car and gleefully rubbing his hands.

Out over the ocean they flew—out of sight of land—out over the boundless expanse of heaving, tossing waters. After them raced the storm, each minute drawing nearer and a little nearer. It was almost upon them!

"Please, please let's go faster, Fitz!" Bob screeched, dancing up and down in an ecstacy of keen affright.

But his shrill cry was whirled away in the tumult of rushing air that enveloped them, and if the goblin heard, which is doubtful, he paid no attention to his companion's frantic plea.

Then of a sudden the balloon stopped with a smart jerk and began to whirl round and round dizzily. Fitz Mee's fat face went white as paper, and he let out a cry of alarm and dismay.

"What's the matter, Fitz?" Bob bawled, staggering to his comrade's side and shouting in his ear. "What's the matter?"

"The lightning has magnetized the selector!" the goblin bellowed. "Look at the needle—pointing right back toward the storm! We're drifting back into it!"

It was too true!

Immediately they were engulfed — overwhelmed in the maelstrom of cloud and wind and rain. They could neither see nor hear for the fury of the elements. The balloon spun round and round like a top; the light car jerked and swayed and shot this way and that with lightning-like and awful suddenness. One of the small ropes supporting it broke and hung dangling from the side. Another parted and the car sagged dangerously. A frightful lurch and Fitz Mee was flung upon the locker, the breath knocked out of him; another lurch, and, with a despairing scream that sounded above the deafening tumult of the tornado, he rolled overboard and disappeared!

Bob threw himself into the bottom of the car, his eyes tight shut, his palms over his ears, and lay there groaning and moaning. His comrade was gone and he gave himself up for lost. Oh, how he wished he was safe at home! But in the midst of the tumultuous storm and his tumultuous thoughts a bright idea suddenly came to him. He started, he sprang to his feet and was flung flat again. Then, shaking his head and gritting his chattering teeth, he wriggled over to the air tank and turned the cock. The hiss of the escaping air was music to him. Little by little the buffeted balloon rose, and soon it floated serenely above the zone of the warring winds and clouds. Bob was saved!

A little while he lay upon the floor of the car, looking at the clear sky overhead and wondering what he was to do. Then he thought of his lost companion, and he murmured feelingly:

"Poor Fitz! Poor old Spasms!"

As if in answer to his pitying words, he heard a voice calling faintly but snappishly:

"Bob, you rascal! Don't you dare to call me Spasms!"

Electrified, the boy sprang to his feet and looked all around.

"Fitz!" he ejaculated. "But where can he be?" Then in superstitious fear: "He's dead; it must be his ghost!"

"Ghost nothing!" came the voice again, a little louder, more vigorous. "Bob, you're a fool!"

"Is — is that you, Fitz?" the boy faltered in reply.

"Of course—dunce!"

"Well, where are you?"

"Right down here, dummy!"

Bob flew to the side of the car, hunkered upon the locker and peered over. There, a few feet down, was Fitz Mee hanging to one of the broken ropes.

"Why—why, Fitz what are you doing down there?" Bob asked foolishly.

"Oh just enjoying myself; surely you can see that," the goblin sneered wrathfuly. "But I've had enough; I'm no pig. Pull me up."

"I don't know whether I can or not," Bob answered. "But reach me up your hand; I'll try."

After a deal of struggling and kicking and grunting on the part of both, Fitz was safely aboard.

"I thought I was a goner when I fell over," he panted; "I just happened to catch the rope." Then, with unusual feeling: "And you saved us both, Bob, by thinking to let out the air. I couldn't have hung on, in that storm, a minute longer; and then, the balloon was fast going to wreck. It was my foolhardiness that caused all the trouble, and your thoughtfulness that got us out of it. I'll never go back on you, Bob, old boy, never! But now the storm's past, we must get under way again."

"Will the selector work?" the boy asked in some anxiety.

"It'll be all right, now," the goblin assured him. "See? Off we go again. And I'll give her an extra turn for good speed; I'm keen to get along toward home. It must be the middle of the forenoon."

For an hour or two they sailed along steadily, covering mile after mile of aerial space with the swiftness of an arrow. At last, however, Bob remarked:

"Fitz, it appears to me we're closer to the surface of the ocean than we were a while back; we must be descending. I wonder if the rain wet the feathers in the bag."

"No," the goblin replied positively. "They can't get wet. They, and the bag, too, for that matter, have been treated with goose oil; and they won't wet."

"Won't wet?"

"No. You know a goose's feather never gets wet, no matter how much it goes in the water. We raise thousands of geese in Goblinland just for the feathers and the oil to treat them and our balloon bags with. We can't be descending, Bob." But he stepped to the side of the car and cast his eyes upward. Then suddenly he started and collapsed upon the seat, white and trembling.

"What is it—what's the matter, Fitz?" the lad questioned falteringly, fearing what the answer would be.

"Bob," his companion muttered hoarsely, "we are descending! We're lost—we'll be drowned in the ocean! There's a rip in the bag and the feathers are escaping one by one!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OCTOBER)

IN THE YEAR'S MID-AFTERNOON

By Edward Wilbur Mason
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA

THE GOLDEN CORN

(AUGUST)

THE Army of the Corn across the mould
    Comes marching now in all its wondrous bloom:
By day a fire of yellow and of gold,
    By night a cloud of tassel and of plume.

Its ranks with bayonets bright keep back the suns,
    And hold at bay the cossack wind and breeze:
It boasts a thousand friendly Marathons,
    A thousand thousand bloodless victories!

So shall it march to fulness of increase,
    Till soon in field of harvest there appear
Its rustling tents of plenty and of peace —
    The bivouac of the Autumn and the year!

INDIAN SUMMER

(SEPTEMBER)

WHERE lingers still the blue of violets sweet,
    Amid the leaves that brightly strew the mould,
Like chieftains twain the Spring and Autumn meet,
    To hold once more their council lodge of gold.

And like a truce of loveliness and light
    The hush of silence falls upon the world!
While rise the mists at morning, noon and night
    Like smoke from thousand pipes of peace upcurled!

THE MAN IN THE BLACK COWL

By Jessie M. Whittaker

DENTON, TEXAS

WE were in the Doctor's room at one of those desolate, rat trap, comfort proof abominations, a village hotel. The evening had begun in one of those rafter shaking laughs at little Harrison's expense—one of those funniest things that ever happened, you know—and how the talk ever drifted into what it did even those present could not have told. We were all dead tired. The clock in the hall below had long since gasped out midnight, but we were loth to break up and find our beds.

"Beak" Morgan, otherwise District Attorney Morgan, had just finished the best story I had ever heard him tell, and that is saying a good deal. He had a right to feel flattered at the dramatic silence that trailed after the last word, but I think we were just a little ashamed of having been affected by it, for not a man looked at another until little Harrison began to drawl softly:

"The ear of man cannot hear and the eye of man cannot see. But if he could see and hear—" and broke off, confused and blushing, for the doctor's slow, contemplative gaze was fixed upon him.

The talk trailed out into nothing, but our brains were at a high tide of activity. Presently we heard the doctor saying: "Don't be impatient, my boy. You will 'see and hear' before—well, before you leave this planet."

"You believe," began Harrison, leaning across the table, his boyish eyes dilating with eagerness, "you believe—"

"Yes," was the quiet answer. The doctor is one of those men with whom it is unnecessary to finish sentences. "I believe it is given to every man, at least once in his life, to 'see and hear.'"

"Do you mean to say—?" I began.

"Not yet. It hasn't come to me yet. But I have known men—two or three—who—"

Morgan twisted that ugly mouth of his into an exquisitely expressive "Oh," but the doctor ignored the monosyllable and went on, still addressing Harrison:

"Don't you believe all this stuff they tell you about youth and faith. When I was twenty-five I believed nothing. Now, at fifty, I doubt nothing."

He began groping absently for his pipe and the rest of us scarcely breathed for fear of averting what we felt coming.

"Sometimes I am afraid I shall have to pass up my checks when the time comes pretending to be satisfied with only a second hand experience in that sort of thing, but it comes so near the real thing, I suppose I ought not complain."

Morgan assumed a characteristic attitude that I have maintained would disconcert an archangel could one be summoned to the witness stand.

The doctor began: "When I was a a young boy ours was what Le Gallienne so happily calls 'a wandering home' and my father himself had named us the Vagabond Five! There were my parents, my sister, myself and a girl cousin whose home was with us. My father was for years a representative of one of the biggest cotton concerns in the world and his connection with this firm necessitated a good deal of travel and living in many places. He seemed to find and want but one diversion and that was in the society of his family, so that wherever father went, there went the other four. New Orleans, Baltimore and New York were no more familiar to us than Liverpool, London or Paris, nor England, Germany and France than Louisiana and Georgia.

"In the year that I was fourteen we

were living just outside a little southern town that my father had chosen because it was within a day's ride of Galveston, Shreveport and New Orleans and because we were wearying, I think, for a few months of Arcadian simplicity.

"Even to us, accustomed as we were to every sort of abode — hotels, apartments, cottages, villas,—the place was charming. The house, though old fashioned and dilapidated, was homelike and comfortable. We were impatient for the coming of Spring: mother and the girls on acoount of the alluring promises of the old garden; and I for the boating and swimming and fishing suggested by the neighboring streams and bayous.

"And yet, all unexpectedly, as it always does, Spring came and in April the Extraordinary Thing occurred. Father was away from home, but cousin Annie's father, my mother's brother, was with us. One night during my uncle's visit, Alec, the cook's boy, prevailed on me to "hide out" until the family had retired and then go with him to the big creek about a mile from the house to set some lines for catfish.

"The trepidation with which a boy accomplishes his first night out can never be forgotten, and laugh as he may, to the man the memory of it is always a sweet and thrilling one. It was a strange, new, marvelous world Alec and I got into that night and we lost all count of time. When we got back to the house we knew in some occult way that it was very late. It may have been the appalling stillness, or the shadows lying in unaccustomed places, or the serenity of the sky, but I felt it was nearer tomorrow than today.

"Now, from the verandah one went directly into a large square room that served us in the capacity of hall and living room. Bedrooms opened out on two sides of it and the stairway from the second floor came down to the centre of the room. To go to my own room I had to go into this room in which my uncle was sleeping; up the stairs, which I knew would creak horribly, and through mother's room to my own. You know the delicacy a boy feels about waking the family at uncertain hours of the night? I was feeling that considerateness for the first time. I crawled close to the open door, folded up the door rug for a pillow and called to my dog in a whisper. He apparently understood the situation, for he crept up to me with a comical stealth and lay down beside me.

"I don't know how long I had been asleep when I was partially awakened by his distressed whining. He was sitting up on his haunches, peering through the doorway and whimpering pitifully, under his breath, as it were.

"I called his name softly and put my hand on him. He lay down again but he was trembling terribly and kept lifting his head to look into the room.

"Of course I was asleep again in a few seconds. And then—it may have been a minute or an. hour—I was awakened by a scream as terrible as a lightning bolt falling at your very feet. I lay a moment paralyzed with the horror of it, so that by the time I came to myself enough to scramble into the house, my uncle was half way up the stairs to mother's room, and the girls came flying out of their room, their faces white as their gowns, their eyes fixed and staring.

"We found mother sitting up in bed in the clutches of some unspeakable terror, her lips moving inarticulately, as she tried in vain to answer Uncle Charles, who was chafing her forehead and hands and imploring her to speak to us.

We children were beside ourselves with apprehension, for she gazed at first one and then another so wildly that our hearts were nearly breaking. When at last her features relaxed and her eyes softened, her first words were:

" 'Are you all here—all safe? Louis, Chloe, Annie? Then it must be Henry! Charles, Henry is dead. I have seen The Angel of Death.'

"She spoke with calm conviction.

"Uncle became impatient. 'For God's sake, Maggie, what is the matter?'

She freed herself from his arms and lay back on her pillow, looking up at him with a great pity for his dull comprehension.

"'Only a dream, a fearful dream!' she replied.

"But even I felt the answer an evasive one, though I was considerably comforted, for I knew the agony of nightmare myself.

"Then she must have been very ill, for uncle sent me downstairs for the medicine case and to rouse the servants. The girls he kept running to and fro on errands. Annie, usually so self possessed and ready witted, seemed to have lost all power of initiative, and uncle had to recall her several times from a wide eyed stupor into which she had fallen. Poor Chloe could only follow Annie about, weeping silently and whispering to her on the stairs.

"The presence of death itself can hardly keep a healthy, sleepy headed boy awake at four-o'clock in the morning. When I awoke the sun was streaming in through the windows. Father had come home and was sitting by mother's bed.

"'It was not a dream,' she was protesting.

"'Well, let's call it a dream, anyway, and tell us about it,' father was urging.

"She began reluctantly:

"'I think it must have been between two and three o'clock that—well, we will say I dreamed—a man came up the stairs. Oh, I know he came up the stairs, for I saw his head and shoulders first, and when he came to the last step but one he paused, turned half way round and stood a moment looking down into the sitting room. He had on a long, black garment something like a priest's robe and over his head, falling almost to his waist, was a black, cowl-like drapery. Somehow I was not frightened. Then he began moving toward me, and as he came near the bed he stretched out his arms in supplication.

"'Oh, can I never forget that face! It was a young face, yet it held all the sorrow and remorse and longing of all the world; of all the people in all the world. And yet there was something intimately personal in his entreating eyes, as if I held his soul in pawn and I only could restore it. Still, I was not afraid. So slowly he came it seemed an eternity until he stood so close to me that his robes were almost touching me. And then—oh, it was terrible!—his arms dropped down in a gesture of unspeakable and utter despair, his face went white and haggard as a old man's and he sank to his knees by the side of the bed. Then suddenly he was gone and I was afraid—and—I am afraid now,' and burying her face against father's arm, she burst into uncontrollable sobbing.

"Father sent us downstairs and came tiptoeing down after a while, whispering us that she was asleep. The girls had been talking in a mysterious undertone out on the verandah and now came into the house and straight up to father.

"'We think—we think—' stammered sister.

"'We think,' went on Annie, 'that we ought to tell you something. We did not tell it upstairs because it would only have added to Aunt Maggie's distress. But we—we had the dream, too. We saw the man in the black cowl.'

"Father's eyes flashed with anger. 'Some one has been up to a dastardly trick,' he said.

"'No, no. Please listen, uncle,' Annie pleaded. 'We had not been asleep long—the night seemed too lovely to waste in sleep—when someone came into our room from the sitting room. It was a man with a long, black cloak on. We could see only his face, for he was holding the cape or hood of his cloak, which had been drawn up over his head, so closely that his breast and throat and chin were covered. He looked straight at me but without interest, as one gazes at things in a reverie. He crossed the room to the south window and leaning against the casement stood looking out for what seemed a long time. Then he went back into the sitting room. But what is so strange is I was not afraid —not till I awoke. Chloe and I must have wakened at the same instant, for we fell into each other's arms as if by the same impulse, and were lying there, trembling, when we heard Aunt Maggie cry out.'

"Chloe was ready to swear that her dream had been the exact counterpart of Annie's.

"Father turned to me. 'I suppose you dreamed the dream too, eh?'

"I said, no, I had only heard mamma's scream and then, ashamed of my small part in the affair, I added that I believed that my dog had had the dream.

"Later in the day Uncle Charles took mother driving. While they were out the detective in a French novel couldn't have effected a nicer bit of search than that to which father put the whole house and grounds. But the dream remained a dream.

"'Here have I,' said he, 'been priding myself for years on having a family possessed of perfect health, nerves and common sense. Now I come home to find the whole family—and the dog—perfectly demoralized. Bah!'

"In the afternoon he invited me to go with him to the Summer house in the garden. Chloe had told him that my bed hadn't been slept in; that a clean night shirt laid out for me hadn't been worn; that in short, according to the evidence in, I hadn't been to bed at all the previous night.

"I made a clean breast of my escapade, but the confession didn't satisfy father.

"Now, hadn't I, just for the fun of it, dressed myself in some sort of monkish looking toggery and prowled through the house during the night?

"Upon my word and honor I hadn't.

"Had I ever had any cause to suspect myself as a sleep walker?

"Never.

"Well, hadn't Alec, with my connivance, been up to some mischief?

"Of course not.

"We had a pretty rough half hour. Father appealed to my love for mother, my respect for him, my fear of God, in vain.

"The inquisition extended to Alec, and though father could fairly scare a nigger white, he could establish no relation between the mulatto boy and our cowled visitor.

"Nevertheless he stoutly maintained there had been no dream. That three persons in the same house had dreamed almost simultaneously such nearly identical dreams was preposterous. Someone, either in mischief or malice, had been prowling through the rooms in the 'wee sma' hours!' That was father's interpretation of Our Dream.

"I say Our dream, when, but by the grace of having touched a trembling dog, I was as much an outsider as father.

"The interpretation put upon the 'dream' by each dreamer was characteristic of the individual.

"Mother was for believing that the cowled figure had been a portent of impending disaster or a presage of death. At last the conviction grew upon her that hers would be the first death in the family. She had seen more than the others; her vision had been the most vivid; to her only had the figure stretched out its arms in invitation. What could it mean but that from the sleeping family death had marked her his first victim?

"My sister was untiring in her researches into the history of the house and of the families who had occupied it in former years, and also of the legends and gossip of the neigborhood. She became pretty familiar with the annals of the community for seventy-five years back, but she found nothing that quite fitted in with her idea of the mutual relations of the man in the cassock and the old house.

"Cousin Annie held with father that the dream had been no dream, but a real manifestation of flesh and blood, the dress but a clever disguise.

"Uncle Charles, being an ardent admirer of the Poe style of literature, and having some inventive powers, entertained us many a New Year's eve with wonderful tales all centering around 'The Man in the Black Cowl.'

"For he, too, had dreamed the dream.

"Father and I were at the railway station to see him off at the end of his visit when I heard him say to father: 'Henry, I shall never feel quite right if I go away without making a little confession to you. I had the dream.'

"'You!' Father stared in amazement.

"'Yes. You have always laughed at me as a dreamer and a mystic, and I was ashamed to tell you.'

"'What do you think of it?' father asked.

"'That what we saw was more than a dream and less than a man.'

"He put his arm across my shoulders, saying:

"'On a certain fifth of April three women, a man—and a dog—dream almost at the same instant of a man in a priest's robe. When you're a man there's a problem for you.'

"Well, I think we did everything possible to induce a recurrence of Our Dream. We ate late and hearty suppers; we read suggestive stories at bed time; and we remained in the house, through sheer obstinacy, six months longer than we had intended.

"But after all, I think the one solitary appearance of the man in the cassock added rather than detracted from his dignity and importance.

"Though, really, we never talked quite freely of the affair until long after my father's death and when my mother was slipping into a healthy, untroubled old age.

"And though he would never have admitted it—doubtless he was unconscious of it—I believe father went to his grave with a shadow of a suspicion that I had not told him the whole truth that day in the Summer house.

"Ah, if I had only slept in my own bed and in a clean night shirt that memorable April night! But men go to their death on less suspicion. So be careful, Morgan!"

We came to ourselves with a start like men caught napping.

"Well, is that all there is to it?" snapped Morgan.

"Why, no. In about thirty years there was some 'more to it,' as you say," admitted the doctor. "Next time you fellows happen in I'll tell you about it."

"This is the last time," I put in facetiously. "We are going to swear off after tonight—besides, it's a pity to spoil two nights with such a yarn."

"You see," resumed the doctor, "I've gone at the story backward: I've brought in the evidence before preferring charges. I'll have to make another beginning:

"Several years ago, while I was one of the assistant surgeons in a Chicago hospital, I fell into the acquaintance of a Roman Catholic priest who came frequently to the place. At first I judged him a man bound hand and foot by dogma and creed, like many of his kind. Yet our very dissimilarities seemed to draw us together, for in time we became the best of friends. At one time we were both very much interested in one of the patients who had just undergone a difficult and dangerous operation. The man had rallied nicely and was apparently on the road to a rapid recovery, when he suddenly began to lose and in a few days was again at the point of death. What baffled us was the fact that we could find no reason for his relapse. Indeed, from a purely medical standpoint, there was none.

"I admitted my perplexity to Father L——, whom I had seen so frequently at the man's bedside that I supposed the two men were probably personal friends.

"'The trouble is with his mind,' said he.

"'You must get very close to men,' I ventured.

"'Oh, it isn't that,' he said. 'Nothing wrong with the man, but the poor fellow is a thoroughly sincere materialist. He has been pretty near the brink lately and he is shocked and somewhat shaken to have found a flaw in his own superb courage. Don't misjudge my attentiveness to the man, thinking I hope to make a convert of him. I know men pretty well, and he is not that kind. I shall have to help him in some other way first.

"'I have been debating with myself whether or not to tell him the story of a little experience of my own. I have never told it to anyone, for nine hundred and ninety-nine men in a thousand would laugh at it, or rather at my conclusion in regard to it, but if you care to listen I should like to tell you something of my life.'

"What he told me so impressed me and I have recalled it to mind and brooded over it so often that I think I can give you the priest's story almost as he told it to me. He said:

"'My first charge was a poor, wind swept, wave lashed little parish in the north of France. In a certain sense, I had entered the priesthood unprepared. I had been a reckless, headstrong boy, impatient of the dull life in our sleepy Louisiana village and of the monotonous ways of our quiet family.

"'My mother was a zealous church woman, though a Protestant; I grew intolerant of its doctrine. My father was a dreamy student; I came to loathe the sight of books. At last, in desperation, I made a petty quarrel with my parents the pretext for leaving home. I became a happy vagabond, wandering over half America, and eventually making my way to Europe.

"'It was after a few years of this sort of life that while in Paris I was run over and was all but killed by a bishop's carriage. It was the bishop himself who lifted me into the seat beside him; who took me to his own house and who nursed and cared for me during the long months of suffering and helplessness that followed.

"'You can guess the rest. It is hard to disentangle from the complexity of emotions those that dominated me in finally yielding to the bishop's wish that I study for the priesthood, but I suppose they were gratitude and remorse added to a fervid enthusiasm we mistook for faith.

"'Left to myself in my isolated parish, the keen edge of my remorse dulled; gratitude became but a memory; my nerves forgot the sweet tingle of enthusiasm; my faith began to wear thin.

"'As the months went by I became only the semblance of a man, father to my poor people only in as much as they, in their simple confidence, accorded me the name. At night and in my leisure hours I was that most pitiable of creatures, the man possessed of the demon whose name is Legion and whose other name is Doubt. In the day I baptized and married and buried my people; children's eyes looked perfect trust into mine; women bared their tender, tortured consciences to me; and strong men brought to bay by death opened the doors of their souls to me.

"'How many nights have I determined to go to my bishop, beseeching him to decide for me whether I should give up my work or enter some monastery, where I could chasten and subdue my soul, only with the coming of the new day and the realization of the poverty and sorrows and needs of my poor people to put on again the burden of my duties, saying, This must I do, though I myself should be a cast-away.

"'Without warning, as a storm ebbs to stillness and with no more apparent reason, these tumultuous struggles ceased, leaving just a tired, soul sick man, craving nothing but human love, awake to no higher beauty than that which appeals to the senses.

"'After a time I struggled against these feelings, too, for I said: "They are but another phase of my temptation." Beneath all these conflicting emotions began to sweep a resistless under current of longing for the old Louisiana home. How aptly the German names it the home pain!

"'This longing grew upon me day by day until I was little more than an embodiment of a desire. My mind reverted so constantly to the memories of home that I seemed to live in them in a sort of super-consciousness.

"'One day I had been at the bedside of a dying fisherman. "I am so grateful," he whispered, "that it has come to me here and not out there," meaning at sea. The wind was cruel that day.

"'The sight of the old mother, the girl wife, the little lad, in their abandon to the primitive passions of love and grief and despair at their own impotency in the face of death, stirred to vibration new and unknown fibers of my nature. I left the cottage, my brain throbbing with the thought, "How hard to die in the midst of such love, yet how infinitely sweet!"

"I had parted from my mother, who loved me even as these women loved the dying fisherman, with anger on my lips.

"'That night I could not sleep. I threw on my cassock over my ordinary dress, caught up a hooded cape for my shoulders and went out to walk in the wind and the darkness. The wind was coming in from the sea, cruel with that insiduous cold of early Spring nights, driving great masses of cloud before it. How long I walked, buffeting the storm, I do not know. Leaving the town behind and following the curves of the beach, I came at last to a little hollow below a hill, all calm and warm. Here I sank down exhausted. Oh, I was only a tired boy after all, with feet weary for the stepping stones of the shallow streams of home; aching for the touch of other bodies that loved it as human beings love, without reason or reward! Almost I could have bartered my hopes of heaven for a few hours of the woods and fields and gardens of the old Louisiana home. I hated the sea and all that separated me from them.

"'Have you ever known a desire so intense, so poignant, that your very being seemed consumed by it? It was thus I lay that April night, my desire, like a flame, devouring my every faculty, eating away my very heart.

"'Then, of a sudden, I was stepping up a familiar path—the little foot path that led from the river bank at home. I put out my hand and touched the tree to which I had so many times moored my old boat. There was the encircling band worn in its bark by the cable. Already I felt my tortured, broken spirit healing.

"'Then I was at the garden gate, misshapen and sagging from age, but over arched by two majestic live oaks, just as my earliest memories had retained it.

"'It was one of those nights of such ravishing beauty that the senses seem to reel and faint from an excess of rapture. A mocking bird in the tree overhead, like a young poet musician in solitude, was crooning his newest lyrics. Spring comes swiftly in the South. The pulseless air was heavy with the scent of the lilac and the wild plum bloom. The western moon hung so low and so near it seemed about to lose itself in the woods beyond the garden. I watched a gray cloud transform itself into an impalpable, luminous film, scattering as it dissolved a tiny shower of jewel-like rain.

"'To prolong the exquisite moment I crept slowly, almost stealthily, through the garden and lifted my eyes reluctantly toward the house. "Surely," I thought, "that will be changed." But there were its homely gables and galleries vividly limned against its background of shrubs and trees. I sprang toward it and in my ecstasy fell on my knees and kissed the worn doorstep.

"'As I crossed the threshold a dog stirred uneasily and looking down I saw a young boy lying asleep beside the open door. Who can it be? I thought. How like my own boyish habits!

"'I went into the hall. Someone was asleep there too. One of my brothers, I thought. There would be plenty of time to wake him. How oppressively still the house was! I went straight to my own little bedroom. How many scores of times had my eyes dimmed for the sight of its low walls and homely furniture, my limbs ached for the touch of its smooth, clean bed! How good to get back!

"'As I stood by the window gazing out upon the night, a wonderful peace enveloped and enfolded me. Perhaps I was still the country lad and had only dreamed of strange lands and rare cities and the sorrows of a weary, sorely smitten priest. Out on the lawn lay a cross shaped shadow drawn by a bare trellis for vines. The shadow recalled me. I knew that I was the priest and the boy but a memory.

"'Upstairs my mother lay sleeping, dreaming perhaps of the prodigal's return. I would steal up the stairs and there, in her sleeping presence, prepare myself for the ordeal of meeting. She would awake to find her thousand dreams come true—her son, grown a man, imploring her forgiveness, avowing his love and pleading for hers.

"'Who can distinguish between keenest pain and supremest bliss? Who can name that almost insupportable emotion under whose spell I went up the stairs and stole softly to the bedside?

"'And then—oh, surely all the saints and holy angels had pity on me—I saw that the woman who lay asleep was not my mother! A cry of despair that I felt, could I utter it, would have penetrated to the end of the infinite, welled up in my soul. Then I sank down and down in an endless swoon.

"'When I came to myself I was not in the calm, warm hollow below the hill, but lying prone upon the earth several hundred feet up the slope whose brink overhung the sea, as if the spirit, in the impetus of its quest, had been unable to drag the unwilling body farther; as if the weight of clay, possessed of a sort of material intelligence, had flung itself down on the headland in revolt.

"'McDonough,' he concluded, his voice husky, 'since that night I have seen many men die. I have seen some eyes closed after extreme unction, in perfect peace, as I thought, and I have seen them flutter open again and in them I have read the old, eternal question. Because of that night, to that mute appeal my eyes have always been able to answer "yes."'

"The priest's wonderful, impelling eyes sought mine wistfully.

"'Doctor McDonough,' said he, 'you, of course, will not believe it, but I believe that the intensity of my desire had wrought out its consummation. I believe that I went home that night.'

"There was a long silence. Then I told him Our Dream.

"When I had finished he went upstairs to the dying materialist."

HETTY GREEN, AMERICA'S WEALTHIEST WOMAN

HETTY GREEN: A CHARACTER STUDY

By Carol Ford

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE first time I met Mrs. Hetty Green I went to church with her. The service which we attended together was held in the famous Park Street Meeting House on Boston's Brimstone Corner. The occasion was a convention of the American Bible League assembled for the discussion of the truths involved in Biblical criticism. The topic on this particular evening was "Principles of Critical Hebrew Scholarship." Mrs. Green was scarcely less puzzled than I at the learned discussion to which we were obliged to listen. She had gone to the service to please a friend, and I had gone in the hope of getting some opportunity before the meeting opened to talk professionally with "the richest woman in the world."

Mrs. Green's visit to Boston had been occasioned by one of her endless lawsuits over the settlement of her father's estate. All day long that whole week this old woman of almost seventy was in the courts, which she left not even for luncheon. The evening would find her back at the Parker House for perhaps half an hour, if she had decided to dine, as is her usual custom, at one of the inexpensive restaurants near the hotel, or for an hour if, as on the present occasion, she had invited some old friend to be her guest at the hotel's dinner. Thus it will be seen that Mrs. Hetty Green was not in the least easy to find. It was for this reason, and because I had sought her in vain on many previous occasions, that I exposed myself to two hours and a half of Biblical boredom in her company.

"The meeting doesn't begin until half past seven, and it's not yet seven o'clock," she explained as she led me down the long aisle to the second pew and invited me to sit close to her in the corner of it. "My friend and I came early, in order to get good seats."

"Is this church your shade of belief?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she retorted in the confidential whisper which characterizes all her conversation. "No, I was bred a Quaker. But I go to every kind of a church, and I once held mortgages on twenty-eight. It doesn't matter to me what the denomination is; I believe that any of them will serve, so long as the people who attend them keep the commandments; but I am a Quaker, just the same. I believe in simplicity. It's that, you know, that makes me what folks call 'mean.' The fact is, I prefer not to be extravagant. When I went to Quaker school they used to make us eat at the next meal whatever we had left on our plates. The directors said that if the rich girls did not learn to economize there would be no money left with which to educate the poor girls. So that was what made me like this."

"Then your wealth was very largely inherited?"

"Oh, yes. We have been wealthy for four generations. My father left seven or eight millions, of which one million came to me. The estate isn't settled yet, if you'd believe it, though father died more than forty years ago. It's about a lawsuit connected with father's estate that I'm here now. One of the trustees has never, to this day, rendered an account of his trusteeship."

Mrs. Green has all her life been involved in some lawsuit or other. When she has nothing better on hand, and when the stock market is not panning out to her satisfaction and making her millions roll up as fast as she feels they ought, she takes a glance through the list of names of her trustees and selects one whom she thinks she would enjoy pitting her wits against. Then there is sure to be a period of hard work and anxious thought for her and for her lawyers.

"Why do you burden yourself with all these suits?" I asked her. "Surely you could now afford to save yourself all the wear and tear litigation involves. I should think, too, that your children would wish you to be free from such anxieties. Rushing about in this zero weather for the purpose of spending long and wearisome days in court must be such a drain on your strength. Doesn't your daughter try to stop you?"

"Oh, yes; Sylvia almost cried when I came away this time. But you know," with another nudge of the ever ready elbow, "I was taught as a Quaker that to condone a wrong is to share the responsibility of evil doing. All the way along I have fought for my rights; I believe in fighting. I always employ the best lawyers. I am retaining for this particular case Hemenway, ex-Governor Long's partner. But when I am fighting a corporation I always employ a corporation lawyer. They're the only kind who can make any headway in suits against corporate bodies."

"Have you ever had anything to do with women lawyers, Mrs. Green?"

"No, I don't know much about them. They might be all right if they had a chance to bring their cases into court," she observed sapiently, "but they never do, you know. I have spent a good part of my life fighting Evarts, Choate and Beeman. They're smart ones. But I got the better of them. I usually get the better of all people who oppose me in law suits. I guess I'm the only woman in the country who ever won a suit against Huntington. They sent me a pistol after I beat them and got the railroad which my son is running now in Texas."

This pleased reference to "my son" was characteristic. Mrs. Green is immensely proud of the tall, good looking youth who, out in Texas, is showing that he understands finance as well as how to run a railroad. He and his sister Sylvia will inherit equally all their mother's tremendous wealth. But the son, at least, had to prove that he could manage money before ever he had any. As a lad he used to go about with clothes absurdly patched, and his mother always required him to sell the morning paper on the corner after it had been read. Small wonder, therefore, that he once described himself thus cynically: "Born a Quaker, brought up a Protestant, educated a Catholic and by business a Jew."

One very ingenious thing down to young Green's credit is a deal by which he acquired, at a low sum, a large drove of Texas cattle. There is a law in Texas which requires that railroads must be fenced for the better protection of cattle ranges of the country. The Texas Midland railway, of which Edward Green is president, has no fences, and as a result the manager's office used to be constantly visited by men with expensive claims to be settled. One day young Green was besieged for a loan by a cattle raiser, who offered his fine herd as collateral. The Midland's president advanced the money and when the note became due seized the drove for nonpayment. The cattle were promptly herded on some of the railroad's waste land and now, whenever a steer is run over and a claim sent in, Mr. Green replies to the complaint with his compliments and a cordial invitation to go up to the ranch and pick out any animal there.

Though she sent her son to Fordham college, Hetty Green is no very devout believer in the "higher education." She herself is illiterate, careless of speech, scornful of final "g's," and self indulgent so far as slang is concerned. Though she got some of her schooling at the famous Mrs. Lowell's establishment in Boston, constant contact with people who care only for money has evidently rubbed off whatever refinement of speech she may have acquired during her young ladyhood. But what she does not know about literature and modern languages is more than balanced —in her own opinion, at least—by what she knows of finance. Her father, the late Edwin M. Robinson, had already made six million dollars in the whaling business when he sent her to school. But he was parsimonious, just as she is now, and she was soon called back home, and so left free to pursue her natural inclination to hoard money.

From the age of six she read financial news and stock reports to her grandfather, and by the time she was ten she was acting as his confidential clerk, writing his letters and attending to some of his business. He was a man of many investments, and he told the child what was good and why. His poor health and bad eyesight, succeeded as they were by similar weaknesses on the part of her father, served to make her develop as quite a young girl into a practical business woman.

Of gay society Hetty Robinson had her share, however, during her young lady days. She likes to recall the long brown hair which was hers when a photograph of which she is particularly proud was taken. On the back of the picture in question is written: "Miss Hetty Howland Robinson, taken on the way to a dinner at Saratoga Lake, given by ex-President Van Buren and his son John to Lord Althorp, afterward Duke of Northumberland; Lord Harvey, Colonel Scarlett, afterward Lord Abinger, and Captain Tower of the Coldstream Guards. Was matronized by Baroness Stoeckel, wife of the Russian ambassador." All this is sufficiently far away certainly from the woman who today rushes about the country conducting petty lawsuits and living a life sullied by parsimony. Yet even today Mrs. Green is pleasant to look upon. She has good gray hair arranged under her plain widow's bonnet in becoming waves, which soften even further a face already pleasant. She dresses with no taste, even shabbily. Though it was on a cold night that we listened to the claims of modern criticism in the Park Street church, she wore no furs, and her hands were bare. The only rich thing about her dingy black costume was an exquisite amythest ring, and this looked rather odd, when all is said, upon her large, housework hardened hands.

"Though I have no part in the extravagance of the age," observed Mrs. Green, as if in answer to my wonder at her shabby dress, "I am pretty broad. Let them wear ostrich feathers on their heads if they want to; that's their responsibility, not mine."

This being a good beginning, I led her on to talk about women.

"What would you advise any young woman with a few hundred dollars, say, to do with her money and her life?" I asked.

"She ought to marry," the old lady flashed back. "I believe thoroughly in marriage. 'Male and female created He them.' But at any rate, let the young woman do something for somebody else. Nothing purely selfish ever prospers. I would advise any woman with five hundred dollars at her command to invest it in real estate. She should buy at auction on occasions when circumstances have forced the sale. If she will look out for such opportunities they will surely come, and she will find that she can buy a parcel of land at one-third its appraised value.

"I regard real estate investments as the safest means of using idle money," she continued thoughtfully. "Let a woman watch and see in which direction a city is going to develop and buy there. I myself have been looking about in Roxbury today. I like that place. It's good high land. Is Cambridge a desirable residential district?" Mrs. Green asked this question as if she had never heard that a certain educational institution of national importance was located at Cambridge.

"Why, yes," I replied, "of course the right part of Cambridge is a gilt edge real estate investment because of the college. You know hereabouts colleges count for a good deal."

"Oh, yes," she replied with a wide smile, "I remember the saying: 'In Philadelphia it's who your family is, in Boston how much you know, and in New York how much you are worth.'"

Mrs. Green quoted this with great unction. Evidently it gave her keen satisfaction that in New York, at any rate, she must be numbered among the elect.

"That brings us to something else I wanted to ask?" I remarked carelessly. "How much are you worth? The newspapers credit you with the possession of really fabulous wealth."

The eyes narrowed at this last question and the face assumed a decidedly unpleasant look of craft. "Well, she parried, "I am worth a great deal less than they say, you may be sure. Rich people are always worth less than report has it, and poor people are always worth more. I have enough to keep me busy at any rate."

"Oh, yes! And in what do you invest?"

"Railroads and real estate. I believe in getting in either at the top or at the bottom. I like to buy railroad stock or mortgage bonds. When I see a good thing going cheap because nobody wants it, I buy a lot of it and tuck it away. Then when the time comes they have to hunt me up and pay me a good price for my holdings. I own a lot of city mortgages in crowded sections. They seem to me as 'good' as anything."

"How about stocks and bonds?"

"I don't much believe in stocks. Wall Street is no place for a woman; I try to steer clear of it, and I never buy industrials. Railroads and real estate are the things I like. You see I believe in using common sense in business. Before deciding on an investment I therefore seek out every kind of information about it. There is no great secret in fortune making. All you have to do is to buy cheap and sell dear, act with thrift and shrewdness and then be persistent.

"Government bonds are good," she went on after a pause, "though they do not pay very high interest. Still, for a woman, safe and low is better than risky and high. And let her always look out for the lawyers," she threw in. "Lawyers are the very mischief. There may be such a thing as an honest lawyer —"I have met a few in my time—but my experience has taught me to doubt them greatly. They themselves admit that it's difficult in their profession to be honest. The sheriff of New York"—here came one of her mirthless chuckles —said to a father whose son was about to study law, 'Do you want the boy to sell his soul to the devil?'"

"But if you dislike lawyers, you're rather fond, are you not, Mrs. Green, of newspaper people?"

"Oh, yes; the newspapers help let the light in. In New York the reporters are freely admitted to such cases as this of mine. And I'd be very glad to have the court full tomorrow of press representatives. The press in law matters is to my mind like sun light among spiders."

Mrs. Green's conversation had now arrived at that pitch of ardor which struck even me as unbecoming in church — especially to a professing Quaker. I perceived that, subjects bearing upon finance and litigation apart, she is merely a shrewd and humorous old woman with a tendency to coarse epigram — the kind of person of which almost every New England village boasts as a "character." But the moment lawyers or law are mentioned she becomes "knowing" to quite an unpleasant degree. A crafty look creeps into the eyes, the old face hardens perceptibly and the insistent elbow nudges again and again to the accompaniment of some such phrase as, "You need to look out for that."

Nor is there any such thing as conducting with Hetty Green a conversation purged of legal allusion. Apropos nothing at all, she recurs constantly to this her favorite topic. If, after the exercise of considerable perseverance and ingenuity, one has succeeded in working the conversation into social or domestic channels, the attempt results in a merely momentary digression; in the twinkling of an eye she has gravitated once more to the subject which is her monomania. If you listen, she will recount with great satisfaction for hours at a time the details of her numerous legal conflicts. According to her own statement, she invariably comes out at the top. After she has said something particularly striking, she grunts approval of her own cleverness and exclaims in staccato tones: "Fancy their trying to put an epileptic over me!"

"Just think how brave I've been," she observed presently, when for peace purposes I had gently led her away, as I thought, from the inflaming lawyer topic. "When father died I stood all alone against a host of relatives, every one of whom would have received a legacy in the event of my death. But I went on with my life regardless. People have threatened me very many times, and some years ago they slammed my daughter Sylvia up against a safe and took securities from her. Both my father and my husband died queerly, but I am not very much afraid. I never carry a great deal of ready money. The lawyers are the only ones I fear."

It is interesting just here to note that Hetty Green is said to have spent enough money in litigation to found a home and keep in comfort for life more than five thousand persons. Her suits have extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and have been instituted by lawyers as well as by laymen.

Of all the lawyers in the country, she hates most "Joe Choate," as she calls the ex-ambassador to England. Mr. Choate has figured prominently in litigation against her, and he has always managed to get a certain amount of rather unchivalrous humor out of her clothes. Being a woman, she has not forgotten this.

In spite of her immense wealth and her well known connection with New York, Mrs. Green has never been on the tax roll of that city, because the assessors could never find her residence. To avoid taxation, she moves about from pillar to post, no matter at what inconvenience. Often indeed she lives under assumed names the better to protect her wealth.

At one time quite a commotion was made by the discovery that she had taken up residence at the Cumberland, a bachelor apartment place at Fifth avenue and Twenty-second street, New York. Truth to tell, however, Mrs. Green had come to the hotel because her husband was very ill there. To her credit it should be said that no wife was ever a more faithful nurse to a sick consort than she to Edward H. Green, who died about two years ago. Mr. Green was a trustee of the Edwin M. Robinson estate and was worth $1,000,000 which he accumulated in the West Indies when, just after the close of the Civil war, he married Miss Harriet, daughter of the smart old Yankee trader upon whose will he had been named. Mr. Green was getting on toward fifty at this time and Miss Robinson was about thirty. He was a tall, handsome, distinguished looking man, and she was a sturdy woman of a striking, if rather masculine type of beauty.

Even so long ago as the time of her marriage, her remarkable qualities were prominent, and one writer who tried to account for them finally hit upon the shape of her head as an explanation.

"She is a phenomenal woman," he decided; "her head is shapely, strong and compact. It is singularly square. The average woman's head is more round than square; and the portion phrenologists designate the temporal ridge of the frontal bone—that is, the sides of the head from the eyes to the hair line and an inch or two under that — is generally well expanded.

"Hetty Green's head differs essentially from the head of the typical woman. It possesses indeed nothing of that sentimental and asthetic conformation which sculptors have handed down from Greek days as the ideal feminine head — round, mild, delicate, and, if extremely beautiful in perfection of mould and symmetry of lines, suggestive of imagination and taste, likely also to suggest indecision if not feebleness.

"Mrs. Green's head is shapely, but it is square. It is almost rectilinear. Take a block of good proportions; take a keen hatchet, square the sides front and back, square the chin, accentuate the tips of the cheek bones, square the bumps indicative of reasoning powers and resolution, omit the swelling on either side of the upper part supposed to suggest imagination, give this square head a firm, straight nose, a little broader at the nostrils than straight noses usually are; thin out the lips but leave them ruddy; make them furtive, watchful, perhaps suspicious; develop the perspective lines across the eyes; square the entire head now to these thin lips, keen eyes and high cheek bones, and there is the richest woman in the United States."

Put this masculine head on a woman's body rather above the average in size, give her hands and feet that are undeniably large; imagine a cheap "widow's bonnet" and shabby black clothes and you have Hetty Green as she looked that evening snuggled up in her corner of the Park Street church.

The meeting had begun by this time and learned scholars on the platform were holding forth in their most impressive manner. During the Bible reading Mrs. Green leaned forward to whisper to me: "When I was at Quaker school we used to have to read three chapters in the Bible every day and five on Sunday. Try it; in that way you get through in a year."

After that she settled back in her place and kept quite quiet for several minutes. Then as the speaker waxed very eloquent over the kinship between the Arabic, Aramic and Syriac tongues and their influence upon the old testament she whispered hoarsely: "He's like the white man traveling through Africa, who, because he was the only person that knew the language, could say just what he liked. For my part I never bother with foreign tongues. If a person writes me a letter in a language I don't understand, I tear it up at once. I say that the tower of Babel taught a lesson for all time against clogging the brain with foreign tongues."

One of the speakers that night was a Jew. I had therefore an interesting opportunity to see it demonstrated that Mrs. Green admires many of the Hebrew racial traits. The rabbi's notes were on stiff paper and inclined to be recalcitrant. Right in the middle of a sentence he clutched them fiercely to prevent them from slipping to the ground. "There," nudged Mrs. Green, "that's the Jew for you! Their persistence seems to me wonderful — and admirable."

After the meeting was over I walked back to the hotel with the old lady. "All this litigation makes me very tired," she sighed in a plaintive voice which really quite touched me. "I am all fagged out tonight. Yet I must be in court by ten o'clock tomorrow morning. But," she went on with rising energy, "if I succeed in getting this will of father's settled up, it will be a satisfaction."

"You must have so many letters, too, Mrs. Green," I sympathized. "I suppose your mail is simply enormous."

"Oh, yes, but I don't bother much with it. I used to advise people who asked how they should invest money, and I have helped very many women in that way. But now, when investments are so much more uncertain than formerly, I am more cautious in suggesting. When they are widows without children I tell them that they cannot do better than buy annuities, for these pay ten per cent. interest."

"And do you have a secretary to write the necessary letters for you?"

"No, I have a whole bank, the Chemical National Bank at 270 Broadway, New York." Characteristically Mrs.

Green neglected to state that she owns most of the stock in this bank and so naturally controls its attaches.

Her home in Bellows Falls, Vermont, is conducted in a most economical fashion. When she visits this—her one acknowledged residence—for a few days, she buys her provisions from meal to meal, doing the niggardly marketing herself. Naturally, therefore, her coming creates no excitement among the trades people, even if she is the richest woman in America.

Bellows Falls is a picturesque New England village, and the big, square, colonial house, surrounded with fine trees which Mrs. Green there cherishes as an heirloom of her grandfather Tucker, might be a very imposing residence, for it stands high above the Connecticut river and commands a fine view, over the roofs of the paper mills opposite, of the mountains on the New Hampshire shore.

But though the location is pleasant, the spot is hardly the ideal retreat for a millionaire. It is too closely in touch with prosaic and smoky mill chimneys, business crowds too near the front door and evidences of factory life are too conspicuous.

The villagers say that Hetty Green, during her short visits, sits there alone in the half light making money. But they do not explain how she makes it.

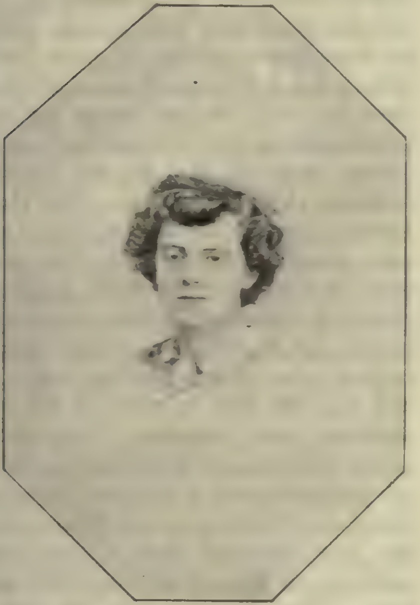
Doubtless they have a fantastic notion that there is some black magic at work under her hands.

HETTY GREEN'S HOME AT BELLOWS FALLS, VERMONT

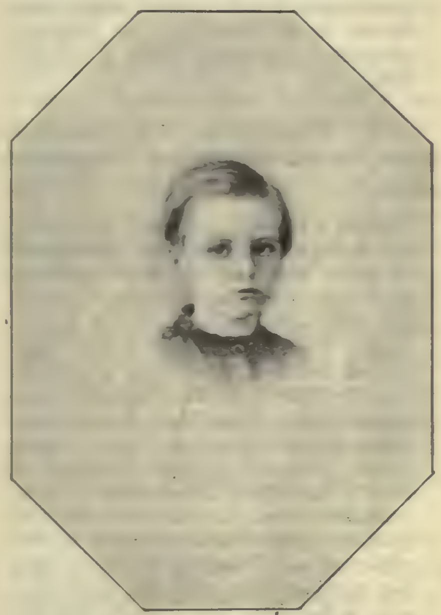
ADA CLARE, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.



ADA CLARE, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA



ADA'S LITTLE SON, AUBREY

WORD came to me that a lady was awaiting me in the parlor of the old home in San Francisco. A friend had brought her, a literary friend, and when he presented me I at once recognized her name with a little thrill of pleasure, for she was in my eyes a remarkable woman, and in the eyes of youth remarkable women magnify themselves a thousand fold and are objects of extraordinary interest.

She was of a certain or uncertain age; her complexion of an ivory pallor, untouched by the faintest flush; her eyes were of pansy blue, set wide apart and with almost level brows above them; her hair was short, blonde, wavy, and parted on the side like a boy's, and, like a boy, when the forelock fell too low upon the forehead, she, with an impatient little toss of the head, threw it back into its place. There was an expression of sadness in the eyes and of world weariness in the face that attracted for the pathos in it rather than for any real beauty; the nose was pretty, delicate, "tip-tilted," the right nose for a trim little person with a past.

W. D. Howells, in his "Literary Friends and Acquaintances," the chapter entitled "My Impressions of Literary New York," says:

> Apparently Bohemia was not a state that you could well imagine from one encounter, and since my stay in New York was to be very short, I lost no time in acquainting myself with it. That very night I went to the beer cellar, one very far up Broadway, where I was given to know that the bohemian nights were smoked and quaffed away.
>
> It was said, so far west as Ohio, that the Queen of Bohemia sometimes came to Pfaff's — a young girl of a sprightly gift in letters, whose name and pseudonym had made itself pretty well known

> at that day, and whose fate, pathetic at all times, out-tragedies almost any other in the history of letters. * * * But this was after her reign had ended, and no such black shadow was cast forward upon Pfaff's, whose name often figured in the verse and the epigrammatically paragraphed prose of the *Saturday Press.*

Walt Whitman in his "Specimen Days," under date of 16th August, 1881, says:

> *Chalk a big mark for today*, was one of the sayings of an old sportsman friend of mine, when he had had unusually good luck—came home thoroughly tired but with satisfactory results of fish or birds. Well, today might warrant such a mark for me. Everything propitious from the start. An hour's fresh stimulation, coming down ten miles of Manhattan island by rail and eight o'clock stage. Then an excellent breakfast at Pfaff's restaurant, Twenty-fourth street. Our host himself, an old friend of mine, quickly appeared on the scene to welcome me and bring up the news, and, first opening a big, fat bottle of the best wine in the cellar, talked about ante-bellum times, '59 and '60, and the jovial suppers at his then Broadway place, near Bleecker street. Oh, the friends and names and frequenters, those times, that place. Most are dead—Ada Clare, Wilkins, Daisy Sheppard, O'Brien, Henry Clapp, Stanley, Mullin, Wood, Brougham, Arnold—all gone. And there Pfaff and I, sitting opposite each other at the little table, gave a remembrance to them in a style they would have themselves fully confirmed, namely, big, brimming, filled up champagne glasses, drained in abstracted silence, very leisurely, to the last drop. Pfaff is a generous German *restauranteur*, silent, stout, jolly and I should say the best selecter of champagne in America.

All gone now, in very truth. Walt Whitman and Pfaff himself and all that was associated with the Bohemia of that day. The queen is dead; but who shall cry "Long live the Queen!" in her stead? Are there no more queens of Bohemia, I wonder, and is the Bohemia of that day a thing of the past, dead and gone forever? Of course it is gone, with all the other goodies, for those who knew it then and have never seen anything like it since and never will to the crack o' doom.

Ada Clare went to California in 1864 and for some time contributed weekly to the columns of the "Golden Era." She was in very good company there Bret Harte's "M'liss" made its first appearance in the "Golden Era"; Mark Twain wrote for it. So did Prentice Mulford, Orpheus C. Kerr, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Joaquin Miller, and others who were better known later on. She wrote book reviews and dramatic criticisms as well as comments on life and manners in the far West. She wrote with a trained pen, as one having authority, and was not slow to wrath if her sensibilities were wounded. She didn't count the cost, and bye and bye, when she had published a book and made her debut as "Camille," all those whom she had criticised with a free hand turned upon her and rent her limb from limb. This, however, was but one of the varied experiences of which her life was painfully compounded.

Ada Clare, who had come to California in order to share in the trials and triumphs of her friend Adah Isaacs Menken, was now alone, for the Menken had set sail for Europe via Panama and Aspinwall, as Colon was then called. Finding the climate of San Francisco too harsh for her always delicate physique, she resolved to visit Hawaii for a season before returning to the royal realm of Pfaff's. All the members of my family were more or less familiar with the fascinating island kingdom, and Ada Clare had come to ask me where she should put up in Honolulu, and what do from day to day and what wear or not wear.

With the accumulated wisdom of my twenty years I gaily enlightened her, and I think she must have thought me rather amusing than practical or instructive, for she had a keen sense of humor though she was apt to take it rather, seriously.

She sailed away in a bonny barque, for there were no Hawaiian or Australian steamers in those days; and, oddly enough, and quite unexpectedly, too, I followed her in a few weeks. Let me confess at once that I was looking forward with pleasure to a better acquaintance with my distinguished friend, and almost the first question I asked upon being comfortably domiciled in the home of dear old friends, next door to the residence of the minister of foreign relations, His Excellency Robert Crichton Wiley, up Nunanu valley above Honolulu, was as to the whereabouts and howabouts of Miss Ada Clare.

Presto! Every eye was averted, every mouth drawn down. Possibly the little lady upon her arrival had, as was her custom, registered at the only hotel in the metropolis as "Miss Ada Clare and son." There was the son, a bright little fellow of seven or eight, blonde, blue eyed, fragile, frank and forward; and there was she, his mother, as anyone could see with half an eye, and a spinster by her own testimony. Modern miracles are not accepted without question in Hawaii—or were not in those glad days. I was drawn aside by one of the elect of Honolulu and assured, in a low voice, that Ada Clare was, so to speak, an unspeakable person; that I must avoid her as I would the shadow of sin; that she was at that moment on the Island of Hawaii consorting with the goddess Pele who dwelt in the sulphurous depths of the greatest living volcano in the world and that the two were no doubt in their natural element. As for me, I was in no wise to name her or abide her or cause the light of my countenance to shine upon her, for with one accord the self righteous of the kingdom had cast her into outer darkness, and the last end of that woman was a sight to behold!

This, mind you, was in the good old days of royalty and loyalty, before Honolulu had lost its identity and become a kind of tepid Midway Plaisance and a feast of pin wheels and colored lanterns.

Now, of course there is no particular virtue in being proper when you are merely proper by right of birth and inheritance. The naturally proper person says and does the proper thing in the proper way at the proper time and place because he can't help it and is about as worthy of praise as a fish is for being clammy. When an improper person says or does a proper thing he deserves credit, and there should be more joy in heaven and out of it over one case like his than over the nine-hundred-and-ninety-niners who don't know how to be improper and couldn't be if they tried.

Of course any man who has a drop of good red blood in his veins will not listen calmly to the condemnation of a defenceless woman—a stranger in a strange land. It is written, "Judge not that ye be not judged," but you will not find it in the code of the puritanical missionary. On their lips the full hearted national greeting "Aloha!" has no more significance than the every day "Hello" of the telephone girl.

Anybody who knows me knows what I did when Ada Clare returned to Honolulu; I did it then, I would do it now, for I have not changed one particle, and shall not though I were to live a thousand years. I ran and fell upon her neck and kissed her, while the little hills rejoiced on every side, and clapped their hands and skipped like lambs, and the morning stars would have sung together if it hadn't been too late in the day.

There is more of this, but it has been already published and copyrighted, and if you care to read it please look in a little book called "Exits and Entrances," and in the chapter called "In Old Hawaii."

I could say something of Hawaii right here, had I time and space, of how the old Hawaiians imported a baker's dozen of Puritan missionairies and then laid down their lives in trying to teach these missionaries the significance and the practical application of the Golden Rule and a few other things that our Blessed Lord must have learned from Confucius — though they all seemed to come natural to the children of Hawaii.

Think of a race of savages so exquisitely refined that there is no sibilant in their mother tongue, and all their history was chanted in epic form.

Well. The missionary effort to ostracise Ada Clare failed miserably; those who had at first warned me against her, a little later on begged me to procure her photograph and autograph for them; and she, being charitable and no Christian, forgave them and granted their request in some cases; but let it be borne in mind that not since then, barring the confiscation of Hawaii and the spoliation of the Philippines — America's notorious water cure — has there been anything quite so humiliating in the sight of that Justice who carries her eyes in a sling. Yet why should we repine? He doeth all things well — sometimes.

Ada Clare and I discussed the affairs of the island world together and settled them to our entire satisfaction. We also dreamed of future worlds, of the worlds we should most enjoy. For instance: In my very own island kingdom we shall have revivals for the reviving of blissful ignorance and prayer meetings where we can pray our enemies to death.

My kingdom come!

Ada Clare sailed away from Hawaii with flying colors. His excellency the minister of foreign relations came down to see her off—and I was to be her fortunate fellow voyager. There was a mere handful of us in the cozy cabin of that packet, not more than five or six, and she was the only lady passenger.

Often the wind blew gloriously and we were all keyed up to concert pitch; but there were days of calm and days of storm and sometimes the hours were dull enough. They would have been infinitely duller were it not for the warm friendship that had sprung up between us. We had the little after cabin, usually reserved for ladies, for a kind of club room, where we could talk our fill of books and authors and plays and players. There also the child, Aubrey, was fond of mingling in the conversation with a pleasing precocity that at times bordered upon the prophetic. He had said to me, in an off-hand way, as if it might or might not interest me, and I could take note of it or not, as I pleased: "When we are traveling together, I don't call my mamma 'Mamma;' I call her 'Ada Clare.'"

"And why do you do that?"

"O, she thinks it better, on the whole. People do not understand us—they do not know who we are!"

One afternoon I had, at his urgent request, fashioned a rude instrument out of a bit of hoop and string and with an improvised bow he was fiddling upon it. I was thinking of infant geniuses and their small beginnings and wondering if the spark divine lay smouldering in that undeveloped brain. On a sudden he said—there had been an unusually long pause in our confidential chat:

"Mamma, I know who my father is."

"Who is your father?"

"O, Gottschalk's my father."

"What makes you think so?"

"O, don't you know that whenever we are in the same city with him he sends me tickets for all his concerts? And then he gave me a suit of soldier's clothes, just because I wanted them, and a sword and a gun and ever so many other things. I'm sure he is my father."

"That is a funny reason, and you are a funny boy," said Ada Clare.

He was a wise child.

When we arrived in San Francisco Ada Clare, much improved in health and spirits, resolved to appear before the footlights. Tom Maguire, known in those days as the Napoleon of Drama on the Pacific coast, had made Ada Clare a good offer to appear on the stage of the old Maguire's Opera House. She had chosen for her debut a role that is the joy and the despair and too often the destruction of the debutant—"Camille." I sat with a little group of friends that night, in a house that was by no means crowded, and shared in sympathy the hysterical wailing with its pulmonary punctuation, and the pitiful stage fright of my poor friend. Frank Mayo was the Armand of the evening, and he played his part with unusual depth of feeling.

Camille herself was a novice, and the requirements of the role were evidently beyond her powers. She was clad in costumes that were not indicative of splendid misery. She was surrounded by players who did little to support her. She had criticised their efforts; now their hour had come and they, I fear, rather enjoyed her discomfiture, which was greatly increased by the cat-calls of a noisy and heartless gallery—perhaps they thought they were not getting their money's worth. I have never forgotten how, when the curtain had descended upon the gaming scene, where Armand scatters his gold and his sarcasm with equal prodigality and great theatrical effect, and Camille on this occasion was lamentably inadequate to the occasion, the gallery sent up a howl of derision that brought Frank Mayo before the curtain. He said nothing, but the scorn and defiance in one glance of his magnificent eyes silenced that brutal mob.

The humiliation of her disastrous failure — even the fraternal press did not spare her—hastened Ada Clare's departure from California; and, of course, being young enough to be ingenuous, I felt as if I must blush for the land of my adoption and the unchivalrous manner in which it had despised and rejected a rather forlorn little woman.

She, thank heaven, soon recovered herself, for she had a deal of common sense and no little philosophy. She returned to her loyal subjects at Pfaff's, took up her pen, and, for a time, gave up her cherished plan of adopting the stage as a profession.

Squibs were fired at her when she was out of reach; the local columns of the dailies and weeklies grew ribald in memory of her theatrical "fiasco." But such is the complexion of the latter day ragtime humorists, whose laborious comedy is gradually eclipsing the gaiety of nations.

That she was a good and true friend, and was happy for a time at least, I think is proven by the following:

> LAKELAND, Sept. 14th, 1865.
>
> Dear Mr. Stoddard: —
>
> Your letter came to hand a day or two later than was necessary owing to the fact of my not being in New York at present. I have hired a lovely furnished cottage on the shores of a beautiful lake on Long Island, and am here rusticating for the Summer. I have my friends up in turn to visit me and have had a jolly season. The bathing and boating are scarcely a step from my doors and the garden is full of fresh vegetables and fruit. Both Aubrey and I are actually petted to death by our neighbors, who are, with a few exceptions, old fashioned, substantial farmers. They vie with each other to see which can send me the daintiest little articles of cookery, etc. As they put everything at my disposal, their boats, horses, wagons and all the resources of their households, it is easy to see what a pleasant time I have been able to have. I have learned to row a boat well, and in my turn have taught Aubrey to row and to swim. He is the robustest little rascal in the country now, very different from what he was in the poisonous winds and malarious atmosphere of San Francisco. I too am cured of the neuralgia that was indigenous to California. I cannot plead delicacy any more, for I am as strong as an omnibus.

> By the way, I wonder if Frank [Bret] Harte will be displeased by my publishing in the *New York Review* his name and authorship of the "Condensed Novels." They are very clever, and he has a high order of merit and ought to be better known. I get so many offers of literary work that I don't know what to do with them. I never refuse — by acknowledging the truth that my whole time is occupied — but I charge them such unconscionable prices that they are obliged to say they cannot afford it. I have finished a novel but I do not know if I shall have sufficient confidence in myself to put it in the hands of a publisher. Send me some of your best short poems and I will have them published for you. I only wish I could turn over the work I have offered to me, to you; then you could come on to New York and earn name, fame and livelihood. For my part, if things settle up so as to restore properties now considered lost in the South, I shall withdraw from the literary domain, for you know I never loved it, which is probably the reason why I have not failed in it. If you ever think of coming East you must find me out if you only pass through New York. I engage to make the city not seem strange and cheerless to you, at the least. It's a darling old town to my taste. Write to me again and believe me to be always your friend. ADA CLARE.

It will be noted from the nature of her reception in Long Island that the Puritan missionary spirit did not prevail there.

In 1866, Mr. Doolady—ominous name!—published in New York Ada Clare's one novel, her only book so far as I know; it was entitled "Only a Woman's Heart." That of course reminds one of the bawdy Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin—sometimes called a wit, who wrote on the envelope containing all that was left of the woman whose heart he broke—"Only a Woman's Hair."

On the title page of Ada Clare's novel a celebrated catch phrase is misquoted from "Hamlet," which is the more surprising since she was a lover of Shakespeare and familiar with his works. The quotation pitches the key note of this wail of a woman's heart:—

> "If it be now 'tis not to come;
> If it be not to come it will be now;
> If it be not now, yet it will come —
> The readiness is all."

The hero of this tale—Victor Doria—is a composite creation, one combining the fickle fascination of Gottschalk, the once idolized pianist and composer, and the art of Edwin Booth. Anyone who remembers the school girl's concert favorite of forty years ago will perhaps see something of him, in his prime, shadowed forth in the following passage:—

> The being whose name had been mysteriously announced as beginning with a V, was a young man of partly foreign blood. * * *
>
> His was a listless face, manifestly wanting in color and almost wanting in expression, unless a smile played over it, and then all the languid, apathetic features broke up into sunshine, and the whole face was irradiated as with an inward light. Something tender about the mouth and sorrowful about the eyes might easily have been snares by which a woman's fancy could be caught and perhaps held.

Alas! Yes; many a time and oft.

"Poor Victor loved the society of women, as all fascinating men do," says the author of "Only a Woman's Heart." The heroine of this story is a hoydenish brunette who fell a victim to his wiles.

"An unknown friend to Laura Milsland cautions her against a strange young man with whom she became acquainted last Summer, whose name it will be needless to mention. That young man is possessed of a dangerous fascination, which it would not be wise for an inexperienced young lady to tamper with. Any communication between Miss Milsland and a man of such strong personal magnetism—not always used to a good purpose—would be imprudent in the extreme." Thus ran an anonymous note which was, no doubt, calculated to quicken the spirit of Miss Milsland and put her on her mettle. It is true as has been recorded: "To other girls the first ideal of love is a sweet, seductive one, but to her it was one of fear and trembling;" yet "Laura experienced such a shock when her hardy hand came in contact with his soft, warm palm as might have smitten her had she thrust it into a nest of nettles. It was like that of a thousand stings, all throbbing away to an uneasy numbness. All these sensations ran through the tingling fibers of her flesh in the one or two seconds that elapsed before she snatched it from him and hid it in her pocket."

His conquest was complete, and can you wonder at it when — "looking up she saw Victor, pale and captivating, dressed in the most subdued and exquisite taste, coming through the garden bushes, shaking down upon himself the crimson rose leaves and scented shrubs as he parted them with his slender hands, and smiling like a perfectly ravishing and irresistible Adonis."

At that moment and henceforth and forever—"for her this planet was divided into two parts, one the particular spot where he was!—the other, all the rest where he was not. The latter stretched like a vast void of emptiness before her mind; but the former was alive with all the aspirations, resolves, joys, agonies and passions that can saturate, ravish, torture, purify and elevate a human soul."

Ada Clare idolized and idealized the stage. When, in her story, some haughty and, shall we say narrow minded? person refers scornfully to her hero as an "actor," she exclaims: "Yes, one who lived by the cultivation of grace, tact, eloquence, memory, sentiment and intelligence; one on whose passionate, impressive words thousands have hung enraptured, and who charmed by his delicacy, agitated by his impulse and drew tears by his pathos, from wise and cultivated audiences."

Victor Doria was an actor and a sculptor as well; in his impersonation of Benvenuto Cellini it was his custom to model in clay before the eyes of the audience and produce a startling effect which was the climax of the last act of the drama. When Victor appears upon the stage the Booth part of him is uppermost and the following, I suppose, may be taken as Ada Clare's estimate of Edwin Booth as an actor:

> Victor was not fitted by nature for any great physical effects; he had neither the lungs nor the frame adapted to that school of acting, therefore he was weak, he was actually ridiculous in his attempt at *Richard*. Many of his scenes in *Othello* were tame and lifeless; if he had never played anything but *Shylock*, a just critic would have pronounced him to be a very bad actor. But in parts where tenderness, grief, passionate love and romantic impulsiveness are required, he had no equal on any stage.

There is more of Gottschalk than of Booth in Victor Doria. Having won the heart of Laura, he cast her from him as carelessly as if she had been yesterday's boutonierre. This is the climax of part first. Through part second and third they are whirled about like leaves in a storm. If Laura was the type of girl and woman — for she develops amazingly through 336 pages—that Ada Clare most admired, no one could be more unlike the author; but she has admirably described herself in Agnes, a younger sister of Laura: "Her eyes were of the most immaculate blue, without a tint of gray or violet in the shade; her hair was of the finest gold, with a natural wave in it; her features were all soft and shapely; her skin was of the most healthy but dainty whiteness, and her figure was round, full and well proportioned."

She also drops a word or two of wisdom concerning the male of the species: "To a man of the world, nothing is more impenetrable and more mysterious than entire simplicity in a woman. Well, after all, however fascinating he may be to his objects of pursuit, the male flirt, when compared with the man of determined honor and dignity, is, in the abstract, but a pitiful spectacle."

In Chapter XIV of "Only a Woman's Heart," Laura and Victor, who seem to be fleeing from the World, the Flesh and the Devil, meet as if by chance upon the deck of a southward bound ship. What happens then? "The great Summer moon hung like a censer, breathing out clouds of golden incense through the sky; the soft winds of the tropics streamed by them like invisible caresses; the strident sails leaned forward on the ambient air." Etc., etc.

Into the shadow of those sails they went: —"No explanations were uttered, not one word, not a laboring breath marred the mute intensity with which they were clasped in each other's arms, strained to one another's souls, in an embrace in which passion was but one ingredient, and in which was equally blended sympathy, respect, faithfulness, consonance of temperament, and every sentiment which can endear one human being to another."

In Chapter XV the ship founders and a handful of passengers take to the boats with the captain and crew. In Chapter XVI, the final one, Victor, sheltered under the black tent of Laura's streaming locks, dies of sunstroke. There was a rescue within forty hours, but all too late. Her life speedily followed the flight of his; the two bodies, clasped in a last embrace, were tenderly lifted to the ship's deck and thus in due season were committed to the deep where in death they were not divided.

Not long after the publication of her novel Ada Clare wrote me:

> You must excuse me for writing you so little and so seldom. I have "something on my mind" as they say, which prevents my doing anything as I ought to. I received your letter before the last, almost at the same time with the last, it having arrived when I was traveling and so traveled around after me. One of the New York Sunday papers said a week or two ago: "Mr. Bret Harte, the now well known critic of the *Californian*, pronounces Ada Clare's novel to be a failure."
>
> I have been gradually separating myself from literature all Summer, and now am giving it up entirely for the present, honestly believing that I mistook my vocation when I attempted it. I am going to play a stock engagement —walking ladies—in a popular theater, some distance from New York. I am engaged for eight months and of course will not take up a pen during that time.
>
> Give my regards to Mr. Harte and say I knew he did not write the article in the *Californian* immediately I read it, because I generally can detect his style at a glance. Write to me when you feel like it: I am always delighted to hear from you, though I make such poor returns for your favors.

The critics handled her novel without gloves; some of them were no doubt repaying old scores. After all, how much easier it is to criticise the work of another than to do as well oneself.

She no doubt felt the non-success of her novel, and was truly glad to lay down her pen and turn her face to the footlights. Happily she found consolation there.

From Memphis, Tennessee, she wrote me:

> Your letter, after being duly received in New York, was forwarded to me here. The last time I wrote you I was here, but enclosed the letter to New York to be mailed to you there. I am down here playing in the stock company of the New Memphis theater. I have some very good parts assigned me and have managed to get through with them. Sometimes I play a boy or a young man, which is not agreeable to me.
>
> I like the profession better and better the more I see of its hardships, but I have little hope of rising above the level myself. Nevertheless it is a profession in which one can earn a tolerable living without the anxiety, vexation of spirit, constant detraction and too frequent mental anguish which the literary one entails. I do not use my own name at all here, being called both on the bills and in private Miss Agnes Stanfield. I knew if the name of Ada Clare appeared it would cause a constant buzz

> all around the country. It was that fact that gave rise to the rumor about my going to California. I was asked in company about my intention of leaving the city and not wishing to tell where I was going. I said I was going to San Francisco and it instantly got out and went the rounds of the papers.
>
> Ah, you do not know how sick I am of the petty notoriety which is not fame, nor how tired I am of exciting that curiosity which is not interest.

There spoke,or wrote, the world weary woman from her heart of hearts; she of whom Mr. Howells said: "Her fate, pathetic at all times, out-tragedies almost any other in the history of letters."

She was patting the lap dog of a friend, when it flew at her and cruelly mutilated her face. She recovered from the attack and reappeared upon the stage; but later on, returning one night from the theater, she was seized with a violent paroxysm and died in the horrors of hydrophobia.

So perished miserably one whose whole life was made up of futile hopes and disappointed ambitions. Deserted by the one for whom she had sacrificed all a woman holds dearest, she suffered the loss of her son in his early youth; her most ambitious efforts in literature and dramatic art derided, she yet toiled bravely on to the bitterest of bitter ends.

In her novel she had said: "Ah me! Happy are those whose desires, talents and powers to please all flow harmoniously in the same channel. They are the blessed elect, who already possess the earth."

Perhaps the sum total of her earnest but fruitless life may be summed up in this one passage from "Only a Woman's Heart":

> "Ah, poor, fond, idolizing heart! you have yet to learn that no measure of toil will bring you nearer to Love; that it will be blind to your merits, though you should make yourself thrice worthy of it; it will be deaf to you, though you plead to it while your heart drops tears of blood at its feet; though you should come to it in the guise of an angel clad in heavenly robes, it would fly from you, and leave you alone in all your sorrowful splendor. For it comes only like that Holy Spirit, which in the form of a dove descends out of heaven, flutters into the unexpectant heart, and nestling there, folds its wings in trembling joy and hope!"

SEPTEMBER ❧ By Minnie Reid French

OH, haunting season of dreams, oh, mournful sweet September,
Ye hold me fast in your spell, ye bid me pause and remember;
And, borne on a current of thought, like a leaf on the breast of a river,
My heart goes out to a past that is part of the great Forever.

Once more the goldenrod, the soft fringed purple aster,
And wondrous tints of the leaf, touched by the hand of the Master;
Once more the whispering wood, and the tang of the Autumn weather,
The olden way, once more, that love and I trod together!

O month of memories sad, your spell no more will be lifted,
Tho the leaves of long withered years o'er the paths of youth lie drifted.
Alas, that each year ye renew the scenes which of old I remember,
Yet bring back to life, no more, the dead past, O September!

FROM A TO Z

By J. F. Conrad

THE other day I picked up a primer belonging to one of my little ones, and I have a faint recollection of having based my education on one a good deal like it.

The thing started out this way:

"A" is for apple, all shining and fair.

"B" is for book, for sister to share.

Now, that sounds all right. The metre is beyond criticism; but just think of running through the whole alphabet in that sing-song style. There is not a child in America but what would be dreaming before he got down to "Q" is for quail, unless he had the toothache. It would put a man with political aspirations to sleep. This can all be remedied by the exercise of a little brain power. Suppose we start out this way:

"A" is for Agamemnon, asaphoetida and about.

If a parent or teacher has any sense at all, and the child is like any other boy, see what a world of information is chucked at him. When he starts in to find who Agamemnon was, and gets his pedigree, he will know as much history as some grown people. There can't be so much said for asaphoetida and about; but they help start the mind of a child on the highroad to research.

"B" is for baughnaughclaughber, stomach ache and botts.

Of course it isn't a good thing to overtax a child's brain, and it is expected that the mother or kind teacher will not let the mind of the little one get worked up over the above. This is merely a hint, though, and can be acted on or not without hurting my feelings.

"C" is for cholera morbus, cowcatcher and can't.

This is all wholesome food for the little prattler's mind; especially the word can't. There is nothing like teaching the child to talk properly, even before he understands the reason. It is a trifling thing to tell the little one that he should never use "can't" unless he gets in a place where he can't help it. Often a hint like that to a child will make him talk like a professor until he gets to be past fourteen.

"D" is for Dumnorix, dog days and dad burn it.

What a world of thought is done up in the above! Dumnorix will call out more questions from the child than a man can answer without consulting an encyclopedia or Caesar's Commentaries. Without scarcely knowing it, the words "dad burn it" will nestle in his brain, and in after years, without volition, they will spring to his lips when the tugs come unhitched going down hill. Having mastered the words "dad burn it," unconsciously almost, he will rip them out instead of saying something that sounds perfectly awful. Afterward he will feel just as good as if he had cussed.

"E" is for eleomosynary, ear ache and E flat.

I would throw in as a suggestion that the loving parent or kind teacher gently lead the child's mind away from eleomosynary unless he has given evidence of possessing an expectionally lumpy head. Just as I am now, it would make me hump my immortal vertebrae, like the proverbial one-thousand-legged worm, to tell what excuse there ever was for stringing that word together, then turning it loose on a trusting public. Much can be said about ear ache and E flat that the child will have to learn sooner or later; and it is a good idea to let him have a crack at it while he is young.

"F" is for freedom, for instance and fratricide.

What better food for thought could you dish out to a young, absorbing mind?

What is it that cannot be said on behalf of freedom? The attitude of our forefathers toward England can be dwelt on at length. How we fought the mother country because a two per cent. tax was placed on tea, and how, ever since, we have been paying about a fifty per cent. tax on the same article. Then the astute teacher can show to the little minds, like certain over grown teachers are today showing to other over grown minds, that freedom is a most desirable thing in some latitudes, and ought to be fought for; but that the desire for freedom and independence in other latitudes ought to be met with confiscation and transportation. A good teacher could do this. Anyhow, lots of them are at it. If such teaching doesn't make an unbeliever, a pessimist and an anarchist out of the tender mind, he is safe for a blessed hereafter.

"G" is for Goshua, guxtaposition and Gudas H. Priest.

Of course this is just a trap for the little mind, and will show him how easy it is for a grown person to fall into the error of commencing a word with the wrong letter, and often put other letters into a word that are misleading. After a child has been picked up in this manner once or twice he will always spell correctly.

"H" is for Homer, hatchet and hog.

Here the little one can learn about the father of poetry. The hatchet teaches a good deal, providing the teacher knows how to use it. The hog needs no introduction, and can speak for himself. He is a most desirable adjunct and the choice portions of him today are selling for twenty-two cents a pound; and if the child has the interests of his parents at heart, he will refrain from fussing for tenderloin.

"I" is for Ichabod, idea and itch.
"J" is for July, January and sich.

Now if the child is dreamy and of a poetic turn he will take right up with the above. Rhyme and sense are here thrown together in a way that is new and refreshing. The little one will readily see just what I mean, and older people will not be able to discover anything hidden. It won't take five months of fussing among the newspapers to find out just what was meant in the cute little couplet. In this particular it differs, oh so much, from some of the popular poems that we have had of late! There is "Adam Zad, the Bear." It took a good deal of ink to determine the identity of Adam Zad; while the man who wrote it lay still and never said a word. But finally, after the newspapers worked it out, and decided that it was a slap at Russia, Mr. Kipling accepted the situation. He is estopped now from denying it, which is a good thing. Kipling knows his business, and when he writes something that no one man can understand he turns the press loose upon it, and when they figure it out he agrees with them. Then there is "The White Man's Burden." After it had been printed all over the country, without any hint from the author, it was decided that the thing had reference in some way to the Philippine war; but just whether the burden was one that the "white man" ought to carry or one that he was forced to carry is still a mooted question with me. I don't believe there is anyone who can tell, without a revelation. It is good poetry and is worth twenty-five cents a word, but to a plain man, like Uncle Henry, there is as much sense to it as there is in the theory of infant damnation. Of course I wouldn't have Kipling hear of this for anything—he might sue me. Then there is the man with the grubbing hoe; but Markham made the mistake of trying to tell the public what he meant. The public, naturally didn't like to be interfered with in that way, and, consequently, wouldn't believe him.

"K" is for kranken, krankhaft and krankhaftigeheit.

It is time now that a little German should be placed in reach of the youngster. If his parents do not know what the foregoing means, any Dutchman can tell them. I don't want it understood that these words are original with me. They are taken bodily from a book I have, entitled "Adler's German Dictionary." I am willing to loan it. It doesn't belong to me and no one has ever wanted to borrow it.

"L" is for Lucas county, lockjaw and lampers.

Here is history and other things for the budding intellect. Lucas county is twenty-four miles one way and eighteen the other, and I have plowed one corner of it all to pieces and have dug out pole cats as far south as Jackson township. Of course this is hardly germane to the history of the county, but it is interesting.

"M" is for Mitchellville, Missouri and mud hen.

This is full of history,—local, national and natural; just bubbling over with useful knowledge.

"N" is for "no good," "not in it" and "nit."

This, you can see, is slang, all of it. Now then, it can be explained to the little one that he should not use slang, or should use it, just as you think best. Find out how the boy is inclined, then advise him accordingly. It will lift you in his estimation and make him respect your judgment. That is, if you are a parent. If you are his teacher, you can do as you please, and he will respect your judgment anyhow.

That is one thing I cannot understand, why a boy will walk upright before his teacher and then come home and call his father by his given name.

"O" is for oligos, oligon and oligoos.

The above is Greek, to the best of my knowledge and belief. When the little one grows up and gets to be a professor he can look it up and see, and if it isn't he can bring it out in the paper and get the laugh on me.

"P" is for prohibition, pancakes and pie.

"R" is for religion, Rock and Rye.

The metre in the above isn't just exactly what it should be, but it shows how metres in poetry differ; and it'll help the youthful mind to detect bad metre from good.

It'll be noticed at once that "Q" is left out. This is done for a purpose. There are lots of people who are not able to tell what letter follows another, unless they commence at the beginning of the alphabet and run it through. A break like this, put in here and there, when the child is learning his letters, will make it so that he'll know just where a letter is, just as he knows how many nine times nine are, without running through the nines from the beginning. This is a new departure, and if it has ever been tried I don't know it. It may not meet with the success that I now think it will. If it doesn't, why, we can fix that all right.

"Q" is for quoque, quoquam and quondam.

It is plain to be seen this is Latin, and it is taken from another book I have; which shows I possess a rattling good library. Quoque is one of the words Caesar got off at the time Brutus stuck a knife in him. The entire oration consisted of "et tu quoque Brute."

"S" is for Socrates, salaratus and soap.

"T" is for tomahawk, Tallahassa and ————.

I cannot think of anything that will

rhyme with soap. Let the little one figure out a word for himself, and he will never forget it.

"U" is for unicorn, utopia and up to date.

There are many things that could be thrown in here, but they don't come to me now.

"V" is for vocative, volition and vermifuge.

Of course the child must be educated considerably to grasp the above. But I go on the theory that while enumeration is easy, the back part of Ray's Third Part Arithmetic will bother a good many —the way the alphabet is taught Z is no harder to learn than A. There is certainly something wrong about this.

"W" is for Washington, Wellington and weinerwurst — each the best in his class. Here is history and hygiene. If the child is not fond of history he may like weinerwurst.

"X" stands for Xerxes, Zenophon and who struck Billy Patterson.

If the youngster can settle that ancient controversy, he will do a great deal toward straightening out history.

"Y" is for yellow, yeller and yaller.

We have heard a good deal lately about yellow journalism, and generally from people who are color blind. Who is it that has not heard of the "yeller streak" and "yaller janders." These things, while not as important to know as the multiplication table, still will help to round out a child's education.

"Z" is for zodiac, zebra and Zangwill.

It is too bad to associate Zangwill with Ayers' almanac and the zoo. But what are you going to do with a man whose initial letter is Z? The youth will recognize this and look over it.

"&c" stands for what we once knew and have forgotten — (Patent applied for).

IN HONOR OF AMERICAN BRAVERY

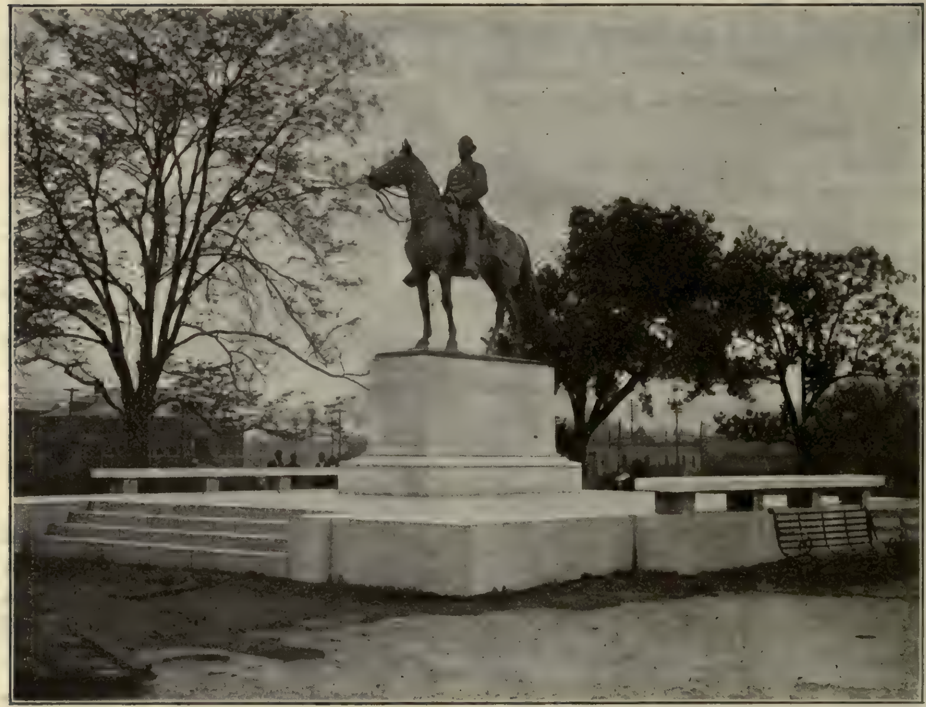
By Lee McCrae

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

IT is forty years since the close of the Civil war, yet the devotion and loyalty of the South to its heroes has again been demonstrated by a costly monument recently unveiled in Memphis. Upon its marble base is this simple inscription:

1905
Erected by his countrymen in honor
of the military genius of
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL
NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST
Confederate States Army
1861 — 1865

As if to prove without words that there was no bitterness in the hearts of "his countrymen" the thousands who gathered to dedicate this monument found it elaborately draped with the stars and stripes. There were smiles and tears and cheers from the throng as the orator of the day—himself a Confederate general—recalled the deeds of the 60's. Evidently it had been no holiday parade to ride with Forrest, for his battles were won by the swiftness of his movements, his impetuosity, his mysterious tactics and wonderful daring. As the scenes were vividly pictured, the grey haired men



STATUE OF LIEUTENANT GENERAL NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST, THE FAMOUS CONFEDERATE CAVALRY LEADER, ERECTED IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, AND DEDICATED WITH IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES IN WHICH MEN OF THE BLUE AND THE GREY MET AS FRIENDS AND FELLOW PATRIOTS

grouped closest to the speaker, the few survivors of the famous Forrest brigade, laughed and cried together.

These soldiers of the South still honor —as they should—their comrades living and dead; they still cherish — as is natural and right — an affection for the old stars and bars that they followed through the smoke and flame of battle; yet they do not now regret that their brave endeavor failed and that the government of our fathers has been preserved to us for all time. So they cheered lustily when the Confederate general gave place to an offiicer in the Federal army, and he said:

"I am here to express a northern soldier's estimate of Forrest and his men. Only one who fought against them can really appreciate their genius and heroism. This monument is history in bronze, and we bequeath it not to Memphis, nor to sunny Tennessee, nor to the Southland, but to the whole United States. It typifies not one section's heroism, but American bravery."

No wonder the feeble old men cheered, and no wonder they bowed their heads and mutely reached out their hands to each other for sympathy and support when the veil was withdrawn and the life-like figure of their leader was revealed!

The South is secretly glad it was defeated in the gigantic struggle of the 60's, for dire as the consequences then were, victory would have brought worse in the long run. It was the agony of a man who, without anaesthetics, must see his arm amputated to save his life. Of course the old veteran does not say this;

he merely shakes his head and murmurs, "It ought never to have happened."

The last vestige of bitterness will not be gone until the individual sufferings have been forgotten; but all voices the land over should join in cheering the name of Nathan Bedford Forrest, and all hearts should rejoice in this new and enduring monument, this addition to our soil of fame. No "hall of fame" can contain our heroes.

And a hero is a hero, be he buried in a uniform of grey patches, or wrapped about with Old Glory.

THERE WAS AN OLD SOLDIER ✤ Longshore Rhyme

There was an old soldier and he had a wooden leg;
No tobakky could he borrer nor tobakky could he beg.
There was an old sailor as cunnin' as a fox,—
He always had tobakky in his old tobakky box.

Said the first old cod: "Will you gim'me a chew?"
Said the second old cod: "I'll be dinged if I do!
Save up your money, be as cunnin' as a fox,
And you'll always have tobakky in your old tobakky box."

MICHAEL RYAN, CAPITALIST

A STORY OF LABOR

By F. F. D. Albery

COLUMBUS, OHIO

(Publication of this story was begun in June, 1905)

XI

BLUE BLOOD

THE pedigree of Mr. Chamford Gray was longer and more complicated than that of the major general's favorite setter dog or than that of his neighbor's prize rooster. True, it did not reach back to the long haired elephant, and there was no bend sinister in it, but it was long enough to be excessively wearisome, and the whole affair was somewhat sinister to the mind of those ordinary individuals who couldn't trace their family history for glory much farther back than Uncle Zeke, who "fit into the Rebellion;" but the blood of the Grays was ancient and permanent, and in their direct family connection could be numbered the Kays and the Hays, the Days and the Mays, besides numerous more pretentious and sonorous names in the collateral branches. Here were the Hangerfords, the Wallingfords and the Shackelfords and in other lines the different varieties of 'burys, as the Waterburys, the Woodburys, the Stanburys. All in all it was one of the most ancient and honorable combinations of blood, wealth and pride which our American civilization and assumption boast.

To that particular branch of the family to which providence had assigned Mr. Chamford Gray, considerable wealth had adhered, and the family pride in that direction was correspondingly augumented by the ability to display. In the particular case of Mr. Chamford Gray, Providence had apparently made direct interference to his own peculiar use and behoof by ruthlessly wiping out all direct heirs but himself and straightening out the lines of inheritance, so that he became, before he arrived at middle age, heir to a comfortable fortune.

Unfortunately, however, for the luster and usefulness of the name, there had also come down to Mr. Chamford Gray by way of heritage, along with his wealth, certain thrifty habits and greedy notions, which, as had been observed in his immediate ancestors, increased with time until they developed into actual miserly traits before the inheritor had passed his youth; and, as age advanced, he became intolerably grasping.

It seemed a real misfortune in the case of Chamford Gray, for, divested of these impedimenta of inheritance, he wanted to be and tried hard to be a generous and whole souled gentleman. He had been educated at one of the great universities and had traveled much and lacked nothing in the way of cultivation, and he imagined that he was the soul of honor, gentlemanly bearing and generous traits. But it was observed that the same unconscious piggishness manifested itself in his monopoly of conversation.

There was no topic which he did not discuss with assurance. He explained the evident, illustrated the obvious and expatiated on the irrevelant on all occasions and was usually successful in dispersing the most interested and intelligent audience if he were only allowed the chance to engage in the conversation.

On the other hand, as already observed, he really tried at times to overcome his pedigree and be like other men with some degree of generosity and sympathy for his less fortunate fellow men. But the worship of wealth was an essential part of his nature, and it had come to pass that, strive against it as he might, the dollar omnipotent was above all accomplishment, wit or other natural gifts, and he could associate on friendly terms with the swine of the world only so their possessions justified it in his eyes, and notwithstanding they were out of his class entirely.

In the course of time he had married a beautiful girl, who, overcome by the influence of the family tree and the accumulated surplus, had broken off an engagement with the man she loved and who ever after held her heart, in order to make the alliance commercial which should bring to her the thousand and one advantages she had never enjoyed in her plain, simple and somewhat laborious life, and should make of her offspring heirs and joint heirs to their father's kingdom.

In the country community where Etta Rogers lived it was considered a great match for her; and, as she was very popular, the poor broken hearted clerk whom she discarded got neither sympathy nor tears and was compelled to look on, dazed and stunned by the enormity of his loss, while the pious world, the good Christian world which feared God and kept his commandments, robbed him openly of his idol. Thereafter he was never heard of, and from being the brightest and most promising young man in the village, degenerated into a listless, common, every day small merchant in a country community. Those who ever gave it a thought concluded wisely that Mrs. Gray had had a narrow escape from absorption and obliteration by those natural processes of marriage, maternity, household cares and lack of environment of the exalted kind that comes with wealth and residence in great cities, where country girls become grand dames by association and daily advertisement in the society columns of newspapers. No account was taken of possible results which might have grown out of the wholesome union of young hearts in utter love and bright minds and sympathetic tastes. Oh, well, so runs the world away! and the stricken deer must not go weep, because it must take its knocks and be brave and bear it all in a Christian spirit of meekness and lowliness of heart and fortitude.

"To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,

And, baffled, get up and begin again—
So the chase takes up one's life—that's all,"

is the lesson we must all learn in some way, although there are those who seem never to encounter the rough edges of the world. But if happiness be truly only a comparative absence of misery, there must be somewhere and somehow sorrow and trial for all the sons of man.

A year or two of the adjustment of forces which follows marriage had disclosed to both Chamford Gray and his wife that they were badly mated. He had no use for her large intelligence and exquisite literary taste, while she in turn hated his abnormal thrift and general boorishness. There was an absolute lack of harmony in him — concord of sweet sounds in voice or instrument or words he absolutely failed to recognize, while to her the clear notes of the cardinal in yonder tree, the appeal of the trained orchestra, the tears in words, sent her heart into ecstacy; and, more and more, as the years piled up, she wandered back to that beautiful past when she and her only love stood hand in hand under the trees and sought the singing leaf, and of her knight she would say:

"Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
  And asked of every tree:
'Oh! if you have ever a singing leaf
  I pray you give it me.'

"But the leaves all kept their counsel;
  They said neither yea nor nay,
Only there sighed from the pine tops
  The music of seas far away.

"Only the aspen pattered
  With the sound of falling rain
That fell ever faster and faster,
  Then faltered to silence again."

And then, coming down to the overwhelming present, she would reflect how ridiculous it would be to send Chamford Gray into the greenwood after any singing leaf, for Chamford's first thought would be to cut down the greenwood, leaves and all, and raise potatoes which would sell at so much per bushel.

So that by the time the Grays had appeared upon the horizon of Michael Ryan they had drifted into that green and settled melancholy which comes of continual failure in a great life scheme, relieved only by such appearances of good will and affectation as society demands under the general name of manners. If you met them socially you never suspected that the lover was in a far country and that these two merely acted a part from day to day, and the great world went on its way, bearing its other burdens just as bravely as it bore this.

XII

A DISCUSSION

OPPOSITE Mr. Ryan sat Mrs. Gray, at his left Miss Shackelford and at his right Professor Everett of the University, who, beside being a teacher by profession, was also a doctor of divinity, and occasionally, when the other ministers were absent or tardy, filled a pulpit and tried hard to maintain his doubtful position as a man of God and a man of intellect. His only course on such occasions was to cling blindly to the written word and not to allow himself to utter any of the doubts of which his head was full.

It was at the Wamser mansion, and supper was served, and the small table at which they sat was quite isolated from the others of the company, so that conversation could be carried on freely and satisfactorily.

The whole community was agitated over the pending strike at the mills of Kruger, Gill & Wamser, the men having made, through certain so called "walking delegates," demands in regard to time and pay which the operators could not concede, and trouble was feared.

The professor had said: "I wish, Mr. Ryan, you would explain the reason why, for instance, the men in your mills will allow a man from the outside to walk in and tell them that their wages are inadequate and the hours too long, when they are all satisfied with present conditions."

"That would be a very hard thing to do," said Ryan, "unless you put it upon the principle of loyalty and adhesion. You see these unions, having all a common aim and principle, in order to accomplish their ends must support each other, not only morally, but, when necessary, by active interference. This results in a sort of union of all the unions, and in some trades there are upper organizations and lodges with officers and delegates, so called, who assume to superintend the whole field of labor in that branch of industry. It is not a bad idea considered as a mere matter of organization, but it is very bad in cases of this kind where everything is going smoothly, the men making money and working all the time, and the mill with big contracts on its hands which must be fulfilled."

"It is all right," said Miss Shackelford, "for a man to quit work if he is dissatisfied, but by what principle of right can he claim that another shall not take his place."

"That," said the professor, "has been to me the most difficult of all problems. The men seem actually to believe that they have a right to stand in the way of others who want work and whose services are needed. If it were not for their apparent absolute conviction that they are right in this position, it would afford no difficulties; but they do so believe and act and are willing to stake all—even life—on the position."

"I have seen men," said Ryan, "who had become saturated with the idea that they had a sort of joint ownership, by reason of their labor, in the result of that labor. I think my friend Hall is of that kind. Others merely look upon it as a matter of brute force which can be exercised to insure the success of their demands. They know the mill must go night and day, and they take advantage of the situation to keep other men from working, and thus compel compliance with their demands. Often their claims seem to be fair, yet no one knows the truth about this but the man in charge of the financial department, who figures out the price of a ton of pig iron or rails laid down in New York, San Francisco or New Orleans; and his statement is always looked upon with suspicion by the men."

"Couldn't some plan be devised," asked Miss Shackelford, "by which a committee of the men could be given access to the books in order to satisfy them?"

"I have often thought of that," answered Ryan, "and am even now considering some such scheme."

"What would be best and fairest," interposed Mrs. Gray, "would be some scheme of cooperation by which the wages of these men would correspond to the conditions of business."

"The trouble about that," said Ryan, "is the fact that the men could not stand the lower rates of pay at times when the company is making little or nothing, provided their highest pay is limited to fair daily wages in prosperous times.

There is no way by which human earnings and the earnings of invested capital can be put on a par, because capital can stand it to earn nothing while human labor cannot. The human must be fed and clothed and his family provided for, which is impossible when he is reduced to a non-dividend-paying basis. Capital, on the other hand, can survive an indefinite period of inactivity. You see there is no equality and can never be, and the only thing left is some agreed but arbitrary basis, and to agree constitutes the problem."

"I had never thought of that," said Miss Shackelford, "but it seems to state the situation exactly." She was leaning forward with her arms resting on the table and her hands clasped before her, and looked more charming than usual, and Ryan was more than ever impressed with her good sense and attractiveness.

"I have always, in thinking of this matter, considered that in some way the labor of the men corresponded with the investment of capital. I see now that, while it might be a fair comparison when each is earning money, the one by its presence, the other by its activity, the comparison fails when neither is earning anything, because to the one it means simply uselessness, to the other it means extinction and death; and so far as cooperation is concerned, that too can only operate in one direction, as it would be impossible for the laboring man to cooperate in actual losses. The proposition of cooperation, therefore, seems to be entirely illogical."

It would have pleased Ryan to continue the discussion, for as Miss Shackelford warmed up to the subject she became more interesting; but they were interrupted by their hostess, who had suggested cards, and Ryan, who was asked to look after Mrs. Gray, could only say to Miss Shackelford that he hoped at some time to continue the discussion with her, to which she politely assented, and they parted for that evening.

With Mrs. Gray he was not so much at ease, as her attainments had soared far beyond his in a literary way and her fads, Browning, Maeterlinck and Sudermann, he had not made acquaintance with. But he found her very charming, nevertheless, and so long as Mr. Gray remained hidden it was well with him.

"Don't you find my cousin, Miss Shackelford, a bright girl?" said she, looking straight at him, and as Michael Ryan even at that moment was so reflecting, he colored visibly as he responded rather earnestly:

"She is a very interesting woman."

XIII

CONFESSION

THEY had talked long and earnestly and Michael Ryan approached the subject nearest his heart with the same dogged perseverance and determination which characterized all his efforts. On her part there was an evident desire to avoid the culmination of their mild romance, for her mind was racked with doubts and fears.

It was several months after the party at Mrs. Wamser's, and while there had been several meetings between them since that time, it had apparently not suited his humor to speak to her seriously till now. The night was warm and beautiful and they had walked from the house out into the spacious grounds and seated themselves on a bench under a large oak tree whence a beautiful view was had of the sloping hillside, the lowlands adjacent and the lake beyond. Mr. Kruger prided himself upon having the most beautiful site in the vicinity, and he had had the good sense to let art intrude upon nature as little as possible, and then only with a view to promoting comfort. The spot was ideal, the night soft, the moonlight brilliant. There were all the usual accompaniments of romantic courtship, and yet these two who knew what was to come were scarcely stirred by their charming environment. With each, the matter was too serious for sentiment. It was business of the gravest importance and was so treated. It is not to be presumed that there had not been glances more or less tender, that hand pressure and possibly words uttered softly and with the peculiar emphasis of love had not also intervened. There had been signs, whether these or others, which indicated to both that this time must come and pass within the near future, and both were prepared and satisfied that it should be now; so that when he spoke of his growing interest in her, of his lonely life, his aimless future and the great desire that he had that some good woman should share it with him and help bear its burdens and responsibilities, she was not surprised; while her heart beat faster and she felt proud that she had won the admiration and love of such a man, she none the less saw the situation as it really was.

"Have you considered everything," said Miss Shackelford, "in making this proposal to me? Is there nothing in the situation which might come up to interfere in our relations or cause you at some time to respect me less than you do as a lover? I believe that men, and women too, do brush aside difficulties when they imagine themselves in love, which may be very dangerous to their mutual happiness as the years go on, and even if I could now truthfully say that I do love you in return, I should not be willing to risk your future happiness upon a doubt which you yourself are not able to clear up honestly and freely in advance."

"I know what you have in your mind," said Ryan, "the matter has been in my thoughts for months, and I long ago concluded that until that point was absolutely settled I would not do you the injustice of offering myself to you. It is a matter of such grave import to us that neither will dare to treat it lightly. To me it has been a subject of constant thought, and, having arrived at the conclusion that I could forgive your father for the sake of the daughter whom I love and whom I have found to be sensible and honorable in every way, it was not just or fair to either of us to let an ancient wrong separate us, even if memory could not be relied upon to entirely efface all recollection of it. I think I can treat your father with the respect that will be due him from me. We may never become intimate friends, but he shall always be welcome at my house, and I shall try on your account to forget the past.

"I can say to you now with the utmost truth that if it were in my power to wipe out all recollection of the unfortunate thing, I would most gladly do so. I would be glad to for my own comfort. I do not harbor revenge or malice, and I hate the memory of unpleasant things, so that for my own selfish comfort, and leaving you out of consideration entirely, I would be happier could it all be blotted out."

"I believe all you say," responded she, "and while my heart will hold its misgivings, still I am willing to confide in your manly generosity and to place my life and happiness in your hands, because I trust in your better judgment and because I do love you."

She had placed her hand in his as she said this, and Michael Ryan, supremely happy, was yet content to sit there in the shade of the giant oak and hold her hand and look fondly upon her fair face and beautiful head, with no apparent impulse to take her in his arms and shower kisses upon her, as lovers always do.

He seemed rather to be awed by the new responsibility and the confidence of this fair stranger. He had not read many love stories or much poetry, and while his heart was soft and he was devotion itself, yet the ways of lovers were strange to him. He used to kiss his mother and put his arms around her, but other women he knew not; and at his mature age, having missed the endearments of women, love seemed to him too sacred a thing to trifle with; and having held her hand thus for some minutes, he kissed her quietly on the forehead, saying that they would talk over their plans later on. He then suggested that they return to the house, as their absence might be noted, and, she taking his arm, they wandered back and mingled with the guests as though it had been known to each before and only required the actual use of words to consummate and to clear away the only doubts that had existed in the mind of either. Just as quietly and unostentatiously they let it be known to their friends, and in due time Michael Ryan paid a formal visit to Mr. and Mrs. Shackelford and obtained permission to wed their only daughter Emily, whom Michael Ryan truly loved and would make his wife as soon as she and they could make it convenient to have the ceremony performed. For him the sooner the better, for he was alone in his big house and needed her every day. Fortunately she knew the Halls, and his good work could begin at once, as it did and continued thereafter uninterruptedly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHEN BLOSSOM WENT TO RIDE WITH ME

By Eugene Secor

FOREST CITY, IOWA

WHEN Blossom went to ride with me,
In bonny Summer weather,
The flowers were not more sweet than she:
They tempted every roving bee,
And my pink Blossom tempted me —
For we were young together.

A bee did halt and quickly sip
The nectar from the clover,
And I imagined from her lip
A sweeter honey drop would drip
If I were bold enough to sip
Like this enchanted rover.

The prairie blushed with bloom galore,
And Blossom blushed beside me;
If I should lean a little more
And ply the arts of lovers' lore,
And pluck the Blossom I adore,
Would lucky fate betide me?

"I wish I were a bee," said I,
"I'd waste no time on clover,
But sip the Blossom nearer by,
Content to tarry till I die—
If honied lips would ratify
The quest of honest lover."

"Were you a bee," she promptly said,
"I'd crush you with my finger;
My lips are for the man I'll wed,
Whose courage makes his blood run red.
He'll take what is his own," she said.
I sipped. Why should I linger?

When Blossom took that ride with me,
The lovely prairie over,
I learned a lesson from the bee;
And now I take upon my knee
An armful far more sweet to me
Than all the honied clover.

THE TRUCE OF THE TRENCHES: A PHILIPPINE IDYL

From a stereograph, copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

A PROLOGUE AND A PLAY

By Lewis E. Mac Brayne

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

IT sometimes happens that the real play performed in the lives of men and women has not been preceded by a prologue; but this is not of frequent occurrence. That the prologue, as such, is acknowledged to be somewhat out of date, we do not deny; but in the country of which we are to write many things are out of date—though the way to a woman's heart remains straight;—and, moreover, there are certain matters that must be related before the stage is set, with its fine African background, for the appearance of Mr. Archibald Newman.

You may dismiss young Newman for a simpleton and a fool, if you choose; but the honest fact is that up to the time of the marriage of Laura Wyndham he was an average man of his class. Going out of Harvard with social standing and considerable prestige in athletics, he had entered society and club life as it was quite natural that he should do; had lived upon an income inherited from his mother, done one or two good things in the line of golf and polo, and made love to Laura Wyndham as opportunity offered.

Then her engagement was announced, followed by her marriage. It is said that she boasted to her bridesmaids that every one of the six men who ushered for her had been a suitor for her hand. Be that as it may, they all went their several ways unharmed, but Newman. He went to pieces so unexpectedly that he left his country to wander in foreign lands.

Old friends missed him and then forgot him. He wrote no word to them, and they did not bother to inquire for his address. At that time there was just one person who knew where to find him; and that person was Laura Berringe, born Wyndham.

It may be a fair question whether that young lady, at the time of her marriage, had a conscience or only a romantic imagination. It is possible that the latter developed when she made the discovery that she had married a business man, who had no imagination at all. At any rate, when Newman, forgetting the things that a man of good blood ought to know, wrote her a letter, lest she never learn that he had gone into exile for love of her, she was suddenly overcome with remorse and replied to him in sisterly fashion. O, foolish blunderers! He wrote to her again.

Lest we state the case with unfairness to her as a woman, let it be understood that she had no idea of doing anything disloyal to the man who had made her his wife, but who was now absorbed in other things. She simply craved a romance, and her husband failing to provide one, found it in the friendship of Newman; a younger man, a handsomer one, and an exile in a foreign land. The situation held too many situations for a women so weak as she. The letters that passed between them twice a year became the sentimentally haloed secret of her life.

Thus matters went on for five years, quite romantically, but on a fairly high plane, when all is considered. He had not been quite a man at the start, you will remember — and she; well, she had boasted at the wedding concerning her ushers. Yet he was slowly getting back to inherited traditions, and was bound, in the end, to put an honorable end to the whole miserable business. For it is written in the Anglo-Saxon law that a man must not love another's wife.

The youngest bridesmaid at Laura Wyndham's wedding had been a girl of barely eighteen, Elise Langwood by name, the daughter of a popular captain in the United States navy. Frank and fair at that time, she had blossomed in the five years into as perfect a flower of womanhood as even the service can boast. She was rather tall, had grace of movement combined with simplicity of manner and maintained as good fellowship among men as though she had been born their brother. Ensigns spoke of her publicly as the ideal of what a navy woman should be; and privately hoped for wars in order to do great deeds in her sight. Commanders of ships spoke of her fondly, and unofficially made her serve as the model for their growing daughters. Even the admiral danced with her when older women were looking for partners, and paid her gallant compliments. From which facts you may infer that she was no common maid.

Captain Langwood's shore leave was spent in the city where the Berringes lived, and a fair degree of friendliness existed between the two families. It chanced that one evening, five years after the wedding, Elise was dining with Mrs. Berringe and mentioned the fact that her father's battleship had been ordered to Mediterranean waters, and that she was to be allowed to take the cruise.

The incident at once started a train of thought in the older woman's mind. It was on the shore of the Mediterranean that Tangier lay, the home of Archibald Newman in his exile. Her last letter to him had brought no reply. She had another one, finished that day, and all ready for the posting; for there was a small fear in her heart that some harm might have come to him. Now a surer way to reach him suggested itself.

She was fond of Elise. The girl was as guileless as an angel, she told herself, and would reflect the scene with him like a mirror. So over their coffee—her husband was away on business that evening—she told Elise Longwood just enough of the story to warrant the sending of a letter to Newman. The girl looked at her with wide, frank eyes, secretly shocked, angered at what her intuition told her must be the truth; but finally consented to the mission. Her father's ship would spend some time at Gibraltar, and it would be an easy matter to go over to Tangier on the packet that sailed from the British port.

Mrs. Berringe called her a dear thing, and went somewhat more into the details of what she would require of her. She did not know that the girl had decided to become the bearer of her letter because of a sudden desire to see this man who would go into such an exile for a woman who had jilted him. Nor was she aware that the prologue was ended, and that she would have but a minor part in the play about to begin.

II

Archibald Newman sat one afternoon on a mat under the trees of a coffee house called in the Arabic the Garden of Joy. You may find it in the hills beyond Tangier, where the road, heavenly in the foliage of the early Summer, turns sharply to the left. At one side of the entrance into the garden are ropes for tethering the mules and horses under the shadow of the olive trees, and beyond is a thatched hut open at the sides, where you will see tiny coals aglow and catch the odor, from blackened braziers, of fresh mint steeping in tea. But the mats for those who frequent the Garden of Joy are in the open air, on green sward that is surrounded by thickets of brilliant flowers, in such arrangement as only a Moslem mind can plan.

Newman sipping his coffee, conversed with an Arab friend from the desert, Sheik Ben-Nacer. Many a time had the two slept together under the tents of the sheik's tribe. Many an afternoon had Newman met Ben-Nacer, and other men from beyond the hills, in this place of pleasant meetings, the Garden of Joy.

He cared for them because he had come to know their life and to share its adventures. They honored him because he could ride well and shoot to the mark, and was always fair in his dealings with them.

Through the gate into the garden rode a turbaned Moor on a well worn gray mule. He was lithe of figure, for as he caught sight of Newman he slid easily to the ground and approached the mat. Ben-Nacer arose to go. He had business in the city and was glad to have had this opportunity of again seeing his well favored friend.

Newman ordered fresh coffee, and the Moor, his sandals removed, sat down beside him, for he too was an old friend.

"What news, Mohammed?"

The Moor replied in tones as soft as a woman's; the strange, high keyed voice so often heard in Morocco.

"Meester Newman," he said deliberatly, "I hear there will be war out Fez way against the veree bad tribe I told you of."

Newman's face wreathed in smiles, and then he laughed heartily at his solemn companion. "Ever since you lost your caravan you have been hearing of nothing but war against that tribe," he said. All the world of Tangier knew that Mohammed, guide in ordinary to the tourists, and sometime story teller in the Great Soco, had lost his whole fortune in one unfortunate trip from the coast to the capital, and that the loss was unavenged.

"And I also hear that there es one veree fine young lady waiting to see you down in the city," continued the Moor impassively. "I myself have met her, Meester Newman."

"Ah, you have!"

The bees hummed around the rose bushes, and the birds sang in the lemon trees. The little coffee cups were emptied; were refilled. You may prod a mule in Morocco, but not a Moor. In the end Newman laughed again. "My sword is down, Mohammed. Tell me why you have come," he said.

A childlike smile rippled over the face of the Moor; a face that in itself would have been young but for its Moslem beard. "There came over from 'Geeb' today a most adorable girl and a sick old lady," said he. "I have offered to show them the city, but they have come only to seek you. She es"—he went into the folds of his galeb and brought forth a card—"She es Mees Langwood, and she es one of your people."

One acquires much from contact with a Moslem people. Newman, in a whirl of inward excitement quite unaccountable, was outwardly calm. In the years of his exile he had made it a point to keep clear of American women, not a difficult matter in the hills about Tangier; but now the first woman to seek him bore the name of one who had taken his arm five years before, on that night when the Mendelssohn march had announced to the fashionable world that Laura Wyndham was Laura Wyndham no longer. "She is one of your people!" Something within him stirred to be once more among his people, to return with his head held high, as though he had never been away. His inclination was to get up gaily from the mat and run across the garden to his horse, but he arose slowly and appeared to speak indifferently. "Thank you, Mohammed, I will ride down to the city," he said.

Elise Langwood had come over from Gibraltar—it is Gib in that part of the word—chaperoned by an aunt of chronic indisposition who had left Baden-Baden to meet her niece. Mrs. Treboar had heard of Tangier as a place quite unspoiled by civilization, and was not unwilling to "run over and have a look at it," but having passed through the pandemonium of the Tangier customs house and the mad scramble of the main street, she was now locked in her room at the hotel, for the time being deaf to all reason and quite convinced in her own mind that she never would get out of the place alive. Elise, quite accustomed to the violence of her moods, had finally left her, and was now in the garden, truly an adorable girl in the whiteness of her Summer gown. Newman found her there. They met beneath an orange tree.

When you find a man who sets himself up above women, whether it is because of an early disappointment or from a theoretical indifference to the sex, you may be sure that he has not yet met one who, in the order of things, is waiting for him beneath an orange tree. When that hour arrives something snaps in the man's self conceit, and that incumbrance being rendered worthless, certain old springs of the heart begin to work again. It was so with Archibald Newman. When he found that girl awaiting his coming it was as though from some early day it had been so decreed; as though he had long been groping complainingly in the darkness and had suddenly found the light. He caught her by both hands, and she blushed.

He remained in the garden for an hour and went away only when dinner had been announced, having arranged before he left, however, to return in the morning and take Miss Langwood for a ride. And the strange thing about their first meeting was that she forgot all about Mrs. Berringe's letter, the main object of her visit to Tangier.

Of course she thought of it soon after he had gone, and was vexed with herself for her forgetfulness; and when Newman came around with the horses in the morning you may be sure that she had the matter well in mind. But she delayed giving the missive upon his arrival because her aunt, to whom she had introduced him, held his attention up to the moment when they were mounted and ready for the start; and for an hour after that he was occupied in showing her about the city and the hills beyond. In the wonderful streets of the bazaars, where Moslem and Jew touched elbow with Arab and Spaniard, and stray mules jostled them all, they were kept busy enough picking their way, and even out in the hills there were streams to ford, steep paths to climb and villas to discover deep set among the trees.

She enjoyed the ride because it might be the only one that they could take together, and not until they were on the highroad leading back to the city did she care to end the pleasure of it.

"I came to Tangier to see you for a special purpose," she said. "I have a letter for you."

He reined in his horse instantly, and her own animal came to a standstill.

"Oh yes, a letter," he said quietly, and took it. A glance at the familiar handwriting was sufficient for him. Twice a year had a similar letter been brought to him by special messenger from the British post, thus marking the two great days in the year for him. But this letter had not passed through the mail.

"Mrs. Berringe gave this to you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Mrs. Berringe is a very old friend," he said.

"Yes?" She was looking at him with frank, fearless eyes.

"She is good enough to write to me sometimes."

"Yes; she told me so. Her husband was not there." Why Elise Langwood said this she could not have told, but the thrust went home. Newman suddenly realized that this demure maid on the horse beside him would force him to give an explanation or fight.

"You see," he began blunderingly, "we were very good friends before her marriage. One may not forget old friends."

"Not old friends." Her words were distinct in their meaning.

He replied to her somewhat sharply. "Do not misunderstand me, we are only old friends," he said. "I have not even seen her for several years."

He did not know that Mrs. Berringe had given her certain of the details; but that incident was painfully fresh in her own mind at the moment. "It seems to me that the matter is one between you two," she said. "I did not intend to intrude upon it. Shall we go back to the city?"

When they had returned to the hotel, and he had assisted her from the saddle, she felt sorry that she had agreed to deliver the letter, but now that an unpleasant duty had been performed, she saw no reason why she should refuse to accept an invitation from him to join a party of English friends on the following day for a trip to the Garden of Joy.

Mrs. Treboar not only recovered from her fright at Moslem sights and sounds, but speedily became fascinated with the life of Tangier. This was in a large measure due to Newman, who introduced her into the society of the European colony and was her guide about the town. She expressed no further desire to return to Gibraltar.

All of this gave Newman great satisfaction, for it afforded him an opportunity to see Miss Langwood every day. They were often together in the morning, found places of mutual interest in the afternoon, and he and his Arab lantern boy appeared regularly at the hotel at night. Certain of his friends—there was Trelawney of the Anglo-European Cable Company, Bremen of the German legation, and Cohen, the young Jewish merchant—who knew him for an avowed woman hater,—raised their eyebrows or shrugged their shoulders when they saw him pass with this American girl. Other men, of the mosque and the desert, to whom marriage was the favor of God, spoke of him in circles where no English was heard, and hoped for the best.

Mohammed, bankrupt owner of caravans, who out of the poetry of his heart had pronounced Elise Langwood an adorable girl, turned expedients over in his mind and bided his time. It came late one afternoon.

It was the day preceding the great market of the week when the Soco outside the walls was a shifting scene of African life. The camel trains had begun to come in from the desert and the ambling beasts were kneeling with their faces to the west. Merchants, men of the country, negroes from beyond the plains, were leading or pushing their mules through the crowd, crying their wares or shouting for the road as they sought a passage to the bazaars. Tents were going up on the outskirts of the market place, small fires were aglow beneath braziers set upon the ground, merchandise was being unpacked for the sale, and the miscellaneous beggars and entertainers were plying their trade.

Mohammed, as was his wont on this day, took his seat as a story teller, and as his reputation was good, waited with assurance for a larger circle of hearers before he began his tale. His eyes snapped with pleasure as he saw Newman and Miss Langwood join his audience. Taking the center of the ring now, he began to recite.

"And you are quite sure that you can translate Arabic?" she asked.

"Bless you, yes," Newman replied. "You shall see." He listened for a moment and then began to translate in a low voice:

"There was once a white sheik who left his people and went into a far land to live. He had loved the daughter of a king, a most beautiful princess among fair women, but would not marry her. So he went to a distant land. There were people there, but not of his kind, and twice a year — um — the princess sent him a message and a rose. But she did not go to him, and the white sheik could not return. Then one day — "

"Go on, go on," urged the girl.

"All right. He says — it's only a story, you know—he says that after a time the princess sent to the white sheik a most adorable girl, and that the white sheik forgot his unfortunate love for the princess and found favor and great joy with the adorable girl."

The Arab circle applauded with a clapping of hands. Mohammed bowed low as two of his hearers departed and a smile brightened his face. He had bided his time.

Away from the story teller, the jostling merchants and from the market place itself walked a man and a maiden to where the road winds above the Soco, and the birds sing in the late afternoon among the lime and olive trees. The man took from his pocket an unopened letter. "This is the last message sent by the princess to the white sheik," he said. Then he tore it into pieces and flung them away. "Now may the man marry the most adorable girl?" he asked.

And the maiden answered, in a clear, strong voice: "No."

III

Archibald Newman sat of an afternoon in the doorway of his bungalow back in the hills that overlook the sea. You may find it still—though vacant—in as fair a garden as northern eyes have dwelt upon. Cacti and bamboo hedge the way to it, but the bungalow itself, yellowish white, with green wooden shutters, is half hidden among cedar and olive trees, lemons and palms.

Sheik Ben-Nacer, riding from the plains over the hills to the city, gave a dignified salutation as he saw Newman, and the young man, welcoming any interruption of his mood, asked him to wait for a moment while he called for his horse and joined him. Having kept away from Tangier for several days, Newman had about arrived at the conclusion that he was an unqualified idiot, no longer fit for intercourse with civilized people. Common courtesy would have required him to call upon Mrs. Treboar, at least; instead of which he had sulked at home because a young woman, knowing the manner of a man that he was, had not cared to accept his romantic proposal to marry her. It was high time, he thought, that he got over his sulky mood.

"What news, Ben-Nacer?" he asked when they had gone some distance over the road to the city.

"There is a tribe out plundering between here and Fez," replied the sheik. "They are looking for hostages, I think."

"It is time that the sultan hunted down that tribe, Ben-Nacer."

"One must shoot, not parade, to whip a tribe," replied the Arab. "I take the road here for the basha's palace. Will you go with me?"

"No; I will go by the other road to call upon friends. Good day."

The chances were that Mrs. Treboar and her niece had returned to Gibraltar ere this, but it would do no harm to call at the hotel and inquire for them. He did so and the Moorish servant replied that they had left Tangier three days before. He turned away without further questions. But he did not return to the hills. Somehow the bunaglow had grown strangely lonely during the week, had lost the indefinable atmosphere that makes a place like home. The perfume was out of the flowers, the song gone from the birds; the place had lost its charm. So he put up his horse and dined alone in the city, and later called a lantern boy and went to one of the Moorish cafes to find entertainment for the evening.

It was a pleasant place, well within the walls; a large room finished in carved wood with weapons and stringed instruments hung along the walls, and lighted by lanterns of wrought iron, suspended from long chains. The musicians were seated on the floor in the middle of the room, there was a smell of Egyptian tobacco stronger than the odor of the coffee, and there was likewise more music than conversation.

Newman entered and sat down upon one of the mats, unmindful, contrary to his custom, of who his nearest neighbor might be. After a time he became conscious of the fact that Mohammed was sitting at his right hand, and hastened to make amends for the seeming slight.

"I am too stupid tonight to see the nose in front of me," he apologized.

Mohammed puffed at his long pipe. "You certainly deed not see your friends go away, Meester Newman," he said after a time.

"No; I was busy at home. Have you seen Sheik Ben-Nacer today? He tells me that your favorite tribe is on the war path out Fez way, after all. Excited at the news, are you? Well, it ought to be an old story by this time."

Mohammed, with one hand upon Newman's shoulder, paused for a moment to look at him intently. "Meester Newman, you compel me to observe you are a fool," he said. "Mees Langwood, if you don't know it, es on the way to Fez."

Over in the center of the room a string snapped, and a musician ceased playing. Something in Newman's head snapped, too, but with the opposite effect of arousing him to action.

"Quick, Mohammed, there is no time to lose," he said. "Tell me all that you know. I swear that I thought that she had gone to Gib."

Mohammed responded to the eagerness of his manner. "She and the elder lady went with a small caravan, two men and four women in all, with servants," he said.

"And the escort? They didn't go without an escort?"

"Two soldiers, Meester Newman, but not to be counted."

"And they went by horse?"

"By mule. They are about three days' journey away."

"Then we must follow them by horse. If needs be we will make a war; yes, a little private war of our own. You will come with me?"

They were on their feet in a moment and hurrying from the room. The Moor, mindful of what might be said at their sudden going, flung a sentence or two in Arabic behind him. Outside the lantern boy was waiting; a tall Arab youth of bare head and desert tanned arms.

"I trust him, because he has served me before, and will follow me," said Newman. "Can you find me five more as good?"

"Come to the market place," replied the Moor. "We shall have the pick of the tribe there."

"Good, only have it understood that they must be willing to fight."

They hurried through the narrow streets of the city gates. Outside the walls the stars shone clearly in the fine African night, but gave only a dim light to the earth. The lantern boy strode on ahead, and the swinging circle of his light disclosed strange things; the ugly heads of camels with blinking eyes; sleepy mules amid sacks of merchandise; figures stretched on the ground like mummies, with hoods pulled over their heads. They paused before such a group.

"Ho, Ahmed!"

"Who calls?"

"I Mohammed; put up your knife. Meester Newman wants you and your horse for the desert at daybreak. He will pay well."

"I will go."

"There will be fighting against the caravan raiders."

"Praise Allah! I will go."

"Barraka Laufik." And two men, preceded by a lantern boy passed on.

"Where's Ben-Osef? Where's Ben-

Osef? Mind the teeth of the white camel, Meester Newman."

"Who disturbs the night?"

"I, Mohammed. You start for Fez at daybreak on a fresh horse, Ben-Osef."

"I sell my dates in the morning."

"Wrong; your boy sells them. You go with Meester Newman for a fight with the caravan raiders. The pay is good."

"I will be ready when you say, 'Colonel' Newman."

And two men, preceded by a lantern boy, passed on.

Five particular men are not easy to find by starlight among so many; yet five were found within the hour, and of the number four had suffered at the hands of lawless tribes, and the fifth had a private quarrel that matters not in this tale. Fewer men had never started out to whip a tribe than they who went from the market place at daybreak to take their orders from a man who was prepared to make a war of his own.

The dawn had come early and was sweet with the air from the sea. They took the road to the hills and for an hour met hardly a person; indeed, only a beggar who had not dined the night before and was early on his way to the city. Unincumbered by the usual baggage of a caravan, they travelled with rapidity, and the first halt, for the noonday rest, saw them many miles on their journey. They camped that night far out on the plains.

On the second day they had covered an even greater distance, and lay down at length hard wearied by the long hours in the saddle and the monotony of the ride. One friendly tribesman they had met who gave them news of seeing the caravan moving leisurely on its way; but they had not been able to overtake it. Now, in the clear starlight of the soft African night, Newman sat alone upon the sand and thought of other days across the seas. A few feet away his little band, wrapped in their cloaks, were sleeping upon the ground; the horses close together were still nosing for their scanty fodder; the embers of the tiny fire made for the evening meal had become a smothered glow. Nothing was there in the scene to remind him of his own land as he sat in the silence of the first watch, and yet distant scenes that he had forgotten came back to him clearly and in order, filling in the spaces between more important events that were prominent in his memory.

It was as though the opportunity in his life had come to pass judgment upon himself, to see wherein he had fallen far short, and where he might have turned his course to better things. Once, on a hard fought football field, the ball had been passed back to him to make the final play that should save the honor of his college, or cost her the game. In the moment of silence preceding the play, when the waiting thousands held their breath, and his captain bent ready to snap back the ball, he had heard an excited girl shout: "Go it, Archibald!" and he had rushed through the line of opposing giants and won. Later, the woman had married another man and he had given up his fight and gone abroad.

He wished now that he could see a smashing fight ahead of him, and that when the critical moment came he might hear the voice of Elise Langwood cheering him on to victory. What he needed in life was hard work piled in his way, and somebody to spur him on against it. So he wrestled with himself, and when the time of his watch was at an end he called Mohammed and lay down to rest in repose of spirit. In the stillness of the night he had conquered himself.

Just at the dawn Ben-Osef, on guard, heard a distant fusillade, and slipping the rope from the forefeet of his horse, vaulted to the saddle and rode out to scan the horizon. The light was coloring the East, and he made out the figure of a man in flight, running from a distant group of palm trees. Ben-Osef aroused his friends with a shout, and when the runner was within hailing distance they were in the saddle and riding in a widening circle to surround him.

He proved to be a soldier, and when they had assured him that they intended no harm, he was ready enough to tell his tale. He was one of the escort that had gone with the caravan from Tangier, and their camp had been attacked at daybreak. They were outnumbered ten to one, and he alone had made his escape.

"You alone have run away," interrupted Newman curtly. "The firing has begun again. Come on."

He urged his horse forward and his men followed him, giving their animals slack rein and holding their rifles ready for action. The palm trees concealed the fight; it also hid their coming.

What is more stirring than the rush of mounted men to battle; the flying hoofs as steeds spring over the ground; the sweep of morning air that fans the cheek and fills the loose folds of the cloak; the gathering force that becomes irresistible as the moments pass; and finally the shock of contact and the struggle hand to hand

The tribe of Abd-Allah — the name was once an honored one—intent upon robbing one more caravan and vexed at a stubborn defence, was not prepared for a thunderbolt coming from behind the date palms. They turned too late to escape, for after the first deadly volley of the charge came the clubbed musket, and the Arab knife, and the incessant barking of Newman's revolvers. In that fight many old scores were paid, and when it was ended three horsemen only had escaped, and one of these, in the fastness of the hills, gave this account of it at a later day:

"We were preparing to rush the camp, when a band of Arabs, led by a man in the English dress, came upon us from behind. May Allah curse them, but their guns breathed death; seeing which, I called upon the prophet and came away."

Said Trelawney of the Anglo-European Cable Company, and this was not in the hills but where the fight began: "God bless you, Newman, but how did you have the jolly luck to get out here? We were done for if you hadn't come in the nick of time; and I say, you should have seen Miss Langwood handle a gun!"

Trelawney had left cover in the thickest of the fight, and now had a bullet through the fleshy part of one arm to show for it. Bremen, who had sought to combine business and pleasure by taking his wife and sister along with his government supplies to Fez, was ruefully wiping the sweat from his chubby face with hands blackened by powder. The soldier who had not run away was nursing a shattered leg and the servants were all under cover.

"Where's Miss Langwood?" asked Newman briefly. For the sight of the wounded filled him with sudden apprehension.

"She is gone down to the spring for the women," replied Trelawney. "It was she who was awake and gave the warning of the attack. There they come now."

From the cover that had protected them during the fight came three wailing women, led by one who still walked armed with a discarded rifle, but whose head was held high.

"O, Mr. Newman, you have saved us, saved us," cried Mrs. Treboar. "We never would have escaped from the place alive. I—I—I'm going to cry. Tell him how greatly obliged we are, Elise."

"And you might have been killed like Mr. Trelawney," wailed Mrs. Bremen, on the neck of her husband.

"But I wasn't," replied Bremen stolidly, "and there's no need of all this fuss now."

What Bremen's sister said doesn't matter. Newman saw an opportunity to speak with Elise Langwood alone and made the most of it.

"I came out here to whip that tribe and to see you, and I have done both," he said.

"And I'm sure you are quite welcome," she replied with a wonderful smile.

"If you said that in a drawing room it would mean nothing," he said sternly.

"But out here it may mean quite a different thing," she replied, still with the wonderful smile.

He drew in a deep breath. "Many things are different out here," he said. "Old loves may die and new ones spring up. Can you believe that?"

"I believe it now," she replied.

"Meester Newman, Meester Newman," cried an excited Moorish voice, and Mohammed interrupted them, running beside an Arab horse. "I have found my horse; I have found my horse!" he exclaimed.

There were tears of joy on his cheeks, and he threw his arms about the animal's neck, as he told his story of how it was this tribe, beyond doubt, that had once robbed him, and that he had taken the leader's horse, and found it to be his own, with trappings fit for a sheik, and gold in the saddle bags.

Newman became, again, the captain of his troop. There was other booty for his men to collect, the dead to be buried and wounded to receive more careful treatment. It was well into the forenoon before he had formed his company for the slow journey back to Tangier.

"Where are we going now?" asked Mrs. Treboar, who had lost all sense of direction. "I hope that we are not starting for Fez again!"

"My dear madam," Newman replied in boyish spirits, "I hope we that are starting for the United States of America, and by the shortest route."

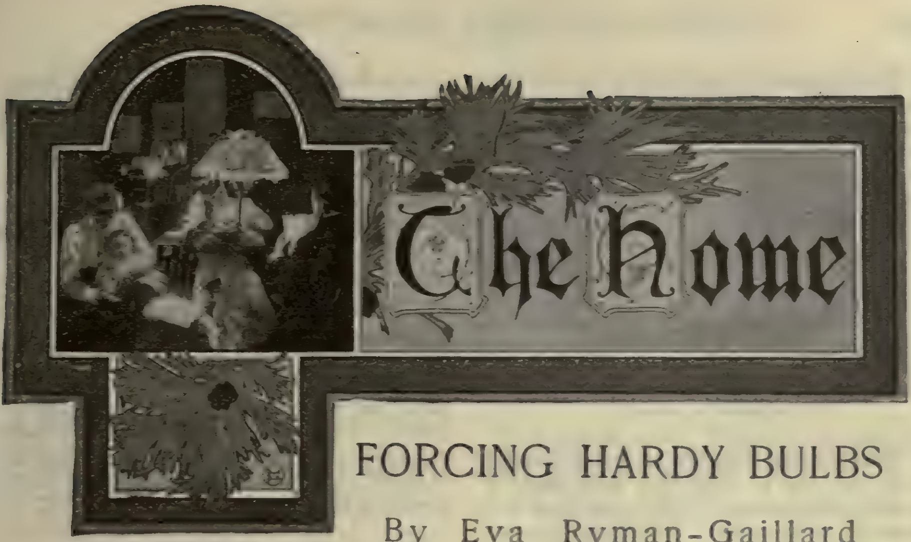
And so it came about that Newman and Miss Langwood rode side by side at the head of a motley caravan that entered Tangier late one afternoon. It was something to have whipped a tribe, and a Moor loves a romance as he loves his wife. News travels fast where Arabs are concerned, and the market place was waiting en masse to behold them.

The tale ends here. Would you learn more of it, you must seek a certain merchant whose caravan crosses monthly from Fez to Tangier. His name is Mohammed, and he is to be found sometimes at the British post, asking for a letter that has come for him from across the seas. He may tell you how his white sheik found favor with the adorable girl.

MAXIMO GOMEZ ✤ By John Jerome Rooney

[From the New York Sun]

'TIS not for all your tourneys wild
That linked your days with Fame;
'Tis not that sweet and undefiled
You kept the patriot's name —
'Tis not for these, from shore to shore
Goes up the mourning cry;
But that you lit one star the more
In Freedom's storm swept sky!



FORCING HARDY BULBS

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

WHEN asked what kinds, and how many of the hardy bulbs to pot for Winter forcing, I always answer: "As many kinds and as many of them as possible," for, if properly treated, they insure a fine display of bloom from Christmas until Easter.

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Most of the hardy bulbs have upright foliage, making it possible to keep a large number of them in a very limited space, and they thrive in a temperature which makes it possible to keep them in out of the way places far too cool for most other plants. When the foliage is fully developed and the buds nearly ready to expand, the plants may be brought into conspicuous positions where their beauty can be enjoyed, and banished as soon as their beauty has faded.

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Bulbs of the hardy class may be kept dormant for a long time; and by potting at intervals, bringing to the light only such as are really ready, and slightly forcing those of more advanced growth, one may regulate the time of blooming to a very marked degree.

In this connection it may be said that dealers understand keeping bulbs dormant and will furnish them as late as December — sometimes later.

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Those who buy by mail orders must take what is sent them, but those who have the privilege of selecting their bulbs from a stock should remember that a medium sized bulb which is firm and solid will give better results than a larger one which has a wilted feeling when handled.

Dealers who handle first class stock do not get their bulbs from Holland in time to fill orders before the middle of September, but those desiring blooms for the holidays should have their orders in, ready for prompt filling.

As soon as the order is sent begin to get ready the pots, soil, and drainage for potting them as soon as they arrive — or as many of them as are wanted for the earliest blooming.

The soil used should be friable, but not necessarily as rich as for most other plants, for the reason that the bulbs have a vast amount of nourishment stored within themselves and, requiring a short season of growth, may be fed with liquid food if their condition of growth indicates the need of it.

Next to a soil that will not cake, drainage is most essential to success and there is nothing better than charcoal or burned bones — used singly or together — either one being decidedly beneficial to the plants in other ways than as drainage material.

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When potting small bulbs which produce small blossoms, put at least six in a six inch pot, or a dozen in an eight inch one: grown singly they are hardly worth while but in clumps they make a fine showing. The bulbs which produce large or heavy blossoms may be potted singly in five inch pots, or three in an eight inch.

Some of the finest displays I ever saw were in "bed effects" and were secured by using boxes about eight inches deep by as long and wide as could be conveniently handled, or as suited the space they were to fill.

The treatment of bulbs grown in this way is exactly the same as for those in pots and varieties should be chosen which need to be kept in the dark for about the same length of time. Crocus, chionodoxa, scilla siberica, galanthus and triteleia uniflora are all suited for use in such a box

Plant them as closely as would be done in an outside garden and when brought to the light keep the box on the floor, or on a low stool. The temperature near the floor is better suited to their needs, because cooler, and the beauty of the bed is seen to better advantage when one looks down on it.

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When potting bulbs (in any way) examine each one and if there is a thick scale or crust on the base, pull it off, or cut it off if it does not come easily. If left on, the roots may work their way through it after a time but will exhaust much of the strength of the bulb which should go to the development of the blossom. Frequently the roots are unable to penetrate the scale and by pushing against it cause the bulb to "lift" in the soil, when it never makes a good growth.

Stones or hard lumps of soil will cause the same trouble and all potted bulbs should be examined frequently to see that they are firmly fixed in the soil.

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When the bulbs are potted and stored in some dark, cool place look them over frequently and if the soil in any pot seems very dry give it water, but do not water all because a few need it. While the soil needs some moisture it *must not be kept wet*, as too much moisture while there is no growth of foliage to use it will surely cause the bulbs to rot.

Whatever else is done DON'T get impatient and bring the pots to the light until they are well filled with roots and the bulb shows a sturdy tip of the growing foliage. There is nothing gained in time but much lost in beauty of both foliage and blossoms.

It is impossible to tell how long bulbs should be left in the dark, because different classes require different time, and the condition of bulbs of the same class causes some to need less time than others — examination of each pot must decide whether it is time to bring it out, or not.

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Special mention must be made of the Freesias because they are so desirable that no collection should be without them, and because they differ from the others in not needing to be put in the dark. They may, safely, be put into the window as soon as potted. Those who have grown them will not need to be reminded to pot a few at frequent intervals in order to have some always in bloom.

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If the entire stock of bulbs has been potted at one time it is possible to retard the blooming period of a part of them for a considerable time by leaving longer in the darkness. It is perfectly safe to leave hyacinths until the foliage is three or four inches tall and the blossom buds plainly visible, but when so left they must be brought to the light gradually—put into stronger light each day until the foliage becomes a dark green.

Those kept in a room but a few degrees above freezing point will be slower about blooming than those in a warmer one, and also, more beautiful when fully developed.

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If one considers the season when bulbs of the kinds usually forced grow and bloom in the gardens it is easy to understand why they need a cool, dark place while making their roots, and a cool atmosphere in which to develop their foliage and blooms.

Only the thoughtless could expect success if such plants are given the same treatment as that which proves adapted to exotics, yet many try to grow the two classes together and then complain of their "bad luck with bulbs."

WRITING A FAMILY'S FINANCIAL HISTORY

By Mrs. S., York, Pennsylvania

MUCH has been said and written concerning the desirability of keeping a strict account of one's income and expenses, but it remains a fact that the average housekeeper, if she does it at all, does it in a haphazard and unbusinesslike way.

One often hears the exclamations, "Where *does* the money go to? It just *melts away!*"

She who keeps careful account of her expenses certainly derives great satisfaction from knowing just where her money *does* go, and, being able to see exactly what the needs of the family have been in the past, is the better prepared to apportion her income judiciously for the future.

It is not really difficult to form the habit of keeping a domestic account book, nor is a knowledge of book keeping, as taught in the schools, really necessary.

One page in an eight inch memorandum book will answer for a week's entry, the items having been jotted down on a slate or tablet day by day, and, at the end of the week, summarized in the book.

Here is a specimen page showing a week's entry.

SEPTEMBER, 1905

Receipts **First Week's Expenses**

$	cts.		$	cts.
10	00	**Balance for August**		
75	00	**Salary for Sept.**		
		Provisions	7	90
		Household		96
		Clothing	2	50
		Help	1	00
		Reading matter		30
		Light (gas bill)	1	39
		Postage and Stationery		15
		Car tickets	1	00
		Church and Charity	1	50
		Medicine		25
			16	85
		Balance in hand	68	15
$ 85	00		$ 85	00

The item "Household" covers all outlays for furniture, linen, crockery, etc. Sometimes there are other items, such as rent, fuel, traveling, gifts and sundries, the last covering all the small outlays which seem to belong under no other head.

Very likely no two housekeepers would summarize in exactly the same way. At the end of a month the items for each week are added under their respective heads and the totals copied into another book in a similar way, one page to a month.

A summary for the year may also be obtained by adding the monthly totals, and it is possible to keep a record of the income and expenses for a number of years in one small memorandum book, forming what might be called a financial history of the family.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

FOR IRONING DAY

I.

By MRS. A. P. WHITMAN

Tacoma, Washington

When ironing, if your flat irons do not heat fast enough, try placing a dripping pan over them, and they will get hot much quicker.

II.

By MRS. THOMAS DENHAM

Moosomin, Northwest Territory, Canada

In ironing, put all common towels, cloths, etc. through the wringer, set close. This mangles them nicely.

TO WASH LINOLEUM

By MRS. HARRY W. WAGENSELLER

Fairbury, Illinois

Never scrub with a brush, but wash with tepid water and a dash of soap powder. Rinse with clean water and when dry rub with furniture polish.

FOR BAKED APPLES

By LEE McCRAE

Memphis, Tennessee

It is a fine scheme when baking apples to run the corer only part way through, leaving a bottom to the hole as it were. Into this little cup one may place the sugar, spice and a bit of butter without danger of their running through into the pan, and they will cook into and flavor the whole apple. Besides, the fruit will keep its shape better than when the entire core is taken out.

SAWDUST FOR GRIMY HANDS

By J. L. THOMSON

Cordova, Illinois

If the wives of those men whose occupation necessitates the handling of grimy and greasy machinery, or other things that make almost hopelessly dirty hands, will provide some fine sawdust to be used at "wash up" time, they will find it more than a "little help;" it will save time, soap, towels and laundry bills.

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

By MRS. B. CHAPPLE

Wilmette, Illinois

The unexpected guest for dinner sometimes creates commotion to the inexperienced housewife. Here is one way to be always ready. The prepared soups of today — Campbell's, I use, — are served by simply adding hot water. I keep some on hand all the time. When the unexpected guest appears simply add soup to the bill of fare, and it hasn't taken a minute to do it.

CLEANSING A WHITE NET VEST

By MRS. J. B. HILL
Senatobia, Mississippi

I have made a very valuable discovery in the preservation of the dainty articles of a woman's wardrobe. At a recent reception I wore, for the first time, a dress with a white net vest. The result of an accident left my dainty front bespattered from top to bottom with tomato juice. I feared the use of any liquid in the process of cleaning lest it should leave a stain on the snowy whiteness of the fabric, and could resort to nothing strong on account of the delicate texture, so I determined to apply a thick paste made of talcum powder and water. After this had remained on the spots over night and was perfectly dry, I brushed it off with a clean, dry tooth brush. To my amazement the spots began to disappear. Encouraged in the effort, I repeated the application. With each brushing the stain grew more obscure. I persevered through five applications, at the end of which time my dainty garment appeared in its pristine freshness, with no reminder of the calamity which had overtaken it.

The success of this experiment suggested to me some ugly spots which defaced a white voile skirt. Although these spots were of a year's standing and other remedies had failed to remove them, it took only one application of this talcum and water paste to remove every vestige of stain. This last mentioned victory was so remarkable that I was induced to write to the friends of the National that they too might share in the benefit of my discovery.

WHEN MAKING JELLY

By MRS. L. J. STEPHENS
Minneapolis, Minnesota

If jelly is boiled long after adding the sugar, the mixture will leave a coating on the sides of the kettle, as it boils down or evaporates, which may be scorched by the heat of the stove and will destroy both the flavor and color. This I learned from experience after being at a loss for some years to know why my jelly did not always have the fine flavor and beautiful color I sometimes obtained. To make perfect jelly, clear fruit juice should be reduced one-third, and the juice obtained by cooking the more solid fruits should not only be boiled away one-third, but also long enough to evaporate the water used in cooking the fruit. Measure the juice and turn it into a clean kettle, add an equal quantity of granulated sugar, and boil gently five minutes, not allowing it to rise in the kettle. Jelly made thus will be perfect in consistency, flavor and color, providing the fruit used is fresh and just ripe — not over-ripe.

TO KEEP THE WORKS OF YOUR WATCH CLEAN

By J. R. H. (Fifty Years a Watch Maker)
Baltimore, Maryland

Open the front case of watch and with a soft match, cut chisel shaped at the end, rub a little vaseline all round the seat of the case where the lid fits. Close the front, open the back and treat in the same way. Only a very small quantity is required, just enough to grease it thoroughly all round. This will make your case dust and water proof at those points. At the end of two or three months open case and if much dirt has collected take a match, cut in the same way, and scrape it all off clean and give it another coating of the vaseline. This is the only known plan to keep a watch clean where the cases do not fit perfectly close.

CURE FOR IVY POISON

By MARGARET RANDOLPH
West Virginia

Three grains of hyposulphite soda to one ounce of water, eight drachms to one pint.

If applied soon as inflamation appears, the cure is complete in less than two hours, and even when neglected until pustules and suppuration set in, it gives immediate relief and recovery is rapid.

As hyposulphite of soda is perfectly harmless, being that used by photographers in fixing negatives, it can be used much stronger than proportions above. In some cases a stronger solution is best. This is also good for prickly heat.

BABY'S PLAY DRESSES

By MRS. H. E. CASWELL
Quechee, Vermont

I make my babies' play dresses of dark material, very plain and with three buttons and button holes in the bottom hem, buttons in front and button holes behind. These are buttoned between the legs and keep the under clothes clean or may be used as aprons over white dresses. I like them better than overalls, especially on small children, as it is much easier to give the child necessary attention.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

BY N. M. P.
Raymond, New Hampshire

Before potting slips, cut the end of the slip, and insert an oat. It will root better.

After seeds are sown in the ground, moisten well and place a cloth or paper over them. The ground will keep moist and the seeds will sprout soon.

If your pen is rusty hold it in the flame until hot and then dip in cold water. The pen can then be cleaned.

When troubled with ants, lay a few pieces of wormwood around and they will soon disappear.

If cake or cookies have become dry and hard put a slice of bread in the jar and notice the change.

BOTTLING CIDER

By MRS. A. C. ELLIS
Ludlow, Vermont

Next Fall I hope to try mustard seed for cider. Perhaps some would like my rule for bottling cider, to keep it perfectly sweet indefinitely. Scald the cider, and when just at the boiling point, put into self-sealing bottles, fruit jars or common bottles. If the latter, scald the corks, and cover with beeswax or resin. The bottles must be filled to overflowing, and sealed or fastened immediately. It must be bottled not later than two weeks from the mill, or it will not keep so well, and not much earlier or the flavor will not be as good.

Summer visitors from Boston tell me my bottled cider is better than any they can buy there, even at Pierce's.

PARING PINEAPPLES

By MRS. F. N. MATTOON
Plain City, Ohio

When preparing a pineapple for the table, try slicing it first and then paring it. In this way, with a good paring knife, you can remove the eyes, without waste.

MAN IN PERSPECTIVE

By Michael A. Lane

Author of "The Level of Social Motion," "New Dawns of Knowledge," etc.

I

THE SOCIAL IDEA

THE idea that men are under moral obligations to one another, that individuals owe certain duties to other individuals, that every individual has certain inalienable rights which all other individuals are "bound" to respect, may be expressed in other words by the simple statement that the individual man recognizes the existence of society.

Society (from the Latin, socius, meaning a participation in a partnership or a companionship) did not, as a definite method of life, spring into existence miraculously and in a moment, nor yet did the social idea, mentioned above, come into existence in a sudden and miraculous manner.

Carlyle, when he speaks of human society being the "standing miracle" of time, presumably hints at the mystery implied in this rather strange idea of duty which, in a way, is unquestionably a mystery, if you look at it superficially. For why should one individual care a whit about the "rights of others," or care about anything, for the matter of that, except his own ease and comfort? A mystery that would be quite insoluble, did we regard society as a miraculously produced something, the conditions of whose existence, and whose existence itself, were permanently settled on fixed foundations.

To the question, What is society? there are, in the main, two answers; the one being given by religion and the other by science. Religion says that society is the aggregated, or agminated, number of human beings who are descended from the first parents who were miraculously created by a God and were subsequently bound together by certain commandments, or ordinances, miraculously proclaimed by this God through one or through several methods of communication. Religion further asseverates that if the individual disregards these commandments — which in themselves assume a state of society in existence—the individual will be punished by the God in various ways. The commandments, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shall not kill, are general—they assume the possibility of a general infraction of the mandate; therefore, they assume the existence of a society.

The answer of science to the question is very much the same as that of religion, with the trifling exception that science eliminates from the problem the miraculous creation of men, the interference of a God and the supernatural origin of the idea of social duty. According to science, society is the aggregate of men bound together by the necessity of getting food and wealth with the least possible exertion, and made consistent, furthermore, by the pleasure and safety that are found in companionship. The general idea of duty arises out of the sympathy excited by the habit of "putting yourself in another's place." You abhor the thought of being robbed or murdered; your neighbor does the same. You and your neighbor are in the majority, and you pass a law calculated to prevent murder and robbery, or to punish their perpetrators when prevention cannot be encompassed.

Religion says that God created two ancestors and made the laws. Science says that society had probably several ancestors who were "evolved" from manlike apes, and that men made the law for their own welfare. But religion and science agree in the main:—there is a fact called society and a fact called the individual, and a third fact, combined of these two, namely, that society rules the individual whenever it is strong enough to do so. In this much, science and religion are at one.

Society in all places and all times has been divided into ranks, or tiers, or estates, or orders, which we, generally, in the past few centuries have been accustomed to call by the names masses and classes, although it is pretty hard, nowadays, to point out the line at which the masses end and the classes begin—harder now than it ever was; for the truth is that, when pushed to its ultimate conception, this notion of class and mass will be found to resolve itself into a state in which one strong man was the absolute master of the society and all his companions were his slaves. The power inherent in that one strong man is what you call sovereignty. All the political scientists, from the witch doctor who advises the club king of the Bantu tribe, to the newest fangled professor in the university, hold that the sovereign's will is law; that sovereignty can do no wrong. And in ancient time, as well as in modern savagery, the "classes" consisted of the one strong man and the "masses" of all the others—a state of affairs in which the social idea was quite simple and easily understood, as compared with the social idea as it works, let us say, here in America, where it is rather difficult to predicate just who make up the classes and who, or what, the masses.

In those early days of strife the strong man, or chief, was perhaps the most useful individual in a community, cementing the community together, so to speak, by club law. And in that function he was necessarily and naturally a solitary sort of man, as were also his successors, such as kaisers, czars, Napoleons and other man eaters, whom the mad philosopher Nietzsche likens to the lion, while he likens the social many to sheep — weak, blind followers who are afraid to be alone.

But it is nevertheless the truth that sheep, stampeding this way or that, in frenzy or fright, in a mad sauve qui peut, might trample a lion to death. So it is that the social herd, worked up to frenzy pitch at intervals, rush over the body of the ruler, killing him in the melee, or more slowly smother him to death by sheer crowding of their numbers upon him.

At all events, we see that progress moves by rhythms, fast or slow, whereby the strength of the individual is progressively reduced, and the power of sovereignty is divided; the distinction between rulers and ruled ever growing less sharp, until, as in the United States, for example, sovereignty is equally divided among all the people and the rulers are identical with the ruled.

The method of human progress, verily, seems to imply the continual wearing down of the individual to the common social level, just as rivers collecting rain and melted snow wear down the mountains as if to level them with the plains.

> "The individual withers and the world is
> more and more."

Insensibly in the minds of men the social idea slowly, or rapidly, displaces the king idea, and the idea of duty to society displaces the idea of loyalty to a crown. "God, King and Country" make way for "God and Country," and these give way, in their turn, in time of war, to "the Flag." In time of peace we hear nothing whatsoever of "loyalty," except it be loyalty of a purely commercial character, such as the loyalty which large corporations seem to exact from their employes, although the word is used exclusively by the employers, and never by the employed.

History seems to be a record of reforms, revolutionary or otherwise, which, in the main, are always marked by this peculiar slipping away from old ideals; by this detrition of the individual idea by the social idea—a vast washing away and crumbling down and general leveling of social distinction, powers, importances, ranks and what not, to be carried away like so much alluvial or black, thick, decayed, decomposed flesh of early forms of social life that once had power and purpose in them.

Why? Perhaps, if we look deeply into this process, forgetting for the moment our personal interest in these human matters, we can see down there in the brute springs and motives of nature, an answer. For the prime wants of man, as of all other living things that grow and propagate, are food and the need of offspring. These are the bottom facts of experience; and these are the two needs, or wants, that remain after all other needs, wants or desires are swept away. So, too, are they the deep foundations upon which rest, ultimately, those various and variable ideals that we call sympathy, love and hope.

To that philosopher, or shall we say that sociologist, who would take a near view of these tremendous levelings, or washings away, of social things once high up, and now leveled and washed down as flat as flat can be, let us commend a glance at the United States of America, where the wage question—that is, the question of mine and thine; of how much of this thing which I have made with my hands belongs to you, and how much to me—seems to have been brought so conspicuously forward of late that there is no disputing about any other question one can drum up.

That old idea of God, which could have started up a war of extermination not so very long ago, has been worn down, crumbled into powder and washed clear out of the sight of man. With God for a rallying cry, you could not gather more than a languidly curious group upon a street corner, and then you would be thought just a little cracked. The people no longer care about God—that is to say, as a great social ideal worth fighting and dying for. Whereas religion itself has become a kind of bidder for a hearing in the great forum where they are talking day and night about labor and wages, capital and profits. In vain does the preacher wave his hands and lift up his voice. Labor does not hear him at all; and capital thinks him an ungrateful parasite—once sleek and canting—when, in a moment of effervescence, surcharged with explosive gas, he pops out a word about the inadvisability of offering to God money with a taint upon it—as if God had anything whatsoever to do with the matter. Verily, this once high ideal of a God has lost all social force when a whole nation can see through gabble of this kind and laugh at it.

As to king and noble, they were long ago thrown into Boston Bay, and with them all sorts of divine rights, to that degree that the word God was carefully excluded from the Constitution.

One may well say that the fathers made what they call "a good job of it" in this respect, overturning the king idea and the God idea to such effectual purpose that no word of them has been heard from that day to this. An official and codified leveling that, which was in all respects compatible with and grateful to the social idea of that time, and which is no longer possible, as a question, in this.

Has the king then, the tyrant, been wholly reduced and washed away even in democracies like that of the United States?

Politically we may say yes; industrially we must say no. Rivers may wash down mountains and pluck away the peaks, but new mountains and uplands rise beyond, and these again must be washed away in their own turn. Political reforms are chiefly for economic purposes, and the more popular the reform the more radical will its economic bearing be found to be. We are not burdened here with royalty, nobility or religious intoleration. We have perfect political and religious freedom, and there are no monarchs, nobles or clergy to ride us. The social idea has leveled down all these things. But king and noble, here in America, have been replaced by very much the same thing in another form. For in feudal times the nobility was industrial. It owned the land and the industrial system was agricultural. In that age the owners of industry were called the nobility. Today the owners of industry are called capitalists. And the capitalist of today is the noble of yesterday.

The importance of this deeply ramifying and complex truth was long ago perceived by Carl Marx, the father of modern socialism, who was convinced that these selfsame capitalists would precipitate a revolution by impoverishing the people. Yet Marx was unmindful of the still more deeply ramifying fact that progress does not go forward altogether by molar leaps, but normally by slowly acting molecular motion; as, we may say in our geological metaphor, mountains are not tumbled down by great upheavals as much as they are worn down by the action of heat and cold and the washing of waters through long ages. Only, that in social action, the wearing down is infinitely more rapid.

In these days we see the social idea at its old work of attempting the conquest of the individual. The names and the instruments used by the two ancient antagonists are, it has been said, changed, but the conflict is the same.

The social many are still striving with the solitary few. Nay, now and then, the old names do verily appear, so to speak, in satire, although there is more truth than satire in it. For are not the masters of a nation's industries the kings of the nation in very truth? They are indeed; for it is they who have the present, living and actual power, even if by theoretical considerations we hold that the people of a democracy are its sovereigns.

All political reforms having been accomplished, we have now only the vestigial remains of the king and the noble, politically considered. The government is a creature of the power of the people, who have reserved to themselves the right of revolution—a reservation boldly and unequivocally announced in the Declaration of Independence. The sovereign who made the constitution can unmake it. And a social idea which swept away a king and his nobility, (together with a state or official deity) can very readily be conceived as being equal to the sweeping away of a constitution which, unlike the king, was made by the social idea itself.

In a democracy, which gives the right of suffrage to all men, all political problems are, as it has been said, solved. So that now the social idea may be said to have shifted from political reform to industrial reform — from state-craft to bread-and-butter-craft. It is no longer a question of striking down the tyrant, or of curtailing the power of the lord; it is rather a question of forcing the capitalist to pay us higher wages and to be content with a shorter working day. The order of progress seems to have been from the strong man to the slave owner, from the slave owner to the lord, from the lord to the capitalist.

Considered from this peculiar point of view—that is to say, of the incessant conflict of the individual with society—the continuity of social progress and the instruments of social progress become clear. If the modern capitalist is the successor (under another name and with somewhat changed terms of contract) of the feudal lord, are we warranted in assuming that modern capital is a system which will withstand the incessant wearing down of the social stream (and the occasional vast waves of rebellion which, under the form of labor strikes, batter it with fierce blows, recoiling only to gather themselves again into stronger and more destructive ones) with more success than its predecessor, feudalism, could withstand it?

Of all the ideas which, handed down from primitive ancestors who saw spirits in trees, clouds and winds, obsess the mind of poor man with mystery and confusion, there is none more free from superstition than the idea that he is not receiving in return sufficient compensation for what he is giving. It is fatuous to preach moderation to the discontented working man or to the capitalist who employs him. Tell them until your tongue splits that the one is necessary to the other, that the one cannot "get along without" the other, that they should both walk in harmony together. As well preach moderation to a raging fire blown upon by a high wind.

The capitalist stands as the modern descendant of that ancient individual who ruled by club and who was solitary. The ability to rule, the power to stand alone and to swing the club, the power to take and, having taken, to keep, was the very quintessentiality of his existence.

We see him gradually pressed back by the social many, surrendering his club, surrendering his slaves, reluctantly consenting to the franchisement of his serfs, going down in the scale of power, while the social many rise to balance the beam; with the final outcome that this weak social many—not one of whom has individuality enough to remain a solitary man, far removed in sympathies and hopes from the mass—by degrees took over this sovereign power and divided it equally, share and share alike, among themselves.

Politically, therefore, the individual, in his capacity as the antagonist of society, is dead — thoroughly leveled down with the plain, and washed permanently away. And industrially, we see him fighting his most vigorous battles with his ancient enemy in the very present time.

The social idea, ancient as it may be in reality, seems in these last days to be getting itself formulated. True, it always had formulas of a kind, but formulas without proportion or what might be called theoretical precision. Thus the time worn ultimatum of the mob, inscribed upon illuminated muslin, was "Bread or Blood." Deftly might the undertakers of industry lift their eyes and shrug their shoulders at the highly irrational simplicity of the minds that could offer no more definite terms than these. It is easy enough to cry bread, but who is to give it you? And as for blood in default of bread, whose blood will pay the price?

A very different proposal, however, is the motto, or the fugle sound of the labor union, to the effect that "an injury to one is the concern of all." Here is a formula that has a practical, definite meaning and that can pass from theory into practice at a single word from the walking delegate or "business agent."

A social idea, shifting from politics to bread and butter, could not have hit upon a truer principle of social morals than that very proverb itself, and like all true proverbs,—which are merely the epigrammatic expression of a thought which has long dwelt unexpressed in the minds of men,—this epigram, or other epigrams of a like intent, is rapidly leavening the world with its workings.

The social idea seems to be taking to itself a definite shape and a palpable substantiality embodied in the thought that nobody can have a fair chance until all have it; that help for one or a few beggars, incurables, men-out-of-work, or other social genus, usually designated by the term "poor," is really no help at all, but only the temporary healing of a few sores on the body social, which is covered with sores from head to foot;

for the social sores which charity heals at once break out again the moment the charity is withdrawn.

On the other hand, a help that reaches all must necessarily embrace each, such as "God's love" was, in the old times of belief and hope in God, supposed, by the social idea, to do. God has ceased to be the providence of man, and men now seem to be convinced that if they are to be provided for they must no longer look to congress or to capitalists, but to themselves.

This idea of the withering of the individual and the bettering of society logically terminates in a socialism from which solitary, man-eating lions are wholly banished and in which the social sheep may crop grass in peace and plenty. It is a socialism beyond which no social idea, however advanced, can work, for it implies a complete reduction, or complete elevation, if you prefer that term, of all men whatsoever, to a common level. And howsoever much the individual may dislike it, or declaim against it, or denounce it, or turn in disgust from it, there it is staring him in the face, with its millions of peaceful, dumb eyes; which occasionally, however, light up and glare at him in the frenzy of riot or revolution.

CHICAGO AND MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

By Allen Ripley Foote

EDITOR OF "PUBLIC POLICY," CHICAGO

UNDER the above title, in the National Magazine for June, 1905, Mayor Edward F. Dunne gives his view of the present status of discussion of the municipal ownership problem in Chicago. By the courtesy of the National Magazine, I will give another view of the subject which I consider necessary for those readers who have a desire to be correctly informed. As Mayor Dunne's article refers principally to the municipal ownership of street railways, it will be understood that I refer to the municipal ownership of street railways unless I specifically state otherwise.

Exciting Cause of the Demand for Municipal Ownership

Agitation for municipal ownership in Chicago is the direct result of attempts by one of the most conscienceless speculators who ever disgraced American finance to debauch a state legislature and municipal council in an effort to obtain long term unregulated franchises, under authority of which possession of Chicago streets could be taken for the purposes of street railway operation. This effort was partially successful in the enactment by the general assembly of the Allen law, delegating power to municipal councils to grant fifty-year franchises to street railway corporations. Strong opposition to this measure developed while it was pending in the general assembly. This opposition reached an acute stage when ordinances granting fifty-year franchises were to come before the municipal council of Chicago for enactment. During the Winter of 1899 Chicago was in a frenzied ferment over a demand that the municipal council should not grant a fifty-year franchise and that the Allen law should be repealed. This demand was successful. The municipal council of Chicago did not grant a fifty-year franchise to any street railway corporation, and the general assembly did repeal the Allen law.

Denunciation Instead of Reason

During the discussion of this subject the people of Chicago were surfeited with volumes of denunciation of public service corporations in general, and of Chicago street railway corporations in particular. The situation was one peculiarly favorable to a class of politicians who thrive on popular prejudices and gain election to public office by cultivating causes of popular unrest. Such politicians made full use of their opportunities by proclaiming municipal ownership as the only means of escape from the "robber barons who held Chicago by the throat." Traces of a tendency to substitute denunciation for reason in the discussion of this question of public policy, which cannot be correctly settled except in accordance with sound economic principles, may be found in the article by Mayor Dunne.

Politicians have made denunciation of public service corporations, with special reference to street railways, and a demand for municipal ownership their stock in trade. So long as there was a probability of winning elections on this issue both parties espoused the cause. They made the mistake of interpreting a vote in favor of municipal ownership as an expression of economic opinion, which it was not, instead of an expression of protest against the unreasonable demands of street railway speculators, which it was. Municipal ownership has been a rallying cry in four successive mayoralty elections. Both parties and candidates have used it to curry favor with the misinformed "common people." As no anti-municipal ownership proposition or candidate has been put forward, it cannot correctly be claimed that the election of this or that mayoralty candidate represents affirmative municipal ownership and operation sentiment.

As there could be no municipal ownership or operation of street railways in Chicago without an enabling act by the general assembly, Chicago politics took possession of the general assembly through the introduction of the "Mueller bill," a measure designed to delegate power to the city of Chicago to acquire ownership and engage in the operation of street railways. This was a political, not an economic measure. It was introduced in the general assembly in the interest of the republican candidate for mayor of Chicago with the purpose of robbing the competing candidate for mayor of some of his municipal ownership thunder and thus winning the election from the democrats. This scheme did not work. After the republicans had become thoroughly committed to the measure, the democratic candidate for mayor went to Springfield with a full retinue of followers, and put himself behind the measure. Thus the people of Illinois were treated to the spectacle of the republican and democratic candidates of Chicago joining forces at Springfield to secure the enactment of a measure delegating power, under certain conditions, to the city of Chicago to own and operate street railways.

The conditions referred to are that the city cannot incur indebtedness to purchase or construct a traction system until such a proposition shall have been approved by a vote of the electors. And the city cannot undertake to operate a traction system, even if it own it, until a definite proposition to that effect shall have been approved by three-fifths of the voters voting thereon. No such proposition has been submitted to the electors of Chicago, either under the municipal ownership law or under the referendum law.

The Mueller law was enacted purely for political and speculative purposes. It presents municipal ownership as a political proposition.

Progress Toward Municipal Ownership

At the election of 1904 the Mueller law was adopted by the people of Chicago and an expression of opinion was recorded in favor of granting licenses to street railway corporations until municipal ownership could be secured and of proceeding without delay in the accomplishment of municipal ownership.

At the election of 1905, when Mr. Dunne was elected mayor of Chicago, an expression of opinion was recorded declaring that "no franchise be granted any street railway company."

Municipal Ownership Has Not Been Considered as a Business Proposition

It will be seen by this record that the question of municipal ownership has never been submitted to the people of Chicago as a business proposition. It must be so submitted and favorably voted upon before the city of Chicago can incur indebtedness in order to own, or to own and operate, street railways. This fact is destined to puncture the municipal ownership balloon which raised Mayor Dunne into a high altitude before the wondering populace of the municipalities of this country.

Chicago Will Never Own Street Railroads

Mayor Dunne states to National Magazine readers that:

> "Chicago has entered resolutely upon the advance toward final consummation of municipal ownership of its street railway lines. * * * As a preliminary step to the execution of this task with which I have been charged, I requested the Lord Provost of Glasgow that permission be granted the manager of the municipal tramway system of that Scottish city to visit Chicago. As a result of acquiescence, Mr. James Dalrymple comes to Chicago to give us the benefit of his advise, based upon actual experience in the operation of one of the oldest and most successful municipally owned traction systems the world has known."

After observing conditions in Chicago and several other large American cities, on the eve of his departure for Glasgow Mr. Dalrymple gave Mayor Dunne, the people of Chicago and the people of all municipalities in the United States "the benefit of his advice" in the following statement, made at Philadelphia and published as an authorized interview in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and the newspaper press generally, under date of June 14, 1905:

> "To put street railroads, gas works, telephone companies, etc., under municipal ownership would be to create a political machine in every large city that would be simply impregnable. These political machines are already strong enough with their control of policemen, firemen and other office holders.
>
> "If, in addition to this, they could control the thousands of men employed in the great public utility corporations, the political machines would have a power that could not be overthrown.
>
> "I came to this country a believer in public ownership. What I have seen here, and I have studied the situation carefully, makes me realize that private ownership under proper conditions is far better for the citizens of America."

If muncipal ownership advocates were wise in their estimate of the authority that should be conceded to Mr. Dalrymple's opinion, they will be governed by his judgment. If they are not so governed, and persist in their efforts to bring upon the city of Chicago the calamity of municipal ownership of street railways, the people will refuse to follow a leadership that has been repudiated by its "star witness" and will refuse a grant of power to the council of Chicago to acquire ownership of street railway properties. I therefore reiterate my opinion that Chicago will never own street railroads.

Municipal Ownership as a Business Proposition

Now that municipal ownership has been condemned as a political proposition by the authority on this question chosen by municipal ownership advocates to advise them, there may be an opportunity to secure the discussion of this question by the press and people of Chicago and of the country, as a business proposition. This will make it doubly sure that Chicago will never own street railroads.

No Evidence of Successful Municipal Ownership

Such a discussion will soon show the fallacies and utter worthlessness of the evidence upon which municipal ownership advocates rely to prove their cause. Take, for instance, the following statement made by Mayor Dunne to National Magazine readers:

"Chicago, in part, has learned its municipal lesson first hand. In a decade it has developed what is probably the greatest municipal electric lighting plant in the world, reducing the cost of electric light more than one-half. For fifty years it has operated its own water system, deriving a net annual profit of more than $1,500,000 and supplying its people with water at the cheapest rate known in any city in the state of Illinois, if not in the United States."

Upon this point Weber's Weekly, Chicago, for June 17, 1905, truthfully says:

"The facts are, the Chicago electric lighting system does not produce lights much, if any, cheaper than the same can be purchased from electric lighting companies.

"Several years ago, Haskins & Sells, public accountants, acting for the New York Reform Club, investigated the cost of electric light production by the city of Chicago. The accountants' report showed that it was costing the city practically as much to produce its own lights as it would have to pay private companies for the same service. (See Municipal Affairs Magazine, No. I, Vol. VI.)

An Issue of Fact that Should be Determined at Once

Here is an issue on questions of fact that can be and should be speedily determined, to the end that the people of Chicago, and of this country, may be informed by a knowledge of the truth, not misinformed by the romance of political promoters.

A FAIRY IN THE PUMPKIN PATCH

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. H. MEEK, FOSTORIA, OHIO

NOTE and COMMENT

By Frank Putnam

SALARIES IN HIGH PLACES ARE HIGH ENOUGH

WE are asked to raise the wages of our public servants at Washington. Senators, it appears, and representatives, find it impossible to live on $5,000 a year and mileage. Cabinet secretaries are pinched on $8,000. Ambassadors, with $17,500, blush with shame for the niggardliness of their country. The president, with $50,000 and free house rent and other perquisites running up into the tens of thousands annually, has not publicly rebuked the proposition that the salary of his office should be doubled.

The average yearly income of American families is below $500. Has any of these impatient $5,000 a year gentlemen strained his vocal chords demanding the raising of that last named average?

The man so bitten by vanity and self indulgence that he cannot live comfortably and well on $5,000 a year is unfit to sit in either house or senate. He is akin to the clock watcher. His mind is not on his work but on his own desires. He is the man determined to "get what he earns," and who will therefore never earn what he gets. He is a poor investment for us at any price.

The common saying that "none but rich men can afford to accept an American ambassadorship" is a vicious lie. It is the essence of snobbery. It elevates mere wealth above brains and character. If it were true, then it would be sufficient proof that we ought instantly to abolish our embassies, since their business no longer required a man, but a money bag. It is utterly false. Poor men can afford to accept American ambassadorships — men who would far more fitly represent the sterling average of square and industrious American citizenship than any mere money bag could do. They are offered no such opportunity: in this era of mad greed and vulgar display among the hordes of newly rich who have nothing but money, it has become an unwritten law of both parties that our principal diplomatic posts shall be reserved for croesuses who contribute — or for corporation lawyers who are deemed by their indulgent masters to have earned a vacation abroad—at public expense.

Ben Franklins in homespun at the courts of kings have gone out of fashion.

NO SNOBBERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS!

[From the Boston Transcript]

APROPOS the National Educational meeting in Asbury Park [in July] it is a significant fact that the harmony of the great academic symphony was attuned to the highest concepts of American popular education: Equal educational opportunity for all and education for the making of citizens: This theme, it is encouraging to note, was recurrent through all the varied, kaleidoscopic discussions of which the great symposium was composed. "You may teach a goldfinch to sing 'America' and a parrot to whistle 'The Star Spangled Banner,'" declared Mayor McClellan of New York, in his virile address on Independence Day, "but in doing so, you have not produced a patriotic American citizen. Teachers are charged in their life's work with one of the sublimest of missions," he added appropriately, "not to make savants and sages, but honest, thoughtful men and womanly women. It is the first object of education to make good citizens of the republic."

It was a timely and telling tribute to the real and sustained democracy of American public education which President Roosevelt delivered when he said of the National Educational Association, whose thousands of attentive faces were turned expectantly to get his message, in the great and memorable meeting of July 7: "There is no more genuinely democratic a body than this. Here each member meets every other member without regard to whether he is president of the highest university or the newest recruit of the high and honorable profession that shapes the developments of this nation. . . . You render the vital service of amalgamating into one homogeneous body the children alike of those who are born here and of those who come from foreign lands." Similar ideas were given elaborate exposition in the scholarly address of Dr. Andrew S. Draper, state commissioner of New York, who aptly declared of the educational purpose of the nation: "We stand for equal opportunities for all. Every child of the people must be given the chance to make the most of himself. The more we make of each individual, the more we make of the nation."

DR. N. C. SCHAEFFER, STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS OF PENNSYLVANIA AND PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

During the spirited discussion of the high school fraternities, it appears, a vivid demonstration was given of the teachers' almost universal disapproval of anything likely to generate or foster unamerican ideals. A Louisville, Kentucky, high school principal declared that the fraternities in his school were composed of a very small minority and that they exerted an influence similar to that of a house of lords. A New Jersey principal who found that the secret societies divided his school into cliques and stopped many movements that should have had the united interest of all the school, had disused the secret orders and substituted larger societies, open to all and directed by members of the faculty. It was a Kansas City principal who testified in what appears to have been a vigorous and comprehensive speech, that the secret societies in public high schools breed not only class distinctions, but also set up bars of race and religion in the very institution — "the people's college"—where all class lines should be obliterated and the principles inculcated of that broad republicanism which puts the son of every citizen on an equal plane of opportunity.

THE PASSING SHOW

By Frank Putnam

His critics say T. R. lacks "finish." The same cannot be said of his victims.

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Suppose congress makes a new commission to regulate rates, the private monopolists of the public highways will proceed as usual to regulate the commission. The moral of that is public ownership of the public highways.

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Allen Ripley Foote, elsewhere in this number, declares Chicago will never own her street railway lines—and tells why. He makes clear to us the reasons why Mayor Dunne has been unable immediately to take over the lines, but he does not create in our minds the slightest doubt that Chicago, knowing what she wants, will find a way to get it.

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Japan's victory over Russia has upset the balance of power in Europe. France knows now that she was leaning on a broken reed. Germany fears an alliance of Russia and Japan, dreads the growing friendship of France and Britain, dares not trust too far the doubtful support of Austria-Hungary and Italy, resents American leadership in making peace in the far East, covets the domain of the Turk and weaves webs to entangle him. Britain has made use of the opportunity to grab Thibet, has authorized Kitchener to reorganize the defenses of India, has left eastern waters in her ally's care and massed her mighty squadrons nearer home. Norway walks apart, chip on shoulder, and Sweden would but dare not try coercing her.

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Two hundred and fifty years ago this month the first Jews set foot in America—in the province of New Netherlands—by permission of the Dutch West India Company Today there are 800,000 of them in New Netherlands, otherwise New York City—and nearly 1,500,000 of them in the United States. Chicago has 100,000. Their leading spirits propose to arrange a national celebration of the anniversary, to hold religious services in all their churches next Thanksgiving Day, praising their Creator for the blessings they have enjoyed here. A fund is to be raised by subscription among them for a memorial—which may be a monument, or an educational fund, or a charity. A committee of seventeen is now at work. Its members are:

Jacob H. Schiff, chairman; Dr. Cyrus Adler, Samuel Greenbaum, David Guggenheim, Professor Jacob H. Hollander, Max J. Kohler, Edward Lauterbach, Adolph Lewisohn, Lewis Marshall, Rev. Dr. Pereira Mendes, N. Taylor Phillips, Simon W. Rosendale, William Solomon, Isaac N. Seligman, Louis Stern, Oscar S. Straus and Mayer Sulszberger.

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The trusts were paying Elihu Root a quarter million a year to guide them through gaps in the laws. The nation gets him for $8,000 to take the state department. We could as easily get him, or his equal, to take the secretaryship of railroads at the same price. By the way, in turning Mr. Root's great talents into the public service, President Roosevelt followed the excellent example of President Diaz, who recruited his mounted police from the ranks of Mexico's most daring knights of the highway.

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John Hay will be longest remembered as the author of "Little Breeches," and T. R. as the president of the [occasional] square deal. Bowen got one, Loomis didn't, Wallace did, with extras. Morton confessed and was acquitted.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, A LEADING CITY OF THE STATE

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, MANSFIELD, OHIO

SITUATE in Richmond county, one of the best agricultural districts in Ohio, a little north of the geographical center of the state, within a few miles of the highest point in the state, and at an altitude of about 900 feet above Lake Erie, is Mansfield, first settled in the few years immediately preceding the war of 1812, and soon to celebrate the centenary of its founding.

Its early and yet present environment, rich agricultural lands, well watered by natural streams, salubrious climate and beautiful location on an elevated site, caused the founders to build Mansfield where it stands.

The growth of the city has been steady, with nothing of the mushroom nature. Its population is about 22,000. The majority of the residences of the city are owned by those who occupy them. The employment of the working people of the city is permanent, encouraging them to become home owners and therefore better citizens. The industries of the city are many and largely diversified. Its manufactories and industries of all kinds number 150, among them a number that dispose of their products in nearly every portion of the world. Of these many concerns may be mentioned the largest builders of tubular boilers in the world; the greatest manufacturers of overhead electrical supplies in the world; world famed manufacturers of threshing machinery and steel harrows, while from its various shops and factories are sent to the trade in all sections of the country, stoves, pumps, bath tubs and plumbers' supplies, brass goods, stationary and traction engines, electric lighting, power and railway machinery, watches and watch cases, mill machinery, suspenders, gloves, neckwear, cigars, candy, crackers, flour, umbrellas, wagons, buggies, stovepipe joints.

With all these manufactories the city is ever alive to its interests in endeavoring to secure more and has control of fifty acres of land with superior facilities for manufacturing sites which can be secured on most reasonable terms.

As a medium for the transportation of its materials and finished products and the promotion of its ever increasing wholesale and retail trade, the city has three great trunk lines of railway—the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore & Ohio and the Erie, with two electric lines now in operation connecting with the Big Four and several more projected, with rights of way secured, that will place the city in connection with several trans-state electric lines, so that shipping facilities are adequate.

These commercial advantages are supplemented by various features that give the city prestige. It is the smallest city

MAIN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE CORNER OF FOURTH STREET, MANSFIELD

FOURTH STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM THE CORNER OF MAIN STREET, MANSFIELD

in population in the United States that has a post office of the first class. There are thirty-six mails in and out of the city every twenty-four hours and the local office handles nearly 8,000,000 pieces of mail annually. Eight rural free delivery routes serve 6,000 people adjacent to the city.

A number of artesian wells furnish the city an abundance of water of greatest purity for domestic, factory and fire protection use, while a model modern fire department, with a central and two auxiliary stations, give ample protection. Sanitation of the city is secured by a model sewerage system and sewage and garbage disposal plant costing $85,000, after which many similar plants in all parts of the country are being modeled.

An object of interest and one which draws thousands of visitors to the city every year from all quarters of the continent, and even from Europe, is the Ohio Reformatory, the model correctional institution for first offense criminals under the age of thirty. This institution cost over $1,250,000 and is in many respects the most notable one under the control of the state.

The city has two beautiful public parks, one in the center of the city, and one on its western outskirts containing about seventy acres, while several amusement parks, one with a summer theater, are under private management.

The schools are models in every respect, a splendid high school building recently having been erected at an expense of over $100,000, while eight ward buildings of modern construction adorn various sections of the city and a kindergarten building especially adapted for that work was the first of its kind to be erected in the state.

The churches and public buildings of the city are numerous and beautiful. A score of fine church edifices, representing all the principal denominations, adorn the city at present, with several more in process of construction. A beautiful building erected as a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the county, with quarters for the G. A. R. organizations, a museum of war relics, with library rooms now so crowded for space that a new municipal library from the Carnegie fund is in process of erection, also has a beautiful theater in connection with it which seats 1,500 people, the structure costing $75,000 and owned by the city and township. The county house, thoroughly modernized by remodeling, and costing over $200,000, the county jail and the city prison, all model buildings of their class, are located in the center of the city. A fine Y. M. C. A. building, with well equipped gymnasium and costing $50,000, is progressive and beneficial. The Masonic fraternity has a beautiful temple that cost $50,000 and the Elks have a splendid home worth $40,000, while all the leading secret societies have large and influential memberships. An admirably equipped emergency hospital is doing a splendid work pending the consummation of plans now formulating, providing for a general hospital.

A Chamber of Commerce, officered by leading and influential business men, is doing much to promote the interests of the city. Five banks, with a clearing house association reporting annual clearings of $15,000,000, give indications of great commercial activity, while four savings and loan associations do a large business.

Growing importance of the city as a shipping center has led the trunk lines largely to increase their trackage and yard room, the Pennsylvania company in particular having expended several hundred thousands of dollars here in constructing new classification yards and gravity switches, with siding capacity for many thousands of cars, making it the leading point on its lines between Pittsburg and Fort Wayne.

Adjacent to the city, in fact within the corporate limits, is quarried superior building stone, while practically inexhaustible shale beds offer great possibilities. Proximity to the largest coal fields of the state furnishes comparatively cheap fuel and natural gas, which has been supplied here for several years from remote fields at moderately low price and is likely soon to be greatly reduced in price owing to the striking, within a month, of an apparently inexhaustible supply in the southeastern part of the county, the first well drilled showing a flow almost equal to any of the greatest wells in the state.

The developing of the manufacturing industries of the city has naturally increased its population, bringing people and capital from other sections, who in their turn have made more business for local merchants, until the retail trade of the city has become an important factor in the municipal life, the trolley line transportation bringing to the city many buyers from the adjacent towns and country; while the same convenient means of shipping has materially assisted the jobbing trade, the extent of which is large, requiring the services of a host of salesmen who travel from here representing local wholesale houses, the principal ones of which are three grocery firms, a notion house, a fruit company, cigar manufacturies, oil companies, hardware, drugs, monuments, etc. Scores of salesmen on the road are wide-awake promoters of publicity and promotion for Mansfield, whose local organization of the United Commercial Travelers, with a membership of over 150, is a powerful factor in behalf of the city.

The city has two daily newspapers of enterprise and push and they have been

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MANSFIELD

HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, MANSFIELD

largely instrumental in advancing the interests of Mansfield, with frequent special and industrial editions that have been sent to all sections of the country.

While conservative to the point that it has never indulged in anything savoring of wild cat booms, Mansfield has always been noted for progressiveness along the right lines. Enterprises of pith and moment are not allowed to lag. Local improvements attest to this. The city was one of the very first in the state of its size to establish a paid fire department which is so well equipped and disciplined that its effectiveness is recognized by the insurance companies and insurance rates are low. This was one of the very first cites in the state to have an electric trolley line. It took kindly to the telephone from the very start of this useful invention and there are in use in this city today nearly 14,000 telephones. In electric lighting the city was among the first. In later years special attention is being given to street improvements and thirty one miles of the city streets are paved with asphalt, and brick, or macadamized, while the city ordinance requires that all sidewalks in the business and central residence portion of the city must be of cement or flag stone.

The city's park system has received much attention from men of leisure, with the ability and the willingness to give their labor to the work without compensation, and the result has been the creation of a park at the western limits of the city that would be creditable to a city five times the size of Mansfield.

THE ELKS' HOME, MANSFIELD

The promotion of the taste for the beautiful is also sought by a local philanthropist who has arranged for the providing of flower seeds for planting by the school children at the public school buildings and also at their own homes, prizes being offered for the best kept school grounds, the best growing of flowers, etc.; the idea being not only to beautify local surroundings but to train in the children a love for the beautiful and for order that will be of lasting benefit to them in later life.

These are some of the things that have made and are making for the good of Mansfield and that recommend the city to any who may be looking for homes, for a place for business or manufacturing, or for investment. The city has advantages for all of these purposes. It is a community of good people, of law-abiding people. The population is largely native born, the largest element of foreign born residents being Germans many of whom are among the leading business men and citizens, to whose industry and prudence much of he up-building of the city is due.

Mansfield is particularly fortunate in that while the majority of her people are wage earners, the utmost reciprocity of good feeling prevails between capital and labor. Here there are practically no such things as strikes or lock-outs. The mutual interdependence between employer and employe is recognized. The city has never had any labor troubles of consequence. The workingmen of all grades of employment are largely owners of their own homes and tax payers. Mutual interests are recognized and respected and the resultant harmony has been of inestimable benefit.

MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM PARK STREET, BUTTE, MONTANA

BUTTE, MONTANA

BUTTE, the County Seat of Silver Bow county, Montana, is situated on the Pacific slope, just west of the Continental Divide and about half way between St. Paul and Portland, has always been known in the mining world as the "Greatest Mining Camp on Earth," and while it still retains that distinction and is in truth by far the largest mining town, yet the idea of attaching the term "camp" to it is absurd, as it is no longer a camp in any sense of the word, but is, rather, the largest city and commercial metropolis of Montana.

With four transcontinental railroads, many wholesale and jobbing houses and numerous other enterprises on which other cities of this nation base their permanence and prosperity, one can readily see that, independent of its mines, and mining industries, Butte would be a very live town and is one of the most "up to date" cities of this country.

Mining statistics show that, within a radius of one and one-half miles, there is more wealth than in any other similar area on the globe.

Butte, as reported in the last national census returns, is a city of between 45,000 and 50,000 population; but as it stands, surrounded by its suburbs, it is a strenuous city of between 55,000 and 60,000 of the keenest, most active and most self reliant people to be found between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The city lies on the southern and western slope of the mountains, and has an altitude varying from 5,450 feet on the south where it reaches out into the valley, to 6,300 feet at North Walkerville, fully two miles up the mountain.

The climate is, in fact, unsurpassed in a section of the country famed for delightful Summers and mild and invigorating Winters. There is no place where the sunshine is more generous in quantity and genial, or the air more exhilarating, than in this "Pittsburg of the West."

Twenty years ago Butte was a typical

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, BUTTE

western mining camp. Out of that camp, with its untold wealth in gold, silver and copper, with its crude machinery and rude dwellings, with its throngs of surging, determined and enterprising humanity, has grown up a city of comfortable homes, palatial business blocks, and imposing public buildings.

As Washington is a city of politics, Lynn of factories, and New York of commerce, so Butte is distinctively a city of mines and mining. Its first mines were placer diggings, yielding gold; then came a period in which silver was the chief mineral product, and later copper came to be the principal product of its mines, which have grown richer and richer as they have been more fully developed.

The famous Anaconda Hill, in the eastern part of the city, is probably the richest piece of mining ground that has ever been developed. It is honeycombed in every direction; all over its rocky surface are innumerable gigantic hoists. Hundreds of stacks, standing like grim sentinels, telling of the increasing activity going on far below, where there is neither night nor day, Summer nor Winter, but where the glimmer of the miner's lamp, the sound of his pick, and the dull rumble of the ore car, are seen and heard incessantly. Not alone in and about this wonderful hill, but in every part of the city, are mines where innumerable tunnels and cross cuts ramify in every directon.

There are two Buttes, one above ground, one under ground; and as the army of miners and smelter men work in three shifts of eight hours each, this is strictly true, for there is no time in the day or night when the city is not alive with men hurrying to or from their places of business or labor. As a result of this ceaseless activity, Butte knows neither day nor night.

The city is lighted by electricity, and much of the vast machinery used in the mines and smelters is kept in ceaseless motion by water power brought to the city over a system of wires from a distance of seventy-five miles or more.

Among its public institutions are the free public library containing over 30,000 volumes, two large and modern hospitals, a home for the reception and care of friendless children, an imposing city hall, large and elegantly equipped theaters, twenty-two modern and commodious school buildings, innumerable churches representing all the principal religious societies, the State School of Mines, elegant and luxuriously furnished temples for the accomodation of the principal secret and fraternal societies, and last, but not least, the Columbia Gardens, a delightful pleasure resort. The daily papers are among the very best to be found in the country.

As in every city that has succeeded in stamping its individuality upon the country at large, it is in the people that we find the greatest center of interest. First of all, they are cosmopolitan in character. They have come from every state in the Union, and from nearly every country on the face of the earth. It has been said that the Butte laboring man is the best paid, the best fed and the best dressed of his class to be found in the world. However this may be, those who know recognize him to be a strong, intelligent and fearless son of toil, who lives well, dresses well, works hard, lives in a comfortable home, and has a good time when "off shift."

Few cities of the United States can boast of a lower death rate than Butte. A large percentage of deaths in this city is due to mine accidents, while the death rate from disease is comparatively small. The official report shows that the death rate has been but 10.44 per 1,000.

The people of the West take most pride in their public schools. In this respect Butte takes first rank in the state. In the school district there are twenty-two school houses, and all but three are modern brick structures, heated by steam or furnaces, and equipped with electric light. The public school property is valued at $750,000. The schools are maintained at an annual cost of $250,000, the taxpayers paying a levy of 7½ mills on the dollar for the purpose. The average enrollment at the present time is 7,800, and a staff of 198 professors and instructors are employed. The Butte high school is splendidly equipped, and the course of study in advance of most public schools. This school has a library of 3,000 volumes, and each of the schools has its own library. There are six parochial schools, with an enrollment of about 3,500, where sisters of the Roman Catholic church give instruction.

The States School of Mines in Butte is attracting wide attention among people who desire an education in metallurgy and the science of mining. Students have unusual facilities for securing a practical as well as technical education in the mining industry, by reason of the close proximity to the most advanced phases of mining and smelting. The mining companies give cordial assistance to the students in facilitating their studies by permitting them to visit and inspect the properties under the guidance of their tutors.

Water for the supply of the city of Butte is taken from the Big Hole river, a tributary of the Missouri river, which has its source in the mountain range which divides the states of Montana and Idaho. The water of this river, which should naturally flow into the Atlantic ocean, is pumped over the main continental divide to a height of 840 feet, supplying the inhabitants of Butte on the Pacific slope of the Rocky mountains.

This water, coming from the snow capped mountains of the Rockies, is of the purest quality obtainable in natural sources. The main source of supply is thirty-one miles from the distributing reservoir of Butte. On this system of pipe lines are located within the city limits 421 fire hydrants, which furnish the fire protection for the city. In addition to the city fire protection, the water company also supplies all the large mining companies and smelters

PARK STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM MAIN STREET, BUTTE

MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM PARK STREET, BUTTE in the immediate vicinity with water for boiler use and fire protection. There are installed 100 hydrants for the protection of these various properties.

The mines of the Butte district, in a period of twenty-five years, have yielded about $500,000,000 in gold, silver and copper. Today it stands preeminent as the greatest copper producing section in North America. This marvelous mineral wealth has all come from a mountain covering an area of less than one and one-half miles in extent. Under this surface there are fully fifty miles of levels, known as underground workings, from which a vast tonnage of copper ore is raised daily to the surface, and shipped to surrounding reduction plants where the metals are extracted.

In the year 1885 the sinking of a shaft to a depth of 1,000 feet was remarkable beyond the most sanguine expectations of the most optimistic believer in the extent and richness of the copper deposits. In the operation of the mines steam power is used, while electricity is utilized to operate the great air compressor plants, which drive the drills in the rock.

In the course of mining the veins of the Butte district, deeper development has shown that much of the copper and precious metals which formerly existed above the 1,000-foot levels was leached out and redeposited in lower zones, naturally enriching the mines. Thus far the deepest workings — about 2,200 feet — have not penetrated below the so called zone of secondary enrichment. The belief is based upon scientific investigations that the mines of Butte will be producing copper on the present large scale beyond the life of this generation. The gold and silver which in the beginning of Butte mining formed the chief product of her mines, were left mainly in the oxidized zone, out of which the copper minerals have been leached.

No visit to Butte, after an inspection of the mines, would be complete without a journey to the Washoe smelter, near Anaconda. It has a capacity for handling 5,000 tons of ore daily. The buildings cover about three hundred acres of ground, and the outlay in construction approaches a total of $6,000,000.

The copper, after it leaves the smelter, is transferred to the electrolytic refinery where the gold and silver values are extracted from the copper anodes. About 2,500 men are employed in these works.

BUTTE'S BROADWAY, LOOKING WEST FROM THORNTON HOTEL

RICHMOND, INDIANA, THE QUAKER CITY OF THE WEST

A VIEW IN GLEN MILLER PARK, RICHMOND, INDIANA

THE chronicler who attempts the history, or even a satisfactory sketch, of the average American city, soons finds his task transformed to pleasure, so varied are the points of interest that come to his knowledge. Of no city is this truer than of Richmond, Indiana, one of the most attractive cities of the middle West, a splendid type of the modern American city of 25,000 population and fully developed along all the lines that lend force and character to a community.

Richmond is picturesquely situated within four miles of the Indiana-Ohio line, along the banks of the Whitewater river. It is not exaggeration to say there are few cities in the United States more beautifully located and none whose appearance is more in harmony with its surroundings. Going a short distance in any direction from the city one looks down upon what resembles a park, the masses of foliage being penetrated only by the roofs of the business portion of the city, the stacks of the factory district and the lofty spires of churches. Although in a valley, its sewage system, water supply and other sanitary improvements make it distinguished for its healthful conditions.

The city was settled less than one hundred years ago and has enjoyed a steady, prosperous growth ever since. Surrounding it is the richest farming country in Indiana and western Ohio. The nearest city of any size is forty miles distant, so the country directly tributary to Richmond is greater than is usually the case. From its earliest years it enjoyed this distinction. It is on the National Road, one of the first commercial highways of the Mississippi valley, and in

THE HIGH SCHOOL, RICHMOND, INDIANA

ONE OF RICHMOND'S LARGE FACTORIES

the days of the stage Richmond was the most important "station" between Columbus, Ohio, and Indianapolis, and between Chicago and Cincinnati. The first railroad connecting Indianapolis with the east passed through Richmond. Today the main line of the Pennsylvania system passes through the city, bringing it within twenty hours of New York City; the Chicago - Cincinnati division of the Pennsylvania puts these two cities within a few hours' ride, while the southern terminal of the G. R. & I. is at Richmond, that road being originally built by Richmond people. The "Straight Line" division of the new C. H. & D. - P. M. system, between Cincinnati and Chicago, furnishes ample competition to the Pennsylvania system in freight and passenger service, while traction lines make the immediate vicinity a part of the corporation for all practical purposes.

All of these natural advantages have been utilized until today no city in the middle West surpasses Richmond from the industrial and commercial viewpoints and but few equal her. Broad as this assertion may seem it finds proof in the fact that in times of depression the captains of the 250 manufacturing industries of Richmond, together with their army of employes, fare better than those of sister cities, there never having been a time in its history when the city was "dead". Labor troubles are unknown in Richmond, and working people are well paid, steadily employed and highly respected. It is a statistical fact that more workingmen of Richmond own their own homes, in proportion to their numbers, than in any other city of the United States. There are but few "foreign" laborers, as that term is generally understood, in Richmond. The factories are products of the city; founded, developed, and owned at present by Richmond citizens. Their future, like their past, is inseparably linked with that of the city. And the workers in them, like their employers, have grown up with the community, take pride in their city and have invested their earnings in homes. This stable, prosperous class of workingmen, together with the equally intelligent and prosperous farming community, has made the city a most desirable one commercially. The merchants, like the manufacturers, are a class of men who sustain in the trade centers of the nation an enviable reputation for progressive ideas and square dealing. What with industry, sobriety and thrift among its working classes, and a prosperous class of business men and manufacturers, Richmond has, without any "boom," enjoyed a long life of continual prosperity and peace.

The antecedents of the city were Quakers, and so lasting was the impress this sect left, that the city is today known as "The Quaker City of the West," the seat of the largest Quaker meeting in the world, and the home of the Quaker college, Earlham, an institution of higher education well and favorably known throughout the educational world. The associates of the Quakers in their city building were a large number of Germans. These two influences still predominate in nearly every avenue of life, putting the city on the plane we have just shown industrially and commercially, making it preeminently a city of homes, supporting the best school system in the central states, and giving it the reputation far and wide of being in the first class in all things that make a city so desirable that all who once visit it want to "come again" and all have who have once lived in it, always to call it home.

Condensed, the following are the main features of Richmond:

Two hundred and fifty distinctly manufacturing industries, including a great variety of products from chandeliers to threshing machine outfits, such as pianos, chains, all kinds of agricultural implements, the city being noted for that sort of factories, automobiles, bicycles, bedsteads and all kinds of vehicles, but more especially carriages and other high grade conveyances, bolts and locknuts and many other products used in the industrial world.

WAYNE COUNTY'S HANDSOME COURT HOUSE, RICHMOND, INDIANA

MAIN BUILDING, EARLHAM COLLEGE, RICHMOND, INDIANA

It makes more lawn mowers than any other city in the world.

It has the second largest threshing machine factory in the United States, and another factory of the same kind of great output.

It is one of the few cities of extensive manufacturing industries that never had a strike.

Its factories are nearly all "home grown."

It never had a "boom" and never suffered a panic.

Its workingmen own their homes and are counted among its best citizens.

It is the county seat of Wayne county, one of the richest farming counties in Indiana.

Its public buildings are among the finest in the middle West, its court house being finer than the Indiana state house. They are all of stone.

It is one of the Indiana cities to have a federal building, built at a cost of nearly $100,000 and of Bedford stone.

It is one of the best shaded cities in America.

It is in the Whitewater valley, made famous by the brushes of noted American artists.

It has four parks, one of them, the Glen, consisting of nearly two hundred acres, being one of the finest public parks in the United States.

It is the home of Earlham college, the larges Quaker college in the world, and a pioneer of coeducation in institutions of higher learning.

It is the home of the Eastern Indiana hospital for insane, run on the cottage plan, and one of the finest of its kind in the United States.

It has just completed a $100,000 public hospital situated on fifty acres of beautiful ground, founded and endowed by Daniel G. Reid of New York City.

It has fifteen millions of taxable property and a tax rate of $2.04.

It was the second city in Indiana to have a public library of its own, supported by township taxation, and standing today the second best library in Indiana.

It has the best public school system in Indiana, and was the second city in the United States to inaugurate the departmental plan of study in the gramma grades — Boston, Massachusetts, being the first.

Postal authorities say Wayne county and Richmond stand among the first communities in the United States in the amount of high class literature read in in proportion to the population.

It is the home of one of the best Chautauquas in the middle West.

It has more literary clubs doing actual work than any other Indiana city.

The failure of a business concern is a rare occurrence.

It has a well organized and wide awake Merchants' Association.

It has twenty-eight churches, representing nearly every denomination.

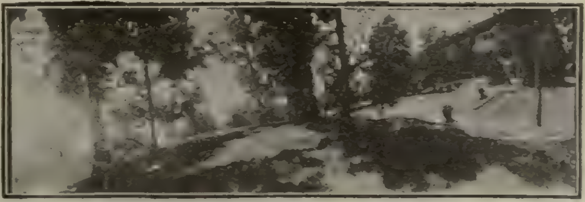
It has three national banks and several wealthy loan and trust companies.

It has two large railroad systems and four express companies competing for business.

It is great secret society city, and all of the lodges are wealthy. Its Odd Fellows and Elk lodges have captured prizes in competition at national conventions.

GARFIELD SCHOOL, A TYPE OF RICHMOND'S PUBLIC SCHOOLS

LOVELY LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN, AND ITS NOBLE CHARITY



"HOLIDAY HOME," LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN
Photograph by J. J. Bransby

WHEN the representative business men of Chicago selected Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, as a location for their Summer homes, they certainly made no mistake. For there is not in all our land a lovelier spot for rest and recreation. The lake itself of course is entitled to the principal credit as an attraction, with its "waters blue," its absolutely clean shore line fringed with a luxurious growth of natural timber, hard maple predominating. But of these and many attractive features which art has developed and the pen of the sweet singer has written it was not the purpose of this article to treat. It is of "beautiful philanthropy" that the National Magazine desires its readers to learn.

In the opinion of this writer there is no sweeter virtue possible than the spirit which prompted the noble ladies on the shores of Lake Geneva to organize, nearly twenty years ago, the Lake Geneva Fresh Air Association, of which the following Chicago ladies are officers:

President — MRS. SIMEON B. CHAPIN.
Vice Presidents — MRS. H. M. WILMARTH, MRS. HENRY BARTHOLOMAE, JR.
Corresponding Secretary — MRS. P. F. PETTIBONE.
Treasurer — MISS ALMA SEIPP.
Board of Directors — MRS. C. SEIPP, MRS. THEODORE SHELDON, MR. E. E. AYER, MRS. WM. J. CHALMERS, MR. R. T. CRANE, MRS. H. M. WILMARTH.

This association established and has always maintained "Holiday Home," of which you will read a little farther along in this article. A few weeks ago, there was held on Mr. Leiter's property a "Midsummer Fair" for two days by Lake Geneva shore dwellers, ably assisted by citizens of Lake Geneva village, Williams Bay, Fontana, and rural residents adjacent. The weather could not have been finer if made to order and over $7,000 was realized for the benefit of "Holiday Home." "Holiday Home" is, as the name indicates, a home where

MRS. SIMEON B. CHAPIN, PRESIDENT OF THE LAKE GENEVA FRESH AIR ASSOCIATION
Photograph by H. J. Pratt

HORSE SHOW AND MIDSUMMER FAIR AT LAKE GENEVA, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FRESH AIR ASSOCIATION

Photograph by H. J. Pratt

women and children from Chicago enjoy their holidays absolutely free of charge.

The Home was opened in 1887 and has entertained about eight thousand guests, having accomodations for eighty and the seventeen employes, including matron, superintendent, nurse, physical director, keeper of grounds, cooks, laundresses, dining and room girls.

During June and September the working women come, while July and August alternate with boys and girls' companies, altogether eight companies of eighty each or over six hundred during the season.

"Holiday Home" is located on a wooded hill overlooking Lake Geneva in a park of sixteen acres, where home cooking and rich milk quickly transform convalescents and worn out women and children into hopeful, happy enthusiasts. The guests are selected by visitors from twenty settlements, missions and churches in Chicago, each being given a quota. The age limit of boys is six to twelve years, of girls six to sixteen, of adult companies sixteen years and over. Clothes are given the children, the boys wearing blue cotton sweaters and cordu-

GIRL GUESTS OF "HOLIDAY HOME"

Photograph by H. J. Pratt

LANDING AT WILLIAMS BAY, LAKE GENEVA, SHOWING PRIVATE YACHTS
Photograph by H. J. Pratt

roy pants while the girls wear dark blue dresses.

The motto of "Holiday Home" is, "Be kind one to another." Creed, nationaltiy, color have no part in the selection, need being the great factor. To appreciate and pass this kind act on to others is the only wish of the ladies who so liberally support the work, thus securing worthy people and also supplementing and uniting the efforts of many philanthropic individuals and societies.

BOY GUESTS OF "HOLIDAY HOME"
Photograph by H. J. Pratt

The expense of running the institution is about $5,000 a season and is provided for by the Lake Geneva Fresh Air Association.

The beauties of Lake Geneva and its many superb attractions have given it a fame unrivaled by more than one or two lakes in America. The Indians called it "Kish-wau-ke-toc" (daylight water), in token of its remarkable depth and purity.

The Institute and Training School, a professional school for the training of general secretaries and physical directors of Young Men's Christian Associations, has an extensive Summer encampment for recreative and educational purposes on its grounds adjoining the Yerkes

NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING WITH UNUSUAL ATHLETIC TRAINING FEATURES, LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN

Photograph by H. J. Pratt

Observatory grounds. The real estate is valued at $45,000 and the buildings and equipment at $35,000. The encampment was started in 1884 and is therefore one of the oldest Summer educational institutions in the country. Four distinct sessions are held each Summer, three of which are primarily for volunteer and one for employed Y. M. C. A. workers. Students from one hundred and forty-two colleges, universities and professional schools attend the conference. The school of physical training is the largest Summer school of its kind for men in the country. The facilities for instruction are very complete and the attendance gains yearly.

Though Lake Geneva enjoys numerous advantages it was until lately deficient in one essential thing calculated to foster community pride and cultivate the highest ideals of character: there was no place of public meeting for social or civic functions; no audience room for public lectures and popular entertainments. In answer to this demand the new home of the Young Men's Christian Association has been erected during the past year at a cost of more than $30,000. This is an enterprise in which the local community and residents of the lake shore have almost equal shares. This building with its perfect equipment is one of the best and most attractive of its kind in any town of equal size in the United States.

GLENWOOD SPRINGS, A PRETTY RESORT ON THE SHORE OF LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN

A VIEW OF MAIN STREET, HELENA, MONTANA

HELENA, MONTANA, CAPITAL OF THE "TREASURE STATE"

By C. H. Boynton

HELENA is the biggest city of its size in the United States," said a gentleman recently who has traveled extensively in this country and in Europe. He was speaking of the cosmopolitan atmosphere and broad, up to date and energetic citizens who make their home in this favored capital city of the "Treasure State."

There are numerous attractions for the home seeker in Montana, and Helena is the favorite home of many of the business men whose interests are in other portions of the state, in cattle, sheep, horses, mines or ranches. The reasons for these conditions are manifold. Situated at the crossing of two great transcontinental railways, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, ingress and egress to all parts of the country are convenient and easy. Located in the foot hills of the main range of the Rocky mountains, at an altitude of 4,500 feet above sea level, the climatic conditions are superior to those of any other spot in the country. There is immunity from sudden changes of temperature or sudden and severe storms, while in Summer the temperature is never oppressive and the nights are cool enough to allow refreshing sleep under a heavy blanket. Indeed there is no city in the country

THE BROADWAY NATATORIUM

where such delightful Summer weather is experienced as at this point. As to the climate in Winter a well known writer in an eastern magazine has this to say of it:

"Perhaps the one element of the Rocky Mountain region that impresses the new comer most deeply and also most pleasantly is that of the abundance of sunshine. In this particular, both in Summer and Winter alike, this is not only the Italy of America; it outshines Italy and equals northern Egypt. Here every day has its sunshine and practically every day is all sunshine. Montana seldom sees a cloudy day or even one that is partly cloudy from October to May. It is well known that this region offers unusual inducements to the invalid in Summer and it is rapidly coming to be known that its attractions in Winter are no less. But it will mean even more to us when it is fully understood that the elements that go to make a theoretically perfect climate are also the ones that constitute an ideal climate for practical purposes. The bracing effects of low humidity together with the commercial advantages of equable temperature constitute a condition evidently advantageous to business undertakings and individual enterprise. The air of the Rockies is built for business. Here one feels a surplus energy, a reserve of vigor and of full vitality."

MOUNT HELENA

The city of Helena is sui generis. Its location was peculiar, being decided by the discovery of gold in Last Chance Gulch, where over ten million dollars in gold were washed from the spot now covered by its main street. Over eighty millions were taken from the gulches running north through the town site, almost — within a line seven miles from east to west. The process of evolution has brought more than the usual changes; great local wealth enabled the pioneers of later days to build public, business and private buildings and residences unexcelled for cost and beauty in many of the larger cities of the country. Here are located the state capitol, a magnificent structure of native stone; the federal building, said to be the finest government building in the country for its size; the United States assay office; the Lewis and Clark county court house, fine business blocks, the magnificent Broadwater natatorium and hotel, (the largest covered natatorium in the world) fed by thermal springs; Fort Harrison, near the city, with numerous fine church edifices and a city library and auditorium, the former containing 35,000 volumes. The city is well supplied with public and private schools, the high school being erected at a cost of $160,000, with the Catholic cathedral and convent and day schools and hospital occupying a prominent hill in the southern part of the city. Besides this there is another fine hospital under the direction of the Episcopal church. In no other city of like size in the country can be found so many elegant and luxurious private residences as in Helena, the homes of business men from all parts of the state who come here to secure for their families the benefits of schools, markets, social advantages, convenient transportation and fine climate. The people of the city are noted for their public spirit, and take pride in beautifying the streets, grounds and residences.

Mount Helena, which rises 1,200 feet above the city, at the west side, is now being made into a park under the direction of the United States forestry bureau. The slopes will be reforested, the original growth having been cut away for mine timbers and fuel, and within a short time this will be one of the beauty spots of the country, with 800 acres adorned by nature and the art of the forestry experts. Public spirited citizens have deeded to the government several hundred acres for the carrying out of this project.

The city is well supplied with electric lights, gas, street car service to all parts, including Fort Harrison and East Helena, where is located the largest customs smelter in the West.

The social life of Helena is excelled by none in the West, with numerous social and literary clubs. The Montana club is notable throughout the country, with a home erected at a cost of $150,000 after the destruction of its former elegant house by fire, and the Lambs club, composed of younger citizens, has a beautiful club home and its three hundred members are noted for their generous hospitality.

Montana is the most productive state in the Union when its population is considered. It contains 145,000 square miles of territory, occupied by 260,000 people, who produce and export each year $70,000,000. It is a state of vast possibilities. Its mining resources are still undeveloped; its agricultural resources are hardly touched; and yet these exports are regular as the years roll around. A large portion of the state is as yet undeveloped as agricultural lands. Stock ranges cover hundreds of thousands of acres, which with water would become the most productive soil on the globe, as has been shown by the reports of the agricultural bureau. Already over a million acres of arid and semiarid lands have been reclaimed by private and cooperative irrigation enterprises, and within the next three years over a million acres more will be reclaimed by the federal government under the national irrigation act.

MONTANA STATE CAPITOL

Government engineers are making the preliminary survey to bring the water of the Madison river to irrigate the Gallatin, Missouri and Prickly Pear valleys, (in the latter of which Helena is located) and this great work will reclaim and make productive as a garden two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land directly tributary to Helena. These lands lie for a hundred miles along both sides of the Northern Pacific railway, which will give a cheap market at Helena for

FEDERAL BUILDING, HELENA

their products. The reclamation of these valleys it is certain will add many thousands of prosperous farmers to the population tributary to the capital city.

No state in the Union offers so many advantages and inducements to home seekers as does Montana. There will be an abundance of irrigated land that can be secured at reasonable rates, while within the state will be found a market for everything that can be produced.

According to the official reports there were in the state in March, 1904, a total of 833,960 head of cattle, valued by the assessors at over fifteen million dollars; 4,138,365 sheep, valued at over eight and a half million dollars and 182,328 head of horses, valued at nearly five million dollars. During the year the shipments of cattle from the state were 228,775 head, valued at over eight million dollars; the wool clip of the state this year was over 37,000,000 pounds, which has been sold for an avreage of twenty-two cents per pound, bringing over eight million dollars to the state from this source.

Under the national irrigation act six large enterprises are under consideration in the state, which will reclaim about one million acres. There are three great factors in Montana which encourage reclamation: an abundance of land to be reclaimed, which will prove unusually productive; an abundance of water that is available, (enough water running to waste in Montana streams to reclaim and permanently irrigate ten million acres of land) and last but not least an eager and inexhaustible home market for all the products that can be raised.

The present population of Helena is 15,000 people, which with the suburbs of Lenox, Kenwood and East Helena (connected by trolley lines,) would bring the total to the vicinity of 18,000 to 20,000. There are several large industries, notably the smelter of the American Smelting & Refining company, the large factory of the National Biscuit company, foundries and machine shops, largely devoted to mining machinery, and other works employing several hundred workmen.

There is a splendid opportunity for new industries, for Helena has the cheapest power in the West, through the Missouri River Power company, which from its dam on the Missouri river near Helena now produces 10,000 horse power and is at work on another dam and plant which will cost a million dollars and will give an additional 12,000 horse power, which will be disposed of at from $35 to $50 per horse power per annum. An eastern syndicate has already contracted for 3,000 horse power from the new dam and will erect and operate near Helena an electric smelter and refinery which will give a market for many ores which cannot be used by the present smelters.

It is believed that, besides the area to be reclaimed by the Madison river (govenment) project, that from the backwaters from the new dam above mentioned, from twenty to twenty-five thousand acres of land at the very doors of Helena can be irrigated, making them a garden spot, which will give almost fabulous profits in the growing of vegetables, fruit and alfalfa, all of which will find a ready market right at home. These lands can be secured on reasonable terms.

Helena is the financial and business center of the state, as well as the political center. The extensive stock men and wool growers and mining men, with interests in various parts of the state, but who make their homes in Helena, naturally do their banking and largely purchase their supplies in this city, and the four banks in Helena have deposits of over five million dollars, with a capital and surplus of over a million dollars.

Altogether, there is no section of the West that offers so many attractions and inducements to the home seeker as Montana, and no city that offers more inducements for a residence than Helena.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

EVERYONE of the 840 awards made in the Heart Throb contest was signed individually by Admiral Dewey and Senator Allison. It was a long and tedious task, — a tribute to all the readers of the National as well as to those who received awards. Senator Allison signed the awards in the library of his home at Dubuque, Iowa. Admiral Dewey gave them his signature at the Homestead hotel, Hot Springs, Virginia.

With pen in hand, the admiral and the senator have personally announced to each one of the chosen the conclusion of the contest, on behalf of the judges who made the awards. And they were keenly interested, too, in the splendid array of contributions.

With all the sheets laid end to end, it is estimated that over forty miles of manuscript was covered in making the awards for the heart throbs. The great Scrap Book which the readers of the National have sent us would cover over five acres of ground. What a harvest field it represents with its rich grain of truths!

You will be interested to know that the Twenty-third Psalm and Lincoln's Gettysburg address were among the most popular. And the good old hymns that mother loved were not forgotten.

Elsewhere in this number we publish the complete list of awards made in all classes. Next month we hope to publish the portraits of the ten in Class A, who received piles of silver dollars of their own height. The ten "heart throbs" that won these principal awards will be published in future issues of the National. Other clippings contributed will be published from time to time in forthcoming numbers of the magazine. So we'll enjoy them all together the coming year.

❧

WE were in Butte. It is an old and trite saying that "Butte is a Beaut," but I looked in vain for the "bad man from Butte;" he was not in evidence. He must have been away, for here the stranger finds himself in a very pushing, energetic and thriving city.

It is true that there is evidence of a certain sulphurous smell, and vegetation does not seem very thrifty. But when the visitor considers the results obtained, and the millions of dollars taken out of those copper mines, he cannot but have a respect for Butte.

As we came in on the train, off in the distance we could see the electric lights of the smelters of Anaconda, which brought back to memory the days of Marcus Daly. It so happened that Senator W. A. Clark was at home the day we were there, and it must be indeed inspiring for him to return to the hearty welcome which he finds in his home town. In a modest brick bank, over which is the sign, "W. A. Clark & Bros.," are stored the riches of gold taken from the copper mines, and the vaults of that building represent an immense sum. It is said that there is more native gold in that bank than in any other in the United States. Senator Clark gave his individual check for $15,000,000 to pay for San Pedros, and it is said that he now possesses more wealth in gold than any other man in the world.

⁂

Wandering up the barren hills from Dublin gulch, I looked upon the famous Minnie Healy mine which gained noteriety in the litigation between Heinze and the Montana men. The Never Sweat was in full blast, but near at hand was the famed Parrott—now silent as a tomb—and others of the Heinze mines which were closed down owing to litigation. It was interesting to learn from one of the miners the points involved in the suit. A mining claim is 600 feet by 1,500 feet, on which $100 worth of work must be expended each year, and when the "lead" or apex of the vein is struck it may be followed to China, if necessary, or as the miner said, "You can dig down to hell after it," provided the digger owns the apex or lead of the mine.

The vein usually runs from the southeast to northeast, and is called the "dip." Now when the vein is slanting a conference is held as to who possesses the "lead," because it is possible that there might be a second "lead" lower down, below the one on top of the hill, which, of course, would complicate matters.

⁂

An interesting issue is now being tried in the Butte law courts, the farmers having brought a case for damages against the smelters, claiming that much damage has been done to vegetation. This litigation in regard to the growing crops involves the fate of a great industry, for without the smelting facilities provided at Butte it would be difficult to work the large mines profitably. Mining is carried on in Butte by many large institutions and has become more of an industry, perhaps, than any other one thing; and it is all important therefore that the ore should be managed in such a way as to bring in reasonable profit.

But there is another side to the question. While the brown acres of prairie are doubtless discouraging to farmers, yet it must be remembered that the miners provide a steady and profitable market for everything in the way of fruit and vegetables grown on the surrounding farms. So that it looks somewhat like "killing the goose that lays the golden egg" for the cultivators to fall out with the underground workers.

⁂

With its handsome business blocks and store of wealth pouring out of the mines every twenty-four hours, Butte is probably the most interesting and picturesque mining camp in the world. Far over the hills for miles may be seen the derricks of the mines, and in the Silver Bow valley and Deerfoot valley are the wide ranges that have added so much to the wealth of Montana.

What a joy it was to view the mountains from Butte! Climbing up through the great boulders on to the summit, creeping up foot by foot, the wide vista unfolded before us. Situated near the heart of the Rockies, Butte has a picturesqueness of its own, and is a point which never ought to be omitted in arranging a transcontinental itinerary.

MAY 1966
VESBY